



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

APPENDIX. de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

FATE OF BOABDIL EL CHICO.

THE Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada is finished: but the reader may be desirous of knowing the subsequent fortunes of some of the principal personages. The unfortunate Boabdil retired to the valley of Porchena, where a small but fertile territory had been allotted him; comprising several towns, with all their rights and revenues. Great estates had likewise been bestowed on his vizier, Josef Aben Comixa, and his valiant relation and friend, Josef Venegas, both of whom resided near him. Were it in the heart of man, in the enjoyment of present competence, to forget past splendour, Boabdil might at length have been happy. Dwelling in the bosom of a delightful valley, surrounded by obedient vassals, devoted friends, and a loving family, he might have looked back upon his past career as upon a troubled and terrific dream; and might have thanked his stars, that he had at length awaked to sweet and tranquil se-

curity. But the dethroned prince could never forget, that he had once been a monarch; and the remembrance of the regal splendours of Granada made all present comforts contemptible in his eyes. No exertions were spared by Ferdinand and Isabella, to induce him to embrace the catholic religion: but he remained true to the faith of his fathers; and it added not a little to his humiliation, to live, a vassal under Christian sovereigns.

It is probable, that his residence in the kingdom was equally irksome to the politic Ferdinand; who could not feel perfectly secure in his newly conquered territories; while there was one within their bounds, who might revive pretensions to the throne. A private bargain was therefore made, in the year 1496; between Ferdinand and Josef Aben Comixa; in which the latter, as vizier of Boabdil, undertook to dispose of his master's scanty territory for eighty thousand ducats of gold. This, it is affirmed, was done without the consent or knowledge of Boabdil; but the vizier probably thought he was acting for the best. The shrewd Ferdinand does not appear to have made any question about the right of the vizier to make the sale; but paid the money

with secret exultation. Josef Aben Comixa loaded the treasure upon mules, and departed joyfully for the Alpuxarras. He spread the money in triumph before Boabdil. "Senior," said he, "I have observed, that, as long as you live here, you are exposed to constant peril. The Moors are rash and irritable. They may make some sudden insurrection, elevate your standard as a pretext, and thus overwhelm you and your friends with utter ruin. I have observed, also, that you pine away with grief; being continually reminded in this country, that you were once its sovereign, but never more must hope to reign. I have put an end to these evils. Your territory is sold. Behold the price of it. With this gold, you may buy far greater possessions in Africa, where you may live in honour and security."

When Boabdil heard these words, he burst into a sudden transport of rage; and, drawing his cimeter, would have sacrificed the officious Josef on the spot; had not the attendants interfered, and hurried the vizier from his presence.

Boabdil was not of a vindictive spirit, and his anger soon passed away. He saw, that the evil was done; and he knew the spirit of the

politic Ferdinand too well, to hope that he would retract the bargain. Gathering together the money, therefore, and all his jewels and precious effects, he departed with his family and household for a port, where a vessel had been carefully provided by the Castilian king to transport them to Africa.

A crowd of his former subjects witnessed his embarkation. As the sails were unfurled, and swelled to the breeze, and the vessel parted from the land, the spectators would fain have given him a parting cheering; but the humbled state of their once proud sovereign forced itself upon their minds, and the ominous surname of his youth rose involuntarily to their tongues. "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, El Zogoybi!" burst spontaneously from their lips. The unlucky appellation sank into the heart of the expatriated monarch; and tears dimmed his eyes, as the snowy summits of the mountains of Granada gradually faded from his view.

He was received with welcome at the court of his relation, Muley Ahmed, King of Fez; and resided for many years in his territories. How he passed his life, whether repining or resigned, history does not mention.

The last we find recorded of him is in the year 1536, thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada; when he followed the King of Fez to the field, to quell the rebellion of two brothers, named Xerifes. The armies came in sight of each other on the banks of the Guadiswed, at the ford of Bacuba. The river was deep; the banks were high and broken. For three days, the armies remained firing at each other across the stream, neither party venturing to attempt the dangerous ford.

At length the King of Fez divided his army into three battalions; the first led on by his son and by Boabdil el Chico. They boldly dashed across the ford, scrambled up the opposite bank, and attempted to keep the enemy employed, until the other battalions should have time to cross. The rebel army, however, attacked them with such fury, that the son of the King of Fez and several of the bravest alcaydes were slain upon the spot, and multitudes driven back into the river, which was already crowded with passing troops. A dreadful confusion took place; the horse trampled upon the foot; the enemy pressed on them with fearful slaughter; those who escaped the

sword perished by the stream. The river was choked by the dead bodies of men and horses, and by the scattered baggage of the army. In this scene of horrible carnage fell Boabdil, truly called El Zogoybi, or the unlucky: "an instance," says the ancient chronicler, "of the scornful caprice of fortune; dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in defence of his own*."

Note.—A portrait of Boabdil el Chico is to be seen in the picture gallery of the Generalife. He is represented with a mild, handsome face, a fair complexion, and yellow hair. His dress is of yellow brocade, relieved with black velvet, and he has a black velvet cap, surmounted with a crown. In the armoury of Madrid are two suits of armour, said to have belonged to him; one of solid steel, with very little ornament; the morion closed. From the proportions of these suits of armour, he must have been of full stature and vigorous form.

* Marmol. *Descrip. de Africa*, p. i. l. ii. c. 40. Idem, *Hist. Reb. de los Moros*, l. i. c. 21.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF CADIZ.

THE renowned Roderigo Ponce de León, Marquis Duke of Cadiz, was unquestionably the most distinguished among the cavaliers of Spain, for his zeal, enterprise, and heroism, in the great crusade of Granada. He began the war by the capture of Alhama; he was engaged in almost every inroad and siege of importance during its continuance; and he was present at the surrender of the capital, which was the closing scene of the conquest. The renown he thus acquired was sealed by his death, in the forty-eighth year of his age, which happened almost immediately at the close of his triumphs, and before a leaf of his laurels had time to wither. He died at his palace, in the city of Seville, on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1492, but a few months after the surrender of Granada, and of an illness caused by the exposure and fatigues he had undergone in this memorable war. That honest chronicler, Andres Bernaldes, the curate of Los Palacios, who was

a contemporary of the marquis, draws his portrait from actual knowledge and observation. "He was universally cited," says he, "as the most perfect model of chivalrous virtue of the age. He was temperate, chaste, and rigidly devout; a benignant commander, a valiant defender of his vassals, a great lover of justice, and an enemy to all flatterers, liars, robbers, traitors, and poltroons. His ambition was of a lofty kind; he sought to distinguish himself and his family by heroic and resounding deeds, and to increase the patrimony of his ancestors by the acquisition of castles, domains, vassals, and other princely possessions. His recreations were all of a warlike nature: he delighted in geometry, as applied to fortifications, and spent much time and treasure in erecting and repairing fortresses. He relished music, but of a military kind; the sound of clarions and sackbuts, of drums and trumpets. Like a true cavalier, he was a protector of the sex on all occasions, and an injured woman never applied to him in vain for redress. His prowess was so well known, and his courtesy to the fair, that the ladies of the court, when they accompanied the queen to the wars, rejoiced to find themselves under his protection; for, wherever

his banner was displayed, the Moors dreaded to adventure. He was a faithful and devoted friend, but a formidable enemy; for he was slow to forgive, and his vengeance was persevering and terrible.

The death of this good cavalier spread grief and lamentation throughout all ranks; for he was universally honoured and beloved. His relations, dependents, and companions in arms put on mourning for his loss; and so numerous were they, that half of Seville was clad in black. None, however, deplored his death more deeply and sincerely than his friend and chosen companion, Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

The funeral ceremonies were of the most solemn and sumptuous kind. The body of the marquis was arrayed in a costly shirt, a doublet of brocade, a sayo, or long robe of black velvet, a marlota, or Moorish tunic of brocade, that reached to the feet, and scarlet stockings. His sword, superbly gilt, was girded to his side, as he used to wear it when in the field. Thus magnificently attired, the body was enclosed in a coffin, which was covered with black velvet, and decorated with a cross of white damask. It was then placed

on a sumptuous bier, in the centre of the great hall of the palace.

Here the duchess made great lamentation over the body of her lord, in which she was joined by her train of damsels and attendants, as well as by the pages and esquires, and innumerable vassals of the marquis.

In the close of the evening, just before the "Ave Maria," the funeral train issued from the palace. Ten banners were borne around the bier, the particular trophies of the marquis, won from the Moors by his valour in individual enterprises, before King Ferdinand had commenced the war of Granada. The procession was swelled by an immense train of bishops, priests, and friars of different orders, together with the civil and military authorities, and all the chivalry of Seville; headed by the Count of Cifuentes, at that time intendent, or commander of the city. It moved slowly and solemnly through the streets, stopping occasionally, and chanting litanies and responses. Two hundred and forty waxen tapers shed a light like the day about the bier. The balconies and windows were crowded with ladies, who shed tears as

the funeral train passed by; while the women of the lower classes were loud in their lamentations, as if bewailing the loss of a father or a brother. On approaching the convent of St. Augustine, the monks came forth with the cross and tapers, and eight censers, and conducted the body into the church, where it lay in state, until all the vigils were performed by the different orders, after which it was deposited in the family tomb of the Ponces in the same church, and the ten banners were suspended over the sepulchre*.

His tomb, with the banners mouldering above it, remained for ages, an object of veneration with all who had read or heard of his virtues and achievements. In the year 1810, however, the chapel was sacked by the French, its altars overturned, and the sepulchres of the family of the Ponces shattered to pieces. The present Duchess of Benavente, the worthy descendant of this illustrious and heroic line, has since piously collected the ashes of her ancestors, restored the altar, and repaired the chapel. The sepulchres, however, were utterly

* Cura de los Palacios, c. 104.

destroyed, and an inscription of gold letters, on the wall of the chapel, to the right of the altar, is now all that denotes the place of sepulture of the brave Roderigo Ponce de Leon.



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

THE LEGEND OF THE DEATH OF DON
ALONZO DE AGUILAR.

To such as feel an interest in the fortunes of the valiant Don Alonzo de Aguilar, the chosen friend and companion in arms of Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, and one of the most distinguished heroes of the war of Granada, a few particulars of his remarkable fate will not be unacceptable. They are found among the manuscripts of the worthy Padre Fray Antonio Agapida, and appear to have been appended to his chronicle.

For several years after the conquest of Granada, the country remained feverish and unquiet. The zealous efforts of the catholic clergy to effect the conversion of the infidels, and the pious coercion used for that purpose by government, exasperated the stubborn Moors of the mountains. Several zealous missionaries were maltreated, and, in the town of Dayrin, two of them were seized, and exhorted, with many menaces, to embrace the

Moslem faith. On their resolutely refusing, they were killed with staffs and stones, by the Moorish women and children, and their bodies burnt to ashes*.

Upon this event, a body of Christian cavaliers assembled in Andalusia, to the number of eight hundred; and, without waiting for orders from the king, revenged the death of these martyrs, by plundering and laying waste the Moorish towns and villages. The Moors fled to the mountains, and their cause was espoused by many of their nation, who inhabited those rugged regions. The storm of rebellion began to gather, and mutter its thunders in the Alpuxarras. They were echoed from the Serrania of Ronda, ever ready for rebellion; but the strongest hold of the insurgents was in the Sierra Vermeja, or chain of red mountains, lying near the sea, the savage rocks and precipices of which may be seen from Gibraltar.

When King Ferdinand heard of these tumults, he issued a proclamation, ordering all the Moors of the insurgent regions to leave them within ten days, and repair to Castile; giving secret instructions, however, that those,

* Cura de los Palacios, c. 165.

who should voluntarily embrace the Christian faith, might be permitted to remain. At the same time he ordered Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and the Counts of Ureña and Cifuentes, to march against the rebels.

Don Alonzo de Aguilar was at Cordova when he received the commands of the king. "What force is allotted us for this expedition?" said he. On being told, he perceived, that the number of troops was far from adequate. "When a man is dead," said he, "we send four men into his house, to bring forth the body. We are now sent to chastise those Moors, who are alive, vigorous, in open rebellion, and ensconced in their castles; and they do not give us man to man." These words of the brave Alonzo de Aguilar were afterwards frequently repeated; but, though he saw the desperate nature of the enterprise, he did not hesitate to undertake it.

Don Alonzo was, at that time, in the fifty-first year of his age. He was a veteran warrior, in whom the fire of youth was yet unquenched, though tempered by experience. The greater part of his life had been passed in the camp and in the field, until danger was as his natural element. His muscular frame

had acquired the firmness of iron, without the rigidity of age. His armour and weapons seemed to have become a part of his nature; and he sat like a man of steel on his powerful war horse.

He took with him, on this expedition, his son, Don Pedro de Cordova; a youth of bold and generous spirit, in the freshness of his days, and armed and arrayed with all the bravery of a young Spanish cavalier. When the populace of Cordova beheld the veteran father, the warrior of a thousand battles, leading forth his youthful son to the field, they bethought themselves of the family appellation. "Behold," cried they, "the eagle teaching his young to fly! Long live the valiant line of Aguilar*!"

The prowess of Don Alonzo and of his companions in arms was renowned throughout the Moorish towns. At their approach, therefore, numbers of the Moors submitted, and hastened to Ronda to embrace Christianity. Among the mountaineers, however, there were many of the Gandules, a fierce tribe from Africa, too proud of spirit to bend

* Aguilar, the Spanish for eagle.

their necks to the yoke. At their head was a Moor, named El Feri of Ben Estepar, renowned for strength and courage. At his instigations, his followers gathered together their families and most precious effects; placed them on mules, and, driving before them their flocks and herds, abandoned their valleys, and retired up the craggy passes of the Sierra Vermeja. On the summit was a fertile plain, surrounded by rocks and precipices, which formed a natural fortress. Here El Feri placed all the women and children, and all the property. By his orders, his followers piled great stones on the rocks and cliffs, which commanded the defiles and the steep side of the mountain, and prepared to defend every pass that led to his place of refuge.

The Christian commanders arrived, and pitched their camp before the town of Monardo; a strong place, curiously fortified, and situated at the foot of the highest part of the Sierra Vermeja. Here they remained for several days, unable to compel a surrender. They were separated from the skirt of the mountain by a deep barranca or ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream. The Moors, commanded by El Feri, drew down

from their mountain height, and remained on the opposite side of the brook, to defend a pass which led up to their strong hold.

One afternoon, a number of Christian soldiers, in mere bravado, seized a banner, crossed the brook, and, scrambling up the opposite bank, attacked the Moors. They were followed by numbers of their companions; some in aid, some in emulation, but most in hope of booty. A sharp action ensued on the mountain side.

The Moors were greatly superior in number, and had the vantage ground.

When the Counts of Ureña and Cifuentes beheld this skirmish, they asked Don Alonzo de Aguilar his opinion. "My opinion," said


he, "was given at Cordova, and remains the same. This is a desperate enterprise. How-

ever, the Moors are at hand; and if they suspect weakness in us, it will increase their courage and our peril.

Forward then to the attack, and I trust, in God we shall gain a

victory!" So saying, he led his troops into the battle *.

On the skirts of the mountains were several level places, like terraces. Here the Christians


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* Bleda, l. v. c. 26.

pressed valiantly upon the Moors, and had the advantage; but the latter retreated to the steep and craggy heights, from whence they hurled darts and rocks upon their assailants. They defended their passes and defiles with ferocious valour; but were driven from height to height, until they reached the plain on the summit of the mountain, where their wives and children were sheltered. Here they would have made a stand; but Alonzo de Aguilar, with his son Don Pedro, charged upon them at the head of three hundred men, and put them to flight, with dreadful carnage. While they were pursuing the flying enemy, the rest of the army, thinking the victory achieved, dispersed themselves over the little plain in search of plunder. They pursued the shrieking females, tearing off their necklaces, bracelets, and anklets of gold; and they found so much treasure of various kinds collected in this spot, that they threw by their armour and weapons, to load themselves with booty.

Evening was closing: the Christians, intent upon spoil, had ceased to pursue the Moors, and the latter were arrested in their flight by the cries of their wives and children.

Their fierce leader, El Feri, threw himself before them. "Friends, soldiers," cried he, "whither do you fly? whither can you seek refuge, where the enemy cannot follow you? Your wives, your children, are behind you; turn and defend them: you have no chance for safety but from the weapons in your hands!"

The Moors turned at his words. They beheld the Christians scattered about the plain, many of them without armour, and all encumbered with spoil. "Now is the time," shouted El Feri; "charge upon them while laden with your plunder! I will open a path for you!" He rushed to the attack, followed by his Moors, with shouts and cries, that echoed through the mountains. The scattered Christians were seized with a panic, and, throwing down their booty, began to fly in all directions. Don Alonzo de Aguilar advanced his banner, and endeavoured to rally them. Finding his horse of no avail in these rocky heights, he dismounted, and caused his men to do the same. He had a small band of tried followers, with which he opposed a bold front to the Moors, calling on the scattered troops to rally in the rear.

Night had completely closed. It prevented the Moors from seeing the smallness of the force with which they were contending; and Don Alonzo and his cavaliers dealt their blows so vigorously, that, aided by the darkness, they seemed multiplied to ten times their number. Unfortunately, a small cask of gunpowder blew up near to the scene of action. It shed a momentary but brilliant light over all the plain, and on every rock and cliff. The Moors beheld with surprise, that they were opposed by a mere handful of men, and that the greater part of the Christians were flying from the field. They put up loud shouts of triumph. While some continued the conflict with redoubled ardour, others pursued the fugitives, hurling after them stones and darts, and discharging showers of arrows. Many of the Christians, in their terror, and their ignorance of the mountains, rushed headlong from the brinks of precipices, and were dashed in pieces.

Don Alonzo de Aguilar still maintained his ground; but while a party of the Moors assailed him in front, others galled him with all kinds of missiles from the impending cliffs. Some of the cavaliers, seeing the hopeless

nature of the conflict, proposed, that they should abandon the height, and retreat down the mountain. "No," said Don Alonzo, proudly; "never did the banner of the house of Aguilar retreat one foot in the field of battle." He had scarcely uttered these words, when his son Don Pedro was stretched at his feet. A stone hurled from a cliff had struck out two of his teeth, and a lance passed quivering through his thigh. The youth attempted to rise, and, with one knee on the ground, to fight by the side of his father. Don Alonzo, finding him wounded, urged him to quit the field. "Fly, my son," said he. "Let us not put every thing at venture upon one hazard: conduct thyself as a good Christian, and live to comfort and honour thy mother." Don Pedro still refused to quit him; whereupon Don Alonzo ordered several of his followers to bear him off by force. His friend, Don Francisco Alvarez, of Cordova, taking him in his arms, conveyed him to the quarters of the Count of Ureña, who had halted on the heights, at some distance from the scene of battle, for the purpose of rallying and succouring the fugitives. Almost at the

same moment, the count beheld his own son, Don Pedro Giron, brought in grievously wounded.

In the mean time, Don Alonzo, with two hundred cavaliers, maintained the unequal contest. Surrounded by foes, they fell, one after another, like so many noble stags encircled by the hunters. Don Alonzo was the last survivor. He was without horse, and almost without armour; his corslet unlaced, and his bosom gashed with wounds. Still he kept a brave front towards the enemy, and, retiring between two rocks, defended himself with such valour, that the slain lay in a heap before him.

He was assailed in this retreat by a Moor of surpassing strength and fierceness. The contest was for some time doubtful; but Don Alonzo received a wound in the head, and another in the breast, that made him stagger. Closing and grappling with his foe, they had a desperate struggle, until the Christian cavalier, exhausted by his wounds, fell upon his back. He still retained his grasp upon his enemy. "Think not," cried he, "thou hast an easy prize: know, that I am Don Alonzo, he of Aguilar!" "If thou art Don Alonzo,"

replied the Moor, "know, that I am El Feri, of Ben Estepar!" They continued their deadly struggle, and both drew their daggers: but Don Alonzo was exhausted by seven ghastly wounds. While he was yet struggling, his heroic soul departed from his body, and he expired in the grasp of the Moor.

Thus fell Alonzo de Aguilar, the mirror of Andalusian chivalry; one of the most powerful grandees of Spain; for person, blood, estate, and office. For forty years he had waged successful wars upon the Moors: in childhood, by his household and retainers; in manhood, by the prowess of his arm, and the wisdom and valour of his spirit. His pennon had always been foremost in danger; he had been general of armies, viceroy of Andalusia, and the author of glorious enterprises, in which kings were vanquished, and mighty alcaides and warriors laid low. He had slain many Moslem chiefs with his own arm, and, among others, the renowned Ali Atar, of Loxa, fighting foot to foot, on the banks of the Xenil. His judgment, discretion, magnanimity, and justice, vied with his prowess. He was the fifth lord of his warlike house, that fell in battle with the Moors. "His soul,"

observes Padre Abarca, "it is believed, ascended to heaven, to receive the reward of so Christian a captain: for that very day he had armed himself with the sacraments of confession and communion *."

*How could
the Infidel
overcome
such a hero*

The Moors, elated with their success, pursued the fugitive Christians down the defiles and sides of the mountains. It was with the utmost difficulty that the Count de Ureña could bring off a remnant of his forces from that disastrous height. Fortunately, on the lower slope of the mountain they found the rear guard of the army, led by the Count de Cifuentes, who had crossed the brook and the ravine to come to their assistance. As the fugitives came flying in headlong terror down the mountain, it was with difficulty the count kept his own troops from giving way in panic, and retreating in confusion across the brook. He succeeded, however, in maintaining order, in rallying the fugitives, and checking the fury of the Moors. Then, taking his station on a rocky eminence, he maintained his post until morning, sometimes sustaining violent attacks, at other times rushing forth, and making

* Abarca, Anales de Aragon, rey. xxx. cap. 2.

assaults upon the enemy. When morning dawned, the Moors ceased to combat, and drew up to the summit of the mountain.

It was then that the Christians had time to breathe, and to ascertain the dreadful loss they had sustained. Among the many valiant cavaliers, who had fallen, was Don Francisco Ramirez of Madrid, who had been captain general of artillery throughout the war of Granada, and contributed greatly, by his valour and ingenuity, to that renowned conquest. But all other griefs and cares were forgotten in anxiety for the fate of Don Alonzo de Aguilar. His son, Don Pedro de Cordova, had been brought off with great difficulty from the battle; and afterwards lived to be Marquis of Priego. But of Don Alonzo nothing was known, except that he was left with a handful of cavaliers, fighting valiantly against an overwhelming force. As the rising sun lighted up the red cliffs of the mountains, the soldiers watched with anxious eyes, if perchance his pennon might be descried, fluttering from any precipice or defile: but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The trumpet call was repeatedly sounded: but empty echoes alone replied. A silence reigned about the mountain

summit, which showed, that the deadly strife was over. Now and then a wounded warrior came, dragging his feeble steps from among the cliffs and rocks; but, on being questioned, he shook his head mournfully, and could tell nothing of the fate of his commander.

The tidings of this disastrous defeat, and of the perilous situation of the survivors, reached King Ferdinand at Granada. He immediately marched, at the head of all the chivalry of his court, to the mountains of Ronda. His presence, with a powerful force, soon put an end to the rebellion. A part of the Moors were suffered to ransom themselves, and to embark for Africa; others were made to embrace Christianity; and those of the town where the Christian missionaries had been massacred were sold as slaves. From the conquered Moors, the mournful but heroic end of Don Alonzo de Aguilar was ascertained. On the morning after the battle, when the Moors came to strip and bury the dead, the body of Don Alonzo was found among those of more than two hundred of his followers, many of them alcaides and cavaliers of distinction. Though the person of Don Alonzo was well known to the Moors, being so distinguished among them,

both in peace and war, yet it was so covered and disfigured with wounds, that it could with difficulty be recognised. They preserved it with care, and, on making their submission, delivered it up to King Ferdinand. It was conveyed, with great state, to Cordova, amidst the tears and lamentations of all Andalusia. When the funeral train entered Cordova, and the inhabitants saw the coffin, containing the remains of their favourite hero, and the war horse, led in mournful trappings, on which they had so lately seen him sally forth from their gates, there was a general burst of grief throughout the city. The body was interred with great pomp and solemnity in the church of St. Hypolito. Many years afterwards, his grand daughter, Doña Catalina of Aguilar and Cordova, Marchioness of Priego, caused his tomb to be altered. On examining the body, the head of a lance was found among the bones, received, without doubt, among the wounds of his last mortal combat. The name of this accomplished and Christian cavalier has ever remained a popular theme of the chronicler and poet; and is endeared to the public memory by many of the historical ballads and songs of his country. For

a long time the people of Cordova were indignant at the brave Count de Ureña, who, they thought, had abandoned Don Alonzo in his extremity; but the Castilian monarch acquitted him of all charge of the kind, and continued him in honour and office. It was proved, that neither he nor his people could succour Don Alonzo, or even know of his peril, from the darkness of the night. There is a mournful little Spanish ballad, or romance, which breathes the public grief on this occasion, and the populace, on the return of the Count de Ureña to Cordova, assailed him with one of its plaintive and reproachful verses :

“ Decid Conde de Ureña,
Don Alonzo donde queda* ?”

Count Ureña! Count Ureña!
Tell us, where is Don Alonzo?

* Bleda, l. v. c. 26.

THE END.



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