

together with costly Moorish mantles: for the queen there were sumptuous shawls, robes, and silken stuffs, ornaments of gold, and exquisite oriental perfumes.

The King of Tremezan had been alarmed at the rapid conquests of the Spanish arms, and startled by the descent of several Spanish cruisers on the coast of Africa. He craved to be considered a vassal to the Castilian sovereigns, and that they would extend such favour and security to his ships and subjects as had been shown to other Moors, who had submitted to their sway. He requested a painting of their arms, that he and his subjects might recognise and respect their standard, whenever they encountered it. At the same time he implored their clemency towards unhappy Malaga, and that its inhabitants might experience the same favour, that had been shown towards the Moors of other captured cities.

This embassy was graciously received by the Castilian sovereigns. They granted the protection required; ordering their commanders to respect the flag of Tremezan, unless it should be found rendering assistance to the

enemy. They sent also to the Barbary monarch their royal arms, moulded in escutcheons of gold a hand's-breadth in size\*.

While thus the chances of assistance from without daily decreased, famine raged in the city. The inhabitants were compelled to eat the flesh of horses, and many died of hunger. What made the sufferings of the citizens the more intolerable was, to behold the sea covered with ships, daily arriving with provisions for the besiegers. Day after day, also, they saw herds of fat cattle and flocks of sheep drawn into the camp. Wheat and flour were piled in large mounds in the centre of the encampments, glaring in the sunshine, and tantalizing the wretched citizens, who, while they and their children were perishing with hunger, beheld prodigal abundance reigning within a bowshot of their walls.

\* Cura de los Palacios, c. 84. Pulgar, part iii. c. 86.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

How a Moorish santón undertook to deliver the city of Malaga from the power of its enemies.

THERE lived at this time, in a hamlet in the neighbourhood of Guadix, an ancient Moor, of the name of Abraham Algerbi. He was a native of Guérba, in the kingdom of Tunis, and had for several years led the life of a santón or hermit. The hot sun of Africa had dried his blood, and rendered him of an exalted yet melancholy temperament. He passed most of his time in meditation, prayer, and rigorous abstinence, until his body was wasted, and his mind bewildered, and he fancied himself favoured with divine revelations. The Moors, who have a great reverence for all enthusiasts of the kind, looked upon him as inspired, listened to all his ravings as veritable prophecies, and denominated him El Santo, or "the saint."

The woes of the kingdom of Granada had



long exasperated the gloomy spirit of this man; and he had beheld with indignation this beautiful country wrested from the dominion of the faithful, and becoming a prey to the unbelievers. He had implored the blessing of Allah on the troops which issued forth from Guadix for the relief of Malaga; but when he saw them return, routed and scattered by their own countrymen, he retired to his cell, shut himself up from the world, and was plunged for a time in the blackest gloom.

On a sudden he made his appearance again in the streets of Guadia; his face haggard, his form emaciated, but his eye beaming with fire. He said, that Allah had sent an angel to him, in the solitude of his cell, revealing to him a mode of delivering Malaga from its perils, and striking horror and confusion into the camp of the unbelievers. The Moors listened with eager credulity to his words: four hundred of them offered to follow him even to the death, and to obey implicitly his commands. Of this number many were Gomerres, anxious to relieve their countrymen, who formed part of the garrison of Malaga.



They traversed the kingdom by the wild and lonely passes of the mountains, concealing themselves in the day, and travelling only in the night, to elude the Christian scouts. At length they arrived at the mountains which tower above Malaga; and, looking down, beheld the city completely invested, a chain of encampments extending round it from shore to shore, and a line of ships blockading it by sea, while the continual thunder of artillery, and the smoke rising in various parts, showed, that the siege was pressed with great activity. The hermit scanned the encampments warily from his lofty height. He saw, that the part of the encampment of the Marquis of Cadiz, which was at the foot of the height, and on the margin of the sea, was the most assailable, the rocky soil not admitting ditches or palisades. Remaining concealed all day, he descended with his followers at night to the seacoast, and approached silently to the outworks. He had given them their instructions: they were to rush suddenly upon the camp, fight their way through, and throw themselves into the city.

It was just at the gray of the dawning, when

objects are obscurely visible, that they made this desperate attempt. Some sprang suddenly upon the sentinels; others rushed into the sea, and got round the works; others clambered over the breastworks. There was sharp skirmishing; a great part of the Moors were cut to pieces, but about two hundred succeeded in getting into the gates of Malaga.

The santon took no part in the conflict, nor did he endeavour to enter the city. His plans were of a different nature. Drawing apart from the battle, he threw himself on his knees, on a rising ground, and, lifting his hands to Heaven, appeared to be absorbed in prayer. The Christians, as they were searching for fugitives in the clefts of the rocks, found him at his devotions. He stirred not at their approach, but remained fixed as a statue, without changing colour, or moving a muscle. Filled with surprise, not unmixed with awe, they took him to the Marquis of Cadiz. He was wrapped in a coarse albornoz, or Moorish mantle; his beard was long and grizzled, and there was something wild and melancholy in his look, that inspired curiosity.

On being examined, he gave himself out as

a saint, to whom Allah had revealed the events, that were to take place in that siege. The marquis demanded when and how Malaga was to be taken. He replied, that he knew full well; but he was forbidden to reveal those important secrets, except to the king and queen. The good marquis was not more given to superstitious fancies than other commanders of his time; yet there seemed something singular and mysterious about this man: he might have some important intelligence to communicate; so he was persuaded to send him to the king and queen. He was conducted to the royal tent, surrounded by a curious multitude, exclaiming, "El Moro Santo!" for the news had spread through the camp, that they had taken a Moorish prophet.

The king, having dined, was taking his siesta, or afternoon's sleep, in his tent; and the queen, though curious to see this singular being, yet, from a natural delicacy and reserve, delayed until the king should be present. He was taken, therefore, to an adjoining tent, in which were Doña Beatrix de Bovadilla, Marchioness of Moya, and Don Alvaro of Portugal, son of the Duke of Braganza, with two or three attendants.



The Moor, ignorant of the Spanish tongue, had not understood the conversation of the guards, and supposed, from the magnificence of the furniture, and the silken hangings, that this was the royal tent. From the respect paid by the attendants to Don Alvaro and the marchioness, he concluded, that they were the king and queen.

He now asked for a draught of water. A jar was brought to him, and the guard released his arm, to enable him to drink. The marchioness perceived a sudden change in his countenance, and something sinister in the expression of his eye, and shifted her position to a more remote part of the tent. Pretending to raise the water to his lips, the Moor unfolded his albornoz so as to grasp a cimeter, which he wore concealed beneath; then, dashing down the jar, he drew his weapon, and gave Don Alvaro a blow on the head, that struck him to the earth, and nearly deprived him of life. Turning upon the marchioness, he then made a violent blow at her, but, in his eagerness and agitation, his cimeter caught in the drapery of the tent; the force of the blow was broken, and the weapon struck

harmless upon some golden ornaments of her head-dress\*.

Ruy Lopez de Toledo, treasurer to the queen, and Juan de Belalcazar, a sturdy friar, who were present, grappled and struggled with the desperado; and immediately the guards who had conducted him from the Marquis of Cadiz fell upon him, and cut him to pieces†.

The king and queen, brought out of their tents by the noise, were filled with horror, when they learned the imminent peril from which they had escaped. The mangled body of the Moor was taken by the people of the camp, and thrown into the city from a catapult. The Gomeres gathered up the body, with deep reverence, as the remains of a saint; they washed and perfumed it, and buried it with great honour and loud lamentations. In revenge of his death, they slew one of their principal Christian captives; and, having tied his body upon an ass, they drove the animal forth into the camp.

From this time there was appointed an additional guard around the tents of the king

\* Pietro Martyr, epist. 62.

† Cura de los Palacios.

and queen, composed of twelve hundred cavaliers of rank of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon. No person was admitted to the royal presence armed. No Moor was allowed to enter the camp without a previous knowledge of his character and business; and on no account was any Moor to be introduced into the presence of the sovereigns.

An act of treachery of such a ferocious nature gave rise to a train of gloomy apprehensions. There were many cabins and sheds about the camp, constructed of branches of trees, which had become dry and combustible; and fears were entertained, that they might be set on fire by the Mudixares, or Moorish vassals, who visited the army. Some even dreaded, that attempts might be made to poison the wells and fountains. To quiet these dismal alarms, all Mudixares were ordered to leave the camp; and all loose idle loiterers, who could not give a good account of themselves, were taken into custody.



## CHAPTER LIX.

How Hamet el Zegri was hardened in his obstinacy  
by the arts of a Moorish astrologer.

AMONG those followers of the santón that had effected their entrance into the city was a dark African, of the tribe of Gomeres, who was likewise a hermit, or dervise, and passed among the Moors for a holy and inspired man. No sooner were the mangled remains of his predecessor buried with the honours of martyrdom, than this dervise elevated himself in his place, and professed to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy. He displayed a white banner, which he assured the Moors was sacred; that he had retained it for twenty years, for some signal purpose; and that Allah had revealed to him, that under that banner the inhabitants of Malaga should sally forth upon the camp of the unbelievers, put it to utter rout, and banquet upon the provisions in which

it abounded\*. The hungry and credulous Moors were elated at this prediction, and cried out to be led forth at once to the attack; but the dervise told them the time was not yet arrived, for every event had its allotted day in the decrees of fate; they must wait patiently, therefore, until the appointed time should be revealed to him by Heaven. Hamet el Zegri listened to the dervise with profound reverence, and his example had great effect in increasing the awe and deference of his followers. He took the holy man up into his strong hold of Gibralfaro, consulted him on all occasions, and hung out his white banner on the loftiest tower, as a signal of encouragement to the people of the city.

In the mean time, the prime chivalry of Spain was gradually assembling before the walls of Malaga. The army which had commenced the siege had been worn out by extreme hardships, having had to construct immense works, to dig trenches and mines, to mount guard by sea and land, to patrol the mountains, and to sustain incessant conflicts.

\* Cura de los Palacios.



The sovereigns were obliged therefore to call upon various distant cities, for reinforcements of horse and foot. Many nobles, also, assembled their vassals, and repaired, of their own accord, to the royal camp.

Every little while, some stately galley or gallant caravel would stand into the harbour, displaying the well-known banner of some Spanish cavalier, and thundering from its artillery a salutation to the sovereigns, and a defiance to the Moors. On the land side also reinforcements would be seen, winding down the mountains to the sound of drum and trumpet, and marching into the camp with glistening arms, as yet unsullied by the toils of war.

One morning the whole sea was whitened by the sails, and vexed by the oars of ships and galleys bearing towards the port. One hundred vessels, of various kinds and sizes, arrived; some armed for warlike service, others deep freighted with provisions. At the same time, the clangor of drum and trumpet bespoke the arrival of a powerful force by land, which came pouring in lengthening columns into the camp.



This mighty reinforcement was furnished by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who reigned like a petty monarch over his vast possessions. He came with this princely force a volunteer to the royal standard, not having been summoned by the sovereigns, and he brought moreover a loan of twenty thousand doblas of gold.

When the camp was thus powerfully reinforced, Isabella advised, that new offers of an indulgent kind should be made to the inhabitants; for she was anxious to prevent the miseries of a protracted siege, or the effusion of blood that must attend a general attack. A fresh summons was therefore sent for the city to surrender, with a promise of life, liberty and property, in case of immediate compliance, but denouncing all the horrors of war, if the defence were obstinately continued.

Hamet el Zegri again rejected the offer with scorn. His main fortifications as yet were but little impaired, and were capable of holding out much longer; he trusted to the thousand evils and accidents that beset a besieging army, and to the inclemencies of the approaching season; and it is said he, as well

as his followers, had an infatuated belief in the predictions of the dervise.

The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida does not scruple to affirm, that the pretended prophet of the city was an arch necromancer, or Moorish magician; "of which there be countless many," says he, "in the filthy sect of Mahomet;" and that he was leagued with the prince of the powers of the air, to endeavour to work the confusion and defeat of the Christian army. The worthy father asserts also, that Hamet employed him in a high tower of the Gibralfaro, which commanded a wide view over sea and land, where he wrought spells and incantations, with astro-labes and other diabolical instruments, to defeat the Christian ships and forces, whenever they were engaged with the Moors.

To the potent spells of this sorcerer he ascribes the perils and losses sustained by a party of cavaliers of the royal household, in a desperate combat to gain two towers of the suburb, near the gate of the city called La Puerta de Granada. The Christians, led on by Ruy Lopez de Toledo, the valiant treasurer of the queen, took, and lost, and retook

the towers, which were finally set on fire by the Moors, and abandoned to the flames by both parties. To the same malignant influence he attributes the damage done to the Christian fleet, which was so vigorously assailed by the albatozas, or floating batteries, of the Moors, that one ship of the Duke of Medina Sidonia was sunk, and the rest were obliged to retire.

"Hamet el Zegri," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "stood on the top of the high tower of Gibralfaro, and beheld this injury wrought upon the Christian force; and his proud heart was puffed up. And the Moorish necromancer stood beside him. And he pointed out to him the Christian host below, encamped on every eminence around the city, and covering its fertile valley, and the many ships floating upon the tranquil sea; and he bade him be strong of heart, for that, in a few days, all this mighty fleet would be scattered by the winds of Heaven; and that he should sally forth, under guidance of the sacred banner, and attack this host, and utterly defeat it, and make spoil of those sumptuous tents; and Ma-



laga should be triumphantly revenged upon her assailants. So the heart of Hamet was hardened like that of Pharaoh, and he persisted in setting at defiance the catholic sovereigns, and their army of saintly warriors."



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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## CHAPTER LX.

Siege of Malaga continued. Destruction of a tower by Francisco Ramirez de Madrid.

SEEING the infatuated obstinacy of the besieged, the Christians now approached their works to the walls, gaining one position after another, preparatory to a general assault. Near the barrier of the city was a bridge with four arches, defended at each end by a strong and lofty tower, by which a part of the army would have to pass in making a general attack. The commander in chief of the artillery, Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, was ordered to take possession of this bridge. The approach to it was perilous in the extreme, from the exposed situation of the assailants, and the numbers of Moors that garrisoned the towers. Francisco Ramirez, therefore, secretly excavated a mine leading beneath the first tower, and placed a piece of ordnance, with its mouth upwards, immediately under the foundation, with a

train of powder to produce an explosion at the necessary moment.

When this was arranged, he advanced slowly with his forces in face of the towers, erecting bulwarks at every step, and gradually gaining ground, until he arrived near to the bridge. He then planted several pieces of artillery in his works, and began to batter the tower. The Moors replied bravely from their battlements; but in the heat of the combat the piece of ordnance under the foundation was discharged. The earth was rent open, a part of the tower overthrown, and several of the Moors torn to pieces: the rest took to flight, overwhelmed with terror at this thundering explosion bursting beneath their feet, and at beholding the earth vomiting flames and smoke; for never before had they witnessed such a stratagem in warfare. The Christians rushed forward and took possession of the abandoned post, and immediately commenced an attack upon the other tower, at the opposite end of the bridge, to which the Moors had retired. An incessant fire of crossbows and arquebuses was kept up between the rival towers, volleys



of stones were discharged, and no one dared to venture upon the intermediate bridge.

Francisco de Ramirez at length renewed his former mode of approach, making bulwarks as he advanced, while the Moors at the other end swept the bridge with their artillery. The combat was long and bloody, ferocious on the part of the Moors, patient and persevering on the part of the Christians. By slow degrees they accomplished their progress across the bridge, drove the enemy before them, and remained masters of this important pass.

For this valiant and skilful achievement, King Ferdinand, after the surrender of the city, conferred the dignity of knighthood upon Francisco Ramirez, in the tower which he had so gloriously gained\*. The worthy padre, Fray Antonio Agapida, indulges in more than a page of extravagant eulogy, upon this invention of blowing up the foundation of the tower by a piece of ordnance, which he affirms to be the first instance on record of gunpowder being used in a mine.

\* Pulgar, part iii. cap. 91.

## CHAPTER LXI.

How the people of Malaga expostulated with Hamet  
el Zegri.

WHILE the dervise was deluding the garrison of Malaga with vain hopes, the famine increased to a terrible degree. The Gomeres ranged about the city as though it had been a conquered place; taking by force whatever they found eatable in the houses of the peaceful citizens, and breaking open vaults and cellars, and demolishing walls, wherever they thought provisions might be concealed.

The wretched inhabitants had no longer bread to eat; the horseflesh also now failed them; and they were fain to devour skins and hides toasted at the fire, and to assuage the hunger of their children with vine leaves, cut up and fried in oil. Many perished of famine, or of the unwholesome food with which they endeavoured to relieve it; and many took refuge in the Christian camp, preferring captivity to the horrors which surrounded them.

At length the sufferings of the inhabitants became so great, as to conquer even their fears of Hamet and his Gomeres. They assembled before the house of Ali Dordux, the wealthy merchant, whose stately mansion was at the foot of the hill of the alcazaba; and they urged him to stand forth as their leader, and to intercede with Hamet el Zegri for a surrender. Ali Dordux was a man of courage as well as policy; he perceived also that hunger was giving boldness to the citizens, while he trusted it was subduing the fierceness of the soldiery. He armed himself, therefore, cap a pie, and undertook this dangerous parley with the alcaide. He associated with him an alfaqui, named Abrahen Alharis, and an important inhabitant, named Amar ben Amar; and they ascended to the fortress of Gibralfaro, followed by several of the trembling merchants.

They found Hamet el Zegri, not, as before, surrounded by ferocious guards, and all the implements of war; but in a chamber of one of the lofty towers, at a table of stone, covered with scrolls, and traced with strange characters and mystic diagrams; while instru-



ments of singular and unknown form lay about the room. Beside Hamet el Zegri stood the prophetic dervise, who appeared to have been explaining to him the mysterious inscriptions of the scrolls. His presence filled the citizens with awe; for even Ali Dordux considered him a man inspired.

The alfaqui, Abrahen Alharis, whose sacred character gave him boldness to speak, now lifted up his voice, and addressed Hamet el Zegri. "We implore you," said he solemnly, "in the name of the most powerful God, no longer to persist in a vain resistance, which must end in our destruction; but deliver up the city, while clemency is yet to be obtained. Think how many of our warriors have fallen by the sword; do not suffer those who survive to perish by famine. Our wives and children cry to us for bread, and we have none to give them. We see them expire in lingering agony before our eyes, while the enemy mocks our misery, by displaying the abundance of his camp. Of what avail is our defence? Are our walls, peradventure, more strong than the walls of Ronda? Are our warriors more brave than the defenders of Loxa? The walls of

Ronda were thrown down, and the warriors of Loxa had to surrender. Do we hope for succour? From whence are we to receive it? The time for hope is gone by. Granada has lost its power: it no longer possesses chivalry, commanders, or a king. Boabdil sits a vassal in the degraded walls of the Alhambra: El Zagal is a fugitive, shut up within the walls of Guadix. The kingdom is divided against itself: its strength is gone, its pride fallen, its very existence at an end. In the name of Allah, we conjure thee, who art our captain, be not our direst enemy; but surrender these ruins of our once happy Malaga, and deliver us from these overwhelming horrors."

Such was the supplication forced from the inhabitants by the extremity of their sufferings. Hamet el Zegri listened to the alfaqui without anger; for he respected the sanctity of his office. His heart, too, was at that moment lifted up with a vain confidence. "Yet a few days of patience," said he, "and all these evils will suddenly have an end. I have been conferring with this holy man, and find, that the time of our deliverance is at hand. The decrees of fate are inevitable: it.



is written in the book of destiny, that we shall sally forth, and destroy the camp of the unbelievers, and banquet upon those mountains of grain, which are piled up in the midst of it. So Allah hath promised, by the mouth of this his prophet. Allah achbar! God is great! Let no man oppose the decrees of Heaven."

The citizens heard with profound reverence; for no true Moslem pretends to struggle against whatever is written in the book of fate. Ali Dordux, who had come prepared to champion the city, and to brave the ire of Hamet, humbled himself before this holy man; and gave faith to his prophecies as the revelations of Allah. So the deputies returned to the citizens, and exhorted them to be of good cheer. "A few days longer," said they, "and our sufferings are to terminate. When the white banner is removed from the tower, then look out for deliverance; for the hour of sallying forth will have arrived." The people retired to their houses with sorrowful hearts. They tried in vain to quiet the cries of their famishing children; and day by day, and hour by hour, their anxious eyes were turned to the sacred banner, which still continued to wave on the tower of Gibralfaro.



## CHAPTER LXII.

How Hamet el Zegri sallied forth, with the sacred banner, to attack the Christian camp.

"THE Moorish necromancer," observes the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, "remained shut up in the tower of the Gibralfaro, devising devilish means to work mischief and discomfiture upon the Christians. He was daily consulted by Hamet el Zegri, who had great faith in those black and magic arts, which he had brought with him from the bosom of heathen Africa."

From the account given of this dervise and his incantations by the worthy father, it would appear, that he was an astrologer, and was studying the stars, and endeavouring to calculate the day and hour, when a successful attack might be made upon the Christian camp.

Famine had now increased to such a degree as to distress even the garrison of Gibralfaro; although the Gomeres had seized upon all the

provisions they could find in the city. Their passions were sharpened by hunger; and they became restless and turbulent, and impatient for action.

Hamet el Zegri was one day in council with his captains, perplexed by the pressure of events, when the dervise entered among them. "The hour of victory," exclaimed he, "is at hand! Allah has commanded, that to-morrow morning ye shall sally forth to the fight. I will bear before you the sacred banner, and deliver your enemies into your hands. Remember, however, that ye are but instruments in the hands of Allah, to take vengeance on the enemies of the faith. Go into battle, therefore, with pure hearts, forgiving each other all past offences; for those, who are charitable towards each other, will be victorious over the foe."

The words of the dervise were received with rapture. All Gibralfaro and the alcazaba resounded immediately with the din of arms; and Hamet sent throughout the towers and fortifications of the city, and selected the choicest troops and most distinguished captains for this eventful combat.

In the morning early, the rumour went

throughout the city, that the sacred banner had disappeared from the town of Gibralfaro, and all Malaga was roused to witness the sally that was to destroy the unbelievers. Hamet descended from his strong hold, accompanied by his principal captain, Abrahén Zenete, and followed by his Gomeres. The dervise led the way, displaying the white banner, the sacred pledge of victory. The multitude shouted, "Allah achbar!" and prostrated themselves before the banner as it passed. Even the dreaded Hamet was hailed with praises; for, in their hope of speedy relief, through the prowess of his arm, the populace forgot every thing but his bravery. Every bosom in Malaga was agitated by hope and fear; the old men, the women, and children, and all who went not forth to battle, mounted on tower, and battlement, and roof, to watch a combat, that was to decide their fate.

Before sallying forth from the city, the dervise addressed the troops; reminding them of the holy nature of this enterprise, and warning them not to forget the protection of the sacred banner by any unworthy act. They were to press forward, fighting valiantly, and



granting no quarter. The gate was then thrown open, and the dervise issued forth, followed by the army. They directed their assault upon the encampments of the master of Santiago and the master of Calatrava, and came upon them so suddenly, that they killed and wounded several of the guards. Abrahen Zenete made his way into one of the tents, where he beheld several Christian striplings, just starting from their slumber. The heart of the Moor was suddenly touched with pity for their youth, or, perhaps, he scorned the weakness of the foe. He smote them with the flat, instead of the edge, of his sword. "Away, imps," cried he, "away to your mothers!" The fanatic dervise reproached him with his clemency. "I did not kill them," replied Zenete, "because I saw no beards\*!"

The alarm was given in the camp, and the Christians rushed from all quarters to defend the gates of the bulwarks. Don Pedro Puertocarrero, senior of Moguer, and his brother, Don Alonzo Pacheco, planted themselves, with their followers, in the gateway of the encamp-

\* Cura de los Palacios, c. 84.

ment of the master of Santiago, and bore the whole brunt of the battle until they were reinforced. The gate of the encampment of the master of Calatrava was, in like manner, defended by Lorenzo Saurez de Mendoza. Hamet el Zegri was furious at being thus checked, where he had expected a miraculous victory. He led his troops repeatedly to the attack, hoping to force the gates before succour should arrive. They fought with vehement ardour, but were as often repulsed; and every time they returned to the assault, they found their enemies doubled in number. The Christians opened a cross fire of all kinds of missiles from their bulwarks; the Moors could effect but little damage upon a foe thus protected behind their works, while they themselves were exposed from head to foot. The Christians singled out the most conspicuous cavaliers, the greater part of whom were either slain or wounded. Still the Moors, infatuated by the predictions of the prophet, fought desperately and devotedly; and they were furious to revenge the slaughter of their leaders. They rushed upon certain death, endeavouring madly to scale the bulwarks, or force the gates; and fell amidst



showers of darts and lances, filling the ditches with their mangled bodies.

Hamet el Zegri raged along the front of the bulwarks, seeking an opening for attack. He gnashed his teeth with fury, as he saw so many of his chosen warriors slain around him. He seemed to have a charmed life; for, though constantly in the hottest of the fight, amidst showers of missiles, he still escaped uninjured. Blindly confiding in the prophecy of victory, he continued to urge on his devoted troops. The dervise, too, ran like a maniac through the ranks, waving his white banner, and inciting the Moors, by howlings rather than by shouts. In the midst of his frenzy, a stone from a catapult struck him on the head, and dashed out his bewildered brains\*.

When the Moors beheld their prophet slain, and his banner in the dust, they were seized with despair, and fled in confusion to the city. Hamet el Zegri made some effort to rally them, but was himself confounded by the fall of the dervise. He covered the flight of his broken forces, turning repeatedly upon their pursuers, and slowly making his retreat into the city.

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

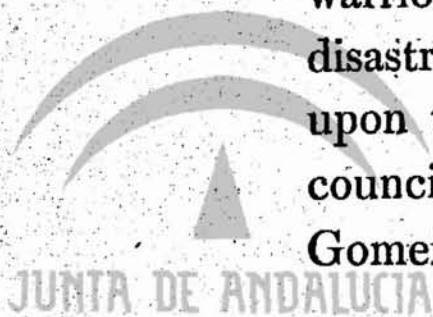


The inhabitants of Malaga witnessed from their walls, with trembling anxiety, the whole of this disastrous conflict. At the first onset, on seeing the guards of the camp put to flight, they exclaimed, "Allah has given us the victory!" and they sent up shouts of triumph. Their exultation, however, was turned into doubt, when they beheld their troops repulsed in repeated attacks. They could perceive, from time to time, some distinguished warrior laid low, and others brought back bleeding to the city. When, at length, the sacred banner fell, and the routed troops came flying to the gates, pursued and cut down by the foe, horror and despair seized upon the populace.

As Hamet el Zegri entered the gates, he was greeted with loud lamentations. Mothers, whose sons had been slain, shrieked curses after him as he passed. Some, in the anguish of their hearts, threw down their famishing babes before him, exclaiming, "Trample on them with thy horse's feet, for we have no food to give them, and we cannot endure their cries!" All heaped execrations on his head, as the cause of the woes of Malaga.

The warlike part of the citizens, also, and many warriors, who, with their wives and children, had taken refuge in Malaga from the mountain fortresses, now joined in the popular clamour; for their hearts were overcome by the sufferings of their families.

Hamet el Zegri found it impossible to withstand this torrent of lamentations, curses, and reproaches. His military ascendancy was at an end; for most of his officers, and the prime warriors of his African band, had fallen in this disastrous sally. Turning his back, therefore, upon the city, and abandoning it to its own councils, he retired, with the remnant of his Gomeres, to his strong hold in the Gibralfaro.



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## CHAPTER LXIII.

How the city of Malaga capitulated.

THE people of Malaga, being no longer overawed by Hamet el Zegri and his Gomeres, turned to Ali Dordux, the magnanimous merchant, and put the fate of the city into his hands. He had already gained the alcaýdes of the castle of the Genoese and of the citadel into his party; and, in the late confusion, had gained the sway over these important fortresses. He now associated himself with the alfaqui, Abrahen Alhariz, and four of the principal inhabitants; and, forming a provisional junta, they sent heralds to the Christian sovereigns, offering to surrender the city on certain terms, protecting the persons and property of the inhabitants, permitting them to reside as mudaxares, or tributary vassals, either in Malaga or elsewhere.

When these heralds arrived at the camp,



and made known their mission, the anger of Ferdinand was kindled. "Return to your fellow-citizens," said he, "and tell them, that the day of grace is gone by. They have persisted in a fruitless defence, until they are driven by necessity to capitulate: they must surrender unconditionally, and abide the fate of the vanquished. Those who merit death shall suffer death; those who merit captivity shall be made captives."

This stern reply spread consternation among the people of Malaga; but Ali Dordux comforted them, and undertook to go in person, and pray for favourable terms. When the people beheld this great merchant, who was so eminent in their city, departing with his associates on this mission, they plucked up heart, for they said, "Surely the Christian king will not turn a deaf ear to such a man as Ali Dordux!"

Ferdinand, however, would not even admit the ambassadors to his presence. "Send them to the devil," said he, in a great passion, to the commander of Leon. "I will not see them. Let them get back to their city. They shall

all surrender to my mercy as vanquished enemies \*."

To give emphasis to this reply, he ordered a general discharge from all the artillery and batteries, and there was a great shout throughout the camp, and all the lombards and catapults, and other engines, thundered furiously upon the city, doing great damage.

Ali Dórdux and his companions returned with downcast countenances, and could scarce make the reply of the Christian sovereign be heard, for the roaring of the artillery, the tumbling of the walls, and the cries of women and children. The citizens were greatly astonished and dismayed, when they found the little respect paid to their most eminent man; but the warriors who were in the city exclaimed, "What has this merchant to do with questions between men of battle? Let us not address the enemy as abject suppliants, who have no power to injure; but as valiant men, who have weapons in their hands."

So they despatched another message to the

\* Cura de los Palacios, cap. 84.

Christian sovereigns, offering to yield up the city, and all their effects, on condition of being secured in their personal liberty. Should this be denied, they declared, that they would hang from the battlements fifteen hundred Christian captives, male and female; that they would put all their old men, their women and children, into the citadel, set fire to the city, and sally forth sword in hand, to fight until the last gasp. "In this way," said they, "the Spanish sovereigns shall gain a bloody victory, and the fall of Malaga be renowned while the world endures."

Various debates now took place in the Christian camp. Many of the cavaliers were exasperated against Malaga for its long resistance, which had caused the death of many of their relations and favourite companions. It had long been a strong hold for Moorish depredators, and the mart where most of the warriors captured in the Axarquia had been exposed in triumph, and sold to slavery. They represented, moreover, that there were many Moorish cities yet to be besieged; and that an example ought to be made of Malaga, to prevent all obstinate resistance hereafter.



They advised, therefore, that all the inhabitants should be put to the sword\*!

The humane heart of Isabella revolted at such sanguinary councils. She insisted, that their triumph should not be disgraced by cruelty. Ferdinand, however, was inflexible in refusing to grant any preliminary terms; insisting on an unconditional surrender. The people of Malaga now abandoned themselves to paroxysms of despair. On the one side, they saw famine and death; on the other, slavery and chains. The mere men of the sword, who had no families to protect, were loud for signalizing their fall by some illustrious action. "Let us sacrifice our Christian captives, and then destroy ourselves!" cried some. "Let us put all the women and children to death, set fire to the city, fall on the Christian camp, and die sword in hand!" cried others.

Ali Dordux gradually made his voice be heard amidst the general clamour. He addressed himself to the principal inhabitants, and to those who had children. "Let those who live by the sword die by the sword,"

\* Puigar.

cried he; "but let us not follow their desperate councils. Who knows what sparks of pity may be awakened in the bosoms of the Christian sovereigns, when they behold our unoffending wives and daughters, and our helpless little ones! The Christian queen, they say, is full of mercy."

At these words the hearts of the unhappy people of Malaga yearned over their families; and they empowered Ali Dordux to deliver up the city to the mercy of the Castilian sovereigns.

The merchant now went to and fro, and had several communications with Ferdinand and Isabella; and interested several principal cavaliers in his cause. And he sent rich presents to the king and queen, of oriental merchandises, silks, and stuffs of gold, and jewels, and precious stones, and spices, and perfumes, and many other rare and sumptuous things, which he had accumulated in his great tradings with the East; and he gradually found favour in the eyes of the sovereigns\*. Finding that there was nothing to be obtained for the city, he now, like a prudent man and able mer-

\* MS. Chron. of Valera.

chant, began to negotiate for himself and his immediate friends.

He represented, that, from the first, they had been desirous of yielding up the city; but had been prevented by warlike and high-handed men, who had threatened their lives. He entreated, therefore, that mercy might be extended to them, and that they might not be confounded with the guilty.

The sovereigns had accepted the presents of Ali Dordux: how could they turn a deaf ear to his petition? So they granted a pardon to him, and to forty families which he named; and it was agreed, that they should be protected in their lives and property, and permitted to reside in Malaga as Mudexares or Moslem vassals; and to follow their customary pursuits\*. All this being arranged, Ali Dordux delivered up twenty of the principal inhabitants, to remain as hostages until the whole city should be placed in the possession of the Christians.

Don Gutiere de Cardenas, senior commander of Leon, now entered the city, armed capapie, on horseback, and took possession,

\* Cura de los Palacios.



in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He was followed by his retainers, and by the captains and cavaliers of the army; and in a little while the standards of the cross, and of the blessed Santiago, and of the catholic sovereigns, were elevated on the principal tower of the alcazaba. When these standards were beheld from the camp, the queen, and the princess, and the ladies of the court, and all the royal retinue, knelt down, and gave thanks and praises to the holy Virgin, and to Santiago, for this great triumph of the faith; and the bishops, and other clergy who were present, and the choristers of the royal chapel, chanted *Te Deum laudamus*, and *Gloria in excelsis*.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

Fulfilment of the prophecy of the dervise. Fate of  
Hamet el Zegri.

No sooner was the city delivered up, than the wretched inhabitants implored permission to purchase bread for themselves and their children, from the heaps of grain, which they had so often gazed at wistfully from their walls. Their prayer was granted; and they issued forth, with the famished eagerness of starving men. It was piteous to behold the struggles of these unhappy people, as they contended who first should have their necessities relieved.

“Thus,” says the pious Fray Antonio Agapida, “thus are the predictions of false prophets sometimes permitted to be verified; but always to the confusion of those who trust in them; for the words of the Moorish necromancer came to pass, that they should eat of those heaps of bread: but they ate of them in

humiliation and defeat, and with sorrow and bitterness of heart."

Dark and fierce were the feelings of Hamet el Zegri, as he looked down from the castle of Gibralfaro, and beheld the Christian legions pouring into the city, and the standard of the cross supplanting the crescent on the citadel. "The people of Malaga," said he, "have trusted to a man of trade, and he has trafficked them away; but let us not suffer ourselves to be bound, hand and foot, and delivered up as part of his bargain. We have yet strong walls around us, and trusty weapons in our hands. Let us fight until buried beneath the last tumbling tower of Gibralfaro; or, rushing down from among its ruins, carry havoc among the unbelievers; as they throng the streets of Malaga!"

The fierceness of the Gomeres, however, was broken. They could have died in the breach, had their castle been assailed; but the slow advances of famine subdued their strength without rousing their passions, and sapped the force both of soul and body. They were almost unanimous for a surrender.

It was a hard struggle for the proud spirit



of Hamet, to bow itself to ask for terms. Still he trusted, that the valour of his defence would gain him respect in the eyes of a chivalrous foe. "Ali," said he, "has negotiated like a merchant: I will capitulate as a soldier." He sent a herald, therefore, to Ferdinand, offering to yield up his castle, but demanding a separate treaty. The Castilian sovereign sent a laconic and stern reply: "He shall receive no terms, but such as have been granted to the community of Malaga."

For two days Hamet el Zegri remained brooding in his castle, after the city was in possession of the Christians. At length, the clamours of his followers compelled him to surrender. When the broken remnant of this fierce African garrison descended from their cragged fortress, they were so worn by watchfulness, famine, and battle, yet carried such a lurking fury in their eyes, that they looked more like fiends than men. They were all condemned to slavery, excepting Abrahen Zenete. The instance of clemency which he had shown, in refraining to harm the Spanish striplings on the last sally from Malaga, won him favourable terms. It was cited as a mag-

nanimous act by the Spanish cavaliers ; and all admitted, that, though a Moor in blood, he possessed the Christian heart of a Castilian hidalgo\*.

As to Hamet el Zegri, on being asked, what moved him to such hardened obstinacy, he replied, " When I undertook my command, I pledged myself to fight, in defence of my faith, my city, and my sovereign, until slain or made prisoner ; and, depend upon it, had I had men to stand by me, I should have died fighting, instead of thus tamely surrendering myself, without a weapon in my hand."

" Such," says the pious Fray Antonio Agapida, " were the diabolical hatred, and stiff-necked opposition, of this infidel to our holy cause. But he was justly served by our most catholic and high-minded sovereign, for his pertinacious defence of the city ; for Ferdinand ordered, that he should be loaded with chains, and thrown into a dungeon†."

\* Cura de los Palacios, c. 84.

† Pulgar, Cronica.

## CHAPTER LXV.

How the Castilian sovereigns took possession of the city of Malaga, and how King Ferdinand signalized himself by his skill in bargaining with the inhabitants for their ransom.

ONE of the first cares of the conquerors, on entering Malaga, was to search for Christian captives. Nearly sixteen hundred, men and women, were found, and among them were persons of distinction. Some of them had been ten, fifteen, and twenty years in captivity. Many had been servants to the Moors, or labourers on public works, and some had passed their time in chains and dungeons. Preparations were made to celebrate their deliverance as a Christian triumph. A tent was erected, not far from the city, and furnished with an altar, and all the solemn decorations of a chapel. Here the king and queen waited to receive the Christian captives. They were assembled in the city, and marshalled forth in piteous procession. Many of them had still



the chains and shackles on their legs. They were wasted with famine, their hair and beards overgrown and matted, and their faces pale and haggard from long confinement. When they beheld themselves restored to liberty, and surrounded by their countrymen, some stared wildly about, as if in a dream, others gave way to frantic transports, but most of them wept for joy. All present were moved to tears by so touching a spectacle. When the procession arrived at what is called the Gate of Granada, it was met by a great concourse from the camp, with crosses and pennons, who turned and followed the captives, singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving. When they came in presence of the king and queen, they threw themselves on their knees, and would have kissed their feet, as their saviours and deliverers; but the sovereigns prevented such humiliation, and graciously extended to them their hands. They then prostrated themselves before the altar, and all present joined them in giving thanks to God, for their liberation from this cruel bondage. By orders of the king and queen, their chains were then taken off, and they were clad in

decent raiment, and food was set before them. After they had ate and drank, and were refreshed and invigorated, they were provided with money, and all things necessary for their journey, and sent joyfully to their homes.

While the old chroniclers dwell with becoming enthusiasm on this pure and affecting triumph of humanity, they go on, in a strain of equal eulogy, to describe a spectacle of a different nature. It so happened, that there were found in the city twelve of those renegado Christians, who had deserted to the Moors, and conveyed false intelligence during the siege. A barbarous species of punishment was inflicted upon them, borrowed, it is said, from the Moors, and peculiar to these wars. They were tied to stakes, in a public place, and horsemen exercised their skill in transpiercing them with pointed reeds, hurled at them while careering at full speed, until the miserable victims expired beneath their wounds. Several apostate Moors, also, who, having embraced Christianity, had afterwards relapsed into their early faith, and had taken refuge in Malaga from the vengeance of the inquisition, were publicly burnt. "These," says an old

Jesuit historian exultingly, "these were the tilts of reeds; and the illuminations most pleasing for this victorious festival, and for the catholic piety of our sovereigns\*!"

When the city was cleansed from the impurities and offensive odours which had collected during the siege, the bishops, and other clergy who accompanied the court, and the choir of the royal chapel, walked in procession to the principal mosque, which was consecrated, and entitled Santa Maria de la Incarnacion. This done, the king and queen entered the city, accompanied by the grand cardinal of Spain, and the principal nobles and cavaliers of the army, and heard a solemn mass. The church was then elevated into a cathedral, and Malaga was made a bishopric, and many of the neighbouring towns were comprehended in its diocese. The queen took up her residence in the alcazaba, in the apartments of her valiant treasurer, Ruy Lopez, whence she had a view of the whole city; but the king

\* Los renegados fueron acanavareados; y los conversos quemados : y estos fueron los cañas y luminarias mas alegres por la fiesta de la vitoria, para la piedad catholica de nuestros reyes. Abarca, Anales de Aragon, tom. ii. rey. 30. c. 3.



established his quarters in the warrior castle of Gibralfaro.

And now came to be considered the disposition of the Moorish prisoners. All those who were strangers in the city, and had either taken refuge there, or had entered to defend it, were at once considered slaves. They were divided into three lots. One was set apart for the service of God, in redeeming captives from bondage, either in the kingdom of Granada, or in Africa; the second lot was divided among those who had aided, either in field or cabinet, in the present siege, according to their rank; the third was appropriated to defray, by their sale, the great expenses incurred in the reduction of the place. A hundred of the Gomerres were sent as presents to Pope Innocent VIII., and were led in triumph through the streets of Rome, and afterwards converted to Christianity. Fifty Moorish maidens were sent to the Queen Joanna of Naples, sister to King Ferdinand, and thirty to the Queen of Portugal. Isabella made presents of others to the ladies of her household, and of the noble families of Spain.

Among the inhabitants of Malaga were four

hundred and fifty Moorish Jews, for the most part women, speaking the Arabic language, and dressed in the Moorish fashion. These were ransomed by a wealthy Jew of Castile, farmer-general of the royal revenues derived from the Jews of Spain. He agreed to make up, within a certain time, the sum of twenty thousand doblas or pistoles of gold; all money and jewels of the captives being taken in payment. They were sent to Castile in two armed galleys.

As to the great mass of Moorish inhabitants, they implored that they might not be scattered and sold into captivity, but might be permitted to ransom themselves by an amount paid within a certain time. Upon this King Ferdinand took the advice of certain of his ablest counsellors. They said to him, if you hold out a prospect of hopeless captivity, the infidels will throw all their gold and jewels into wells and pits, and you will lose the greater part of the spoil; but if you fix a general rate of ransom, and receive their money and jewels in payment, nothing will be destroyed. The king relished greatly this advice; and it was arranged, that all the inhabitants should be ransomed at the

general rate of thirty doblas or pistoles in gold for each individual, male or female, large or small; that all their gold, jewels, and other valuables, should be received immediately, in part payment of the general amount; and that the residue should be paid within eight months; that, if any of the number actually living should die in the interim, their ransom should nevertheless be claimed. If, however, the whole of the amount were not discharged at the expiration of the eight months, they should all be considered and treated as slaves.

The unfortunate Moors were eager to catch at the least hope of future liberty, and consented to these hard conditions. The most rigorous precautions were taken to exact them to the uttermost. The inhabitants were numbered by houses and families, and their names taken down. Their most precious effects were made up into parcels, and sealed and inscribed with their names; and they were ordered to repair with them to certain large corrales or enclosures, adjoining the alcazaba, which were surrounded by high walls, and overlooked by watchtowers; to which places the cavalgadas of Christian captives had usually been driven,



to be confined until the time of sale, like cattle in a market. The Moors were obliged to leave their houses, one by one: all their money, necklaces, bracelets and anklets of gold, pearl, coral, and precious stones, were taken from them at the threshold, and their persons so rigorously searched, that they carried off nothing concealed.

Then might be seen old men, and helpless women, and tender maidens, some of high birth and gentle condition, passing through the streets, heavily burdened, towards the alcazaba. As they left their homes, they smote their breasts, and wrung their hands, and raised their weeping eyes to Heaven in anguish; and this is recorded as their plaint:—“ Oh, Malaga! city renowned and beautiful! where now is the strength of thy castles? where the grandeur of thy towers? of what avail have been thy mighty walls for the protection of thy children! Behold them driven from thy pleasant abodes, doomed to drag out a life of bondage in a foreign land, and to die far from the home of their infancy! What will become of thy old men and matrons, when their gray hairs shall be no longer revered!

what will become of thy maidens, so delicately reared, and tenderly cherished, when reduced to hard and menial servitude! Behold, thy once happy families are scattered asunder, never again to be united! Sons are separated from their fathers, husbands from their wives, and tender children from their mothers. They will bewail each other in foreign lands; but their lamentations will be the scoff of the stranger. Oh, Malaga! city of our birth! who can behold thy desolation, and not shed tears of bitterness \*!"

When Malaga was completely secured, a detachment was sent against two fortresses near the sea, called Mexas and Osuna; which had frequently harassed the Christian camp. The inhabitants were threatened with the sword, unless they instantly surrendered. They claimed the same terms that had been granted to Malaga; imagining them to be, freedom of person, and security of property. Their claim was granted. They were transported to Malaga with all their riches; and, on arriving there, were overwhelmed with consternation at find-

\* Pulgar.

ing themselves captives. "Ferdinand," observes Fray Antonio Agapida, "was a man of his word: they were shut up in the alcazaba, with the people of Malaga, and shared their fate."

The unhappy captives remained thus crowded in the court-yards of the alcazaba, like sheep in a fold, until they could be sent by sea and land to Seville. They were then distributed about in city and country, each Christian family having one or more to feed and maintain as a servant, until the term fixed for the payment of the residue of the ransom should expire. The captives had obtained permission, that several of their number should go about among the Moorish towns of the kingdom of Granada, collecting contributions to aid in the purchase of their liberties; but these towns were too much impoverished by the war, and engrossed by their own distresses, to lend a listening ear. So the time expired, without the residue of the ransom being paid; and all the captives of Malaga, to the number, as some say, of eleven, and others, of fifteen thousand, became slaves! "Never," exclaims the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, in one of



his usual bursts of zeal and loyalty, "never has there been recorded a more adroit and sagacious arrangement than this made by the catholic monarch, by which he not only secured all the property, and half of the ransom, of these infidels, but finally got possession of their persons into the bargain. This truly may be considered one of the greatest triumphs of the pious and politic Ferdinand, and as raising him above the generality of conquerors, who have merely the valour to gain victories, but lack the prudence and management necessary to turn them to account."

## CHAPTER LXVI.

How King Ferdinand prepared to carry the war into a different part of the territories of the Moors.

THE western part of the kingdom of Granada had now been conquered by the Christian arms. The seaport of Malaga was captured; the fierce and warlike inhabitants of the Serania de Ronda, and the other mountain holds of the frontier, were all disarmed, and reduced to peaceful and laborious vassalage. Their haughty fortresses, which had so long overawed the valleys of Andalusia, now displayed the standard of Castile and Arragon; the watchtowers, which crowned every height, and from which the infidels had kept a vulture eye on the Christian territories, were now either dismantled, or garrisoned with catholic troops. "What signalized and sanctified this great triumph," adds the worthy Fray Antonio de Agapida, "were the emblems of ecclesiastical domination which every where

appeared. In every direction arose stately convents and monasteries, those fortresses of the faith, garrisoned by its spiritual soldiery of monks and friars. The sacred melody of Christian bells was again heard among the mountains, calling to early matins, or sounding the angeles at the solemn hour of evening."

While this part of the kingdom was thus reduced by the Christian sword, the central part, round the city of Granada, forming the heart of the Moorish territory, was held in vassalage of the Castilian monarch, by Boabdil, surnamed El Chico.

That unfortunate prince lost no occasion, by acts of homage, and by professions that must have been foreign to his heart, to propitiate the conquerors of his country. No sooner had he heard of the capture of Malaga, than he sent congratulations to the catholic sovereigns, accompanied with presents of horses, richly caparisoned, for the king; and precious cloth of gold, and oriental perfumes, for the queen. His congratulations, and his presents, were received with the utmost graciousness; and the shortsighted prince, lulled by the temporary and politic forbearance of Fer-



dinand, flattered himself, that he was securing the lasting friendship of that monarch.

The policy of Boabdil had its transient and superficial advantages. The portion of Moorish territory under his immediate sway had a respite from the calamities of war. The husbandmen cultivated their luxuriant fields in security, and the vega of Granada once more blossomed like the rose. The merchants again carried on a gainful traffic, and the gates of the city were thronged with beasts of burden, bringing the rich products of every clime. Yet, while the people of Granada rejoiced in their teeming fields and crowded marts, they secretly despised the policy which had procured them these advantages, and held Boabdil for little better than an apostate and an unbeliever.

Muley Abdalla el Zagal was now the hope of the unconquered part of the kingdom; and every Moor, whose spirit was not quite subdued with his fortunes, lauded the valour of the old monarch, and his fidelity to the faith, and wished success to his standard.

El Zagal, though he no longer sat enthroned in the Alhambra, yet reigned over more con-

siderable domains than his nephew. His territories extended from the frontier of Jaen, along the borders of Murcia, to the Mediterranean, and reached into the centre of the kingdom. On the north-east he held the cities of Baza and Guadix, situate in the midst of fertile regions. He had the important seaport of Almeria, also, which at one time rivalled Granada itself in wealth and population. Besides these, his territories included a great part of the Alpuxarra mountains, which extend across the kingdom, and shoot out branches towards the seacoast. This mountainous region was a strong hold of wealth and power. Its stern and rocky height, rising to the clouds, seemed to set invasion at defiance; yet within their rugged embraces were sheltered delightful valleys, of the happiest temperature and richest fertility. The cool springs, and limpid rills, which gushed out in all parts of the mountains, and the abundant streams, which, for a great part of the year, were supplied by the Sierra Nevada, spread a perpetual verdure over the skirts and slopes of the hills, and, collecting in silver rivers in the valleys, wound along among plantations

of mulberry trees, and groves of oranges and citrons, of almonds, figs, and pomegranates. Here was produced the finest silk of Spain; which gave employment to thousands of manufacturers. The sunburnt sides of the hills, also, were covered with vineyards. The abundant herbage of the mountain ravines, and the rich pasturage of the valleys, fed vast flocks and herds; and even the arid and rocky bosoms of the heights teemed with wealth, from the mines of various metals with which they were impregnated. In a word, the Alpuxarra mountains had ever been the great source of revenue to the monarchs of Granada. Their inhabitants, also, were hardy and warlike; and a sudden summons from the Moorish king could at any time call forth fifty thousand fighting men from their rocky fortresses.

Such was the rich, but rugged, fragment of an empire, which remained under the sway of the old warrior monarch, El Zagal. The mountain barriers, by which it was locked up, had protected it from most of the ravages of war, and El Zagal prepared himself, by strengthening every fortress, to battle fiercely for its maintenance.



The catholic sovereigns saw, that fresh troubles and toils awaited them. The war had to be carried into a new quarter, demanding immense expenditures; and new ways and means must be devised, to replenish their exhausted coffers. "As this was a holy war, however," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "and peculiarly redounded to the prosperity of the church, the clergy were full of zeal, and contributed vast sums of money and large bodies of troops. A pious fund was also produced from the first fruits of that glorious institution, the inquisition.

"It so happened, that, about this time, there were many families of wealth and dignity in the kingdoms of Arragon and Valencia, and the principality of Catalonia, whose forefathers had been Jews, but had been converted to Christianity. Notwithstanding the outward piety of these families, it was surmised, and soon came to be strongly suspected, that many of them had a secret hankering after Judaism; and it was even whispered, that some of them practised Jewish rites in private.

"The catholic monarch," continues Agapida, "had a righteous abhorrence of all kinds

of heresy, and a fervent zeal for the faith. He ordered, therefore, a strict investigation of the conduct of these pseudo-Christians. Inquisitors were sent into these provinces for the purpose, who proceeded with their accustomed zeal. The consequence was, that many families were convicted of apostasy from the Christian faith, and of the private practice of Judaism. Some, who had grace and policy sufficient to reform in time, were again received into the Christian fold, after being severely mulcted, and condemned to heavy penance; others were burnt at *auto de fe's*, for the edification of the public; and their property was confiscated for the good of the state.

“As these Hebrews were of great wealth, and had a hereditary passion for jewelry, there was found abundant store in their possession of gold and silver, of rings, and necklaces, and strings of pearl, and coral, and precious stones: treasures easy of transportation, and wonderfully adapted for the emergencies of war. In this way,” concludes the pious Agapida, “these backsliders, by the allseeing contrivances of Providence, were made to serve the righteous cause which they had so treacherously de-

served; and their apostate wealth was sanctified by being devoted to the service of Heaven and the crown, in this holy crusade against the infidels."

It must be added, however, that these pious financial expedients received some check from the interference of Queen Isabella. Her penetrating eyes discovered, that many enormities had been committed under colour of religious zeal, and many innocent persons accused by false witnesses of apostasy, either through malice, or a hope of obtaining their wealth. She caused strict investigation, therefore, into the proceedings which had been held; many of which were reversed, and suborners punished in proportion to their guilt\*.

\* Pulgar, part iii. cap. 100.



## CHAPTER LXVII.

How King Ferdinand invaded the eastern side of the kingdom of Granada; and how he was received by El Zagal.

"MULEY Abdalla el Zagal," says the venerable jesuit father, Pedro Abarca, "was the most venomous Mahometan in all Morisma;" and the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida most devoutly echoes his opinion. "Certainly," adds the latter, "none ever opposed a more heathenish and diabolical obstinacy to the holy inroads of the cross and sword."

El Zagal felt, that it was necessary to do something to quicken his popularity with the people; and that nothing was more effectual than a successful inroad. The Moors loved the stirring call to arms, and a wild foray among the mountains; and delighted more in a hasty spoil, wrested with hard fighting from the Christians, than in all the steady and certain gains secured by peaceful traffic.

There reigned at this time a careless se-

curity along the frontier of Jaen. The alcaydes of the Christian fortresses were confident of the friendship of Boabdil el Chico; and they fancied his uncle too distant, and too much engrossed by his own perplexities, to think of molesting them. On a sudden, El Zagal issued out of Guadix with a chosen band, passed rapidly through the mountains which extend behind Granada, and fell, like a thunderbolt, upon the territories in the neighbourhood of Alcala la Real.

Before the alarm could be spread, and the frontier roused, he had made a wide career of destruction through the country; sacking and burning villages, sweeping off flocks and herds, and carrying away captives. The warriors of the frontier assembled; but El Zagal was already far on his return through the mountains; and he re-entered the gates of Guadix in triumph, his army laden with Christian spoil, and conducting an immense cavalgada. Such was one of the fierce El Zagal's preparations for the expected invasion of the Christian king; exciting the warlike spirit of his people, and gaining for himself a transient popularity.

King Ferdinand assembled his army at Murcia in the spring of 1488. He left that city on the fifth of June, with a flying camp of four thousand horse, and fourteen thousand foot. The Marquis of Cadiz led the van, followed by the adelantado of Murcia. The army entered the Moorish frontier by the seacoast, spreading terror through the land; wherever it appeared, the towns surrendered without a blow, so great was the dread of experiencing the woes which had desolated the opposite frontier. In this way, Vera, Velez el Rubico, Velez el Blanco, and many towns of inferior note, to the number of sixty, yielded at the first summons.

It was not until it approached Almeria, that the army met with resistance. This important city was commanded by the Prince Zelim, a relation of El Zagal. He led forth his Moors bravely to the encounter, and skirmished fiercely with the advance guard in the gardens near the city. King Ferdinand came up with the main body of the army, and called off his troops from the skirmish. He saw, that to attack the place with his present force was fruitless: having reconnoitred the city and



its environs, therefore, against a future campaign, he retired with his army and marched towards Baza.

The old warrior, El Zagal, was himself drawn up in the city of Baza, with a powerful garrison. He felt confidence in the strength of the place, and rejoiced when he heard, that the Christian king was approaching.

In the valley in front of Baza there extended a great tract of gardens, like a continued grove, and intersected by canals and water courses. In this he stationed a powerful ambuscade of arquebusiers, and crossbowmen. The vanguard of the Christian army came marching gaily up the valley, with great sound of drum and trumpet, and led on by the Marquis of Cadiz, and the adelantado of Murcia. As they drew near, El Zagal sallied forth, with horse and foot, and attacked them, for a time with great spirit. Gradually falling back, as if pressed by their superior valour, he drew the exulting Christians among the gardens. Suddenly the Moors in ambuscade burst from their concealment, and opened such a terrible fire in flank and rear, that many of the Christians were slain, and the

rest thrown into confusion. King Ferdinand arrived in time to see the disastrous situation of his troops, and gave signal to the vanguard to retire.

El Zagal did not permit the foe to draw off unmolested. Ordering out fresh squadrons, he fell upon the rear of the retreating troops, with loud and triumphant shouts, driving them before him with dreadful havoc. The old war cry of "El Zagal! El Zagal!" was again vociferated by the Moors, and was reëchoed with transport from the walls of the city. The Christians were for a time in imminent peril of a complete rout; when fortunately the adelantado of Murcia threw himself, with a large body of horse and foot, between the pursuers and the pursued, covering the retreat of the latter, and giving them time to rally. The Moors were now attacked so vigorously in turn, that they gave over the unequal contest, and drew back slowly into the city. Many valiant cavaliers were slain in the skirmish; among the number of whom was Don Philip of Arragon, master of the chivalry of Saint George of Montesor. He was illegitimate son of the king's illegitimate brother, Don

Carlos, and his death was greatly bewailed by Ferdinand. He had formerly been archbishop of Palermo ; but had doffed the cassock for the cuirass ; and had thus, according to Fray Antonio Agapida, gained a glorious crown of martyrdom, by falling in this holy war.

The warm reception of his advance guard, by the old warrior El 'Zagal, brought King Ferdinand to a pause. He encamped on the banks of the neighbouring river Guadalentin, and began to consider, whether he had acted wisely, in undertaking this campaign with his present force. His late successes had probably rendered him over confident. El Zagal had again schooled him into his characteristic caution. He saw, that the old warrior was too formidably ensconced in Baza, to be dislodged by any thing except a powerful army, and battering artillery ; and he feared, that, should he persist in his invasion, some disaster might befall his army, either from the enterprise of the foe, or from a pestilence which prevailed in various parts of the country.

Ferdinand retired therefore from before Baza, as he had on a former occasion from before Laxa, all the wiser for a wholesome



lesson in warfare, but by no means grateful to those who had given it; and with a solemn determination to have his revenge upon his teachers.

He now took measures for the security of the places gained in this campaign, placing in them strong garrisons, well armed and supplied, charging their alcaydes to be vigilant in their posts, and to give no rest to the enemy. The whole of the frontier was placed under the command of the brave Luis Fernandez Puerto Carrero. As it was evident, from the warlike character of El Zagal, that there would be abundance of active service and hard fighting, many hidalgos and young cavaliers, eager for distinction, remained with Puerto Carrero.

All these dispositions being made, King Ferdinand closed the dubious campaign of this year; not, as usual, by returning in triumph, at the head of his army, to some important city of his dominions; but by disbanding the troops, and repairing to pray at the cross of Caravaca.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

How the Moors made various enterprises against the Christians.

“WHILE the pious King Ferdinand,” observes Fray Antonio Agapida, “was humbling himself before the cross, and devoutly praying for the destruction of his enemies, that fierce pagan, El Zagal, depending merely on his arm of flesh, and his sword of steel, pursued his diabolical outrages upon the Christians.” No sooner was the invading army disbanded, than El Zagal sallied forth from his strong hold, and carried fire and sword into all those parts that had submitted to the Spanish yoke. The castle of Nixar, being carelessly guarded, was taken by surprise, and its garrison put to the sword. The old warrior raged with sanguinary fury about the whole frontier, attacking convoys, slaying, wounding, and making prisoners, and coming by surprise upon the Christians, wherever they were off their guard.



The alcayde of the fortress of Callar, confiding in the strength of its walls and towers, and on its difficult situation, being built on the summit of a lofty hill, and surrounded by precipices, ventured to absent himself from his post. The vigilant El Zagal was suddenly before it with a powerful force. He stormed the town, sword in hand, fought the Christians from street to street, and drove them, with great slaughter, to the citadel. Here a veteran captain, by the name of Juan de Avalos, a grayheaded warrior, scarred in many a battle, assumed the command, and made an obstinate defence. Neither the multitude of the enemy, the vehemence of their attacks, though led on by the terrible El Zagal himself, had power to shake the fortitude of this doughty old soldier.

The Moors undermined the outer walls, and one of the towers of the fortress, and made their way into the exterior court. The alcayde manned the tops of his towers; pouring down melted pitch, and showering darts, arrows, stones, and all kinds of missiles, upon the assailants. The Moors were driven out of the court; but, being reinforced with fresh troops,



returned repeatedly to the assault. For five days the combat was kept up. The Christians were nearly exhausted; but they were sustained by the cheerings of their stanch old alcaide; and they feared death from the cruel El Zagal, should they surrender. At length, the approach of a powerful force, under Puerto Carrero, relieved them from this fearful peril. El Zagal abandoned the assault; but set fire to the town in his rage and disappointment, and retired to his strong hold of Guadix.

The example of El Zagal roused his adherents to action. Two bold Moorish alcaides, Ali Altar and Yza Altar, commanding the fortresses of Alhenden and Salobrenna, laid waste the country of the subjects of Boabdil, and the places which had recently submitted to the Christians. They swept off the cattle, carried off captives, and harassed the whole of the newly conquered frontier.

The Moors, also, of Almeria, and Tavernas, and Purchena, made inroads into Murcia, and carried fire and sword into its most fertile regions; while on the opposite frontier, among the wild valleys and rugged recesses of the Sierra Bermeja, or Red Mountains, many of the

Moors, who had lately submitted, again fled to arms. The Marquis of Cadiz suppressed, by timely vigilance, the rebellion of the mountain town of Gausen, situate on a high peak, almost among the clouds; but others of the Moors fortified themselves in rock-built towers and castles, inhabited solely by warriors, whence they carried on a continual war of forage and depredation; sweeping suddenly down into the valleys, and carrying off flocks, and herds, and all kinds of booty, to these eagle nests, to which it was perilous and fruitless to pursue them.

The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida closes his story of this chequered year in quite a different strain from those triumphant periods, with which he is accustomed to wind up the victorious campaigns of the sovereigns. "Great and mighty," says this venerable chronicler, "were the floods and tempests, which prevailed throughout the kingdom of Castile and Arragon about this time. It seemed as though the windows of heaven were again opened, and a second deluge overwhelming the face of nature. The clouds burst, as it were, in cataracts upon the earth; torrents rushed



down from the mountains, overflowing the valleys. Brooks were swelled into raging rivers; houses were undermined; mills were swept away by their own streams; the affrighted shepherds saw their flocks drowned in the midst of the pasture, and were fain to take refuge for their lives in towers and high places. The Guadalquivir, for a time, became a roaring and tumultuous sea; inundating the immense plain of the Tablada, and filling the fair city of Seville with affright.

“A vast black cloud moved over the land, accompanied by a hurricane and a trembling of the earth. Houses were unroofed, the walls and battlements of fortresses shaken, and lofty towers rocked to their foundations. Ships, riding at anchor, were either stranded or swallowed up. Others, under sail, were tossed to and fro upon mountain waves, and cast upon the land; where the whirlwind rent them in pieces, and scattered their fragments in the air. Doleful was the ruin, and great the terror, where this baleful cloud passed by; and it left a long track of desolation over sea and land. Some of the faint-hearted,” adds Antonio Agapida, “looked upon this tumult of



the elements as a prodigious event, out of the course of nature. In the weakness of their fears, they connected it with those troubles which occurred in various places; considering it a portent of some great calamity, about to be wrought by the violence of the bloody-handed El Zagal and his fierce adherents."



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## CHAPTER LXIX.

How King Ferdinand prepared to besiege the city of Baza; and how the city prepared for defence.

THE stormy winter had passed away, and the spring of 1489 was advancing; yet the heavy rains had broken up the roads; the mountain brooks were swollen to raging torrents; and the late shallow and peaceful rivers were deep, turbulent, and dangerous. The Christian troops had been summoned to assemble, in early spring, on the frontiers of Jaen; but were slow in arriving at the appointed place. They were entangled in the miry defiles of the mountains, or fretted impatiently on the banks of impassable floods. It was late in the month of May before they assembled in sufficient force to attempt the proposed invasion; when, at length, a valiant army, of thirteen thousand horse and forty thousand foot, marched merrily over the border. The queen remained at the city of Jaen,



with the prince royal and the princesses, her children ; accompanied and supported by the venerable Cardinal of Spain, and those reverend prelates who assisted in her councils throughout this holy war. The plan of King Ferdinand was to lay siege to the city of Baza, the key of the remaining possessions of the Moor. That important fortress taken, Guadix and Almeria must soon follow ; and then the power of El Zagal would be at an end. As the catholic king advanced, he had first to secure various castles and strong holds, in the vicinity of Baza, which might otherwise harass his army. Some of these made obstinate resistance ; especially the town of Cuxar. The Christians assailed the walls with various machines, to sap them ; and batter them down. The brave alcayde, Hubec Adalgar, opposed force to force, and engine to engine. He manned his towers with his bravest warriors, who rained down an iron shower upon the enemy ; and he linked caldrons together by strong chains, and cast fire from them, consuming the wooden engines of their assailants, and those who managed them. The siege was protracted for several days.



The bravery of the alcayde could not save his fortress from an overwhelming foe, but it gained him honourable terms. Ferdinand permitted the garrison and the inhabitants to repair with their effects to Baza; and the valiant Hubec Adalgar marched forth with the remnant of his force, and took the way to that devoted city.

The delays, which had been caused to the invading army by these various circumstances, had been diligently improved by the old Moorish El Zagal; who felt, that he was now making his last stand for empire; and that this campaign would decide, whether he should continue a king, or sink into a vassal.

El Zagal was but a few leagues from Baza, at the city of Guadix. This last was the most important point of his remaining territories, being a kind of bulwark between them and the hostile city of Granada, the seat of his nephew's power. Though he heard of the tide of war, therefore, that was collecting, and rolling towards the city of Baza, he dared not go in person to its assistance. He dreaded, that, should he leave Guadix, Boabdil would attack him in rear, while the Christian army was

battling with him in front. El Zagal trusted in the great strength of Baza to defy any violent assaults; and he profited by the delays of the Christian army, to supply it with all possible means of defence. He sent thither all the troops he could spare from his garrison of Guadix, and despatched missives throughout his territories, calling upon all true Moslems to hasten to Baza, to make a devoted stand in defence of their homes, their liberties, and their religion. The cities of Tavernas and Purchena, and the surrounding heights and valleys, responded to his orders, and sent forth their fighting men to the field. The rocky fastnesses of the Alpujarras resounded with the din of arms. Troops of horse and bodies of foot soldiers were seen winding down the rugged cliffs and defiles of those marble mountains, and hastening towards Baza. Many brave cavaliers of Granada, also, spurning the quiet and security of Christian vassalage, secretly left the city, and hastened to join their fighting countrymen. The great dependence of El Zagal, however, was upon the valour and loyalty of his cousin and brother-in-law, Cidi Yahye Alnazar Aben Zelim, who was alcaide



of Almeria; a cavalier experienced in warfare, and redoubtable in the field. He wrote to him, to leave Almeria, and repair, with all speed, at the head of his troops, to Baza. Cidi Yahye departed immediately, with ten thousand of the bravest Moors in the kingdom. These were, for the most part, hardy mountaineers, tempered to sun and storm, and tried in many a combat. None equalled them for a sally or a skirmish. They were adroit in executing a thousand stratagems, ambuscades, and evolutions. Impetuous in their assaults, yet governed in their utmost fury by a word or sign from their commander, at the sound of a trumpet, they would check themselves in the midst of their career, and wheel off and disperse; and, at another sound of a trumpet, they would as suddenly reassemble, and return to the attack. They were upon the enemy when least expected, coming like a rushing blast, spreading havoc and consternation, and then passing away in an instant; so that, when one recovered from the shock, and looked around, behold, nothing was to be seen or heard of this tempest of war, but a cloud of dust, and the clatter of retreating troops!



When Cidi Yahye led his train of ten thousand valiant warriors into the gates of Baza, the city rung with acclamations; and for a time the inhabitants thought themselves secure. El Zagal also felt a glow of confidence, notwithstanding his own absence from the city. "Cidi Yahye," said he, "is my cousin, and my brother-in-law, related to me by blood and marriage: he is a second self: happy is that monarch who has his kinsmen to command his armies!" With all these reinforcements, the garrison of Baza amounted to above twenty thousand men. There were at this time three principal leaders in the city; Mahommed ben Hassan, surnamed the Veteran, who was military governor, or alcaide, an old Moor of great experience and discretion. The second was Hamet Abu Hali, who was captain of the troops stationed in the place; and the third was Hubec Adalgar, the valiant alcaide of Cuxar, who had repaired hither with the remains of his garrison. Over all these Cidi Yahye exercised a supreme command, in consequence of his being of the blood royal, and in the special confidence of Muley Abdalla El Zagal. He was eloquent and ardent in

council, and fond of striking and splendid achievements; but he was a little prone to be carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the warmth of his imagination. The councils of war of these commanders, therefore, were more frequently controlled by the opinions of the old alcaide, Mohammed ben Hassan, for whose shrewdness, caution, and experience, Cidi Yahye himself felt the greatest deference.

The city of Baza was situate in a spacious valley, eight leagues in length and three in breadth, called the Hoya or basin of Baza. It was surrounded by a range of mountains, called the Sierra of Xabalcohol; the streams of which, collecting themselves into two rivers, watered and fertilized the country. The city was built in the plain; but one part of it was protected by the rocky precipices of the mountain, and by a powerful citadel; the other part was defended by massive walls, studded with immense towers. It had suburbs towards the plain, imperfectly fortified by earthen walls. In front of these suburbs extended a tract of orchards and gardens, nearly a league in length, so thickly planted as to resemble a continued forest. Here every citizen, who



could afford it, had his little plantation, and his garden of fruit, and flowers, and vegetables; watered by canals and rivulets, and dominated by a small tower, to serve for recreation or defence. This wilderness of groves and gardens, intersected in all parts by canals and runs of water, and studded by above a thousand small towers, formed a kind of protection to this side of the city; rendering all approach extremely difficult and perplexed, and affording covert to the defenders.

While the Christian army had been detained before the frontier posts, the city of Baza had been a scene of hurried and unremitting preparation. All the grain of the surrounding valley, though yet unripe, was hastily reaped, and borne into the city, to prevent it from yielding sustenance to the enemy. The country was drained of all its supplies. Flocks and herds were driven, bleating and bellowing, into the gates. Long trains of beasts of burden, some laden with food, others with lances, darts, and arms of all kinds, kept pouring into the place. Already there were munitions collected sufficient for a siege of fifteen months; yet still the eager and hasty prepara-



tion was going on, when the army of Ferdinand came in sight. On one side might be seen scattered parties of foot and horse, spurring to the gates; and muleteers, hurrying forward their burdened animals; all anxious to get under shelter before the gathering storm. On the other side, the cloud of war came sweeping down the valley; the roll of drum, or clang of trumpet, resounding occasionally from its deep bosom, or the bright glance of arms flashing forth like vivid lightning from its columns. King Ferdinand pitched his tents in the valley, beyond the green labyrinth of gardens. He sent his heralds to summon the city to surrender, promising the most favourable terms, in case of immediate compliance; and avowing, in the most solemn terms, his resolution, never to abandon the siege, until he had possession of the place.

Upon receiving this summons, the Moorish commanders held a council of war. The prince Cidi Yahye, indignant at the menace of the king, was for retorting by a declaration, that the garrison never would surrender, but would fight until buried under the ruins of the walls. "Of what avail," said the veteran Mohammed,

"is a declaration of the kind, which we may falsify by our deeds? Let us threaten what we know we can perform; and let us endeavour to perform more than we threaten." In conformity to the advice of Mohammed ben Hassan, therefore, a laconic reply was sent to the Christian monarch, thanking him for his offer of favourable terms, but informing him, that they were placed in the city to defend, not to surrender it.



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## CHAPTER LXX:

The battle of the gardens before Baza.

WHEN the reply of the Moorish commanders was brought to King Ferdinand, he prepared to press the siege with the utmost rigour. Finding the camp too far from the city, and that the intervening orchards afforded shelter for the sallies of the Moors, he determined to advance it beyond the gardens, in the space between them and the suburbs, where his batteries would have full play upon the city walls. A detachment was sent in advance, to take possession of the gardens, and to keep a check upon the suburbs, opposing any sally, while the encampment should be formed and fortified. The various commanders entered the orchards at different points. The young cavaliers marched fearlessly forward, but the experienced veterans foresaw infinite peril in the mazes of this verdant labyrinth. The master of St. Jago, as he led his troops into



the centre of the gardens, exhorted them to keep by one another, and to press forward, in defiance of all difficulty or danger; assuring them, that God would give them the victory, if they attacked hardily and persisted resolutely.

Scarcely had they entered the verge of the orchards, when a din of drums and trumpets, mingled with war cries, were heard from the suburbs, and a legion of Moorish warriors on foot poured forth. They were led on by the Prince Cidi Yahye. He saw the imminent danger of the city, should the Christians gain possession of the orchards. "Soldiers," he cried, "we fight for life and liberty, for our families, our country, our religion\*: nothing is left for us to depend upon but the strength of our hands, the courage of our hearts, and the almighty protection of Allah!" The Moors answered him with shouts of war, and rushed to the encounter. The two hosts met in the middle of the gardens. A chance medley combat ensued, with lances, arquebuses, cross-

\* "Illi [Mauri] pro fortunis, pro libertate, pro laribus patriciis, pro vitâ denique certabant."—Petri Martyr. Epist. 70.

bows, and cimeters. The perplexed nature of the ground, cut up and intersected by canals and streams, the closeness of the trees, the multiplicity of towers and petty edifices, gave greater advantages to the Moors, who were on foot, than to the Christians, who were on horseback. The Moors, too, knew the ground; all its alleys and passes; and were thus enabled to lurk, to sally forth, to attack and retreat, almost without injury.

The Christian commanders, seeing this, ordered many of the horsemen to dismount, and fight on foot. The battle then became fierce and deadly, each disregarding his own life, provided he could slay his enemy. It was not so much a general battle, as a multitude of petty actions; for every orchard and garden had its distinct contest. No one could see farther than the little scene of fury and bloodshed around him, or knew how the general battle fared. In vain the captains exerted their voices; in vain the trumpets brayed forth signals and commands: all was confounded and unheard in the universal din and uproar; no one kept to his standard, but fought as his own fury or fear dictated.



In some places, the Christians had the advantage; in others, the Moors. Often a victorious party, pursuing the vanquished, came upon a superior and triumphant force of the enemy, and the fugitives turned back upon them in an overwhelming wave. Some broken remnants, in their terror and confusion, fled from their own countrymen, and sought refuge among their enemies, not knowing friend from foe in the obscurity of the groves. The Moors were more adroit in these wild skirmishings, from their flexibility, lightness, and agility, and the rapidity with which they would disperse, rally, and return again to the charge\*.

The hardest fighting was about the small garden towers and pavilions, which served as so many petty fortresses. Each party by turns gained them, defended them fiercely, and were driven out. Many of the towers were set on fire, and increased the horrors of the fight, by the wreaths of smoke and flame in which they wrapped the groves, and by the shrieks of those who were burning.

\* Mariana, lib. xxv. cap. 13.



Several of the Christian cavaliers, bewildered by the uproar and confusion, and shocked at the carnage which prevailed, would have led their men out of the action; but they were entangled in a labyrinth, and knew not which way to retreat. While in this perplexity, the standardbearer of one of the squadrons of the grand cardinal had his arm carried off by a cannon ball; the standard was well nigh falling into the hands of the enemy, when Rodrigo de Mendoza, an intrepid youth, natural son of the grand cardinal, rushed to its rescue, through a shower of balls, lances, and arrows; and, bearing it aloft, dashed forward with it into the hottest of the combat, followed by his shouting soldiers. King Ferdinand, who remained in the skirts of the orchard, was in extreme anxiety. It was impossible to see much of the action, for the multiplicity of trees, and towers, and wreaths of smoke; and those who were driven out defeated, or came out wounded and exhausted, gave different accounts, according to the fate of the partial conflicts in which they had been engaged. Ferdinand exerted himself to the utmost, to animate and encourage his troops to this blind

*Se ne pas  
possible!!!*

encounter, sending reinforcements of horse and foot to those points where the battle was more sanguinary and doubtful. Among those that were brought forth mortally wounded was Don Juan de Lara, a youth of uncommon merit, greatly prized by the king, beloved by the army, and recently married to Donna Catalina de Urrea, a young lady of distinguished beauty\*. They laid him at the foot of a tree, and endeavoured to stanch and bind up his wounds with a scarf which his bride had wrought for him: but his life blood flowed too profusely; and while a holy friar was yet administering to him the last sacred offices of the church, he expired, almost at the feet of his sovereign.

On the other hand, the veteran alcayde, Mohammed ben Hassan, surrounded by a little band of chieftains, kept an anxious eye upon the scene of combat, from the walls of the city. For nearly twelve hours the battle had raged without intermission. The thickness of the foliage hid all the particulars from their sight; but they could see the flash of swords,

\* Mariana. P. Martyr. Zurita.



and glance of helmets, among the trees. Columns of smoke rose in every direction, while the clash of arms, the thundering of ribadoquines and arquebuses, the shouts and cries of the combatants, and the groans and supplications of the wounded, bespoke the deadly conflict, that was waging in the bosom of the groves. They were harassed too by the shrieks and lamentations of the Moorish women and children, as their wounded relatives were brought bleeding from the scene of action, and were stunned by a general outcry of wo, on the part of the combatants, as the body of Redoun Zalfarga, a renegade Christian, and one of the bravest of their generals, was borne breathless into the city.

At length the din of battle approached nearer to the skirts of the orchards. They beheld their warriors driven out from among the groves, by fresh squadrons of the enemy; and, after disputing the ground inch by inch, obliged to retire to a place between the orchards and the suburbs, which was fortified with palisadoes.

The Christians immediately planted opposing palisadoes, and established strong out-



posts near to the retreat of the Moors ; while, at the same time, King Ferdinand ordered that his encampment should be pitched within the hard won orchards.

Mohammed ben Hassan sallied forth to the aid of the Prince Cidi Yahye, and made a desperate attempt to dislodge the enemy from this formidable position ; but the night had closed, and the darkness rendered it impossible to make any impression. The Moors, however, kept up constant assaults and alarms, throughout the night, and the weary Christians, exhausted by the toils and sufferings of the day, were not allowed a moment of repose\*.

\* Pulgar, part iii. cap. 106, 107. Cura de los Palacios, cap. 92. Zurita, lib. xx. cap. 81.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

Siege of Baza. Embarrassment of the army.

THE morning sun rose upon a piteous scene before the walls of Baza. The Christian outposts, harassed throughout the night, were pale and haggard; while the multitude of slain, which lay before their palisadoes, showed the fierce attacks they had sustained, and the bravery of their defence.

Beyond them lay the groves and gardens of Baza; once the favourite resorts for recreation and delight, now a scene of horror and desolation. The towers and pavilions were smoking ruins; the canals and watercourses were discoloured with blood, and choked with the bodies of the slain. Here and there the ground, deep dented with the tramp of man and steed, and plashed and slippery with gore, showed where there had been some fierce and mortal conflict; while the bodies of Moors and Christians, ghastly in death, lay half con-



cealed among the matted and trampled shrubs, and flowers, and herbage.

Amidst the sanguinary scenes arose the Christian tents, which had been hastily pitched among the gardens in the preceding evening. The experience of the night, however, and the forlorn aspect of every thing in the morning, convinced King Ferdinand of the perils and hardships to which his camp must be exposed, in its present situation; and, after a consultation with his principal cavaliers, he resolved to abandon the orchards.

It was a dangerous movement to extricate his army from so entangled a situation, in the face of so alert and daring an enemy. A bold front was therefore kept up towards the city. Additional troops were ordered to the advanced posts, and works begun, as if for a settled encampment. Not a tent was struck in the gardens; but in the mean time the most active and unremitting exertions were made to remove back all the baggage and furniture of the camp to the original station.

All day the Moors beheld a formidable show of war maintained in front of the gardens; while in the rear, the tops of the Chris-



tian tents, and the pennons of the different commanders, were seen rising above the groves. Suddenly, towards evening, the tents sunk and disappeared; the outposts broke up their stations, and withdrew; and the whole shadow of an encampment was fast vanishing from their eyes.

The Moor saw, too late, the subtile manœuvre of King Ferdinand. Cidi Yahye again sallied forth, with a large force of horse and foot, and pressed furiously upon the Christians. The latter, however, experienced in Moorish attack, retired in close order: sometimes turning upon the enemy, and driving them to their barricadoes, and then pursuing their retreat.

In this way the army was extricated, without much further loss, from the perilous labyrinth of the gardens. The camp was now out of danger, but it was, also, too distant from the city to do mischief; while the Moors could sally forth, and return, without hinderance. The king called a council of war, to consider in what manner to proceed. The Marquis of Cadiz was for abandoning the siege for the present; the place being too strong, too well garrisoned and provided, and too extensive, to be either carried by assault, and reduced by

famine, or invested by their limited forces: while, in lingering before it, the army would be exposed to the usual maladies and sufferings of besieging enemies; and, when the rainy season came on, would be shut up by the swelling of the two rivers. He recommended instead, that the king should throw garrisons of horse and foot into all the towns captured in the neighbourhood; and leave them to keep up a predatory war upon Baza, while he should overrun and ravage all the country; so that, in the following year, Almeria and Guadix, having all their subject towns and territories taken from them, might be starved into submission.

Don Gutiere de Carnedas, senior commander of Lara, on the other hand, maintained, that to abandon the siege would be construed by the enemy into a sign of weakness and irresolution. It would give new spirits to the partisans of El Zagal; and would gain to his standard many of the wavering subjects of Boabdil, if it did not encourage the fickle populace of Granada to open rebellion. He advised, therefore, that the siege should be prosecuted with vigour.

The pride of Ferdinand pleaded in favour



of the last opinion: for it would be doubly humiliating again to return from a campaign in this part of the Moorish kingdom, without striking a blow. But when he reflected on all that his army had suffered, and on all that they must still suffer, should the siege continue; especially from the difficulty of obtaining a regular supply of provisions for so numerous a host, across a great extent of rugged and mountainous country, he determined to consult the safety of his people, and to adopt the advice of the Marquis of Cadiz.

When the soldiery heard, that the king was about to raise the siege, in mere consideration for their sufferings, they were filled with generous enthusiasm; and entreated, as with one voice, that the siege might never be abandoned until the city surrendered.

Perplexed by conflicting councils, the king despatched messengers to the queen, at Jaen, requesting her advice. Posts had been stationed between them in such manner, that missives from the camp could reach the queen within ten hours. Isabella sent instantly her reply. She left the policy of raising, or continuing, the siege, to the decision of the king