

child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers, he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "drag forth the bones of that wanton Cava, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and, forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she, in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head!"

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir; "but guard her well."

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he; "there is no danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy; "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea-

gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

“Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?” said Yuza.

“It is Spain,” replied the boy; “it is the land of my father and my mother.”

“Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child,” said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

“Is the boy safe?” cried he.

“He is safe,” replied Yuza; “come and behold the truth with thine own eyes.”

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out—“Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country.” And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said—“In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads.” Upon this the emir swore, with horrid imprecations, that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir em-

barked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter; for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited, on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it, and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air, which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favoured the cause of the traitor.

In after-times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian; but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction: and the name of Julian has remained a by-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country!

Here end the legends of the conquest of Spain.

Written in the Alhambra, June, 10, 1829.

NOTE TO THE PRECEDING LEGEND.

El licenciado Ardevines (Lib. ii. c. 8.) dize que dichos duendes caseros, ó los del aire, hazen aparecer exércitos y peleas, como lo que se cuenta por tradicion (y aun algunas personas lo deponen como testigos de vista) de la torre y castillo de Marcuello, lugar al

pie de las montañas de Aragon (ahora inhabitable, por los grandes y espantables ruidos que en él se oyen) donde se retraxo el Conde Don Julian, causa de la perdicion de España; sobre el qual castillo dize se ven en el aire ciertas visiones, como de soldados, que el vulgo dize son los cavalleros y gente que le favorecian.

Vide "el Ente Deslucidado, por Fray Antonio de Fuentalapeña capuchin. Seccion 3. Subseccion 5. Instancia 8. Num. 644."

As readers unversed in the Spanish language may wish to know the testimony of the worthy and discreet capuchin friar, Antonio de Fuentalapeña, we subjoin a translation of it.

"The licentiate Ardevines (Book II. chap. 8.) says, that the said house-fairies (or familiar spirits), or those of the air, cause the apparitions of armies and battles, such as those which are related in tradition (and some persons even depose to the truth of them as eye-witnesses) of the tower and castle of Marcuello, a fortress at the foot of the mountains of Arragon (at present uninhabitable, on account of the great and frightful noises heard in it), the place of retreat of Count Don Julian, the cause of the perdicion of Spain. It is said that certain apparitions of soldiers are seen in the air, which the vulgar say are those of the courtiers and people who aided him."

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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

THE END.