

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

## Exploit of the Count de Tendilla.

BOABDIL el Chico followed up his success by capturing the two fortresses of Marchena and Bulduy; he sent his alfaquis in every direction to proclaim a holy war, and to summon all true Moslems, of town or castle, mountain or valley, to saddle steed, and buckle on armour, and hasten to the standard of the faith. The tidings spread far and wide, that Boabdil el Chico was once more in the field, and victorious. The Moors of various places, dazzled by this gleam of success, hastened to throw off their sworn allegiance to the Castilian crown, and to elevate the standard of Boabdil; and the youthful monarch flattered himself, that the whole kingdom was on the point of returning to its allegiance.

The fiery cavaliers of Granada were eager to renew those forays into the Christian lands, in which they had formerly delighted. A num-

ber of them therefore concerted an irruption to the north into the territory of Jaen, to harass the country about Quezada. They had heard of a rich convoy of merchants and wealthy travellers on the way to the city of Baeza; and they anticipated a glorious conclusion to their foray in capturing this convoy.

Assembling a number of horsemen, lightly armed, and fleetly mounted, and one hundred foot soldiers, these hardy cavaliers issued forth by night from Granada, made their way in silence through the defiles of the mountains, crossed the frontier without opposition, and suddenly appeared, as if fallen from the clouds, in the very heart of the Christian country.

The mountainous frontier, which separates Granada from Jaen, was at this time under the Count de Tendilla, the same veteran who had distinguished himself by his vigilance and sagacity, when commanding the fortress of Alhama. He held his head quarters at the city of Alcala la Real, in its impregnable fortress, perched high among the mountains, about six leagues from Granada, and predominating over all the frontier. From this cloud-capt hold among the rocks, he kept an eagle eye upon

Granada, and had his scouts and spies in all directions; so that a crow could not fly over the border without his knowledge.

His fortress was a place of refuge for the Christian captives, who escaped by night from the Moorish dungeons of Granada. Often, however, they missed their way in the defiles of the mountains; and, wandering about bewildered, either repaired by mistake to some Moorish town, or were discovered and retaken at daylight by the enemy. To prevent these accidents, the count had a tower built at his own expense, on the top of one of the heights near Alcala, which commanded a view of the vega, and the country around. Here he kept a light blazing throughout the night, as a beacon for all Christian fugitives, to guide them to a place of safety.

The count was aroused one night from his repose by shouts and cries, which came up from the town, and approached the castle walls. "To arms! to arms! the Moor is over the border!" was the cry. A Christian soldier, pale and emaciated, and who still bore traces of the Moorish chains, was brought before the count. He had been taken as guide by the Moorish

cavaliers, who had sallied from Granada, but had escaped from them among the mountains; and, after much wandering, had found his way to Alcala by the signal fire.

Notwithstanding the bustle and agitation of the moment, the Count de Tendilla listened calmly and attentively to the account of the fugitive, and questioned him minutely as to the time of departure of the Moors, and the direction and rapidity of their march. He saw, that it was too late to prevent their incursion and ravage; but he determined to await them, and give them a warm reception on their return. His soldiers were always on the alert, and ready to take the field at a moment's warning. Choosing one hundred and fifty lancers, hardy and valiant men, well disciplined, and well seasoned, as indeed were all his troops, he issued forth quietly before break of day, and, descending through the defiles of the mountains, stationed his little force in ambush in a deep barranca, or dry channel of a torrent, near Barzina, three leagues only from Granada, on the road by which the marauders would have to return. In the mean time, he sent scouts, to post themselves upon different heights, and look out for the approach of the enemy.

All day they remained concealed in the ravine, and for a great part of the following night; not a turban, however, was to be seen, excepting now and then a peasant returning from his labour, or a solitary muleteer hastening towards Granada. The cavaliers of the count began to grow restless and impatient: they feared, that the enemy might have taken some other route, or might have received intelligence of their ambushade; and they urged him to abandon the enterprise, and return to Alcala. "We are here," said they, "almost at the gates of the Moorish capital; our movements may have been descried, and, before we are aware, Granada may pour forth its legions of swift cavalry, and crush us with an overwhelming force." The Count de Tendilla, however, persisted in remaining until his scouts should come in. About two hours before day-break there were signal fires on certain Moorish watchtowers of the mountains. While they were regarding these with anxiety, the scouts came hurrying into the ravine. "The Moors are approaching," said they; "we have reconnoitred them near at hand. They are between one and two hundred strong, but encumbered with many prisoners and much booty." The

Christian cavaliers laid their ears to the ground, and heard the distant tramp of horses, and the tread of foot soldiers. They mounted their horses, braced their shields, couched their lances, and drew near to the entrance of the ravine where it opened upon the road.

The Moors had succeeded in waylaying and surprising the Christian convoy on its way to Baeza. They had captured a great number of prisoners, male and female, with great store of gold and jewels, and sumpter mules, laden with rich merchandise. With these they had made a forced march over the dangerous parts of the mountains; but now, being so near to Granada, they fancied themselves in perfect security. They loitered along the road, therefore, irregularly and slowly, some singing, others laughing and exulting at having eluded the boasted vigilance of the Count de Tendilla; while ever and anon was heard the plaint of some female captive, bewailing the jeopardy of her honour; and the heavy sighing of the merchant, at beholding his property in the grasp of ruthless spoilers.

The Count de Tendilla waited until some of the escort had passed the ravine; then, giving

the signal for assault, his cavaliers set up loud shouts and cries, and charged furiously into the centre of the foe. The obscurity of the place, and the hour, added to the terrors of the surprise. The Moors were thrown into confusion. Some rallied, fought desperately, and fell, covered with wounds. Thirty-six were killed, and fifty-five were made prisoners; the rest, under cover of the darkness, made their escape to the rocks and defiles of the mountains. The good count unbound the prisoners, gladdening the hearts of the merchants, by restoring to them their merchandise; the female captives, also, regained the jewels of which they had been despoiled, excepting such as had been lost beyond recovery. Forty-five saddle horses, of the choice Barbary breed, remained, as captured spoils of the Moors, together with costly armour, and booty of various kinds. Having collected every thing in haste, and arranged his cavalgada, the count urged his way with all speed for Alcala la Real, lest he should be pursued and overtaken by the Moors of Granada. As he wound up the steep ascent to his mountain city, the inhabitants poured forth to meet him with shouts of joy.

This triumph was doubly enhanced by being received at the gates of the city by his wife, the daughter of the Marquis of Villena, a lady of distinguished merit, whom he had not seen for two years, that he had been separated from his home by the arduous duties of these iron wars.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Expedition of Boabdil el Chico against Salobreña. Exploit of Hernando Perez del Pulgar.

KING Boabdil found, that his diminished territory was too closely overlooked by Christian fortresses, like Alcala la Real, and too strictly watched by vigilant alcaides, like the Count of Tendilla, to be able to maintain itself by internal resources. His foraging expeditions were liable to be intercepted and defeated; while the ravage of the vega had swept off every thing on which the city depended for future sustenance. He felt the want of a seaport, through which, as formerly, he might keep open a communication with Africa, and obtain reinforcements and supplies from beyond the seas. All the ports and harbours were in the hands of the Christians; and Granada and its remnant of dependent territory were completely landlocked.

In this emergency, the attention of Boabdil was called by circumstances to the seaport of

Salobreña. This redoubtable town has already been mentioned in this chronicle, as a place deemed impregnable by the Moors; insomuch that their kings were accustomed, in time of peril, to keep their treasures in its citadel. It was situate on a high rocky hill; dividing one of those rich little vegas or plains, which lie open to the Mediterranean, but run, like deep green bays, into the stern bosoms of the mountains. The vega was covered with beautiful vegetation; with rice and cotton, with groves of oranges, citrons, figs, and mulberries, and with gardens enclosed by hedges of reeds; of aloes, and the Indian fig. Running streams of cool water, from the springs and snows of the Sierra Nevada, kept this delightful valley continually fresh and verdant; while it was almost locked up by mountain barriers and lofty promontories, that stretched far into the sea.

Through the centre of this rich vega the rock of Salobreña reared its rugged back, nearly dividing the plain, and advancing to the margin of the sea; with just a strip of sandy beach at its foot, laved by the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

The town covered the ridge and sides of the rocky hill, and was fortified by strong walls and towers; while on the highest and most precipitous part stood the citadel, a huge castle, that seemed to form a part of the living rock; the massive ruins of which, at the present day, attract the gaze of the traveller, as he winds his way far below, along the road which passes through the vega.

This important fortress had been intrusted to the command of Don Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, captain general of the artillery, and the most scientific of all the Spanish leaders. That experienced veteran, however, was with the king at Cordova, having left a valiant cavalier as alcaide of the place.

Boabdil el Chico had full information of the state of the garrison, and the absence of its commander. Putting himself at the head of a powerful force, therefore, he departed from Granada, and made a rapid march through the mountains; hoping, by this sudden movement, to seize upon Salobreña, before King Ferdinand could come to its assistance.

The inhabitants of Salobreña were Mudexares, or Moors who had sworn allegiance to

the Christians. Still, when they heard the sound of the Moorish drums and trumpets, and beheld the squadrons of their countrymen advancing across the vega, their hearts yearned towards the standard of their nation and their faith. A tumult arose in the place. The populace shouted the name of Boabdil el Chico, and, throwing open the gates, admitted him within the walls.

The Christian garrison was too few in number to contend for the possession of the town. They retreated to the citadel, and shut themselves up within its massive walls, which were considered impregnable. Here they maintained a desperate defence, hoping to hold out until succour should arrive from the neighbouring fortresses.

The tidings, that Salobreña was invested by the Moorish king, spread along the sea coast, and filled the Christians with alarm. Don Francisco Enriques, uncle of the king, commanded the city of Velez Malaga, about twelve leagues distant, but separated by ranges of those vast rocky mountains, which are piled along the Mediterranean, and tower in steep promontories and precipices above its waves.

Don Francisco summoned the alcaides of his district, to hasten with him to the relief of this important fortress. A number of cavaliers and their retainers answered to his call; among whom was Fernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed El de las Hazañas (he of the exploits); the same who had signalized himself in a foray, by elevating a handkerchief on a lance for a banner, and leading on his disheartened comrades to victory. As soon as Don Francisco beheld a little band collected round him, he set out with all speed for Salobreña. The march was rugged and severe; climbing and descending immense mountains, and sometimes winding along the edge of giddy precipices, with the surges of the sea raging far below. When Don Francisco arrived with his followers at the lofty promontory, that stretches along one side of the little vega of Salobreña, he looked down with sorrow and anxiety upon a Moorish army of great force, encamped at the foot of the fortress; while Moorish banners, on various parts of the walls, showed, that the town was already in possession of the infidels. A solitary Christian standard alone floated on the top of the

castle keep, indicating that the brave garrison were hemmed up in their rock-built citadel.

Don Francisco found it impossible, with his small force, to make any impression on the camp of the Moors, or to get to the relief of the castle. He stationed his little band upon a rocky height near the sea, where they were safe from the assaults of the enemy. The sight of his friendly banner, waving in their neighbourhood, cheered the heart of the garrison; and he conveyed to them assurance of speedy succour from the king. In the meantime, Fernando Perez del Pulgar, who always burned to distinguish himself by bold and striking exploits, in the course of a prowling expedition along the borders of the Moorish camp, remarked a postern gate of the castle opening upon the steep part of the rocky hill, which looked towards the mountains. A sudden thought flashed upon the daring mind of Pulgar. "Who will follow my banner," said he, "and make a dash for yonder postern?" A bold proposition, in time of warfare, never wants for bold spirits to accept it. Seventy resolute men immediately stepped forward. Pulgar put himself at their head. They cut

their way suddenly through a weak part of the camp, fought up to the gate, which was eagerly thrown open to receive them, and succeeded in effecting their entrance into the fortress, before the alarm of their attempt had spread through the Moorish army.

The garrison was roused to new spirit by this unlooked for reinforcement, and were enabled to make a more vigorous resistance. The Moors had intelligence, however, that there was a great scarcity of water in the castle; and they exulted in the idea, that this additional number of warriors would soon exhaust the cisterns, and compel them to surrender. When Pulgar heard of this hope entertained by the enemy, he caused a bucket of water to be lowered from the battlements; and threw a silver cup in bravado to the Moors.

The situation of the garrison, however, was daily growing more and more critical. They suffered greatly from thirst; while, to tantalize them in their sufferings, they beheld limpid streams winding in abundance through the green plain below them. They began to fear, that all succour would arrive too late; when one day they beheld a little squadron of

vessels far at sea, but standing towards the shore. There was some doubt at first, whether it might not be a hostile armament from Africa; but, as it approached, they descried, to their great joy, the banner of Castile.

It was a reinforcement, brought in all haste by the governor of the fortress, Don Francisco Ramirez. The squadron anchored at a steep rocky island, which rises from the very margin of the smooth sandy beach, directly in front of the rock of Salobreña, and stretches out into the sea. On this island Ramirez landed his men, and was as strongly posted as if in a fortress. His force was too scanty to attempt a battle; but he assisted to harass and distract the besiegers. Whenever King Boabdil made an attack upon the fortress, his camp was assailed, on one side by the troops of Ramirez, who landed from their island, and, on another, by those of Don Francisco Enriquez, who swept down from their rock; while Fernando del Pulgar kept up a fierce defence from every tower and battlement of the castle. The attention of the Moorish king was diverted, also, for a time, by an ineffectual attempt to relieve the little port of Adra, that



had recently declared in his favour, but had been recaptured for the Christians by Cidi Yahye and his son Alnayer. Thus the unlucky Boabdil, bewildered on every hand, lost all the advantage that he had gained by his rapid march from Granada. While he was yet besieging the obstinate citadel, tidings were brought him, that King Ferdinand was in full march, with a powerful host, to its assistance. There was no time for further delay. He made a furious attack, with all his forces, upon the castle, but was again repulsed by Pulgar and his coadjutors; when, abandoning the siege in despair, he retreated with his army, lest King Ferdinand should get between him and his capital. On his way back to Granada, however, he in some sort consoled himself for his late disappointment, by overrunning a part of the territories and possessions lately assigned to his uncle El Zagal, and to Cidi Yahye. He defeated their alcaides, destroyed several of their fortresses, burnt their villages; and, leaving the country behind him, reeking and smoking with his vengeance, returned, with considerable booty, to repose himself within the walls of the Alhambra.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

How King Ferdinand treated the people of Guadix, and how El Zagal finished his royal career.

SCARCELY had Boabdil ensconced himself in his capital, when King Ferdinand, at the head of seven thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot, again appeared in the vega. He had set out in all haste from Cordova, to the relief of Salobreña; but hearing on his march, that the siege was raised, he turned with his army, to make a second ravage round the walls of devoted Granada. His present forage lasted fifteen days; in the course of which, every thing that had escaped his former desolating visit was so completely destroyed, that scarcely a green thing, or a living animal, was left on the face of the land. The Moors sallied frequently, and fought desperately in defence of their fields; but the work of destruction was accomplished, and Granada, once the queen of gardens, was left surrounded by a desert.

From hence Ferdinand marched to crush a conspiracy, which had lately manifested itself in the cities of Guadix, Baza, and Almeria. These recently conquered places had entered into secret correspondence with King Boabdil, inviting him to march to their gates, promising to rise upon the Christian garrisons, seize upon the citadels, and surrender themselves into his power. The Marquis of Villena had received notice of the conspiracy, and suddenly thrown himself, with a large force, into Guadix. Under pretence of making a review of the inhabitants, he made them sally forth into the fields before the city. When the whole Moorish population, capable of bearing arms, was thus without the walls, he ordered the gates to be closed. He then permitted them to enter two by two, and three by three, and to take forth their wives and children, and effects. The houseless Moors were fain to make themselves temporary hovels, in the gardens and orchards about the city. They were clamorous in their complaints at being thus excluded from their homes; but were told, they must wait with patience, until the charges against them could

be investigated, and the pleasure of the king be known \*.

When Ferdinand arrived at Guadix, he found the unhappy Moors in their cabins, among the orchards. They complained bitterly of the deception that had been practised upon them, and implored permission to return into the city, and live peaceably in their dwellings, as had been promised them in their articles of capitulation.

King Ferdinand listened graciously to their complaints. "My friends," said he, in reply, "I am informed, that there has been a conspiracy among you, to kill my alcaide and garrison, and to take part with my enemy, the King of Granada. I shall make a thorough investigation of this conspiracy. Those among you, who shall be proved innocent, shall be restored to their dwellings; but the guilty shall incur the penalty of their offences. As I wish, however, to proceed with mercy as well as justice, I now give you your choice, either to depart at once, without further question, going wherever you please, and taking

\* Zurita, l. xx. c. 85. Cura de los Palacios, c. 97.

with you your families and effects, under an assurance of safety, or to deliver up those who are guilty; not one of whom, I give you my word, shall escape punishment." When the people of Guadix heard this, they communed among themselves, "and, as most of them," says the worthy Agapida, "were either culpable, or feared to be considered so, they accepted the alternative, and departed sorrowfully, they, and their wives, and their little ones." "Thus," in the words of that excellent and contemporary historian, Andres Bernaldes, commonly called the Curate of Los Palacios, "thus did the king deliver Guadix from the hands of the enemies of our holy faith, after seven hundred and seventy years, that it had been in their possession, even since the time of Roderick the Goth; and this was one of the mysteries of our Lord, who would not consent that the city should remain longer in power of the Moors." A pious and sage remark, which is quoted with peculiar approbation by the worthy Agapida.

King Ferdinand offered similar alternatives to the Moors of Baza, Almeria, and other

cities, accused of participation in this conspiracy; who generally preferred to abandon their homes, rather than incur the risk of an investigation. Most of them relinquished Spain, as a country where they could no longer live in security and independence, and departed with their families for Africa; such as remained were suffered to live in villages and hamlets, and other unwalled places.\*

While Ferdinand was thus occupied at Guadix, dispensing justice and mercy, and receiving cities in exchange, the old monarch, Muley Abdalla, surnamed El Zagal, appeared before him. He was haggard with care, and almost crazed with passion. He had found his little territory of Andarax, and his two thousand subjects, as difficult to govern as had been the distracted kingdom of Granada. The charm, which had bound the Moors to him, was broken, when he appeared in arms under the banner of Ferdinand. He had returned from his inglorious campaign, with his petty army of two hundred men, followed by the execrations of the people of Granada, and

\* Garibay, lib. xiii. cap. 39. Pulgar, l. iii. c. 132.

the secret repining of those he had led into the field. No sooner had his subjects heard of the successes of Boabdil el Chico, than they seized their arms, assembled tumultuously, declared for the young monarch, threatening the life of El Zagal\*. The unfortunate old king had with difficulty evaded their fury; and this last lesson seemed entirely to have cured him of his passion for sovereignty. He now entreated Ferdinand to purchase the towns and castles, and other possessions, which had been granted to him; offering them at a low rate, and begging safe passage, for himself and his followers, to Africa. King Ferdinand graciously complied with his wishes. He purchased of him three and twenty towns and villages, in the valleys of Andarax and Alhaurén, for which he gave him five millions of maravedis. El Zagal relinquished his right to one half of the salinas, or saltpits, of Maleha, in favour of his brother in law, Cidi Yahye. Having thus disposed of his petty empire and possessions, he packed up all his treasure, of which he had a great amount,

\* Cura de los Palacios, c. 97.

and, followed by many Moorish families, passed over to Africa\*.

And here let us cast an eye beyond the present period of our chronicle, and trace the remaining career of El Zagal. His short and turbulent reign, and disastrous end, would afford a wholesome lesson to unprincipled ambition, were not all ambition of the kind fated to be blind to precept and example. When he arrived in Africa, instead of meeting with kindness and sympathy, he was seized and thrown in prison by the King of Fez, as though he had been his vassal. He was accused of being the cause of the dissensions and downfall of the kingdom of Granada, and the accusation being proved to the satisfaction of the King of Fez, he condemned the unhappy El Zagal to perpetual darkness. A basin of glowing copper was passed before his eyes, which effectually destroyed his sight. His wealth, which had probably been the secret cause of these cruel measures, was confiscated and seized upon by his oppressor, and El Zagal was thrust forth, blind, helpless, and

\* Conde, part iv. cap. 41.



destitute, upon the world. In this wretched condition, the late Moorish monarch groped his way through the regions of Tingitania, until he reached the city of Velez de Gomera. The King of Velez had formerly been his ally, and felt some movement of compassion at his present altered and abject state. He gave him food and raiment, and suffered him to remain unmolested in his dominions. Death, which so often hurries off the prosperous and happy from the midst of untasted pleasures, spares, on the other hand, the miserable, to drain the last drop of his cup of bitterness. El Zagal dragged out a wretched existence of many years, in the city of Velez. He wandered about, blind and disconsolate, an object of mingled scorn and pity, and bearing above his raiment a parchment, on which was written in Arabic, "This is the unfortunate King of Andalusia\*."

\* Marmol de Rebelione Maur. lib. i. cap. 16. Pedraza Hist. Granat. p. iii. c. 4. Suarez, Hist. de Obispos de Guadiz y Baza, c. 10.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Preparations of Granada for a desperate defence.

“How is thy strength departed, oh Granada! how is thy beauty withered and despoiled, oh city of groves and fountains! The commerce, that once thronged thy streets, is at an end; the merchant no longer hastens to thy gates, with the luxuries of foreign lands. The cities, which once paid thee tribute, are wrested from thy sway; the chivalry, which filled thy vivar-rambla with the sumptuous pageantry of war, have fallen in many battles. The Alhambra still rears its ruddy towers from the midst of groves; but melancholy reigns in its marble halls, and the monarch looks down from his lofty balconies upon a naked waste, where once had extended the blooming glories of the vega!”

Such is the lament of the Moorish writers, over the lamentable state of Granada, which remained a mere phantom of its former great-

ness. The two ravages of the vega, following so closely upon each other, had swept off all the produce of the year, and the husbandman had no longer the heart to till the field, seeing that the ripening harvest only brought the spoiler to his door.

During the winter season, King Ferdinand made diligent preparations for the last campaign, that was to decide the fate of Granada. As this war was waged purely for the promotion of the Christian faith, he thought it meet its enemies should bear the expenses. He levied, therefore, a general contribution upon all the Jews throughout his kingdom, by synagogues and districts, and obliged them to render in the proceeds at the city of Seville\*.

On the 11th of April, Ferdinand and Isabella departed for the Moorish frontier, with the solemn determination to lay close siege to Granada, and never to quit its walls until they had planted the standard of the faith on the towers of the Alhambra. Many of the nobles of the kingdom, particularly those from the

\* Garibay, lib. viii. cap. 39.

*Forgive us  
as we forgive*

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Generalife

parts remote from the scene of action, wearied by the toils of war, and foreseeing, that this would be a tedious siege, requiring patience and vigilance, rather than hardy deeds of arms, were contented with sending their vassals, while they staid at home themselves, to attend to their domains. Many cities furnished soldiers at their cost, and the king took the field with an army of forty thousand infantry, and ten thousand horse. The principal captains, who followed him in this campaign, were Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, the Marquis of Cadiz, the master of Santiago, the Marquis of Villena, the counts of Tendilla, Cifuentes, Cabra, and Ureña, and Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

Queen Isabella, accompanied by her son, the Prince Juan, and by the princesses Juana, Maria, and Cathalina, her daughters, proceeded to Alcala la Real, the mountain fortress and strong hold of the Count de Tendilla. Here she remained, to forward supplies to the army, and to be ready to repair to the camp, whenever her presence might be required.

The army of Ferdinand poured into the vega, by various defiles of the mountains, and

on the 23d of April, the royal tent was pitched at a village called Los Ojos de Huescar, about a league and a half from Granada. At the approach of this formidable force, the harassed inhabitants turned pale, and even many of the warriors trembled, for they felt, that the last desperate struggle was at hand.

Boabdil el Chico assembled his council in the Alhambra, from the windows of which they could behold the Christian squadrons, glistening through clouds of dust, as they poured along the vega. The utmost confusion and consternation reigned in the council. Many of the members, terrified with the horrors impending over their families, advised Boabdil to throw himself upon the generosity of the Christian monarch; even several of the bravest suggested the possibility of obtaining honourable terms.

The wazir of the city, Abul Casim Abdelmelia, was called upon to report the state of the public means, for sustenance and defence. There were sufficient provisions, he said, for a few months' supply, independent of what might exist in the possession of merchants, and other rich inhabitants. "But of what

avail, "said he, " is a temporary provision against the sieges of the Castilian monarch, which are interminable?"

He produced, also, the lists of men capable of bearing arms. "The number," said he, "is great; but what can be expected from mere citizen soldiers? They vaunt and menace in time of safety. None are so arrogant when the enemy is at a distance; but when the din of war thunders at their gates, they hide themselves in terror."

When Muza heard these words, he rose with generous warmth. "What reason have we," said he, "to despair? The blood of those illustrious Moors, the ancient conquerors of Spain, still flows in our veins. Let us be true to ourselves, and fortune will again be with us. We have a veteran force, both horse and foot, the flower of our chivalry; seasoned in war, and scarred in a thousand battles. As to the multitude of our citizens, spoken of so slightly, why should we doubt their valour? There are twenty thousand young men, in the fire of youth, for whom I will engage, that, in the defence of their homes, they will rival the most hardy veterans. Do we want

provisions? Our horses are fleet, and our horsemen daring in foray. Let them scour and scourge the country of those apostate Moslems, who have surrendered to the Christians. Let them make inroads into the lands of our enemies. We shall soon see them returning with cavalgadas to our gates; and to a soldier, there is no morsel so sweet as that wrested with hard fighting from the foe."

Boabdil el Chico, though he wanted firm and durable courage, was readily excited to sudden emotions of bravery. He caught a glow of resolution from the noble ardour of Muza. "Do what is needful," said he to his commanders: "into your hands I confide the common safety. You are the protectors of the kingdom; and, with the aid of Allah, will revenge the insults of our religion, the deaths of our friends and relations, and the sorrows and sufferings heaped upon our land \*."

To every one was now assigned his separate duty. The wazir had charge of the arms and provisions, and the enrolling of the people. Muza was to command the cavalry, to defend

\* Conde.

the gates, and to take the lead in all sallies and skirmishes. . . Naïm Reduan and Mohammed Aben Zayda were his adjutants; Abdel Kerim Zegri, and the other captains, were to guard the walls; and the alcaýdes of the alcazaba, and of the red towers, had command of the fortresses.

Nothing now was heard but the din of arms, and the bustle of preparation. The Moorish spirit, quick to catch fire, was immediately in a flame; and the populace, in the excitement of the moment, set at naught the power of the Christians. Muza was in all parts of the city, infusing his own generous zeal into the bosoms of the soldiery. The young cavaliers rallied round him as their model; the veteran warriors regarded him with a soldier's admiration; the vulgar throng followed him with shouts; and the helpless part of the inhabitants, the old men and the women, hailed him with blessings as their protector.

On the first appearance of the Christian army, the principal gates of the city had been closed, and secured with bars, and bolts, and heavy chains. Mura now ordered them to be thrown open. "To me and my cavaliers," said



he, "is intrusted the defence of the gates: our bodies shall be their barriers." He stationed at each gate a strong guard, chosen from his bravest men. His horsemen were always completely armed, and ready to mount at a moment's warning. Their steeds stood saddled and caparisoned in the stables, with lance and buckler beside them. On the least approach of the enemy, a squadron of horse gathered within the gate, ready to dart forth like the bolt from the thunder cloud. Muza made no empty bravado, or haughty threat: he was more terrible in deeds than in words; and executed daring exploits, beyond even the vaunt of the vainglorious. Such was the present champion of the Moors. Had they possessed many such warriors, or had Muza risen to power at an earlier period of the war, the fate of Granada might have been deferred, and the Moor, for a long time, have maintained his throne within the walls of the Alhambra.

## CHAPTER XC.

How King Ferdinand conducted the siege cautiously,  
and how Queen Isabella arrived at the camp.

THOUGH Granada was shorn of its glories, and nearly cut off from all external aid, still its mighty castles and massive bulwarks seemed to set all attack at defiance. Being the last retreat of Moorish power, it had assembled within its walls the remnants of the armies that had contended, step by step, with the invaders, in their gradual conquest of the land. All that remained of high born and high bred chivalry was here. All that was loyal and patriotic was roused to activity by the common danger; and Granada, that had so long been lulled into inaction by vain hopes of security, now assumed a formidable aspect in the hour of its despair.

Ferdinand saw, that any attempt to subdue the city by main force would be perilous and bloody. Cautious in his policy, and fond of

conquests gained by art rather than by valour, he resorted to the plan, which had been so successful with Baza, and determined to reduce the place by famine. For this purpose, his armies penetrated into the very heart of the Alpuxarras; and ravaged the valleys, and sacked and burned the towns upon which the city depended for its supplies. Scouting parties, also, ranged the mountains behind Granada, and captured every casual convoy of provisions. The Moors became more daring as their situation became more hopeless. Never had Ferdinand experienced such vigorous sallies and assaults. Muza, at the head of his cavalry, harassed the borders of the camp, and even penetrated into the interior, making sudden spoil and ravage, and leaving his course to be traced by the wounded and slain. To protect his camp from these assaults, Ferdinand fortified it with deep trenches and strong bulwarks. It was of a quadrangular form, divided into streets, like a city; the troops being quartered in tents, and in booths, constructed of bushes and branches of trees. When it was completed, Queen Isabella came in state, with all her court, and the prince and princesses, to be present at

the siege. This was intended, as on former occasions, to reduce the besieged to despair, by showing the determination of the sovereigns to reside in the camp until the city should surrender. Immediately after her arrival, the queen rode forth, to survey the camp and its environs. Wherever she went, she was attended by a splendid retinue; and all the commanders vied with each other in the pomp and ceremony with which they received her. Nothing was heard, from morning until night, but shouts and acclamations, and bursts of martial music; so that it appeared to the Moors as if a continual festival and triumph reigned in the Christian camp.

The arrival of the queen, however, and the menaced obstinacy of the siege, had no effect in damping the fire of the Moorish chivalry. Muza inspired the youthful warriors with the most devoted heroism. "We have nothing left to fight for," said he, "but the ground we stand on: when this is lost, we cease to have a country and a name."

Finding the Christian king forbore to make an attack, Muza incited his cavaliers to challenge the youthful chivalry of the Christian

army to single combat, or partial skirmishes: Scarcely a day passed without gallant conflicts of the kind, in sight of the city and the camp. The combatants rivalled each other in the splendour of their armour and array, as well as in the prowess of their deeds. Their contests were more like the stately ceremonials of tilts and tournaments, than the rude combats of the field. Ferdinand soon perceived, that they animated the fiery Moors with fresh zeal and courage, while they cost the lives of many of his bravest cavaliers: he again, therefore, forbade the acceptance of any individual challenges; and ordered, that all partial encounters should be avoided. The cool and stern policy of the catholic sovereign bore hard upon the generous spirits of either army; but roused the indignation of the Moors, when they found they were to be subdued in this inglorious manner. "Of what avail," said they, "is chivalry and heroic valour? the crafty monarch of the Christians has no magnanimity in warfare: he seeks to subdue us through the weakness of our bodies, but shuns to encounter the courage of our souls!"

## CHAPTER XCI.

Of the insolent defiance of Tarfe, the Moor, and the daring exploit of Fernando Perez del Pulgar.

WHEN the Moorish knights beheld, that all courteous challenges were unavailing, they sought various means to provoke the Christian warriors to the field. Sometimes a body of them, fleetly mounted, would gallop up to the skirts of the camp, and try who should hurl his lance farthest within the barriers; leaving his name inscribed on it, or a label affixed to it, containing some taunting defiance. These bravadoes caused great irritation; but still the Spanish warriors were restrained by the prohibition of the king.

Among the Moorish cavaliers was one named Tarfe, renowned for his great strength and daring spirit; but whose courage partook of fierce audacity rather than chivalric heroism. In one of these sallies, when they were skirting the Christian camp, this arrogant

Moor outstripped his companions, overleaped the barriers, and, galloping close to the royal quarters, lanced his lance so far within, that it remained quivering in the earth, close by the pavilions of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed forth in pursuit; but the Moorish horsemen were already beyond the camp, and scouring in a cloud of dust for the city. Upon wresting the lance from the earth, a label was found upon it, importing, that it was intended for the queen.

Nothing could equal the indignation of the Christian warriors at the insolence of the bravado, when they heard to whom the discourteous insult was offered. Fernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed "he of the exploits," was present, and resolved not to be outbraved by this daring infidel. "Who will stand by me," said he, "in an enterprise of desperate peril?" The Christian cavaliers well knew the hare-brained valour of del Pulgar; yet not one hesitated to step forward. He chose fifteen companions, all men of powerful arm and dauntless heart. In the dead of the night he led them forth from the camp, and approached the city cautiously, until he arrived

at a postern gate, which opened upon the Darro, and was guarded by foot soldiers. The guards, little thinking of such an unwonted and partial attack, were for the most part asleep. The gate was forced, and a confused and chance-medley skirmish ensued. Fernando del Pulgar stopped not to take part in the affray. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped furiously through the streets, striking fire out of the stones at every bound. Arrived at the principal mosque, he sprang from his horse, and, kneeling at the portal, took possession of the edifice as a Christian chapel, dedicating it to the blessed Virgin. In testimony of the ceremony, he took a tablet, which he had brought with him, on which was inscribed in large letters, "AVE MARIA," and nailed it to the door of the mosque with his dagger. This done, he remounted his steed, and galloped back to the gate. The alarm had been given; the city was in an uproar; soldiers were gathering from every direction. They were astonished at seeing a Christian warrior speeding from the interior of the city. Fernando del Pulgar, overturning some, and cutting down others, rejoined his com-



panions, who still maintained possession of the gate, by dint of hard fighting, and they all made good their retreat to the camp. The Moors were at a loss to conjecture the meaning of this wild and apparently fruitless assault; but great was their exasperation, when, on the following day, they discovered the trophy of hardihood and prowess, the AVE MARIA, thus elevated in the very centre of the city. The mosque, thus boldly sanctified by Fernando del Pulgar, was eventually, after the capture of Granada, converted into a cathedral\*.

\* In commemoration of this daring feat, the Emperor Charles V., in after years, conferred on Pulgar and his descendants the right of sepulture in that church, and the privilege of sitting in the choir during high mass. This Fernando Perez del Pulgar was a man of letters, as well as arms; and inscribed to Charles V. a summary of the achievements of Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain, who had been one of his comrades in arms. He is often confounded with Fernando del Pulgar, historian and secretary to Queen Isabella. See note to Pulgar's Chron. of the Catholic Sovereigns, part iii. c. 3. edit. Valencia, 1780.

## CHAPTER XCII.

How Queen Isabella took a view of the city of Granada ;  
and how her curiosity cost the lives of many Christians  
and Moors.

THE royal encampment lay at such a distance from Granada, that the general aspect of the city only could be seen, as it rose gracefully from the vega, covering the sides of the hills with palaces and towers. Queen Isabella had expressed an earnest desire to behold, nearer at hand, a place, the beauty of which was so renowned throughout the world; and the Marquis of Cadiz, with his accustomed courtesy, prepared a great military escort and guard, to protect his consort and the ladies of the court, while they enjoyed this perilous gratification.

It was on the morning after the event recorded in the preceding chapter, that a magnificent and powerful train issued forth from the Christian camp. The advanced guard was composed of legions of cavalry,

heavily armed, that looked like moving masses of polished steel. Then came the king and queen, with the prince and princesses, and the ladies of the court, surrounded by the royal body guard, sumptuously arrayed, composed of the sons of the most illustrious houses of Spain. After these was the rear guard, composed of a powerful force of horse and foot; for the flower of the army sallied forth that day. The Moors gazed with fearful admiration at this glorious pageant, wherein the pomp of the court was mingled with the terrors of the camp. It moved along in a radiant line across the vega, to the melodious thunders of martial music; while banner, and plume, and silken scarf, and rich brocade, gave a gay and gorgeous relief to the grim visage of iron war that lurked beneath.

The army moved towards the hamlet of Zubia, built on the skirts of the mountains; to the left of Granada; and commanding a view of the Alhambra, and the most beautiful quarter of the city. As they approached the hamlet, the Marquis of Villena, the Count Ureña, and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, filed off with their battalions, and were soon seen

glittering along the side of the mountain above the village. In the mean time, the Marquis of Cadiz, the Count de Tendilla, the Count de Cabra, and Don Alonzo Fernandez, senior of Alcandrete and Montemayor, drew up their forces in battle array on the plain below the hamlet, presenting a living barrier of loyal chivalry, between the sovereigns and the city. Thus securely guarded, the royal party alighted, and entering one of the houses of the hamlet, which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic sovereigns should be enthroned within its walls, and its courts shine with the splendour of Spanish chivalry. "The reverend prelates and holy friars, who always surrounded the queen, looked with serene satisfaction," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "at this modern Babylon; enjoying the triumph that awaited them, when those mosques and minarets should be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops should succeed to the infidel alfaquis."

When the Moors beheld the Christians thus drawn forth in full array in the plain, they supposed it was to offer them battle, and they hesitated not to accept it. In a little while, the queen beheld a body of Moorish cavalry pouring into the vega, the riders managing their fleet and fiery steeds with admirable address. They were richly armed, and clothed in the most brilliant colours, and the caparisons of their steeds flamed with gold and embroidery. This was the favourite squadron of Muza, composed of the flower of the youthful cavaliers of Granada: others succeeded; some heavily armed, some *a la genete*, with lance and buckler, and lastly came the legions of foot soldiers, with arquebuse and crossbow, and spear and cimeter.

When the queen saw the army issuing from the city, she sent to the Marquis of Cadiz, and forbade any attack upon the enemy, or the acceptance of any challenge to a skirmish; for she was loth, that her curiosity should cost the life of a single human being.

The marquis promised to obey, though sorely against his will; and it grieved the spirit of the Spanish cavaliers to be obliged to re-

main with sheathed swords, while bearded by the foe. The Moors could not comprehend the meaning of this inaction of the Christians, after having apparently invited a battle. They sallied several times from their ranks, and approached near enough to discharge their arrows, but the Christians were immovable. Many of the Moorish horsemen galloped close to the Christian ranks, brandishing their lances and cimeters, and defying various cavaliers to single combat : but King Ferdinand had rigorously prohibited all duels of the kind, and they dared not transgress his orders under his very eye.

While this grim and reluctant tranquillity prevailed along the Christian line, there rose a mingled shout and sound of laughter, near the gate of the city. A Moorish horseman, armed at all points, issued forth, followed by a rabble, who drew back as he approached the scene of danger. The Moor was more robust and brawny than was common with his countrymen. His visor was closed ; he bore a large buckler and ponderous lance ; his cimenter was of a Damascus blade, and his richly ornamented dagger was wrought by an artificer of

Fez. He was known by his device to be Tarfe, the most insolent, yet valiant, of the Moslem warriors; the same who had hurled into the royal camp his lance, inscribed to the queen. As he rode slowly along in front of the army, his very steed, prancing with fiery eye and distended nostril, seemed to breathe defiance to the Christians. But what were the feelings of the Spanish cavaliers, when they beheld, tied to the tail of his steed, and dragged in the dust, the very inscription, *Ave Maria*, which Fernando Perez del Pulgar had affixed to the door of the mosque! A burst of horror and indignation broke forth from the army. Fernando del Pulgar was not at hand to maintain his previous achievement, but one of his young companions in arms, Garcilasso de la Vega by name, putting spurs to his horse, galloped to the hamlet of Zubia, threw himself on his knees before the king, and besought permission to accept the defiance of this insolent infidel, and to revenge the insult offered to our blessed Lady. The request was too pious to be refused: Garcilasso remounted his steed; he closed his helmet, graced by four sable plumes; grasped

his buckler, of Flemish workmanship, and his lance, of matchless temper, and defied the haughty Moor in the midst of his career. A combat took place, in view of the two armies, and of the Castilian court. The Moor was powerful in wielding his weapons, and dexterous in managing his steed. He was of larger frame than Garcilasso, and more completely armed; and the Christians trembled for their champion. The shock of their encounter was dreadful; their lances were shivered, and sent up splinters in the air. Garcilasso was thrown back in his saddle, and his horse made a wide career before he could recover his position, gather up the reins, and return to the conflict. They now encountered each other with swords. The Moor circled round his opponent as a hawk circles when about to make a swoop; his Arabian steed obeyed his rider with matchless quickness; at every attack of the infidel, it seemed as if the Christian knight must sink beneath his flashing cimeter. But if Garcilasso were inferior to him in power, he was superior in agility; many of his blows he parried, others he received on his Flemish



buckler, which was proof against the Damascus blade. The blood streamed from numerous wounds, received by either warrior. The Moor, seeing his antagonist exhausted, availed himself of his superior force; and, grappling, endeavoured to wrest him from his saddle. They both fell to earth; the Moor placed his knee on the breast of his victim, and, brandishing his dagger, aimed a blow at his throat. A cry of despair was uttered by the Christian warriors, when suddenly they beheld the Moor rolling lifeless in the dust! Garcilasso had shortened his sword, and, as his adversary raised his arm to strike, had pierced him to the heart. "It was a singular and miraculous victory," says Fray Antonio Agapida; "but the Christian knight was armed by the sacred nature of his cause, and the holy Virgin gave him strength, like another David, to slay this gigantic champion of the Gentiles."

The laws of chivalry were observed throughout the combat; no one interfered on either side. Garcilasso now despoiled his adversary; then, rescuing the holy inscription of "AVE MARIA" from its degrading situation, he ele-

vated it on the point of his sword, and bore it off as a signal of triumph, amidst the rapturous shouts of the Christian army.

The sun had now reached the meridian, and the hot blood of the Moors was inflamed by its rays, and by the sight of the defeat of their champion. Muza ordered two pieces of ordnance to open a fire upon the Christians. A confusion was produced in one part of their ranks. Muza called the chiefs of the army: "Let us waste no more time in empty challenges, let us charge upon the enemy: he who assaults has always an advantage in the combat." So saying, he rushed forward, followed by a large body of horse and foot, and charged so furiously upon the advance guard of the Christians, that he drove it in upon the battalion of the Marquis of Cadiz. The gallant marquis now considered himself absolved from all further obedience to the queen's commands. He gave the signal to attack. "Santiago!" was shouted along the line, and he pressed forward to the encounter, with his battalion of twelve hundred lances. The other cavaliers followed his example, and the battle instantly became general.

When the king and queen beheld the armies thus rushing to the combat, they threw themselves on their knees, and implored the holy Virgin to protect her faithful warriors. The prince and princess, the ladies of the court, and the prelates and friars who were present, did the same; and the effect of the prayers of these illustrious and saintly persons was immediately apparent. The fierceness with which the Moors had rushed to the attack was suddenly cooled; they were bold and adroit for a skirmish, but unequal to the veteran Spaniards in the open field. A panic seized upon the foot soldiers; they turned, and took to flight. Muza and his cavaliers in vain endeavoured to rally them. Some sought refuge in the mountains; but the greater part fled to the city, in such confusion, that they overturned and trampled upon each other. The Christians pursued them to the very gates. Upwards of two thousand were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and the two pieces of ordnance were brought off, as trophies of the victory. Not a Christian lance but was bathed that day in the blood of an infidel\*.

\* Cura de los Palacios.

Such was the brief but sanguinary action; which was known among the Christian warriors by the name of the Queen's Skirmish; for when the Marquis of Cadiz waited upon her majesty, to apologize for breaking her commands, he attributed the victory entirely to her presence. The queen, however, insisted, that all was owing to her troops being led on by so valiant a commander. Her majesty had not yet recovered from her agitation at beholding so terrible a scene of bloodshed; though certain veterans present pronounced it as gay and gentle a fight as they had ever witnessed.

To commemorate this victory, the queen afterwards erected a monastery in the village of Zubia, dedicated to St. Francisco; which still exists, and in its garden is a laurel planted by the hands of her majesty\*.

\* The house, from whence the king and queen contemplated the battle, is likewise to be seen at the present day. It is in the first street, to the right, on entering the village from the vega, and the royal arms are painted on the ceilings. It is inhabited by a worthy farmer, Francisco Garcia, who, in showing the house, refuses all compensation,

with true Spanish pride; offering, on the contrary, the hospitalities of his mansion to the stranger. His children are versed in the old Spanish ballads about the exploits of Hernando Perez del Pulgar and Garcilasso de la Vega.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER XCIII.

## Conflagration of the Christian camp.

THE ravages of war had as yet spared a little portion of the vega of Granada. A green belt of gardens and orchards still flourished round the city, extending along the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. They had been the solace and delight of the inhabitants in their happier days, and contributed to their sustenance in this time of scarcity. Ferdinand determined to make a final and exterminating ravage to the very walls of the city, so that there should not remain a single green thing for the sustenance of man or beast. The evening of a hot July day shone splendidly upon the Christian camp, which was in a bustle of preparation for the next day's service; for desperate resistance was expected from the Moors. The camp made a glorious appearance in the setting sun. The warriors' tents of the royal family and the attendant nobles were adorned

with rich hangings, having sumptuous devices, and with costly furniture; forming, as it were, a little city of silk and brocade, where the pinnacles of pavilions of various gay colours, surmounted with waving standards and fluttering pennons, might vie with the domes and minarets of the capital they were besieging.

In the midst of this gaudy metropolis, the lofty tent of the queen domineered over the rest like a stately palace. The Marquis of Cadiz had courteously surrendered his own tent to the queen. It was the most complete and splendid in Christendom, and had been carried about with him throughout the war. In the centre rose a stately alfaneque, or pavilion, in oriental taste, the rich hangings being supported by columns of lances, ornamented with martial devices. This centre pavilion, or silken tower, was surrounded by other compartments, some of painted linen, lined with silk, and all separated from each other by curtains. It was one of those camp palaces, which are raised and demolished in an instant, like the city of canvas that surrounds them.

As the evening advanced, the bustle in the camp subsided. Every one sought repose, pre-

paratory to the next day's toil. The king retired early, that he might be up with the crowing of the cock, to head the destroying army in person. All stir of military preparation was hushed in the royal quarters; the very sound of minstrelsy was mute; and not the tinkling of a guitar was to be heard from the tents of the fair ladies of the court.

The queen had retired to the innermost part of her pavilion, where she was performing her orisons before a private altar. Perhaps the peril, to which the king might be exposed in the next day's foray, inspired her with more than usual devotion. While thus at her prayers, she was suddenly aroused by a glare of light, and wreaths of suffocating smoke. In an instant, the whole tent was in a blaze: there was a high gusty wind, which whirled the light flames from tent to tent, and speedily wrapped them all in one conflagration.

Isabella had barely time to save herself by instant flight. Her first thought, on being extricated from her tent, was for the safety of the king. She rushed to his tent; but the vigilant Ferdinand was already at the entrance of it. Starting from bed on the first alarm,



and fancying it an assault of the enemy, he had seized his sword and buckler, and sallied forth undressed, with his cuirass upon his arm.

The late so gorgeous camp was now a scene of wild confusion. The flames kept spreading from one pavilion to another, glaring upon the rich armour and golden and silver vessels, which seemed melting in the fervent heat. Many of the soldiery had erected booths and bowers of branches, which, being dry, crackled and blazed, and added to the rapid conflagration. The ladies of the court fled, shrieking and half-dressed, from their tents. There was an alarm of drum and trumpet, and a distracted hurry about the camp, of men half armed.

The Prince Juan had been snatched out of bed by an attendant, and conveyed to the quarters of the Count de Cabra, which were at the entrance of the camp. The loyal count immediately summoned his people, and those of his cousin, Don Alonzo de Montemayor, and formed a guard round the tent in which the prince was sheltered.

The idea, that this was a stratagem of the Moors, soon subsided; but it was feared, that they might take advantage of it to commence an

assault. The Marquis of Cadiz, therefore, sallied forth with three thousand horse, to check any advance from the city. As they passed along, it was one entire scene of hurry and consternation; some hastening to their posts at the call of drum and trumpet, some attempting to save rich effects and glittering armour, others dragging along terrified and restive horses.

When they emerged from the camp, they found the whole firmament illumined. The flames whirled up in long light spires; and the air was filled with sparks and cinders. A bright glare was thrown upon the city, revealing every battlement and tower. Turbaned heads were seen gazing from every roof, and armour gleamed along the walls; yet not a single warrior sallied from the gates. The Moors suspected some stratagem on the part of the Christians, and kept quietly within their walls. By degrees the flames expired, the city faded from sight, all again became dark and quiet, and the Marquis of Cadiz returned with his cavalry to the camp.

## CHAPTER XCIV.

## The last ravage before Granada.

WHEN the day dawned on the Christian camp, nothing remained of that beautiful assemblage of stately pavilions, but heaps of smouldering rubbish, with helms, and corslets, and other furniture of war, and masses of melted gold and silver glittering among the ashes. The wardrobe of the queen was entirely destroyed; and there was an immense loss in plate, jewels, costly stuffs, and sumptuous armour of the luxurious nobles. The fire at first had been attributed to treachery, but, on investigation, it was proved to be entirely accidental. The queen, on retiring to her prayers, had ordered her lady in attendance to remove a light, burning near her couch, lest it should prevent her sleeping. Through heedlessness, the taper was placed in another part of the tent, near the hangings, which, being blown against it by a gust of wind, immediately took fire.

The wary Ferdinand knew the sanguine temperament of the Moors, and hastened to prevent their deriving confidence from the night's disaster. At break of day, the drums and trumpets sounded to arms; and the Christian army issued from among the smoking ruins of their camp in shining squadrons, with flaunting banners, and bursts of martial melodies, as though the preceding night had been a time of high festivity, instead of terror.

The Moors had beheld the conflagration with wonder and perplexity. When the day broke, and they looked towards the Christian camp, they saw nothing but a dark smoking mass. Their scouts came in with the joyful intelligence, that the whole camp was a scene of ruin. Scarce had the tidings spread throughout the city; than they beheld the Christian army advancing towards the walls. They considered it a feint to cover their desperate situation, and prepare for a retreat. Boabdil el Chico had one of his impulses of valour; he determined to take the field in person, and to follow up this signal blow, which Allah had inflicted on the enemy.

The Christian army approached close to the city, and were laying waste the gardens and orchards, when Boabdil sallied forth, surrounded by all that was left of the flower and chivalry of Granada. There is one place, where even the coward becomes brave; that sacred spot called home. What, then, must have been the valour of the Moors, a people always of fiery spirit, when the war was thus brought to their thresholds? They fought among the scenes of their loves and pleasures, the scenes of their infancy, and the haunts of their domestic life. They fought under the eyes of their wives and children, their old men and their maidens, of all that was helpless and all that was dear to them; for all Granada crowded on tower and battlement, watching with trembling heart the fate of this eventful day.

It was not so much one battle as a variety of battles. Every garden and orchard became a scene of deadly contest; every inch of ground was disputed by the Moors with an agony of grief and valour. Every inch of ground that the Christians advanced, they

valiantly maintained; but never did they advance with severer fighting, or greater loss of blood.

The cavalry of Muza was in every part of the field. Wherever it came, it gave fresh ardour to the fight. The Moorish soldier, fainting with heat, fatigue, and wounds, was roused to new life at the approach of Muza; and even he, who lay gasping in the agonies of death, turned his face towards him, and faintly uttered cheers and blessings as he passed.

The Christians had by this time gained possession of various towers near the city, from whence they had been annoyed by cross-bows and arquebuses. The Moors, scattered in various actions, were severely pressed. Boabdil, at the head of the cavaliers of his guard, displayed the utmost valour; mingling in the fight, in various parts of the field, and endeavouring to inspire the foot soldiers to the combat. But the Moorish infantry was never to be depended upon. In the heat of the action a panic seized upon them. They fled; leaving their sovereign exposed, with his handful of cavaliers, to an overwhelming force. Boabdil was on the point of falling

into the hands of the Christians; when, wheeling round, with his followers, they all threw the reins on the necks of their fleet steeds, and took refuge, by dint of hoof, within the walls of the city\*.

Muza endeavoured to retrieve the fortune of the field. He threw himself before the retreating infantry; calling upon them to turn, and fight for their homes, their families, for every thing that was sacred and dear to them. It was all in vain. They were totally broken and dismayed, and fled tumultuously for the gates. Muza would fain have kept the field with his cavalry; but this devoted band, having stood the brunt of war throughout this desperate campaign, was fearfully reduced in number, and many of the survivors were crippled and enfeebled by their wounds. Slowly and reluctantly he retreated to the city, his bosom swelling with indignation and despair. When he entered the gates, he ordered them to be closed, and secured with bolts and bars; for he refused to place any further confidence in the archers and arquebusiers, who

\* Zurita, lib. xx. c. 88.

were stationed to defend them; and he vowed never more to sally forth with foot soldiers to the field.

In the mean time, the artillery thundered from the walls, and checked all further advances of the Christians. King Ferdinand, therefore, called off his troops, and returned in triumph to the ruins of his camp; leaving the beautiful city of Granada wrapped in the smoke of her fields and gardens, and surrounded by the bodies of her slaughtered children.

Such was the last sally, made by the Moors, in defence of their favourite city. The French ambassador, who witnessed it, was filled with wonder at the prowess, the dexterity, and daring, of the Moslems. In truth, this whole war was an instance, memorable in history, of the most persevering resolution. For nearly ten years had the war endured, exhibiting an almost uninterrupted series of disasters to the Moorish arms. Their towns had been taken one after another, and their brethren slain, or led into captivity. Yet they disputed every city, and town, and fortress, and castle; nay, every rock itself, as if they had been inspirited by



victories. Wherever they could plant foot to fight, or find wall or cliff from whence to lanch an arrow, they disputed their beloved country; and now, when their capital was cut off from all relief, and had a whole nation thundering at its gates, they still maintained defence, as if they hoped some miracle to interpose in their behalf. "Their obstinate resistance," says an ancient chronicler, "shows the grief with which the Moors yielded up the vega, which was to them a paradise and heaven. Exerting all the strength of their arms, they embraced, as it were, that most beloved soil, from which neither wounds, nor defeats, nor death itself, could part them. They stood firm, battling for it with the united force of love and grief; never drawing back the foot, while they had hands to fight, or fortune to befriend them \*."

\* Abarca, Reyes de Aragon, rey xxx. c. 3.

## CHAPTER XCV.

Building of the city of Santa Fé. Despair of the Moors.

THE Moors now shut themselves up gloomily within their walls. There were no longer any daring sallies from their gates; and even the martial clangour of the drum and trumpet, which had continually resounded within that warrior city, was now seldom heard from its battlements. For a time they flattered themselves with hopes, that the late conflagration of the camp would discourage the besiegers; that, as in former years, their invasion would end with the summer, and that they would again withdraw before the autumnal rains. The measures of Ferdinand and Isabella soon crushed these hopes. They gave orders to build a regular city upon the site of their camp, to convince the Moors, that the siege was to endure until the surrender of Granada. Nine of the principal cities of Spain were charged with this stupendous undertaking,

and they emulated each other with a zeal worthy of the cause. "It verily seemed," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "as though some miracle operated to aid this pious work, so rapidly did arise a formidable city, with solid edifices, and powerful walls, and mighty towers, where lately had been seen nothing but tents and light pavilions. The city was traversed by two principal streets, in form of a cross, terminating in four gates, facing the four winds; and in the centre was a vast square, where the whole army might be assembled. To this city it was proposed to give the name of Isabella, so dear to the army and the nation; but that pious princess," adds Antonio Agapida, "calling to mind the holy cause in which it was erected, gave it the name of Santa Fé, or the city of the Holy Faith, and it remains to this day, a monument of the piety and glory of the catholic sovereigns."

Hither the merchants soon resorted from all points. Long trains of mules were seen every day entering and departing from its gates; the streets were crowded with magazines filled with all kinds of costly and luxurious merchandise; a scene of bustling commerce

and prosperity took place, while unhappy Granada remained shut up and desolate.

In the mean time the besieged city began to suffer the distress of famine. Its supplies were all cut off. A cavalgada of flocks and herds, and mules laden with money, coming to the relief of the city from the mountains of the Alpuxarras, was taken by the Marquis of Cadiz, and led in triumph to the camp, in sight of the suffering Moors. Autumn arrived; but the harvests had been swept from the face of the country; a rigorous winter was approaching, and the city was almost destitute of provisions. The people sank into deep despondency. They called to mind all that had been predicted by astrologers, at the birth of their ill-starred sovereign, and all that had been foretold of the fate of Granada, at the time of the capture of Zahara.

Boabdil was alarmed by the gathering dangers from without, and by the clamours of his starving people. He summoned a council, composed of the principal officers of the army, the alcajdes of the fortresses, the xequés, or sages of the city, and the alfaquis, or doctors of the faith. They assembled in the great

hall of audience of the Alhambra, and despair was painted in their countenances. Boabdil demanded of them what was to be done in their present extremity; and their answer was, "Surrender." The venerable Abal Cazim Abdelmelic, governor of the city, represented its unhappy state. "Our granaries are nearly exhausted, and no further supplies are to be expected. The provender for the war horses is required as sustenance for the soldiery; the very horses themselves are killed for food. Of seven thousand steeds, which once could be sent into the field, three hundred only remain. Our city contains two hundred thousand inhabitants, old and young, with each a mouth that calls piteously for bread."

The xeques and principal citizens declared, that the people could no longer sustain the labours and sufferings of a defence: "And of what avail is our defence," said they, "when the enemy is determined to persist in the siege? what alternative remains, but to surrender, or to die?"

The heart of Boabdil was touched by this appeal, and he maintained a gloomy silence. He had cherished some faint hope of relief

from the Soldan of Egypt, or the Barbary powers; but it was now at an end. Even if such assistance were to be sent, he had no longer a seaport where it might debark. The counsellors saw, that the resolution of the king was shaken, and they united their voices in urging him to capitulate.

The valiant Muza alone arose in opposition. "It is yet too early," said he, "to talk of a surrender. Our means are not exhausted; we have yet one source of strength remaining, terrible in its effects, and which often has achieved the most signal victory. It is our despair. Let us rouse the mass of the people; let us put weapons in their hands; let us fight the enemy to the very utmost, until we rush upon the points of their lances. I am ready to lead the way into the thickest of their squadrons; and much rather would I be numbered among those who fell in the defence of Granada, than of those who survived to capitulate for her surrender!"

The words of Muza were without effect, for they were addressed to broken spirited and heartless men, or men perhaps to whom sad experience had taught discretion. They

were arrived at that state of public depression, when heroes and heroism are no longer regarded, and when old men and their counsels rise into importance. Boabdil el Chico yielded to the general voice. It was determined to capitulate with the Christian sovereigns, and the venerable Abal Cazim Abdelmelic was sent forth to the camp, empowered to treat for terms.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER XCVI.

## Capitulation of Granada.

THE old governor, Abal Cazim Abdelmelic, was received with great distinction by Ferdinand and Isabella, who appointed Gonzalvo of Cordova, and Fernando de Zafra, secretary to the king, to confer with him. All Granada awaited in trembling anxiety the result of his negotiations. After repeated conferences, he at length returned with the ultimate terms of the catholic sovereigns. They agreed to suspend all attack for seventy days, at the end of which time, if no succour should have arrived to the Moorish king, the city of Granada was to be surrendered.

All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom.

Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown; and certain valuable territories in the Alpujarras mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance.



The Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, and horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery. They were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns. They were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs.

Those who chose to depart for Africa, within three years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.

For the fulfilment of these articles, four hundred hostages from the principal families were required, previous to the surrender, to be subsequently restored. The son of the King of Granada, and all other hostages in possession of the Castilian sovereigns, were to be given up at the same time.

Such were the conditions that the wazir, Abal Casim, laid before the council of Gra-

nada, as the best that could be obtained from the besieging foe.

When the members of the council found, that the awful moment had arrived, in which they were to sign and seal the prediction of their empire, and blot themselves out as a nation, all firmness deserted them, and many gave way to tears. Muza alone retained an unaltered mien. "Leave, seniors," cried he, "this idle lamentation to helpless women and children. We are men; we have hearts, not to shed tender tears, but drops of blood. I see the spirit of the people so cast down, that it is impossible to save the kingdom. Yet, there still remains an alternative for noble minds—a glorious death! Let us die defending our liberty, and avenging the woes of Granada! Our mother Earth will receive her children into her bosom, safe from the chains and oppressions of the conqueror; or, should any fail of a sepulchre to hide his remains, he will not want a sky to cover him: Allah forbid it should be said, the nobles of Granada feared to die in her defence!"

Muza ceased to speak, and a dead silence reigned in the assembly. Boabdil el Chico

looked anxiously round, and scanned every face; but he read in them all the anxiety of careworn men, in whose hearts enthusiasm was dead, and who had grown callous to every chivalrous appeal. "Allah achbar! God is great!" exclaimed he: "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet! It is in vain to struggle against the will of Heaven. Too surely was it written in the book of fate, that I should be unfortunate, and the kingdom expire under my rule!"

"Allah achbar! God is great!" echoed the viziers and alfaquis: "the will of God be done!" So they all accorded with the king, that these evils were preordained; that it was hopeless to contend with them; and that the terms offered by the Castilian monarchs were as favourable as could be expected. When Muza saw, that they were about to sign the treaty of surrender, he rose, in violent indignation. "Do not deceive yourselves," cried he, "nor think the Christians will be faithful to their promises, or their king as magnanimous in conquest, as he has been victorious in war. Death is the least we have to fear: it is the plundering and sacking of our city,

the profanation of our mosques, the ruin of our homes, the violation of our wives and daughters; cruel oppression, bigoted intolerance, whips and chains; the dungeon, the faggot, and the stake: such are the miseries and indignities we shall see and suffer; at least those grovelling souls will see them, who now shrink from an honourable death. For my part, by Allah, I will never witness them!" With these words he left the council chamber, and strode gloomily through the court of lions, and the outer halls of the Alhambra, without deigning to speak to the obsequious courtiers, who attended in them. He repaired to his dwelling, armed himself at all points, mounted his favourite war horse, and, issuing forth from the city by the gate of Elvira, was never seen or heard of more\*.

Such is the account given by Arabian historians of the exit of Muza ben Abel Gazan: but the venerable Fray Antonio Agapida endeavours to clear up the mystery of his fate. That very evening, a party of Andalusian cavaliers, somewhat more than half a score of

\* Conde, part iv.

lances, were riding along the banks of the Xenil, where it winds through the vega. They beheld in the twilight a Moorish warrior approaching, closely locked up from head to foot in proof. His visor was closed, his lance in rest, his powerful charger barbed, like himself, in steel. The Christians were lightly armed, with corslet, helm, and target; for, during the truce, they apprehended no attack. Seeing, however, the unknown warrior approach in this hostile guise, they challenged him to stand and declare himself.

The Moslem answered not; but, charging into the midst of them, transfixing one knight with his lance, and bore him out of his saddle to the earth. Wheeling round, he attacked the others with his cimeter. His blows were furious and deadly: he seemed regardless what wounds he received, so he could but slay. He was evidently fighting, not for glory, but revenge; eager to inflict death, but careless of surviving to enjoy victory. Nearly one half of the cavaliers fell beneath his sword, before he received a dangerous wound, so completely was he cased in armour of proof. At length he was desperately wounded; and his steed,

being pierced by a lance, fell to the ground. The Christians, admiring the valour of the Moor, would have spared his life; but he continued to fight upon his knees, brandishing a keen dagger of Fez. Finding at length he could no longer battle, and determined not to be taken prisoner, he threw himself, with an expiring exertion, into the Xenil; and his armour sank him to the bottom of the stream.

This unknown warrior the venerable Agapida pronounces to have been Muza ben Abel Gazan; and says, his horse was recognised by certain converted Moors of the Christian camp: the fact, however, has always remained in doubt.

## CHAPTER XCVII.

## Comotions in Granada.

THE capitulation for the surrender of Granada was signed on the 25th of November, 1481, and produced a sudden cessation of those hostilities, which had raged for so many years. Christian and Moor might now be seen mingling courteously on the banks of the Xenil and the Darro, where to have met a few days previous would have produced a scene of sanguinary contest. Still, as the Moors might be suddenly aroused to defence, if, within the allotted term of seventy days, succours should arrive from abroad; and as they were at all times a rash, inflammable people, the wary Ferdinand maintained a vigilant watch upon the city, and permitted no supplies of any kind to enter. His garrisons in the seaports, and his cruisers in the Straits of Gibraltar, were ordered likewise to guard against any relief from the Grand Soldan of Egypt, or the princes of Barbary.

There was no need of such precautions. Those powers were either too much engrossed by their own wars, or too much daunted by the success of the Spanish arms, to interfere in a desperate cause; and the unfortunate Moors of Granada were abandoned to their fate.

The month of December had nearly passed away; the famine became extreme; and there was no hope of any favourable event within the term specified in the capitulation. Boabdil saw, that to hold out to the end of the allotted time would only be to protract the miseries of his people. With the consent of his council, he determined to surrender the city on the 6th of January. On the 30th of December, he sent his grand vizier, Jusef Aben Comixa, with the four hundred hostages, to King Ferdinand, to make known his intention; bearing him, at the same time, a present of a magnificent cimeter, and two Arabian steeds; superbly caparisoned.

The unfortunate Boabdil was doomed to meet with trouble to the end of his career. The very next day, the santon, or dervise, Hamet Aben Zarah, the same who had uttered



prophecies and excited commotions on former occasions, suddenly made his appearance. Whence he came, no one knew: it was rumoured, that he had been in the mountains of the Alpuxarras, and on the coast of Barbary, endeavouring to rouse the Moslems to the relief of Granada. He was reduced to a skeleton. His eyes glowed in their sockets like coals, and his speech was little better than frantic raving. He harangued the populace in the streets and squares; inveighed against the capitulation; denounced the king and nobles as Moslems only in name; and called upon the people to sally forth against the unbelievers, for that Allah had decreed them a signal victory.

Upwards of twenty thousand of the populace seized their arms, and paraded the streets with shouts and outcries. The shops and houses were shut up; the king himself did not dare to venture forth, but remained a kind of prisoner in the Alhambra.

The turbulent multitude continued running, and shouting, and howling about the city, during the day and a part of the night. Hunger and a wintry tempest tamed their frenzy;

and, when morning came, the enthusiast who had led them on had disappeared. Whether he had been disposed of by the emissaries of the king, or by the leading men of the city, is not known; his disappearance remaining a mystery\*.

The Moorish king now issued from the Alhambra, attended by his principal nobles, and harangued the populace. He set forth the necessity of complying with the capitulation, from the famine that reigned in the city, the futility of defence, and from the hostages having already been delivered into the hands of the besiegers.

In the dejection of his spirits, the unfortunate Boabdil attributed to himself the miseries of the country. "It was my crime, in ascending the throne in rebellion against my father," said he, mournfully, "which has brought these woes upon the kingdom; but Allah has grievously visited my sins upon my head! For your sake, my people, I have now made this treaty, to protect you from the sword, your little ones from famine, your wives and daugh-

\* Mariana.

ters from the outrages of war, and to secure you in the enjoyment of your properties, your liberties, your laws, and your religion, under a sovereign of happier destinies than the ill-starred Boabdil!" The versatile populace were touched by the humility of their sovereign: they agreed to adhere to the capitulation; there was even a faint shout of "Long live Boabdil the unfortunate!" and they all returned to their homes in perfect tranquillity.

Boabdil immediately sent missives to King Ferdinand, apprizing him of these events, and of his fears lest further delay should produce new tumults. He proposed, therefore, to surrender the city on the following day. The Castilian sovereigns assented with great satisfaction; and preparations were made, both in city and camp, for this great event, that was to seal the fate of Granada.

It was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures, and the most precious effects of the Alhambra, were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with

tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, whom he sent off thus privately, that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanour; but his wife Zorayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they gave a last look to their favourite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears as they opened it for their departure. They tarried not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil, on the road that

leads to the Alpuxárras, until they arrived at a hamlet, at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.



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## CHAPTER XCVIII.

## Surrender of Granada.

THE sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains, which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had, therefore, been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the Gate of the Mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra.

When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers,

leaving his vizier, Jusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. "Go, senior," said he, to the commander of the detachment; "go, and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord, in punishment of the sins of the Moors!" He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the mean time, the Christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead; accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards, splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Al-

hámбра, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time, that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment, seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose; and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James; and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms; with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!*



The procession now resumed its march, with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted, in token of homage; but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined: whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward, and saluted the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella, also, refused to receive this ceremonial of homage; and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes\*.

\* Zurita, Anales de Aragon.

He then delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. "These keys," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person! Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands\*!"

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he; "or, that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen. She, in her turn, presented them to her son, Prince Juan, who delivered them to the Count de Tendilla; that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcaide of the city, and captain general of the kingdom of Granada.

Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on

\* Abarca, Anales de Aragon, rey xxx. c. 3.

towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief, upon that delicious

abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and, presently, a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told, that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah achbar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.

His mother, the intrepid sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman, for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The vizier Aben Comixa endeavoured to console his royal master. "Consider, sire," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity." The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. "Allah achbar!"

exclaimed he, "when did misfortunes ever equal mine!"

From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Fez Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *el ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, "the last sigh of the Moor."



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P. C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
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## CHAPTER XCIX.

How the Castilian sovereigns took possession of Granada.

WHEN the Castilian sovereigns had received the keys of Granada, from the hands of Boabdil el Chico, the royal army resumed its triumphant march. As it approached the gates of the city, in all the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. The king hailed them as good Spaniards; as men loyal and brave; as martyrs to the holy cause. The queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands,

and they passed on before the squadrons of the army, singing hymns of jubilee\*.

The sovereigns did not enter the city, on this day of its surrender; but waited until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquillity ensured. The Marquis de Villena, and the Count de Tendilla, with three thousand cavalry, and as many infantry, marched in, and took possession, accompanied by the proselyte prince, Cidi Yahye, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada, who was appointed chief alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants; and by his son, the late Prince Alnayer, now Don Alonzo de Granada, who was appointed admiral of the fleets. In a little while every battlement glistened with Christian helms and lances, the standard of the faith and of the realm floated from every tower, and the thundering salvos of the ordnance told, that the subjugation of the city was complete.

The grandes and cavaliers now knelt, and kissed the hands of the king and queen, and

\* Abarca, ubi supra. Zurita, &c.

the Prince Juan, and congratulated them on the acquisition of so great a kingdom; after which the royal procession returned in state to Santa Fé.

It was on the 6th of January, the day of kings, and festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry. "The king and queen," says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, "looked on this occasion as more than mortal. The venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along, with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy, at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steed, and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race; but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies, and increase their triumph."



The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem, in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. "Nothing," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "could exceed the thankfulness to God of the pious King Ferdinand, for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city, wherein the impious doctrines of Mahomet had so long been cherished. In the fervour of his spirit, he supplicated from Heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated\*." The prayer of the pious monarch was responded by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra, and entered by the

\* The words of Fray Antonio Agapida are little more than an echo of those of the worthy jesuit, Father Mariana, (l. xxv. c. 18.)

great gate of justice. The halls, lately occupied by turbaned infidels, now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques, and storied with inscriptions, and the splendour of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil, and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate, that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the Alhambra through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted: the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day; a mute memorial of that event\*.

*Note.*—The existence of this gateway, and the story connected with it, are perhaps known to few, but were identified in the researches made to verify this history. The gateway is at the bottom of a great tower, at some distance from the main body of the Alhambra. The

\* Garibay, Compend. Hist. l. xl. c. 42.

tower has been rent and ruined by gunpowder, at the time when the fortress was evacuated by the French. Great masses lie around, half covered by vines and fig trees. A poor man, by the name of Matteo Ximenes, who lives in one of the hovels among the ruins of the Alhambra, where his family has lived for many generations, pointed out the gateway, still closed up with stones. He remembered to have heard his father and grandfather say, that it had always been stopped up, and that out of it King Boabdil had gone, when he surrendered Granada. The route of the unfortunate king may be traced from thence across the garden of the convent of Los Martyres, and down a ravine beyond, through a street of gipsy caves and hovels, by the gate of Los Molinos, and so on to the Hermitage of St. Sebastian. None but an antiquarian, however, will be able to trace it, unless aided by the humble historian of the place, Matteo Ximenes.

The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence chamber of the palace, so long the seat of Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired, to

pay them homage, and kiss their hands, in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; "equalling," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city." Thus ended, also, the dominion of the Moors in Spain, after having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. "This great triumph of our holy catholic faith," according to his computation, "took place in the beginning of January, in the year of our Lord 1492; being 3655 years from the population of Spain by the patriarch Tubal; 3797 from the general deluge; 5453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the 897th year of the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet: whom may God confound!" saith the pious Agapida.