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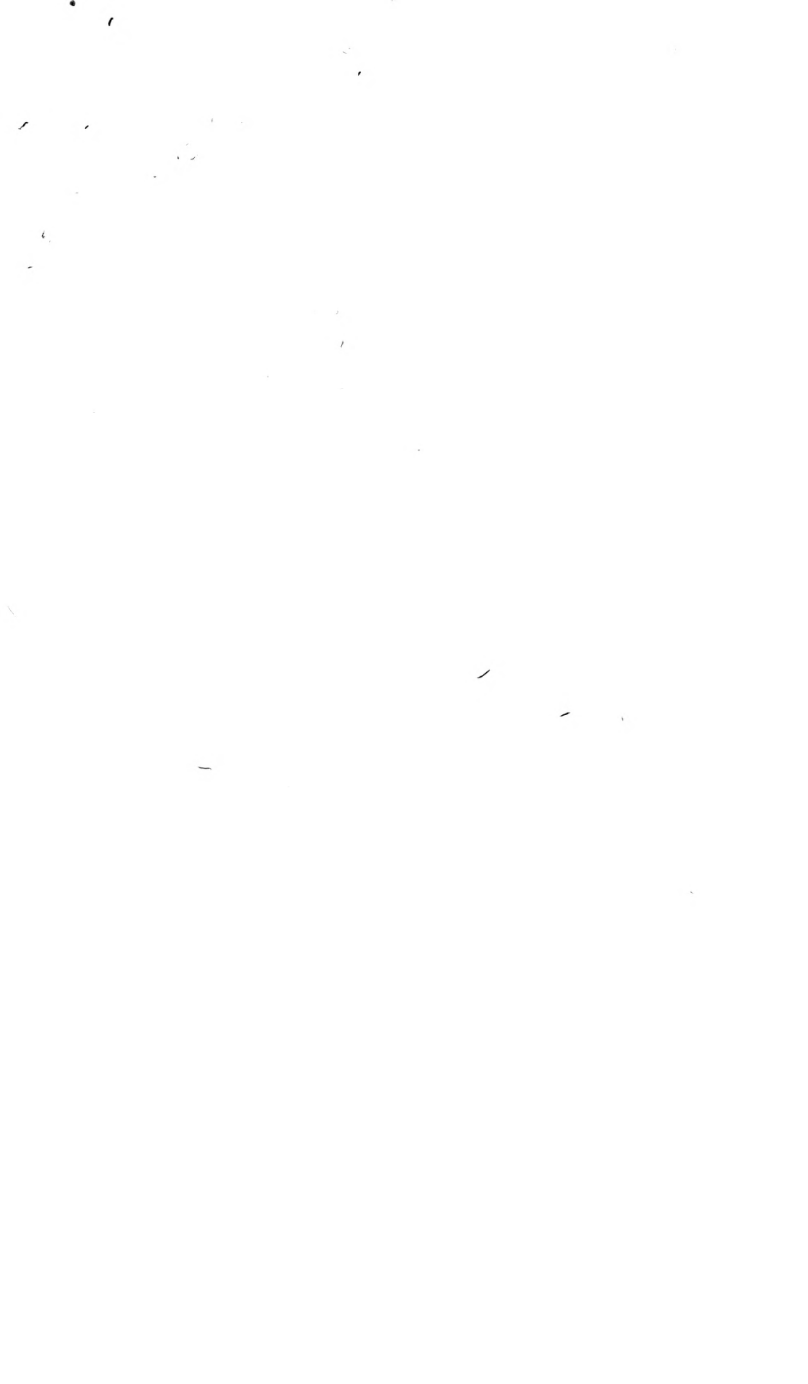
MAGELLAN
and the AGE of DISCOVERY



PRESENTED TO
BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY • 1961









THE
CIVIL WARS OF GRANADA;
AND
THE HISTORY
OF THE
FACTIONS OF THE ZEGRIES AND ABENCERRAGES,
TWO NOBLE FAMILIES OF THAT CITY,
TO THE
FINAL CONQUEST
BY
FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC OF ABENHAMIN,
A NATIVE OF GRANADA,
BY GINÈS PEREZ DE HITA, OF MURCIA;
AND FROM THE SPANISH
BY THOMAS RODD.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS OSTELL, N° 3, AVE MARIA LANE.

—O—
1803.

P R E F A C E.

A More memorable epocha does not present itself in the history of Spain, than the period when the battle was fought, which overturned the government of the Goths, and established the power of the Arabians in that kingdom. From the year 712 down to 759, the country was ruled by governors, appointed by the Caliphs of Damascus, till at length Abdulrahmen, the last of the Ommiad family, threw off the yoke of the barbarous Abdalla, of the house of Abbas, and became the first king of Cordova. This city was considerable even in the time of the Romans, and being enlarged and embellished by the Caliphate governors, and during the reign of Abdulrahmen and his successors, became eminent in arts and arms, in magnificence and learning.

learning, and was justly esteemed the most splendid city in Europe; and what renders it the more deserving of notice, is, that the rest of Europe was immersed in barbarity at this period, which, in our days, is distinguished by the disgraceful appellation of the dark age. In the midst of this prosperity, however, there was a stone in the mountain, which, in the commencement of its course, unnoticed, rolled on, and accumulating in the progress, after a lapse of near eight hundred years, with scarce any intermission of warfare, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up the empire of the conquerors.

For, about six years after the battle of Xeres, the brave Pelagius, starting from a small and mountainous territory of the Asturias, whither he had retired with a few illustrious followers, ventured forth, and, after a series of victories, established the kingdom of Leon. The Arabians, or Saracens, inattentive at first to the progress of their enemies in the heart of Spain, bent their views upon the conquest of Europe, which they threatened to overrun, when they received a signal defeat from Charles Martel on the banks of the Loire, whither they had pushed their victories; in this battle three hundred thousand Moors are related to have perished. Charlemagne, the grandson of Charles Martel,

was

was also engaged in many successful combats with these invaders; but in one of them, the battle of Roncesvalles, so celebrated in Romance, he was defeated, and the Count Palatine Orlando, and many of the peers of France were slain. The Moors, however, by this time, began to find sufficient employment for their arms at home, for the valour of the successors of Pelagius and the Christians, encouraged, no doubt, by the divisions among their enemies, and the many petty sovereignties that started up at the beginning of the eleventh century, had successively formed the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, as well as Leon.

It would greatly exceed the limits of a Preface, to attempt a regular account of these wars; suffice it to say, that Alphonso the VI. conquered Toledo in 1085, when in 1212, another formidable invasion of the Moors, under Miramamolín, from Africa, threatened the entire subjugation of the kingdom of Spain; a battle was at length fought near Toloso, which, after a hard struggle, finally terminated in favor of the Christians. In 1234, Ferdinand the III. conquered Cordova; and from that period, after five hundred years of splendour, the glory of the city declined. About this time a powerful kingdom arose in Granada, which had been peopled at the first invasion of Spain,

by ten thousand horsemen of Syria and Irak, the children of the most noble of the Arabian tribes, who at first made the city of Almeria the seat of government, and residence of their kings, when in 1236, Mahomet Alhamar ascended the throne, and transferred the government to the city of Granada, making it not only the capital of his kingdom, but of all the remaining Moorish territories in Spain. Shortly after this period, Valencia, (which had before, during the time of the famous Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, been won by the Christians) Murcia, Seville, and Andalusia, were taken by king Ferdinand the III. and his successors, notwithstanding which, the city and kingdom of Granada continued to flourish for the space of 255 years, till at length, weakened by intestine divisions, it could no longer withstand the attacks of the united kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, and fell a prey to the triumphant arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was the period of Spanish glory; the Canary Islands were conquered about the same time, and the Continent of America* was also discovered by Columbus.

It

* The letters of Hernando del Pulgar, whom Ginès Perez so frequently quotes, at the conclusion of this history, are particularly interesting, as they relate to the discovery of America, as well as

It would have afforded me a considerable degree of pleasure, to have been able to collect any further authentic memorials of Ginès Perez, the Spanish author, than what he has himself furnished me with. The work before us consists of two volumes, both called *Las Guerras Civiles*, or the Civil Wars of Granada; but the events related in the second volume, happened seventy-seven years after the conquest of that kingdom by the Christians, and record the rebellion of the Moors in the Alpujarra mountains, while the first volume professes uniformly to treat alone of what passed within the city of Granada. In the second volume, however, is contained the only particulars to be gathered of Ginès Perez himself, except as to the manner in which he became possessed of the original manuscript of the Moorish author—page 385; from Ginès Perez we learn, that he lived in the time of the grand rebellion, and followed the standard of the Marquis of Velez, Don Lewis Faxardo, for three years; he declares himself to have been an eye witness of most of

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the

the events contained in *Las Guerras Civiles*, and other affairs of Spain. They are written in pure Latin, and are contained in one folio volume, together with the letters of Peter Martyr. These letters had become exceeding scarce, and not to be found, when the President Lemoignon sacrificed his copy to have them reprinted.

the events which he relates in the second volume, and to have taken particular care in collecting the others from the chief actors themselves. At the conclusion of the history he adds, “Ginès Perez, native of Murcia, finished the fair copy of this work, to the glory of our Lord, on the 22d of November, 1597.” This first volume was printed by John Gracian, in Alcalà of Henares, in the year 1601, at the expence of Angelo Tabano, a Venetian, who seems to have established himself in Madrid, and who has dedicated it to Don John of Arragon. There are two complimentary sonnets to Angelo Tabano, one in Spanish, and one in Italian, and a third to the glory and honor of Spain, which have been omitted in subsequent editions of the work.

I now proceed to speak of the authenticity of the work itself. Ginès Perez affirms, that he took the first volume from the manuscript of a Moor, a native of Granada, whose name appears by the title page to the first edition, to have been Abenhamin; it is affirmed (page 385) that the Moor's grandson gave the manuscript to a Jew, who presented it to Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, lord of Baylen. It seems the Jew was engaged to translate the manuscript into Spanish, but perhaps not being sufficiently acquainted with that language

guage to do justice to his author, or from some other motive, it was afterwards put into the hands of Ginès Perez for the like purpose. If the Arabian manuscript could now be found, by searching the Archives of the Ponce de Leon family, from whom, I believe, the dukes of Arcos are descended, it would establish the fact beyond dispute, which at present is involved in some difficulty; however, I cannot entertain the slightest doubt but Ginès Perez had an original manuscript before him, from which he translated the first volume of his *Las Guerras Civiles*, at the same time, that I am ready to admit, he has introduced many interpolations of his own; a partiality to the Christians prevails through the whole book, and there certainly are some passages which a Moor could not have wrote. But on the other hand, the accurate knowledge of the Moorish tribes and lineages settled in Granada, before the conquest of the city by the monarchs of Castile, could, I think, only be known to a cotemporary Moor, and not to another, who wrote at the distance of a century after the period of the history, and pretty clearly establishes the work to be of Moorish origin.

Ginès Perez constantly refers to the romances or ballads, for the truth of what he affirms, taking great pains to prove the time when, and the persons on whom
they

they were severally made. There is a fragment of one of the ballads, which I purposely reserved from the body of the work to introduce in this place: mentioning at page 51 of the English translation, that the Moor Abenamar was highly enamoured of Galiana of Almeria, Ginès Perez proceeds to inform us, that it was on this Galiana the ballad was made, which he calls a well-known ballad, and not on Galiana of Toledo, as another romance wrongly asserts; “for,” continues he, “the latter lived long prior to the days of the Abenamars, when Toledo was originally in the hands of the Christians, and was carried away from Toledo to Marfeilles, by Charles Martel. Abenamar himself was moreover grandson to the Abenamar, of whom Don John the I. made the demands recorded in the ballad, page 25. It is evident from Ginès Perez that not only one, but two ballads on Galiana, were extant at the time he translated the history, and which he calls well-known ballads; and from this it is clear, the work could not have been wrote to introduce the ballads, as he would not then have broken off with an &c. after the fourth verse, in a ballad so particularly curious, as the reader may judge from the following translation, and which Ginès Perez could only have omitted, from its being, as he relates, a well-known ballad.

In the Almeria *gardens
 Gallant Abenamar stood,
 Fronting Galiana's palace,
 Whom with generous love he woo'd.

Thoughtful on his cloak reclining,
 And his carpet was his shield;
 With his lance fix'd firm before him;
 †Much to fix the lance a-field!

With the bridle reins drawn backward,
 O'er the faddle stands his steed,
 Fast between two neighb'ring land-marks,
 That he may not fray nor feed.

An

* *El huerto*, in the Spanish, signifies a cultivated garden; but *la huerta*, a sub: fem: the cultivated country, which in the fertile parts of Spain is a perfect Paradise, producing vines, figs, almonds, olives, and mulberries, in the greatest perfection, while wheat, barley, and other grain, is sowed beneath the trees, which explains the third verse, where the land-marks are mentioned.

† In combats, where the lance or javelin was thrown from the hand, it would naturally fasten and quiver in the ground; but to dart it down upright or perpendicular, and make it stick fast, which is the meaning of the term *allanar su lanza*, required a considerable exertion of strength.

An almond-tree he was observing,
 Whose fair blossoms by the wind,
 By the bleak north-east were shrivell'd
 Still to every flow'r unkind. &c.

But there is a ballad in the work evidently intended to introduce the names of the princes and captains of king Ferdinand, who were present at the conquest of Granada, which might naturally lead so judicious a reader as Dr. Percy, the present bishop of Dromore, to conclude the history was written as an introduction for the ballads; it is the romance of Garcilaso de la Vega, who twice in the course of the history is mentioned to have died long before the time of the conquest, pages 22 and 104, where his battle was painted on Sarracino's chariot. Ginès Perez has, I am inclined to think, connected and joined the ballad of Garcilaso with some other ballad, which records the building of Santa Fé.

Till the time I was preparing this Preface for the press, I was not aware that any of the ballads from Las Guerras Civiles, had been attempted in English, except the two so beautifully rendered by Dr. Percy, when, turning over Pinkerton's Ancient Ballads, with a friend, I discovered by accident, that the ballads at pages 99 (turned into English in a most unmusical kind of verse) and 132, and three of the ballads on Gazul, improperly

improperly jumbled together, with the ballad on Alonfo de Aguilar, the laft but one in the book; from the mis-translations in the firft of the ballads, I conceive the perfon who attempted the translation had a very imperfect knowledge of the *Spanifh language, and in the laft he fpeaks of the Alpujarra wall, mif-taking the mountains for a city. The fight of thefe ballads have however induced me, in the fmall pocket volume I am publifhing of the ballads in this work, and from the twelve Peers of France, to introduce a fpecimen of, I believe, every kind of regular meafure, in which it is poffible to render the ballads in Englifh. But in the ballads in this work, I have chofen the meafure ufed by Dr. Percy in his Alcanzor and Zayda, and Gentle River, as confidering no fpecies of verfe more appropriate.

Of the pronunciation of the Spanifh language, I fhall only remark, in order to facilitate the reading of the work, that every fyllable is pronounced, and the accents generally laid on the laft but one; this makes Almeria, Andalufia, &c. words of four and five fyllables, pronounced Almērīa, Andālūsīa, Abēncērrāgēs.

Alābez, Gāzūl, Fātīmā, &c. are however exceptions to this rule.

The

* Pinkerton calls this ballad, page 99, one of the weakeft, while D'Israeli, a writer of real tafte, takes notice of its great fimplicity and beauty.

The part of the work, generally considered fabulous, is the inventions mentioned to have been displayed in Abenamar's tilt of the ring; it is certain the mechanical ingenuity and magnificence displayed at this tilt challenges the rivalship of the most improved age in human invention and grandeur. But whether they surpassed the possibility of execution by the people of whom they are recorded, I must leave to the decision of those who have paid more attention to the subject, only remarking that the Moors of Granada were celebrated for their ingenuity and magnificence, and that as to the sports themselves, they remained in use long after the conquest of the kingdom by the Christians. Thus Alonso de Ercilla, in the fifth book of the Araucana, a Spanish epic poem of considerable merit, has these lines:—

As when, in Castile, all in bright array,
 In fêtes of canes the Spanish nobles play,
 When troop to troop in concert they oppose,
 And with light shields repel the well-aim'd blows.

and the game is still in common use among the Arabs.

The sport of bearing off the suspended ring on the point of a lance, readily explains itself; but these and
 many

many other games of chivalry, particularly the Quintain, introduced by Philip the II. into England, were common in these romantic ages.

The ballads in the second volume of *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*, or rather of the rebellion in the *Alpujarras*, are more of an historical nature than those in this volume: but they are not less excellent, and should I be so fortunate as to meet the encouragement of the public, I shall very soon introduce them to notice. Where I found duplicates of the ballads, I have uniformly chosen the one which appeared to me the best, as they could only be rendered into English in nearly the same terms; but at page 218, where there was some little variation in the last three verses, I have translated both of them. The ancient ballads of Spain have an acknowledged pre-eminence over those of other nations, and in point of excellence, Dr. Percy observes, none exceed those of *Las Guerras Civiles*; the English dress they now wear, will, I hope, not appear wholly contemptible; and that the book, which is held in the highest estimation, wherever the Spanish language is understood, may meet a favorable reception in this country.

SONNET,

TO THE GLORY AND HONOR OF SPAIN.

Hail, golden era of illustrious Spain,
When, with transcendent glory, blazon'd high,
Alike both arts and arms triumphant reign,
As shines the sun amidst the starry sky!
Hail, golden era! both with deeds renown'd,
And learning to record thy valour bless'd;
Thy sons are with immortal glory crown'd,
Of noble minds and native worth possess'd.
Well may the sacred nine thy praises sing,
That on Parnassus' happy summit dwell,
Where rich draughts quaffing at the plenteous spring,
They tune to heavenly strains the breathing shell.
O'er thee, delighted, still they love to pour
The choicest treasures of their ample store.

It is requested no person will attempt to set any of the ballads in this, or the small volume, to music, as they are already in the hands of an eminent composer, and will be published by subscription, whereof due notice will be given.

ERRATA.

Page 62, line 5, for *love*, read *leave*.
— 63, — 17, — *from*, — *to*.
— 366, — 14, — 1791, — 1491.
— 405, — 21, — *the*, — *he*.

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1801.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
CIVIL WARS OF GRANADA.

CHAP. I.

*The Foundation of the City—Its Kings—Inroad to
Lorca.*

THE illustrious and renowned city of Granada was founded by a very fair lady, the daughter or niece of king Hispan; it was originally built in a delightful spacious plain, at the foot of the Sierra Elvira, near the village of Albolote, (in Arabic, Albolut) about two leagues from its present situation, receiving the name of Iliberia from the infanta its foundress.

After a few years the inhabitants, not being altogether pleased with the spot, removed to the neighbourhood of the *Sierra Nevada, and built the present city between the two rivers Genil and Darro, formed by the

B

melting

* The snowy mountain.

melting of the snow on the mountain. In the sands of the Darro is found gold, and in the Genil silver (as the Moorish author relates) and this is no fable, as Gines Perez adds that he has repeatedly seen both gold and silver collected out of these rivers.* In this latter situation was this famous city re-founded upon three hills, as it appears at the present day; and upon each of these hills a castle was erected; the first called the Red Tower, fronting the Genil and the Vega, or the plain, (a plain twenty-four miles in length, and twelve in breadth, watered by two small streams, the Veito and the Monachil, extending from the skirts of the Sierra Nevada to the fountain of Pines, and onward to a great wood, called the wood of Rome) and the quarter of the city immediately round the Red Tower, which is extremely populous, is called Antequera. The second castle, or fortress, stands upon an adjoining hill, rather higher than the former, and is called the Alhambra; this being a place of considerable strength, was chosen for the residence of the kings of Granada. The other castle, or fort, stands upon a third hill, named the Albaycin, where also the town is very full of inhabitants. Between the Albaycin and the Alhambra flows the Darro, whose banks are beautifully adorned with trees.

This city was not like the former, called Iliberia, but Granada, from the circumstance of a very beautiful damsel, named Granata, being found in a cave near the Darro, and from whom, by the corruption of a letter, the city took its new appellation. Others, *visitã equal*

* The Spanish Government now prohibits any one, under severe penalties, from searching these rivers.

equal probability, suppose that the vast number of houses lying close together, like the kernels of a pomegranate, gave origin to the name. The city of Granada increased in opulence and population till the unhappy time when king Rodrigo lost Spain, which, however, being foreign to this history, I shall only mention that after Spain was lost, to the very bounds of Asturias and Biscay, and was entirely overrun with Moors, under the command of the African chiefs, Tarif and Muza, the city of Granada was also seized upon, and in a short time, sharing the fate of the rest of the kingdom, became an African settlement. One thing, however, is deserving of remark, with respect to Granada, that among the numerous Moorish nations, who flocked to Spain, the best and noblest, that came with Muza, settled in this city, on account of its beauty and fertility, and the pleasantness of its situation. Tarif was not less delighted with Cordova, nor his son Balagir with Seville, where he became king, as the chronicle of king Rodrigo informs us. But neither in Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Valencia, Murcia, or any other of the Spanish cities, was to be found such noble Moorish families as in Granada, and in support of this statement, I shall hereafter enumerate some of them, and whence they originally came, though not to be too prolix, I shall only mention those of the most renown.

Notwithstanding the city had fallen into the hands of the Moors, superb edifices were continually erecting; for being under the dominion of valiant and magnificent kings, they built large Mosques, spacious squares, and strong walls and towers to prevent the city from being re-taken by the Christians. They also built the

strong castles that are still to be seen without the walls; first the castle of Bibatambin, with its wide ditch, and draw-bridge; the towers of the gate of Elvira, and of the Alcazara; the square of Vilabolut, and the famous towers of Azeytuno, that lies in the road to Guadix; besides many others worthy of memory, which, in the course of our history, we shall have occasion to remark. It may not be amiss to give some account in this place, of the kings and Caliphs that reigned in Granada, and indeed over all Spain; but not to waste the time of my readers, I shall confine myself to the Moorish kings in their regular succession, omitting its former caliphs and lords, and following Stephen Garribai and Zamalloa.

The first king of Granada was Mahomet Alhamar; he reigned twenty-seven years and some months, ending in 1263.

The second king was Mahomet Emir-Almuzmelin; he built the castle of the Alhambra, extremely rich and strong, as it remains to this day; after a glorious reign of thirty-nine years, he died in 1302.

The third king was Mahomet Abenhalamar; he was deprived of his kingdom, and imprisoned by his brother, after reigning near seven years, ending in 1309.

The fourth king was Mahomet Abenazar, whose nephew, Ismael, deposed him in 1313, after a reign of four years.

The fifth king Ismael, was killed by his kinsmen and officers, after a reign of nine years, ending in 1322.

The sixth king was called Mahomet ; he also was slain treacherously by his subjects, after reigning twenty-one years, ending in 1343.

The seventh king was Jusuf Hacen Hamet ; he also perished by treason, after a reign of eleven years, ending in 1354.

The eighth king was Mahomet Lagus ; he was deposed after reigning six years, ending in 1360.

The ninth king was Mahomet Abenhalamar, who was killed by Don Pedro the cruel, in Seville, whither he had gone to entreat his friendship and favor. Don Pedro killed him with a spear with his own hand, and ordered all his retinue to be slain ; Mahomet reigned two years, ending in 1362. His head was sent as a present to the city of Granada.

Mahomet Lagus re-ascended the throne, and reigned altogether twenty-three years, ending in 1379.

The tenth king was Mahomet Guadix ; he reigned thirteen years in peace, dying in 1392.

The eleventh king was Jusuf the II. killed by putting on a poisoned garment sent him by the king of Fez, after a reign of four years, ending in 1396.

The twelfth king was Mahomet Abembalva ; he reigned twelve years, and died by putting on an envenomed shirt in 1408.

The thirteenth king was Jusuf the III. he reigned fifteen years, dying in 1423.

The fourteenth king was Mahomet Abenazar, the left-handed ; after reigning four years, he was deposed in 1427.

The fifteenth king was Mahomet Pequeña, or the little ; his head was taken off by Mahomet Abenazar,

before-mentioned, assisted by Mahomet Carrax, an Abencerrage, after the former had reigned two years, ending in 1429, Mahomet Abenazar re-ascended the throne, and was again deposed by Jusuf Abenalmao.

The sixteenth king was Jusuf Abenalmao, who died after a reign of only six months; Mahomet Abenazar re-ascended the throne for the third time, and died, or was confined in prison by his successor, in 1445.

The seventeenth king was Abenhozmin, the lame, in whose time happened the bloody battle of the Alporchones, Don John the II. then reigning in Castile. And since I have mentioned this battle, it may not be unentertaining to relate the particulars.

The Spanish and Arabian chronicles equally inform us, that king Hosnin had in his court many valiant and noble gentlemen. In Granada alone there were thirty-two different lineages, as Zegries, Gomeles, Vanegas, Abencerrages, all of the first rank. Malique Alabeces also, descended from the kings of Fez and Morocco, in whom the kings of Granada always reposed the highest confidence, appointing them Alcaydes, or governors, in different parts of the kingdom, and especially in the frontier towns, and posts of consequence. Malique Alabez, a brave and gallant gentleman, was Alcayde of Vera; his brother, Mahomet Malique Alabez of Velez el Blanco, or the white; a third brother, a great friend to the Christians, of Velez el Rubio, or the red. There was a fourth Alabez in Xiquena, a fifth in Tirieza, the frontier towns of Lorca, in the neighbourhood of Calice and Cuellar; they held the command also in Benamaurel, Castilla, Cayises, and other parts of the kingdom.

There

There were moreover many other valiant gentlemen whom the king highly valued; amongst them Abidbar of the race of the Gomeles, an experienced general, and chief captain of the troops, who finding no opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field, requested the king's permission to make an excursion into the Christian territories of Lorca, Murcia, and Carthagena, adding that he hoped to take many captives, and return with rich spoils. The king answered, that he was by no means ignorant of his merit, and would grant his request, as it would be only exercising his troops; but, continued he, I am rather doubtful of your success, as the Christians of those parts are all excellent soldiers. Abidbar desired his majesty to entertain no apprehensions of this kind, as he should be attended by so many brave Alcaydes and gallant cavaliers, that there would be no risk in passing forward even to Valencia. The king therefore gave him full authority to act as he pleased; whereupon, kissing the king's hand, he hastened to his palace, and ordering the drums and trumpets to sound an alarm; a very great and well equipped body of troops, immediately assembled to learn the motive. Abidbar, highly pleased to see so large a company, informed them it was his intention to make an excursion to the Christian kingdom of Murcia, whence, says he, if it pleases Alla, we shall return with great riches; therefore, friends, let every one whose mind is bold enough to undertake the enterprize, join my standard.

He was answered with loud acclamations by all present, and shortly after, he left Granada, with many horse and foot, and marching to Guadix, he entered

into a conference with Almoradi, the Alcayde of that city, who offered to attend him with all his troops. Here also, he was joined by Malique Alabez, the Alcayde of Almeria, and many other resolute and experienced foldiers; from thence he went to Baza, where Abenaziz was governor, who also joined him with eleven other neighbouring Alcaydes, on the news of his intended expedition. At length he came to Vera, where the general rendezvous was appointed, and where one of the noble Malique Alabeces commanded. The army now mustered as follows :

Abidbar, the general.

Abenaziz, Alcayde of Baza.

Abenaziz, his brother, Captain of the troops of the Vega of Granada.

Almoradi, Alcayde of Guadix.

Malique Alabez of Vera.

Alabez of Velez el Rubio.

Alabez of Velez el Blanco,

Alabez of Almeria.

Alabez of Cuellar.

Alabez of Huefcar.

Alabez of Orce.

Alabez of Purchena.

Alabez of Xiquena.

Alabez of Tirieza.

Alabez of Caniles.

All these Alabeces were relations; and here also in Vera, the Alcaydes of Mojacar, Sorbas and Lobrin, joined the collected forces, and, upon a general muster, they
amounted

amounted to six hundred horse, and fifteen hundred foot; or according to others, to eight hundred horse, and two thousand foot. A considerable force being thus assembled on the 12th or 14th of March, 1453, they resolutely entered the confines of Lorca, and by way of the sea-coast reached the environs of Carthagena, overrunning the whole country as far as St. Gines and Penatat, doing much damage, and taking a great many prisoners, with a vast quantity of cattle; with these spoils they were returning home in high spirits, when arriving at the foot of the Sierra of Aguderas they called a council, to consider whether they should return by the way of the coast, or march through the plains of Lorca. Various opinions arose, some preferring the former route for its safety, while others concluded it was more honourable to pass by Lorca, in defiance of the Christian troops. All the Alabeces were of the latter opinion, and the rest of the Moors, hearing the bold resolution of their captains, with one consent took the Lorca road, leaning rather towards the Sierra or mountain of Aguderas.

The inhabitants of Lorca were already apprized of the invasion, and Don Alonzo Faxardo, their governor, had wrote to Don Diego de Ribera, the Corregidor of Murcia, to hasten to his assistance with all the troops he could raise; the Corregidor was by no means idle, and left Murcia with seventy horse, and five hundred foot, all resolute soldiers, and extremely well equipped. Alonzo de Lifon, knight of the order of St. James, who was then Castellán of the castle and fort of Aledo, brought also nine horse and fourteen foot, not being able to spare more.

The

The Moors, who were marching with all imaginable speed in full view of Lorca, captured a gentleman, named Quiñonero, who had gone out to reconnoitre, and as the troops of Lorca and Murcia were approaching, the Moors were greatly astonished at the numbers ready to oppose them, and could not imagine how so gallant an army could be found in Lorca. Malique Alabez, after depriving Quiñonero of his horse and arms, commanded him, as he valued life, to answer his questions faithfully, which gives us room to introduce the first of those curious ballads from the Spanish and Arabic, which record the history of these times.

“ Christian captive, let not fortune
 “ Cast thy noble spirit down,
 “ Fear not thou thy name to tell me,
 “ Nought shall fully thy renown.

“ For altho’ you are my prisoner,
 “ Yet with ransom soon you may,
 “ If you will the truth discover,
 “ Freely journey on your way.”

“ My name, signor, is Quiñonero,
 “ Lorca is my native place ;
 “ Fear’s a stranger to my bosom,
 “ I am of a noble race.

“ Such the chance of fickle war is,
 “ Such the fortune of the brave,
 “ To-morrow you may be my captive,
 “ Tho’ to-day I bow your slave.

“ Ask

- “ Ask me then and I will tell you,
“ Let what will my fate befall ;
“ Think not fear witholds my speaking,
“ I shall dare to tell you all.”
- “ Hark! I hear the trumpets founding,
“ See the streaming colours flow ;
“ Horse and foot I hear them trampling,
“ Where you peaceful olives grow.
- “ And I wish, bold Quiñonero,
“ Much to know the names they bear,
“ What the standards, who the warriors,
“ In you fierce battalion are ?”
- “ That red flag with six gold arrows,
“ And rich gold embroider'd round,
“ Is of Murcia's royal kingdom,
“ By the christians much renown'd.
- “ And the one, whose shining blazon
“ Doth a king in armour shew,
“ Is of Lorca, as you often
“ To your sad experience know.
- “ For 'tis on Granada's frontiers,
“ And its utmost limit bounds ;
“ Foremost in the shock of battle,
“ When the martial trumpet sounds.

“ They

- “ They are a brave and gallant people,
“ And in feats of arms excel :
“ If ought else you chose to ask me,
“ Signor, I no more can tell.
- “ Hasten quick, prepare for combat,
“ For your spoils they will contend :
“ Hark! with shouts they come to meet you,
“ And your bold excursions end.”
- “ True, they hasten! gracious Alla,
“ Deign my fervent prayers to hear,
“ If they once our ramparts enter,
“ Then our fate will be severe.
- “ For if with unequalld valour,
“ They should force a passage through,
“ Well it may be then imagin'd
“ What dire slaughter must ensue.
- “ Friends to arms, behold them coming,
“ Nothing their swift course impedes ;
“ Sound the trumpets, let th' Alhambra
“ Hear our great and gallant deeds!”

The Moors having accordingly by this time firmly entrenched themselves behind a bank of sand, awaited the approaching combat, in deep anxiety.

CHAP. II.

The Battle of the Alporchones.—Life of the Kings of Granada continued.

SCARCE had Alabez done speaking, when the christian squadron attacked the Moors with such impetuosity and resolution that, in the very first onset, they passed the bank; the Moors however betrayed not the least symptoms of terror, but rather fought with heightened courage. When Quiñonero saw the great tumult around him, he called to a christian foldier to cut the cords that bound his hands and feet, which being done, he seized the horse of a dead Moor, his lance and buckler also, and, as he was a very valiant gentleman, performed wonders against his enemies. The Moorish captains, and particularly Malique Alabez of Vera, now displayed their courage so eminently that the christians were on the point of being driven back over the bank, when Alonzo Faxardo, Alonzo de Lison, and Diego de Ribera, with the chief gentlemen of Lorca and Murcia, uniting together in a body, stood their ground so firmly that the Moors were at length broken, and a very great slaughter ensued among them.

The valiant Alabeces and Almoradi, the Alcaide of Guadix, rejoining their main body, came pouring down again upon the Christians, killing and wounding, on
all

all sides. The Christian phalanx, however, stood firm; when Abenaziz of Baza having slain a Christian with his spear, presently threw himself into the thickest of their squadron, signaling himself by his noble deeds. Alonzo de Lifon, seeing the Christian fall, burnt with impatience to revenge his death, and, following Abenaziz instantly, called aloud to him to defend himself. The Moor, looking around, perceived a knight of great valour, as he wore the cross of St. James, advancing towards him, and thinking to carry so rich a spoil to Baza, he attacked Don Alonzo with the utmost resolution, but de Lifon defended himself so skilfully, and handled the Moor so roughly, that he was presently wounded in two different places; glowing with resentment, Abenaziz tried every method to retaliate, but in the struggle unhappily met his fate, Don Alonzo giving him so fierce a blow on the breast with his spear, that the coat of mail, unable to resist the force of the stroke, was pierced, and the spear passing entirely through his body, threw him dead from his horse: Don Alonzo's charger at the same time being desperately wounded, he was obliged to quit it, and seize the Alcayde of Baza's horse, which was an extraordinary good one; and leaping on his back, Don Alonzo boldly pushed into the thickest of the battle, shouting aloud, St. James and Spain.

Faxardo and the Corregidor of Murcia performed wonders, and the troops of Murcia and Lorca fought so manfully that the Moors were a second time put to the rout: the valour of the Cavaliers of Granada was however so great, and their captains, aided by Alabez, inspired them with such spirit, that in an instant they
rallied,

rallied, and returned to the charge, as if nothing had happened. The battle now became extremely bloody, and the field was almost impassable from the number of men and horse that were slain, and so great was the cloud of dust, that it was impossible for the soldiers to see each other; yet neither the Moors nor the Christians ceased to fight with all possible fury.

Alabez of Vera had particularly distinguished himself, by the slaughter of many Christians, which exceedingly grieving the noble Alcayde of Lorca, he attacked him so vigorously that Alabez was astonished, but unappalled by fear, he defended himself against his antagonist, giving him many desperate strokes in return with his lance, that, had not the Alcayde been well armed, must have put an end to his life. The Moor's strength was great, but not equal to Faxardo's, who having broken his spear in the rencontre, in an instant drew his sword, and summoning all his strength to his aid, attacked Alabez with such rapidity, that he struck the spear out of his hand; the Moor instantly drew his scimeter, when the gallant chief, regardless of the danger, covering himself with his buckler, rushed upon Alabez, and with a dreadful stroke cut away a great part of his shield, and at the same time nearly unhorsed him. Alabez, finding his adversary so near, aimed a blow at his head, thinking at once to end the combat, and Faxardo would indeed have been badly wounded, had he not dexterously turned aside. At this instant the Moor's horse fell through loss of blood; and the very moment his rider was on the ground, he was surrounded by the infantry of
Lorca,

Lorca, who wounded him on all sides, which Faxardo perceiving leaped from his horse to the ground, and intrepidly running up to Alabez, grasped him so firmly in his arms, that no longer able to defend himself, he was made a prisoner and borne away from the field.

The carnage still continued very great, and none of the Moorish captains were to be seen, which spread such an alarm amongst their troops, that they no longer fought with the same vigour. The people of Lorca and Murcia behaved that day very gallantly, immortalizing themselves to posterity.

The Moorish chief Abidbar looking round the field, and finding none of the Alcaydes left, withdrew to a small eminence to take a view of the battle, when seeing it in so desperate a state, he returned like a lion to the charge, but being warned by his soldiers of the total slaughter of their leaders, excepting Alabez of Vera, who had been taken prisoner, and losing all hopes of victory, he ordered a retreat to be sounded, which signal the Moors hearing, instantly obeyed, and perceiving their general fly by the Sierra of Aguderas, they followed him in the greatest consternation, the Christians pursuing, wounding, and killing so many of them that three hundred only escaped. The Christians pursued the Moors to the very fountain of Pulpi, close to Vera; and that day having gained a most signal victory, they returned home elated with success and loaded with the spoils of the Moors; this battle happening on the festival of St. Patrick, the inhabitants of Lorca and Murcia continue to celebrate the event to this day.

Alonzo

Alonzo Faxardo intended to conduct Alabez to his own house, and was entering a postern to pass through his garden, when Alabez exclaimed, he was of too great dignity to be treated in this manner, and declared he would enter by no other than the royal gate of the city; persisting so obstinately in his resolution, that Faxardo, in the heat of his resentment, slew him on the spot.

Such was the end of the gallant Alcayde of Vera: twelve other Alcaydes, his relations, and his brothers of Velez el Blanco and el Rubio, with eighteen hundred of the Moorish troops, fell in the combat. Forty Christians only were slain, and two hundred wounded.

It is now time to return to General Abidbar, whom we left flying from the field; and who no sooner arrived at Granada, than the king, informed of the loss of the battle, ordered his head to be struck off, for not dying, like a brave foldier, with the troops he commanded.

This battle happened, as was before-mentioned, at the time that Don John the II. reigned in Castile, and Abenhozmin in Granada. It is recorded in the ensuing ballad:—

In the walls of rich Granada,
 Hark! what mean those rude alarms;
 In the streets of the Gomeles,
 Trumpets call the brave to arms.

At Abidbar's princely palace,
For his martial prowess fam'd,
Soldiers there are call'd together,
And a fally thus proclaim'd.

“ Friends, I mean to scour fair Lorca,
“ Friends, I mean to scour its field,
“ Three Alcaydes will attend me,
“ To my standard honor yield.

“ Almoradi of fair Guadix,
“ Valiant and of royal race,
“ And the gallant Abenaziz,
“ Baza is his native place.

“ Last comes Alabez of Vera,
“ An undaunted matchless knight,
“ Well he knows to lead the soldiers,
“ Well to lead the doubtful fight.”

Now in Vera they assemble,
And a general council hold,
Carthagena's field to enter,
Such their resolution bold,

Alabez they make their General,
For his skill in arms renown'd;
Here twelve more Alcaydes join them
From the neighb'ring cities round.

Needless here it is to name them ;
 Now the Moors their march begin,
 By the fountain of fair Pulpe,
 Where Los Peynes haven's scen.

Onward then tow'rs Carthagena
 Their destructive road they take,
 Riches, cattle, Christian prifoners,
 Spoils in vast abundance make.

Thus the country round they ravage,
 Thus they scour it far and near,
 From the border of Saint Ginès,
 To the edge of Pinatar.

Tow'rs fair Vera then returning
 With the wealth of foes fo bold,
 And at Puntaron arriving,
 They a fecond council hold.

Whether they fhould pafs by Lorca,
 Or the fea-coaft march along,
 Alabez the firft determines,
 For the Moorifh hoft was ftrong.

And to fhew how light he priz'd it,
 And his fierce difdain to prove,
 Now with drums and trumpets founding,
 They in ftately columns move.

When in Lorca and in Murcia
This event so great was known,
Forth they fall with the captain
Of Aledo, nam'd Lisòn.

Clofe beside the Alporchones,
Onward as they march with speed,
They discern the Moorish warriors,
Who the Christians little heed.

With them was a noble captive,
One of an illustrious fame,
Lorca was his native city,
Quiñonero was his name.

When brave Alabez descry'd them,
Much his wonder he express'd,
To his Christian prisoner turning,
Quiñonero he address'd:—

“ Quiñonero, tell me truly,
“ As you are a noble knight,
“ Whence those standards by yon olives,
“ Signals of the bloody fight?”

Quiñonero soon replying,
Did in answer truly say,
“ They are of Lorca, and of Murcia,
“ Of no other cities they.

“ Save

“ Save, Aledo’s brave commander,
“ Sprung of France’s royal blood,
“ Noble, and exceeding valiant,
“ In the combat few so good.

“ All their deeds are stout and haughty,
“ Train’d in battle to engage.”

Valiant Alabez thus answer’d,
Mad with fury, stung with rage.

“ Tho’ their deeds are stout and haughty,
“ They the ramparts shall not gain,
“ If they bravely once leap over,
“ Great the loss we must sustain.”

Whilst thus eagerly discoursing,
Came Ribera’s daring band,
And fair Lorca’s good Alcayde ;
Who can their joint force withstand ?

That Alcayde is Faxardo.—
“ Hark ! the trumpet calls away.”
He is brave, his people valiant—
“ Hark again ! I must not stay.”

In the first severe encounter,
They the daring Moors subdued,
Tho’ their numbers were superior,
Yet they force the ramparts through.

Alabez a place clears round him,
 Of such wond'rous valour he,
 'Mongst the Christians makes such slaughter,
 'Twas a grief the deed to see.

Valiant were the Christian heroes,
 Nothing could resist their might,
 Moors they flew in such vast numbers,
 'Twas a still more wond'rous fight.

With three hundred horse retiring,
 The poor wreck that only 'scapes,
 By the side of Aguderas,
 Now his flight Abidbar shapes.

Alabez by brave Faxardo
 Was a hapless captive made,
 When Abidbar reach'd Granada,
 There his life the forfeit paid.

Abenhozmin reigned eight years, and was deprived of his kingdom by his successor, in 1453.

The eighteenth king of Granada was Ismael. In his time died Garcilaso de la Vega, in a skirmish between the Moors and the Christians. Ismael reigned twelve years, ending in 1465.

The nineteenth king of Granada was Muley-hascem, or as others call him Albo-hascem, son of Ismael. In his time happened many great events. He had a son named Boabdil, and (according to the Moorish historian) an illegitimate son also, called Muza, whose mother was a Christian captive. Muley-hascem had likewise

likewise a brother, of the same name as his son, Boabdil, or Abdallah. Many of the Moorish nobility, being at variance with the father, chose the son for their prince, calling him the Little King.

Thus Granada saw itself under the dominion of two kings, which occasioned disturbances to happen every day between their different partisans, ending in the death of either friend or foe; but although the city was governed in this strange manner, the war with the Christians was by no means neglected. The father kept his court in the Alhambra, and the son in the Albaycin; when either was absent from Granada, the entire government devolved on the other.*

It was king Muley-hascem who adorned Granada with so many noble works. He built the most superb edifices with his great wealth; he ornamented and finally completed the †Alhambra in a very costly stile; built also the tower of Gomares, and the hall of the Lions, which takes its name from a spacious basin in the middle of it, guarded by twelve large alabaster lions, very curiously sculptured. The whole saloon is paved with fine tiles, after the Moorish fashion. Muley-hascem also dammed up the waters of the Alhambra,

c †

and

* We do not learn the motive of this dereliction of the Moorish nobility from Muley-hascem, till very late in the history, and as there it may escape notice, it certainly cannot be improper to inform the reader, that it was occasioned by his having beheaded four of the Abencerrages.

† The Alhambra is rather a fortress, than a single palace, containing many houses and streets within it; the royal palace itself was built on the summit of the hill, upon which the fortress is erected. It is the most superb monument of antiquity in Spain.

made the famous reservoir within it; built the tower of the bell, whence the whole city and the Vega may be seen at a view: he also planted a large grove close beneath the royal apartments of the Alhambra, or rather a park, which he well stocked with deer and rabbits, and which continue to this very day. He caused the Alixares to be covered over with blue and gold, a work of so costly a nature, that the artificer who undertook it, gained a hundred doubloons every day.* He built also a pleasure-house on the hill of the Sun, or (as it is now called) of St. Helena, and another for his poultry. He had, moreover, a delightful garden on the banks of the Darro; it contained all manner of fruits, beautiful alabaster fountains, seats, and walks planted with myrtles. There also Muley-hascem built a noble palace, with many saloons, balconies, and windows superbly gilt, and in the principal saloon he placed the portraits of all the Moorish kings of Granada to his time, finished by the most eminent hands: and in a second apartment, all the battles of the Moors and Christians, most admirably executed. In short, the palaces and public buildings of Granada, were so strong and sumptuous, that most of them, (and indeed all that have not been expressly demolished) remain entire to this very day. It was on account of these works, that king John the I. as he was on the banks
of

* About £90. It is impossible to read this account of the munificence of king Muley-hascem, without calling to mind king Solomon. At the very moment the kingdoms of Judah and Granada were so superbly adorned by their respective sovereigns, and the arts had reached the highest pitch of perfection, we see them rent, and overturned by intestine divisions.

of the Genil, asked the questions which the ancient ballad records of Abenamar the old.

“ Abenamar, Abenamar,
“ Valiant knight of Moorish birth,
“ The day that you were born discover’d
“ Signs in heaven, and signs in earth.

“ The raging sea was calm and quiet,
“ And the moon encreas’d on high.
“ Moor that’s born beneath these omens,
“ He should scorn to tell a lie.”

Thus did Abenamar answer,
You shall hear what he did say :—

“ A lie, Signor, I will not tell you,
“ Tho’ my life the forfeit pay.

“ From a noble Moor, my father,
“ And a Christian captive sprung,
“ Often would my mother tell me,
“ When I was an urchin young,

“ That to utter wilful falsehood
“ Did all other guilt excel:
“ Speak Signor, and I will answer,
“ I the truth will simply tell.”

“ Abenamar, much I thank thee,
“ Thank this generous speech of thine ;
“ Say what castles are those yonder,
“ Castles high that brightly shine ?”

“ One,

- “ One, my lord, is the Alhambra,
“ One a Mofque for worship pure,
“ The other is the Alijares,
“ That fhall endless fame procure.
- “ For the skilful Moor who built it,
“ A hundred doubloons gain’d a day ;
“ And the day he ceas’d to labour,
“ Did the fame a forfeit pay.
- “ The other is the Generalife,
“ For its beauteous gardens fam’d ;
“ And the laft a ftrong-built caftle,
“ By the Moors th’ Red Tow’r nam’d.”

Thus the king Don John he answer’d,
You fhall hear what he reply’d :—
“ If you chufe to keep Granada,
“ You muft now become my bride.*

- “ And the day we are united,
“ And the nuptial rites are o’er,
“ Rich Seville, and proud Cordova,
“ Thefe fhall be your wedding dow’r.”

- “ Don John I am already marry’d,
“ And no widow left forlorn,
“ The Moor I ferve he loves me dearly,
“ Dearer far than any born.”

King

* The city of Granada is here personified under the name of Abenamar.

King Muley-hascem was so prosperous and happy, that among all the Moorish lords and caliphs, and all the mighty sultans of his religion, he was excelled by the Grand Signor alone, yet fortune threw him down from the height of his throne, as we shall hereafter relate. He was served by many gentlemen of high and royal birth, for as we have already mentioned, Granada alone boasted thirty-two famous lineages, besides many other powerful noblemen, the descendants of the chiefs, who led the Moors from Africa, and conquered Spain. They are enumerated in the following chapter, and the countries whence they originally came.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Moorish Families of Granada—The Places beneath its Dominion—The Master of Calatrava's Letter to the King of Granada.

HAVING already given some description of the city, we now proceed to its noble inhabitants, and the towns and castles belonging to the kingdom. But first, as to its thirty-two lineages, or families of nobility.

Almoradies	from	Morocco
Alabezes		Alarbes
Bencerrages		Alarbes
Alquifaez		Fez
Llegas		Fez
Gazules		Alarbes
Vanegas		Fez
Zegries		Fez
Mazas		Fez
Gomeles		Velez de la Gomera
Abencerrages		Morocco
Albayaldos		Morocco
Abenamares		Morocco
Aliatares		Morocco
Almohadies		Fez
Audallas		Morocco

Hazenos

Hazenos	from	Fez
Langetes		Fez
Azarques		Fez
Alarifes		Velez de la Gomera
Abenjaminés		Morocco
Zumelas		Morocco
Sarracinos		Morocco
Mofarix		Tremecen
Abenchoares		Tremecen
Almanzores		Fez
Abidbares		Fez
Reduanes		Morocco
Aldoladines		Morocco
Alducarines		Morocco
Aldoradines		Morocco

The Malique Alabeces were descended from king Almohabez Malique, the king of Cuco.

The towns and cities of the kingdom are recorded as follows:—

Of the Vega, or Plain of Granada.

Granada	Alcala the Royal	La Zubia
Alendin	Moclin	Alhama
Gabia the Great	Colomera	Loxa and Lora
Gabia the Little	Ifnaloz	Guadahortuna
Alfacar	Malacena	Cardela
Pinos	Cogollos	Yllora
Albolote	Los Padules	Famala
Monte frio	Albadia	Cuelma

In the Circle of Baza.

Baza	Cañtril	Orce	Velez el Blanco
Zugar	Benamaurel	Galera	Velez el Rubio
Freylla	Castilleja	Cuellar	Xiquena
Benzalema	Huescar	Caniles	Tirieza

Of the River Almanzora.

Seron	Ovora	Bentigla	Cabrera
Tijola	Santopetar	Albanchez	Terefa
Bayarque	Guercal	Cantoria	Antas
Armuna	Las Cuevas	Eria	Sorbas
Purchena	Portilla	El Boz	Lobrin
Urcila	Vera	Alborcas	Ulcila del Campo
Urraca	Mojacar	Patabola	Serena
Zumuitin	Turre	Zurguena	Guebro

Of Filabores.

Filabores	Sierro	El Voludia	Vacare	Geral
-----------	--------	------------	--------	-------

Of the River of Almeria.

Almeria	Alhamaca la Seca	Lacunque	Esficcion
Enix	Terque	Ragul	Cagiyar
Fenix	Santa Fé	Guecija	Mieles
Vicar	Abiater	Gueneja	Marchena
Guercal	Rioja	Ohanez	
Pichina	Ylar	Almancata	

Of the Circle of Andarax and Oxicar.

Andarax	Las Albulenas	Ynox	Valor el Alto
Oxicar	Las Guaxaras Altas	Tabernas	Valor el Chico
			Barchal

Barchal	Las Guaxaras	Bachas	Potox	Cadiar
Lanjaro	Castillo del Hierro		Alcundiar	Fiñana
Murtal	Canile	Azeytuum	Guadix	La Calahorra
Tuton	Dalaos		Lapeca	Carriana
Berja			Veas	

The above, and many other towns of the Alpujarras, Sierra Bermeja, and Ronda, whose number it is almost impossible to reckon, were under the dominion of the crown of Granada.

We shall now return to the Malique Alabeces, Moorish noblemen, who were equally respected by the sovereigns and the inhabitants of Granada.

When Mirammolin of Morocco assembled the kings of Africa to the enterprize of invading Spain, a king named Abdelrhamen brought a thousand warriors, and another, called Muley Alboal, was attended by five and twenty other Moorish kings, and a vast multitude of troops; one of these kings was Mahommed Malique Almohabez, king of Cuco, who had three sons, celebrated for their bravery, and all named after their father—These kings were the conquerors of the country, and in the great battle wherein Don Rodrigo and the whole flower of Spain fell, king Almohabez was slain by the hands of the *Infante Don Sancho: but his three sons continued to fight in all the wars, during the eight years they lasted, till Spain was entirely subdued, after which the eldest of the three sons returned to his father's dominions in Africa, and became king

* The title by which all the sons of the king of Spain are distinguished, excepting the eldest, who is styled the prince.

king there, and his children became kings of Fez and Morocco; one of these descendants had a son called Abomelique, who passed over to Spain at a time when the kings of Castile and Granada were engaged in war, and by the assistance of his relations, the Alabeces, descendants of the other two sons of Almohabez, who had settled in Granada, became king of Algeciras, Ronda, and Gibraltar.

Besides the riches these Alabeces had acquired, many valuable estates were given to them by the kings of Granada, not only on account of their noble descent, but as a reward for their distinguished valour. They had also contracted alliances with the first families of the city, particularly with the Almoradies, and served their kings with fidelity on all occasions; these, and the Abencerrages, were esteemed the two most noble lineages of all the city.

But to return to our history, the Arabic informs us that Muley-hascem kept a very splendid court, and employed noblemen of the greatest capacity in the management of his affairs, whereby he long maintained his kingdom in tranquillity, whilst he was continually harrassing the Christians. Boabdil however, the son of Muley-hascem, grew extremely powerful, and after various disputes with his father was raised to the throne by some of the nobility who had grown discontented with Muley-hascem. Such was the state of affairs in Granada, altho' at the same time the kingdom was very equitably governed; king Boabdil however undertook the chief management of the administration, as he was finally

finally heir to the throne, but what he did was not entirely without his father's approbation.*

Of the thirty-two lineages in the city, each lineage consisting of at least an hundred families, we shall now mention those who belonged to the court, being of great importance to the present history, as the Moor Abenhamin, who wrote the records of these times, from the first arrival of the Moors in Spain, relates, who took great care to collect all the letters and papers relative to Granada, and its first and second foundation. These noblemen were the

Alhamares	Langetes	Almoradies	Abenamares
Alabeces	Mazas	Abencerrages	Gazules
Gomeles	Zegries	Vanegas	

The Abencerrages were very much beloved, and their race was of high and distinguished rank, being descended from the brave captain Abenraho, who came over with Muza. The deeds of these gallant knights are to be found in the Archives of Castile, to which Gines Perez refers the reader. The Alabeces were leagued in the strictest friendship with Muza, the Little King's brother, and the Abencerrages.

At this time very great rejoicings were made in Granada, on account of king Boabdil's coronation, which had taken place much against the will of his father, who kept his court in the Alhambra, and his son in

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the

* Muley-hascem's son was either called the Little King from his stature, or because it seems probable, from this passage, that his authority was at first inferior to his father's in the government.

the Albaycin and Alcazaba, and was there attended by all the principal nobility, from whom he had received the crown, Muza presiding over the ceremonies and fêtes on the occasion. It happened at this juncture of time that Don Rodrigo Tellez Giron, master of the order of *Calatrava, with a large body of horse and foot was scouring the Vega, and had taken great spoils, but not as yet satisfied, he wished to know whether there were any gentlemen in Granada, who would venture to meet him hand to hand, and hearing of the rejoicings in the city, he sent his squire with a letter to the king, who was then at the Generalife, diverting himself with his lords. The squire, on his arrival, made the accustomed obeisance, and respectfully presented the letter to his majesty, which he thus read aloud:—

“ Illustrious Sire,

“ May your majesty enjoy the new crown your virtue has acquired, as long and as prosperously as your heart can wish! For my part I rejoice, though our faith is different; but I trust, ere long, that the Almighty will open your majesty’s eyes, and bring you and your’s to the knowledge of his blessed Son Jesus, and to the friendship of the Christians. And since, as I understand, there are fêtes in honor of your coronation, it is but just that the knights of your court should try their valour in tilts and tournaments. With
the

* An order of knighthood that takes its title from the city of Calatrava, in New Castile, about fifteen leagues from Toledo; it was instituted in the year 1158, by Sancho, king of Castile, who, taking the town from the Moors, which had before belonged to the Knights Templars, gave it to the Cistercian monks, founding this order for its defence.

the troops under my command I have been scouring the Vega; and if there be any knight in Granada willing to meet me hand to hand, with your majesty's consent, I shall expect him on the morrow beneath the large oak near the city, giving you my word of honor that none of my people shall advance but myself, or an equal number only to those who may fall from Granada.

“ The Master, Rodrigo Tellez Giron.”

The king, having read the letter, looked round the court, and found every one equally disposed to accept the challenge; the exclamation was indeed universal, that it would be unworthy of their high reputation to refuse Don Rodrigo's proposal. A consultation was now held about the number that should leave the city, and it was at length settled that one only should the next day enter the lists, and others the days following. Every one claimed the honor of precedence, but twelve knights were at last selected from the rest, and it was to be determined by lot who should be the first to engage. The following names were then written upon rolls of paper, and put into a silver box.

Mahomet Abencerrage	Albayaldos
Malique Alabez	Abenamar
Mahomet Almoradi.	Mahomet Gomel
Vanegas Mahomet	Mahomet Zegri
Muza	Almadan
Mahomet Muza	Gazul

The box was now brought to the queen, who, putting her hand into it, drew out, to universal joy, the name of Muza; he was however highly envied by the other

knights, who then wished to fally out four to four, or six to six, but Muza would by no means consent to it. The following answer was therefore returned to the Master, by his squire:—

“ Valiant Don Rodrigo,

“ Your virtues clearly evince your noble birth: from nothing less could proceed your generous congratulations on my accession to the throne, which lay me under the obligation of acknowledging the sentiments of a real friend, and you will highly gratify me in accepting every service my kingdom can afford. Your motive for inviting the gentlemen of my court to single combat, does them and me honor. Lots were drawn to avoid all disputes, as every one was equally emulous of entering the lists. Fortune has favored my brother. To-morrow, under the parole of safety from you, and the troops under your command, he will meet you at the appointed place. Your valour tells us the combat will be interesting. The ladies of the court will view it from the towers of the Alhambra.

“ Boabdil, King of Granada.”

Don Rodrigo was overjoyed at the king's answer, and that night retired some distance from the city, ordering his troops to be on their guard against any unexpected attack from the Moors. The next morning early he again approached Granada, attended by fifty gentlemen, and recommending vigilance in case the truce should be broken, he left them within sight, and galloped forward expecting Muza alone to the combat.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Muza's Battle with the Master of Calatrava.

AFTER the Master of Calatrava's messenger was dispatched with the letter accepting the challenge, the king and his lords remained in conversation. The queen and the ladies were however little pleased with the affair, knowing Don Rodrigo's courage and address; but the lovely Fatima of the Zegri lineage was more grieved than the rest, as in secret she passionately loved Muza, who on the other hand paid his court to Daraxa, daughter of Hamet Alabez, who, such is the caprice of love, had fixed her affections on Alhamin Abencerrage, and was equally beloved in return. During the night Muza employed himself in preparing for the combat, and Fatima sent him by the hands of a page, a green and purple banner for his lance, richly embroidered with gold, and the letter F, the initial of her name interspersed over it. The page delivered it to him with these words :

“ Valiant sir, Fatima, my mistress, kisses your hands, and begs you to wear this for her sake on your lance; it will make her happy to see it successful in the combat.”

Muza received it with a good grace, as he was extremely courteous to the ladies, although he had been

much better pleased to have accepted it from the hands of Daraxa.

“ Tell your lovely mistress,” replied he, “ that I receive her present with respect, although I am far from meriting such a favor from so beautiful a lady. May Alla grant me power equal to my will to serve her! I will wear the banner on my lance, a gift from so fair a hand must ensure me victory.

The page, pleased with Muza’s answer, returned to his mistress, and made her happy in the repetition.

The morning had scarce dawned, when Muza, completely armed, sent to the king, who immediately arose and ordered the trumpets and clarionets to sound, whereupon a vast concourse of gentlemen assembled. The king dressed himself very magnificently, putting on a garment of gold brocade, so rich, that no value could be fixed to it; it was entirely covered with pearls and precious stones, of such magnitude that few kings could boast of having any thing similar in their possession. He gave orders for two hundred gentlemen to be ready, well armed, for the protection of his brother.

The rays of the sun had just made their appearance when king Boabdil and his attendants left the city, by the gate of Bibalmazan, Muza riding by his side, with two hundred cavaliers in their train. A more gallant sight could not be seen; the gentlemen had all white shields and banners, with many devices and cyphers. Malique Alibez was their commander, who was extremely attached to Cohaida, a very beautiful lady: his shield was decorated with a purple ribbon, and a crown of gold in the centre, with this motto round it,

“ Of

“Of my blood,” alluding to his origin, that he was descended from king Almohabez. The same device he bore also on his banneret. Thus advanced the squadron towards the Master and his fifty attendants, who were no less superbly dressed than the Moors.

As the king approached his trumpets sounded, and Don Rodrigo's returned the salute. After mutual admiration, Muza, wishing to begin the combat, asked his brother's permission, and advanced forward with a noble air, that corresponded to his courage. Beneath his jacket he wore a coat of mail, adorned with a breast plate lined with velvet; his jacket was also of velvet wrought with gold, and the Arabic letter D, the initial of Daraxa's name, embroidered thick upon it. His cap was green, interwoven with sprigs of gold, and fastened with a knot, decorated with the same letter. His shield, made in Fez, was bound with green ribbon, and in the center was seen the hand of a damsel grasping a bleeding heart, with this motto, “it merits more.”

The Master soon discovered this cavalier was Muza, and advanced courteously to meet him. Don Rodrigo was extremely well armed, with a vest of blue velvet over his armour, embroidered with gold; his shield was green, with a white field, and in the centre a red cross; a second cross he also wore upon his breast. His horse was a beautiful dapple grey. His lance was adorned with a banneret, and a cross upon it, with this motto, “For this, and for my king.” His whole air was so noble, that the Little King was highly pleased with it, and remarked that not without reason did fame publish abroad the name of so illustrious a knight, in

whose countenance was clearly discerned the excellence of his disposition.

The two cavaliers now saluted each other, and Muza thus broke silence. “ Most certainly, valiant knight, it is of you alone that fame discourses so highly ; your king must esteem himself happy in having so valiant a gentleman in his court, with whom I am equally fortunate in entering the lists, since if Alla pleases to grant me victory, it will be an eternal glory to me and my race, but if I am vanquished, it can be no dishonor.”

Muza ceased, and the Master as courteously replied : “ By his majesty’s letter I am apprized that you are his brother Muza, of whom fame is no less silent than you are pleased to say it is of me ; you are descended from the valiant Muza, who formerly conquered so considerable a part of Spain ; I am therefore happy in meeting you, and since we are equally ambitious of glory, let us lose no time, but begin the combat, and leave to heaven its conclusion.”

Muza, blushing that he had wasted so much already, without replying, wheeled round his horse, and fitting his cap to his head, beneath which he wore a strong helmet, retired to a short distance, as did also the Master.

The queen and the ladies had ascended to the towers of the Alhambra to view the combat. Fatima was dressed in green and purple, similar to the banneret she sent to Muza ; her robes also were covered with the letter M wrought in gold.

The king, seeing the knights retire apart, awaiting only the signal to commence the fight, ordered the clarionets to sound, and immediately the knights
rushed

rushed upon each other with so much fury and courage that each felt the strength of his opponent, yet neither was unhorsed, nor the least impression made. Muza's shield only was pierced through, and the iron of the lance reached his breast plate, and broke off a part, striking against the coat of mail without doing him any further mischief. The Master's buckler was also falsified, and had not his coat of mail been very strong, he must have been severely wounded. They continued skirmishing for some time with great dexterity, making frequent evolutions with their steeds, and returning to the charge. The master's horse was by no means so active as the Moor's, on which account he could not place his strokes exactly as he wished; the Moor on the contrary assaulted him at his pleasure, giving him many severe blows, which the Master perceiving, he resolved to fling his lance, and for this purpose awaiting Muza's approach, when he thought him sufficiently near, he rose upon his stirrups, and with unparalleled force discharged it full at him; the Moor bending his body, and at the same time checking the reins of his bridle avoided the lance, but could not prevent its piercing the body of his horse, who upon receiving the wound, began to kick, and plunge, and rear so high, that dreading further mischief, Muza leaped from his back, and boldly advanced to Don Rodrigo, who no sooner perceived it, than leaping also nimbly from his horse, he drew his sword, and flew to meet Muza, who was extremely enraged at the severe treatment of his steel, and made a desperate blow at Don Rodrigo with his scimitar to revenge it, this however was parried by the Master. The combatants now fought foot to foot,

and

and gave each other so many dreadful blows, that neither shields, nor armour could resist them; but as Don Rodrigo was more versed in single combats and stronger than Muza, who was however of an undaunted spirit, he endeavoured to shew the whole extent of his valor, and receiving Muza's scimitar on his buckler, he made, in return, so rapid a stroke at his head, that he not only struck off his cap, but clove away the crest from his helmet, which happily was very strong, or he must have been severely wounded. Muza was stunned, but instantly recovering, and finding himself liable to receive still worse treatment, he raised his sabre, and with a dreadful stroke cut away half the Master's buckler, broke the sleeve of his coat of mail, and gave him a sharp wound on the arm, that presently streamed with blood; this was as quickly revenged by Don Rodrigo, who aiming a blow at Muza's head, and seeing him raise his shield to ward it, with a rapid motion drew back his hand, and gave him a back stroke on the thigh, that wounded him very severely.

Thus fought the two knights; but when Fatima perceived the violent blow that severed Muza's crest and helmet, and his horse lie dead, she could bear it no longer, but fell back on the ground. The queen instantly calling for assistance, water was sprinkled in her face, and she came to herself; opening her lovely eyes she exclaimed, "O Mahomet, pity me!" and then fainted again. Xarifa, Daraxa, and Cohaida, who loved her greatly, at length contrived to bear her away, and after proper remedies were applied the fair Moor came to herself, but entreated to be left alone.

The

The ladies now returned to the queen, who was still viewing the combat, that by this time had become very bloody. but the Master had evidently the advantage, his skill being far superior to Muza's, who was however not in the least intimidated, but on the contrary called forth all his powers to his assistance; nevertheless so much blood flowed from the wound in Muza's thigh, that he every moment grew weaker and weaker, which Don Rodrigo perceiving and considering that he was the king of Granada's brother, and universally beloved, rather wished to see him converted, that he might be of service to the Christian cause, and therefore resolved not to prosecute the battle any further, but rather court Muza's friendship. Retiring therefore a few steps back, Don Rodrigo addressed him in the gentlest manner; "Noble Muza, it strikes me that combats so bloody as these we are waging little coincide with the hour of rejoicing, let us therefore, if you please, desist. You are so worthy a gentleman, and brother also to a king who has so obligingly offered me his services, that I cannot help soliciting your friendship rather than the continuation of a combat, wherein I have as yet lost none of the vigour wherewith I first commenced it."

Muza, when he perceived the Master retire back, did the same, and as courteously replied; "Most evidently do I perceive, illustrious Master, that your motive for desiring thus amicably to end the conflict, is because my wounds have thrown me into a situation so unfortunate, that death alone can ensue from prosecuting it, and that moved at my distress you would fain grant me life. I certainly acknowledge it a very great favor; nevertheless I am ready, as the laws of knight-
hood

hood engage me, to continue the fight till death. But if, as you are most kindly pleased to say, you indeed covet my friendship, with my whole heart I thank you, and shall esteem myself most happy in numbering so brave a gentleman among my friends; till the hour of death I promise you therefore the sincerest amity, and to neglect no opportunity of testifying it."

Muza now returned his scimitar to the scabbard, and advanced to salute the Master, who did the same on his part, certain that such friendship must in the end be highly favorable to the Christians. The king and his retinue were wonderfully astonished at the fight, but when they came to understand the cause, the king advanced with six of his gentlemen to Don Rodrigo, and after mutual compliments had passed, escorted Muza back to the city, where his wounds were immediately examined.

Nothing was talked of in Granada but Muza's valour, and the Master's courtesy, and very great praises were bestowed on them both, neither should we forget to mention that the two noble combatants parted with lasting sentiments of esteem for each other.

This inroad of the Master's gave rise to the ensuing short ballad :—

Heavens, how noble is the Master,
 What a brave adventurous knight,
 How he scours Granada's Vega,
 Daring her best sons to fight!

From

From the fountain of the Pine
To the mountain capp'd with snow,
See the Moors, and see the Christians,
Nimbly riding to and fro.

Dauntless see the gallant Master
To th' Elvira gate advance,
Tho' the gate is massy iron,
Thro' and thro' he strikes his lance.

The Translator here also begs leave to introduce a ballad on the late battle, which he hopes will not lessen the merit of the work.

Roseate tints begild the morning,
At the early dawn of day,
When impatient forth to battle
Gallant Muza hastes away.

Riding with the king, his brother,
And two hundred in his train,
Moors of valour, to escort him
To and from the hostile plain.

Green and gold was Muza's livery,
Green and gold his cap and crest;
On his robe was woven the letter
That Daraxa's name express'd.

Much

Much he lov'd the beauteous maiden,
 She repaid him with disdain;
 Dances, tilts, and gallant tourneys,
 In her honor all in vain.

Yet, such playful love's caprice is,
 For his sake another bleeds,
 Fatima of Zegrie lineage,
 She the tender passion feeds.

Ah, sweet maid, thou art doom'd to languish,
 Pity's all he can bestow!
 Blame not thou, for he too suffers
 Pangs of keen unheeded woe.

On his shield a heart fast bleeding
 In a damsel's hand he bore,
 And this motto round the border,
 Wrought in gold, "It merits more."

Hark! I hear the clarions founding,
 Hear the clarions brisk reply;
 Muza's first, and then the Master's—
 See the chiefs approaching nigh!

Courteous they salute each other,
 Courteous vaunt their mutual fame.
 "Knight your noble looks discover
 "What your martial deeds proclaim."

Now

Now the king has given the signal,
 Now they wheel their horses round,
 And to join in doubtful combat
 Swiftly o'er the Vega bound.

Rude the flock yet neither hero
 From his firm fix'd feat is thrown,
 And his lance, no wound inflicting,
 Pierces through the shield alone.

Muza's steed was light and active,
 And the Master's much he toils,
 At his pleasure he assails him,
 And in every onset foils.

Don Rodrigo, this perceiving,
 As he marks the foe advance,
 In his mighty strength confiding,
 Soon resolves to throw his lance.

High he rose upon his stirrups,
 Whizzing in the air it flew,
 Muza, stooping nimbly thunn'd it,
 But it pierc'd his charger through.

Nimbly from his back alighting,
 The bold Master does the same;
 Forth their sabres fly, and battling
 Foot to foot the heroes came.

Muza

Muza wounds the gallant Maffer,
Furious he the wound repays :
At a blow he cleaves his helmet,
Scattering sparks a thousand ways.

Now again his arm he raifes,
Muza lifts his shield to guard,
Swift as thought the Master strikes him
On the thigh below his ward.

Fast he bled, but yet his spirits
Long the raging fight withstood,
Till he fainter grew and fainter,
Drooping with the loss of blood.

Nobly then did Don Rodrigo
Stop the meditated blow,
And some paces back receding
Thus exclaim'd the generous foe:---

“ We, brave Muza, fight for honor,
“ Not like tygers, to destroy ;
“ Ill methinks such bloody combats
“ Suit the happy hours of joy.

“ Each has amply prov'd his valour,
“ Now let meek-ey'd friendship reign,
“ Springing, in auspicious moment,
“ On this war-devoted plain.”

Muza

Muza all attentive listens,
 And he feels the Master's worth ;
 " Bleft," cry'd he, " be every moment
 " When pure friendship finds a birth !

" True indeed I'm badly wounded,
 " Yet the duty of a knight,
 " I will, if you please, accomplish,
 " And till death adventurous fight.

" No!—I see your noble bosom
 " Rather seeks a faithful friend ;
 " Here then our rude contest ceases,
 " Here our fierce encounters end."

Both were conq'rors ; both the heroes,
 Greater than in war's alarms,
 Drop the sword, and, pressing forward,
 Rush into each others arms.

We now proceed to give an account of what happened in Granada, after the king's return to it, and Muza's recovery, which was somewhat better than a month.

CHAP. V.

A ball at Court.—A quarrel between Muza and Alhambra in the Abencerrage, and its consequences.

MUZA's reputation was now raised to the highest pitch, so many gallant knights, who had entered the lists with Don Rodrigo, having fallen by his hands. As he entered Granada a thousand acclamations were bestowed upon him by the citizens, who lined the windows and balconies as he passed. At length he reached the Alhambra, where he was attended by a surgeon of the first eminence. After Muza was thoroughly recovered he went to kiss the King his brother's hands, who was greatly pleased to see him, as was likewise her majesty, and all the ladies of the court, but particularly Fatima, who loved him exceedingly, though he made her not the least return.

The queen, leading Muza to a chair, enquired first after his health, and then his opinion of the Master. Your majesty may believe, replied the knight, that his courage is indeed magnanimous; he did me a favor in not prosecuting the combat, and for this I shall ever hold myself bound to serve him. "Mahomet confound him!" exclaimed Fatima, "for putting the ladies, and especially me, into such a tremour, when he gave you the terrible blow that cut off the best part of your helmet. Alla knows no blood was left in me!" Blushing, she

she spoke, and every one perceived her abundant love for the noble moor. Alla, cried he, make me sensible of so high a favor from so fair a speaker! yet I am sorry any lady should suffer so much for my sake. As he uttered this he turned his eyes tenderly towards Daraxa, who however lifted not up her's from the ground, nor took the least notice of his speech.

At dinner the king took his seat at table with several of his gentlemen, and in the evening there was to be a grand ball. The gentlemen that dined with the king were four Vanegas, four Almoradies, two Alhamares, eight Gomeles, six Alabeces, twelve Abencerrages, Abenamar, and Muza. At the queen's table several ladies of the first rank were seated, Daraxa, Fatima, Xarifa, Cohaida, Zayda, Saracina, and Alboraya, the greatest beauties in Granada. The lovely Galiana also was present, daughter of the governor of Almeria, a near relation of the queen's, with whom Abenamar was greatly enamoured, and had given many fêtes in her honor. Music of all kinds played during the banquet, but the discourse ran chiefly on the late combat, which particularly mortified Albayaldos, who had not so high an opinion of the Master's courage as the other gentlemen, and imagined that had it fallen to his lot to have encountered him in the room of Muza, the issue of the battle would have been very different. He resolved therefore to take the first opportunity of engaging him that might occur.

Alhamin took not off his eyes from Daraxa, whose passion for the noble youth was equally great: he was not only very handsome, but of the first accomplishments, and so high in the royal estimation that he was

appointed Alguazil major of Granada, an office never given to any but the nobility of the first confidence, and indeed always to one of the family of the Abencerrages, as the compendium of Stephen Garibai and Zamalloa, historiographer of the kings of Castile, informs us.

Muza talked only of his new friend, and at the same time paid no attention to any but Daraxa, occupying himself entirely in admiring her, and almost forgetting to eat; the king perceived it with regret, as he was equally fond of her himself, and had already discovered his passion, though she would not listen to it. Mahomet Zegri was also another of her admirers, a gentleman of high quality, who though he well knew Muza paid his addresses, could not be persuaded to drop his pursuit. Daraxa however concerned herself not in the least about any of these gentlemen, satisfied with the mutual love of her dear Abencerrage. But whilst the queen was entertaining herself after dinner in conversation with the ladies, a page came from Muza, and bending respectfully on his knees, presented Daraxa with a bouquet of roses and other flowers. "Fair lady," said he, "Muza, my master, kisses your hands, and begs you to accept this bouquet that his own hand have gathered; he entreats you not to consider the meanness of the gift but the will of the donor; his heart is among the flowers." Daraxa looked at the queen, not knowing whether she ought to accept or refuse it, but perceiving her majesty paid not the least attention to the matter, and considering that it might be looked upon as a slight to the brother of the king not to take it, and that to accept it could in no shape derogate from the rules of modesty, she took the bouquet from the hands of the page, merely returning his

his master thanks, which gave no umbrage to her beloved Abencerrage, who perceived Daraxa's manner of receiving it. Not so the lovely Fatima, whose heart was ready to burst with vexation. "Can you deny," said she, approaching Daraxa, "that Muza is your servant? Ah Daraxa, your receiving the bouquet plainly shews how kindly you entertain his passion." Daraxa, half offended at the abruptness of the speech, replied, "Wonder not, my dear Fatima, to see me take the flowers; were it not for shewing my ingratitude before so many ladies and gentlemen, I would instantly tear them into a thousand pieces."

The king at this moment gave orders for a general dance, and prevented the discourse being carried further. Abenamar danced with Galiana, Malique Alabez with his lady Cohaida, Abindarraez with Xarifa, Vanegas with the lovely Fatima, Almoradi, (a noble knight, a near relation to the king,) with Alboraya, a Zegri gentleman with Sarracina, and Alhamin Abencerrage with Daraxa, to whom, at the conclusion of the dance, after he had made his bow, she presented the bouquet, which he received with the greatest marks of satisfaction from so fair a donor: but Muza, who was observing the dance, and who took not off his eyes for a single moment from Daraxa, no sooner observed it, than stung with madness, and forgetful of his respect to the royal presence, with a terrible look, and fire flashing from his eyes, advanced to the Abencerrage, and in a haughty tone exclaimed, "Vile degenerate villain, how dared you, knowing the flowers were gathered by my hands, and that I had sent them to Daraxa, how dared you think of accepting them? Did you not consider they were

mine? Were it not from respect to the king my brother I would chastise your insolence on the spot."

The Abencerrage, surprized at this rude behaviour, and at his little regard for their ancient friendship, answered as fiercely, "Whoever says that I am a villain and base-born, lies a thousand times; I am a knight and a gentleman, and after the king, my master, there is none better than myself." They were now on the point of drawing their swords, when the king and the nobility present interfered and prevented them; his majesty however was so offended at Muza for raising the disturbance, that he gave him a severe reprimand, and commanded him instantly to leave the court. "I go," cried Muza, "but some day in the skirmish with the Christians Muza will be missed." He now turned his back to leave the saloon, but the gentlemen and ladies prevented him, and intreated the king to mitigate his choler, and revoke the sentence of banishment; in short the queen and all present interested themselves so earnestly in his favour that the king pardoned his offence, and procured a perfect reconciliation with the Abencerrage, to whom Muza testified the deepest regret for his behaviour, acknowledging his fault, and attributing it wholly to his passion.

But this quarrel was scarcely adjusted, when another still worse ensued; occasioned by a Zegri, the head of his lineage, observing to Alhamin, the Abencerrage, that the king had found great fault with Muza his brother, but had not noticed one thing that he himself had spoken, and it was, "that after the king himself there was none so good as you; now you know well," said the Zegri, "that there are many noblemen

noblemen in the court full as good, and it is not acting the part of a gentleman to arrogate to yourself a degree of merit beyond others: were it not for raising a new disturbance, I would tell you that these words should cost you dear."

Malique Alabez, who was nearly related to the Abencerrages, instantly exclaimed, "I wonder more that you should be the only person to take notice of this amongst so many here present: this is no time to renew the disputes, but what Alhamin said was well said, as all Granada knows who gentlemen are, and whence they derive their origin; and let not you Zegries, that spring from the kings of Cordova, imagine that you are so good as the Abencerrages, who descend from the kings of Morocco and Fez, and from the great Miramamolin. The Almoradies also are of the royal family of Granada and of the kings of Africa, and we, the Alabeces, are descended from king Almohabez, lord of Cuco, and related to the renowned Malucos. Where then were all these that they were silent, whilst you were seeking fresh altercation? I repeat it, after my lord, the king, there are none so good as the Abencerrages, and whoever asserts the contrary, lies, and is no gentleman."

When the Zegries, Gomeles, and Muzas, who were all related to each other, heard this bold speech, they were so incensed, that they rushed upon Alabez to slay him, but the Abencerrages, Almoradies, and other Alabeces, perceiving their intentions, rose in his defence. The king saw not only the palace, but all Granada in danger of falling a sacrifice to the tumult, and therefore loudly exclaimed. "Let no one draw

his sword, or stir from his place, on pain of treason. Upon this Malique Alabez and the Zegri sat down, and the king calling the guards, put them both in arrest. Alabez was confined in the Alhambra, and the Zegri in the Red Tower, but in a short time the other gentlemen effected a reconciliation, and procured the king's pardon, who, to bury all in oblivion, ordered new tilts, and tournaments, and pastimes of the ring to be held, Muza and he concerting the different amusements; but happy had it been for Granada if they had been all dropped, as the reader in the course of the history will discover.

CHAP. VI.

The History of Zayde and Zayda—Fêtes in Granada.

BEFORE we proceed further, we shall relate the story of the noble Zayde and the beautiful Zayda, whom he so ardently loved, and of whose amours all Granada rung. Zayda's father was averse to the match, and resolved to marry her to another, or at least so to seem inclined, that Zayde might desist from his pursuit, and cease to range the street before his house, to the dishonour of Zayda. With this intention he prevented his daughter from going to the window, and conversing with Zayde; the restraint availed but little, as Zayde was still seen there, and loved Zayda more passionately than ever. It however was soon reported in the city that Zayda was to be married to a rich and powerful Moor of Ronda; and now Zayde could get no rest night nor day contriving how to prevent it and destroy his rival: daily did he walk before Zayda's window, watching an opportunity to speak to her, and dreading least she should break the faith they had mutually plighted, and accept another. Zayde was every moment in expectation of seeing her at the balcony she used to frequent, neither was Zayda less impatient to see her lover, and to give him an account of the treaty her parents were completing: watching an opportunity, she one day perceived him cast a melancholy
look

look towards her apartment, and advanced to the window. In an instant Zayde forgot his pain, finding his Zayda beautiful and lovely as ever, and thus did Zayde address the adored mistress of his heart. But as it is impossible to clothe the story in more beautiful language, I shall here beg leave to introduce the ballad first published by Dr. Percy,* observing to the reader that it is not a translation, but an imitation from the ballad in the original Spanish.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
 Softly fall the dews of night,
 Yonder walks the Moor Alcanfor,
 Shunning every gleam of light,

In yon palace lives fair Zayda,
 Whom he loves with love so pure;
 Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
 He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
 Oft he paces to and fro;
 Stopping now, now moving forwards,
 Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope

* This ballad, as well as the other published by Dr. Percy, was set to music by Mr. Burton for the late Lady Webb, designed as variations to the tune of "*Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer.*" They are also set by Giordani, and are to be found at the music shops.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he fighs with heart felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely feems the moon's fair lustre
To the loft benighted fwain,
When all filvery bright she rifes,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely feems the fun's full glory,
To the fainting feaman's eyes,
When some horrid ftorm difperſing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thouſand times more lovely
To her longing lover's ſight
Steals half ſeen the beauteous maiden,
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe ſtands the anxious lover,
Whiſpering forth a gentle ſigh ;

“ Alla keep thee, lovely lady,
“ Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

“ Is it true the dreadful ſtory,
“ Which thy damſel tells my page,

“ That, ſeduc'd by fordid riches,
“ Thou wilt ſell thy bloom to age?

“ An

“ An old lord from Antiquera
“ Thy stern father brings along ;
“ But canst thou, inconstant Zayda,
“ Thus consent my love to wrong ?

“ If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
“ Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
“ Hide not then from me the secret,
“ Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend ;
“ Ah! my lord, too true the story,
“ Here our tender loves must end.

“ Our fond friendship is discover'd,
“ Well are known our mutual vows ;
“ All my friends are full of fury ;
“ Storms of passion shake the house.

“ Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;
“ My stern father breaks my heart ;
“ Alla knows how dear it costs me,
“ Generous youth from thee to part.

“ Ancient wounds of hostile fury
“ Long have rent our house and thine ;
“ Why then did thy shining merit
“ Win this tender heart of mine ?

“ Well thou know’st how dear I lov’d thee
“ Spite of all their hateful pride,
“ Tho’ I fear’d my haughty father,
“ Ne’er would let me be thy bride.

“ Well thou know’st what cruel chidings
“ Oft I’ve from my mother borne,
“ What I’ve suffered here to meet thee
“ Still at eve and early morn.

“ I no longer may resist them :
“ All to force my hand combine :
“ And to-morrow to thy rival
“ This weak frame I must resign.

“ Yet think not thy faithful Zayda
“ Can survive so great a wrong :
“ Well my breaking heart assures me
“ That my woes will not be long.

“ Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
“ Farewell too my life with thee !
“ Take this scarf a parting token ;
“ When thou wear’st it think on me.

“ Soon, lov’d youth, some worthier maiden,
“ Shall reward thy generous truth ;
“ Sometimes tell her how thy Zayda,
“ Died for thee in prime of youth.”

To him all amazed, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart ;
Deep he sigh'd; then cry'd, " O Zayda,
" Do not, do not break my heart.

" Canst thou think I thus will love thee ?
" Canst thou hold my love so small ?
" No! a thousand times I'll perish !
" My curst rival too shall fall.

" Canst thou, wilt thou thus yield to them ?
" O break forth, and fly to me !
" This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
" These fond arms shall shelter thee."

" 'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
" Spies surround me, bars secure ;
" Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
" Whilst my damsel keeps the door:

" Hark ! I hear my father storming !
" Hark ! I hear my mother chide !
" I must go, farewell for ever !
" Gracious Alla be thy guide !"

Zayda now withdrew from the balcony, leaving her lover involved in a labyrinth of thought, but although she had thus dismissed him, yet sometimes by stealth they contrived to see each other ; their meeting however was not so private but Tarfe, a friend of Zayde's, discovered it, and was filled with the deepest envy as he was
himself

himself secretly most passionately in love with Zayda; Tarfe resolved therefore to set them at variance though it should even cost him his life; and may such be the fate of every one that breaks the sacred bond of friendship!

Zayda at length no longer dared venture to the balcony, which grieved Zayde so extremely that he neglected the usual neatness of his dress, and hence the ladies and gentlemen of Granada judged of the hopeless state of his amour. Wretched, and unable to drive a thousand perplexing thoughts from his imagination, he daily pined away; but one dark night, to divert his melancholy, he went to his accustomed haunt before Zayda's house, and accompanied these words to his lute:—

Tears, that in vain essay'd to move
The cruel heart of her I love,
Return unnotic'd from the sea,
Ye flow'd from it, ye flow from me.

Yet the hard rock your drops impress'd
When sorrow tore my aching breast,
Such was the sign that Zayde gave
That Zayde was to love a slave.

Tears that in vain essay'd to move
The cruel heart of her I love,
Return unnotic'd to the sea,
Ye flow'd from it, ye flow from me.

With many tears did Zayde sing in this moving strain,
breathing deep sighs, that almost rent his heart, and
fanned

fanned the ardour of his flame. The beautiful maiden hearing the lute, and knowing her lover's voice, arose, and stole softly to a low balcony where she could distinguish the words; and well did she know their meaning, as the first time Zayde saw her was in Almeria, on the day of St. John, where he was commanding a frigate; Zayda and her friends seeing the ship gaily decorated with streamers and colours taken from the christians, came on board to view it and its gallant captain, who was well known to Zayda's parents. Zayde received them with the utmost civility, and casting his eyes on Zayda, fell instantly in love with her, presenting her with many rich jewels, and venturing to discover his passion that by no means seemed displeasing. Taking at length an opportunity to disclose the secret of his heart, they vowed eternal constancy to each other, and Zayde resigning his ship to a first cousin, attended Zayda to Granada, and there paid her his addresses, which were attended with the consequences that have been already related.

It was the remembrance of their first meeting that drew forth such tender strains, and Zayda, after he had concluded his song, opening her window gently called him. "Why Zayde," said she, "why will you still persevere? do you not know how I am censured for your sake, and how I am confined by my parents? they have sworn if I persist in my attachment they will send me to my uncle's at Coin: do not be the cause of this, it will break my heart; think not that I will ever forget you, these clouds may disperse, and Alla may send us happier days."

Weeping she withdrew, leaving her lover in deeper
obscurity

obscurity than the night wherein he was veiled, the best light of his eyes thus departing from him. Zayde, seeing there was no prospect of a happy end to his wishes, bent his steps disconsolately home.

One day the lovely Moor platted a wreath of her hair, that was finer than Arabian tissue, and with her hands bound it round Zayde's turban, who delighted with this mark of her favor, was uncommonly gay and cheerful; but Tarfe chancing to meet him, and enquire the reason, as every one is happy to communicate his joy to his friend, he trusted Tarfe with the secret. Stung with madness, Tarfe resolved to take the first opportunity of betraying Zayde to his lady, which soon happening, he exclaimed to her, "Is it you," Madam, "that favor Zayde with your love, a lady that all Granada respects? you know not how much you are dishonored. But a short time since I was present where many gentlemen boasted of their ladies favors, and Zayde taking off his turban, shewed a wreath of hair, and told them, that you had platted it, and fastened it on with your own hands." Fatally did Zayda believe Tarfe, and as women are apt to be fickle, in a moment all her love was converted to hatred. Grieving to find her honor thus stained, she sent a page to summon Zayde to her presence, and the instant he appeared thus angrily addressed him. "Zayde, I insist that you no longer frequent my doors, nor speak to any of my servants, you have disgraced me by shewing the wreath of hair I gave you to Tarfe and others, and you have wholly forfeited my esteem." Hastily she withdrew, hearkening not to Zayde's protestations of innocence, who finding all he could say avail nothing, vowed the de-

struction of Tarfe. This occasioned the following ballad.

- “ Zayde, hence ! I give you warning,
 “ Walk not up and down the street ;
 “ With my damfels hold no converse,
 “ Nor yet with my captives treat.
- “ Ask no more what scenes employ me,
 “ Whom I entertain a guest ;
 “ Or what fêtes will most delight me,
 “ Or what colours please me best.
- “ Enough that for your sake these colours
 “ Blushing in my face are seen,
 “ Conscious that I once regarded
 “ One that has so thoughtless been.
- “ I confess that you are valiant,
 “ None your courage have withstood ;
 “ And that you have slain more christians
 “ Than your veins have drops of blood.
- “ That you are a gallant captain,
 “ And can manage well the steed,
 “ That you dance and sing most sweetly,
 “ And in noble birth exceed.
- “ That your countenance is manly,
 “ And your lineage too is fair ;
 “ That you are the prince of heroes,
 “ Graceful too beyond compare.

“ That

- “ That my loss is great to lose you,
“ And to win you great my gain;
“ Born but dumb I had ador'd you,—
“ You had never lov'd in vain.
- “ Speech for once was not a blessing,
“ Better far the gift reject,
“ For your tongue, too much assuming,
“ Paid my love no kind respect.
- “ The fond maid that grants you favors,
“ To avoid unseen disgrace,
“ In your breast must plant a fortress,
“ O'er your lips a Governor place.
- “ For your gallantry and valour
“ Will the ladies bosoms fire;
“ Gallantry's our sex's idol,
“ Zayde, we the brave admire.
- “ Therefore when you make a banquet,
“ Of your dainties let them eat;
“ And your friends in prudent silence
“ Of your choicest dishes treat.
- “ Costly was your feast thro' speaking,
“ Venturous was it in extreme;
“ Would you knew but to preserve me,
“ As to win my fond esteem!

- “ Scarce you went from Tarfe’s garden,
“ When a public boast you made,
“ And to your’s and my misfortune
“ Your true lady’s gift display’d.
- “ To a Moor of little honor
“ You expos’d the wreath of hair,
“ That upon your turban binding,
“ I so fondly planted there.
- “ Not to keep it, or return it,
“ Will I make my poor request ;
“ But I plainly tell you, Zayde,
“ To my grief it is possess’d.
- “ If I laugh, ’tis at your folly,
“ Folly so untimely shewn ;
“ Will another keep your secrets,
“ When you cannot keep your own ?
- “ I will hear no false excuses,
“ But I will again advise,
“ That henceforth you ne’er address me,
“ Ne’er behold me with your eyes.’”

Thus to the Abencerrage
Did the fair her wrath display,
Adding as he leaves her presence,
Thus should love’s offenders pay !

Half mad to find himself so grossly falsified and embroiled with his mistress, he instantly went to look for Tarfe, and found him in the square of Bibarrambla, giving directions for the approaching fête. Calling him apart, "Tarfe," said he, "how is it that you have raised a quarrel between me and Zayda; why did you betray the secret I trusted to your friendship?" Tarfe denied the charge, Zayde affirmed, and Tarfe again denied it; words at length grew high and they drew their sabres; they fought but a very few moments before Tarfe received a mortal wound, whereof he died within six days. The Zegries, who were Tarfe's friends, would have destroyed Zayde on the spot, but the Abencerrages flew to his assistance, and had not the king interposed Granada would that day have been involved in ruin, as the whole faction of the Zegries, Gomeles and Mazas was engaged with the Alabeces, Vanegas, Gazules, and Abencerrages, but king Boabdil, attended by many gentlemen of the other lineages, put a stop to the affray, carrying Zayde to prison in the Alhambra. The case however being thoroughly investigated, Tarfe was found guilty, and that the honor of the beautiful Moor might receive no stain, the king commanded her to be given in marriage to Zayde, pardoning Tarfe's death.

All this added fresh fuel to the Zegries hatred, nevertheless the preparations for the fêtes continued, and at length orders were issued for their commencement.

Such is the history of the noble Moor Zayde, and we may hence conclude that it is wrong to entrust any one with our secrets; if Tarfe sought to raise a quarrel he deserved his fate; if he was innocent, Zayda's levity in hearkening to a false report was the occasion of his death.

The affront which the Zegries had received at the ball in the presence of the whole court, was not forgotten, and though a reconciliation had apparently taken place, their rancour lurked the deeper; but to avoid shewing any open signs of their resentment, the Zegries conformed as usual with the Abencerrages and Alabeces, dissembling as much as possible their inordinate thirst for vengeance. A short time after the Zegries met together at the castle of Bibatambin, the palace of Mahomet Zegri, who was the head of the tribe, when the discourse turning upon the late affair, the speech of Malique Alabez, and the approaching fête, Mahomet addressed them in the following words: "You well know, illustrious Zegries, that our ancient lineage has been long respected throughout Spain and Africa, and that our ancestors were kings of Cordova; you also know in what manner our honor has been wounded and disgraced by the Abencerrages, who have raised themselves against us, and are our declared enemies; for this I should expire with sorrow and vexation, if the hope of vengeance gave me not consolation. Our wrongs are mutual, we must unite to seek satisfaction. Fortune now presents a favorable opportunity in the tilt of canes to destroy both Alabez and the proud Abencerrage who insulted us. Let us therefore embrace it, and when these enemies are slain, let us push forward our success till we have rooted out the whole perfidious race, that is so wrongly esteemed in Granada. Beneath our liveries we must wear strong coats of mail, and as the king has appointed me captain of the Zegri band, let thirty of us dress in scarlet, with a plumage of blue feathers on our crests, the ancient livery of the Abencerrages;

rages : this will give them the affront, and when the affray begins let every one perform his part ; as we shall be armed we cannot fail of having the advantage. Friends, what have we to fear ? the Mazas and Gomeles are jointly devoted to our party ; and whether the Abencerrages notice or pass over the intended insult, let us in the tilt play with sharp spears instead of canes. This is my counsel, friends, now give me yours ?”

Mahomet ceased, and the Zegries with one accord agreed his anger had a just foundation : our injuries, cried they, are common, and we swear to unite in avenging them : and thus solemnly pledged to each other, they separated each to his home.

Muza was at this time wholly occupied in preparing for the fête ; the king had made him captain of the band of Abencerrages, to which also Malique Alabez belonged. The livery they chose was blue damask edged with silver lace, and blue and white plumes on their crest to correspond ; the pennants of their lances were the same. The device on their shields was a savage ; Alabez alone bore his old device, a golden crown, with the motto on the purple ribbon that bound it, “ Of my blood.” Muza’s device was the same as when he fought Don Rodrigo, a damsel grasping a bleeding heart, but with this motto, “ I count my pain glory.” The Abencerrages chose different mottos, as they fancied, but they all rode white mares.

When the day of the fête arrived the king ordered four and twenty bulls to be brought from the Sierra of Ronda, where they are in general extremely fierce, and the square of Bibarrambla being prepared on the occasion, the king, with his suite, took his station on one of the royal turrets, and the queen and her ladies on the other. All the windows and balconies of the surround-

ing houses were thronged with the most beautiful ladies, and so great was the concourse of people assembled that there was not space to contain them : multitudes even came from the distant kingdoms of Spain, particularly from Toledo and Seville, the rumour of the intended fêtes having drawn together the most distinguished persons of all the principal cities of Spain.

The Abencerrages encountered the bulls with the greatest courage and address, and attracted the general applause and attention of all the ladies who were present ; no lady was held of the least account who had not an Abencerrage in her train. It was no wonder therefore to find them universally envied by the gentlemen, but they were not more envied than esteemed, and that most deservedly, for the Abencerrages were all extremely gallant, handsome, and well-bred, discreet and highly respectable. Never did the distressed apply to an Abencerrage for relief in vain, and their benevolence was frequently extended to the injury of their private fortunes. They were avengers of the wronged, peace-makers, fathers of orphans, lovers of society, and loyal and obedient to their kings ; friends to the captive Christians, frequently going to the prisons to visit and console them, furnishing them with money, food, and raiment. In the most arduous undertakings the Abencerrages never displayed the least symptoms of fear ; and for these, and a thousand other good qualities, they were beloved by the whole kingdom.

Not less did the Alabeces this day distinguish themselves ; the Zegries also proved their valour by piercing eight bulls, no Zegri, nor any of the horses they rode, receiving the slightest injury.

It was now about one o'clock, when the king ordered the clarionets to found as the signal for the gentlemen to assemble to a collation in his majesty's turret, and the ladies in the queen's.

The dresses wore by the ladies were only excelled by the beauty of their persons. The queen wore a very rich brocade, ornamented with gold and precious gems, a tuft of feathers on her head, and a rose with a carbuncle of unusual magnitude in the center, that, like the sun, dazzled the eyes of every beholder. Daraxa was dressed in blue, her petticoat of silver tissue of the greatest fineness, with blue and white feathers, the usual ornament of the Abencerrages, on her head: her dress became her extremely, no lady surpassing her in beauty. Galiana of Almeria was dressed in white taffin of foreign manufacture, her petticoat fringed with purple, and her head dress was disposed with much fancy and elegance; evidently indeed did it appear that her heart was disengaged, though she knew Abenamar wished to pay her his addresses. Fatima's habit was purple velvet, no longer imitating Muza's livery, as she plainly perceived he loved Daraxa alone; and her hair fell in loose tresses over each shoulder. In fine all the ladies who attended the queen, Cohaida, Sarracina, Alboraya, and Xarifa, vied with each other in equal elegance.

All the ladies of the Abencerrage lineage were seated in a separate balcony, and their dress and persons were so exquisitely beautiful, that the whole world could not surpass them. Above the rest shone Lindaraxa the daughter of Mahomet Abencerrage; the gallant Moor Gazul was her admirer, and for her entertainment he gave many fêtes in Saint Lucar.

When

When the ladies and gentlemen had finished their repast, which was about the hour of two, a very fierce bull was let loose, who immediately overturned every thing that stood in his way, and whose swiftness was so great that the fleetest horse could not escape his fury. Rapidly he cleared the square of all the foot-people; the king who beheld the rage and fury of the animal, exclaimed it would be a noble deed to lance him. Malique Alabez without hesitation solicited his majesty's permission to encounter him, which was readily granted; Muza came with the same intention, but perceiving Alabez had made a prior application, he forbore to make his request.

Alabez quitted the turret, and mounted a very fine horse which had been presented to him by his cousin, the Alcayde of Velez el Blanco and el Rubio, whose father was treacherously murdered by some gentlemen, called the Alquifas, out of envy for the preference shewn him by the king. These Alquifas, who were seven brothers, were severely punished for the murder, the king commanding them every one to be beheaded, and their effects to be confiscated. Alabez rode round the square, till he came opposite to the turret where his lady Coháida was seated, when he made his horse bend on his knees, and kiss the ground. Coháida, who loved Alabez, rose and courteously returned his salute; highly gratified with the favour, Alabez spurred his horse, and galloped off as swift as lightning; so fleet was his course that the eye could scarce follow him, and the king and the gentlemen round him were greatly charmed with the sight; the Zegries alone were bursting with envy. The shouts and shrieks of the
people

people were now excessive, the bull having scoured the square, and killed five or six persons, and wounded as many more: seeing Alabez, he flew like the wind to attack him; but Alabez, willing to shew his address, leaped from his horse, and boldly waiting the bull's approach, with a cloak in his left hand, the moment the bull bowed his head to toss him, he flung the cloak over his eyes, and seizing him by the horns with uncommon strength, he fairly held him to the ground. The bull struggled to get loose, but Alabez defended himself most manfully, though with no little risk. Thinking the combat had lasted long enough, Alabez with incredible force, as though the bull had been only a sheep, twisted his neck, and flung him on the ground, leaving him maimed and unable to stir. Incredible were the applauses that rung from every quarter; after Alabez had quietly mounted his horse, he advanced towards the king, who had called him, with as much modesty as though he had performed no such adventurous feat; "Your valour," cried his majesty, "has given me the highest pleasure, I expected no less from a knight of your accomplishments; I present you therefore with the Alcaydeship of Cantoria, and appoint you captain of a troop of a hundred gentlemen; Alabez then hastened to ascend the turret and kiss the king's hand for this new mark of favour.

It was now near four o'clock, when the king ordered the trumpets to sound for the cavaliers to mount their horses; whilst they were engaged in this employment a very agreeable concert of music begun. Muza and his squadron soon made their appearances, entering four a-breast by the street of Zacatin, and making a circle
round

round the square, they respectfully bowed to the queen and the ladies as they passed them. Muza, Alabez, and the thirty Abencerrages looked so handsome on their white Mares, that they captivated the hearts of all the ladies. Not with less gallantry did the Zegries enter at the opposite gate, mounted on bay horses, and clothed in scarlet and green, with blue plumes on their crests: the device on their shields was a lion chained by the hand of a damsel, with this motto, "Love is strongest." They advanced four a breast, and riding also round the square, the two parties began a skirmish of eight to eight, keeping time to the music. The Abencerrages, seeing the blue plumes on the crests of the Zegries, were greatly nettled, and endeavoured to dismount them with their canes, but the Zegries defended themselves so skilfully that they could not succeed in the attempt, and thus the sports continued giving the highest satisfaction to the spectators. Mahomet Zegri, who had plotted the destruction of Alabez and the Abencerrages, as was related before, made a signal for Alabez's squadron to encounter the squadron he commanded, designing, as he had already planned, that the whole eight should make a joint effort against Alabez alone: six canes being already thrown, and the game growing hot, Mahomet exclaimed, "Now, friends, is our time," and catching up a sharp javelin, instead of a cane, he awaited Alabez's approach, and the moment he spurred his horse to the rencontre, while he was covering himself with his shield, the Zegri fixing his eye on him, meditating where he might best inflict the wound, threw the javelin with such force, that the sharp iron not only passed
through

through the shield of Alabez, but through his arm also. Alabez, feeling an uncommon pain all over his body, withdrew to his post, not conceiving he was wounded, when putting his hand to his arm he found it bleeding, and then perceived in what manner he had been wounded. "Friends," cried he, to Muza and the Abencerrages, "there is treachery against us, the Zegries throw javelins instead of canes; see how I am wounded." The brave Abencerrages immediately caught up their lances to be prepared against what might follow, and at the moment the Zegri squadron was returning to its post, Alabez threw himself before them, and flinging his lance, "Traitor," cried he, to Mahomet, "you have behaved like a villain, and not like a gentleman." Not in vain did the javelin fly, but piercing both the buckler and coat of mail of Mahomet, entered near a foot into his body, and in an instant he fell dead from his horse.

A very fierce and bloody skirmish now ensued; as the Zegries were armed they would have had the advantage, had not the valour of Muza, Alabez, and the Abencerrages counterbalanced it; so well they fought that they received not a blow without amply avenging it. The shouts and cries of the people became extremely tumultuous, when the king seeing the game so serious, hastened down to the square, and rode amongst the combatants with a truncheon in his hand, crying, "away, away!" Granada was in a dreadful uproar; Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, engaging the Almoradies, Abencerrages, and Vanegas; and such schifms among princes produce the future destruction of kingdoms. At length Muza and the Abencerrages
withdrew,

withdrew, and likewise the Zegries to the castle of Bibatambin, bearing with them the body of their fallen chief.

The Queen and the ladies left the turrets and balconies the moment they saw the sports become so furious; husbands, brothers, parents, and friends, were engaged in the tumult, and the shrieks of the ladies might have moved compassion in every heart, but the lovely Fatima's grief for the loss of her father, must have softened a heart of adamant. The king was in astonishment at the disasters that were daily occurring, and lest worse should happen, he endeavoured to reconcile the contending parties. He began by investigating the late affair, fully intending to punish the guilty; the Zegries plot against Alabez was at length clearly proved, and the king would have severely chastized them, had it not been represented to him that the author of the mischief had already suffered for his wickedness. The rest of the Zegries were therefore pardoned, and peace was again restored to the city, which, considering what had happened, was no trifling matter.

We now introduce the Ballad recording the Event.

Away, away, retire, retire:
 To the sound of fifes and drums,
 Muza with his gallant squadron
 To the Bibarrambla comes.

Thirty bold Abencerrages
 His illustrious band contains,
 All in blue and silver liveries,
 Hastening to the sport of Canes.

Golden

Golden cyphers and rich borders
Their respondent shields furround :
Mares as white as swans they ride on,
All their tails with ribbons bound.

Like the wind they swiftly gallop
O'er the Bibarrambla square ;
In the gay balconies wounding
Thousands of the Moorish fair.

Now the martial music founding
With address the canes they throw ;
But it seems more like a battle,
They so warm and furious grow.

And, alas ! there is no friendship,
That's a lance which seem'd a cane,
Valiant Alabez is wounded,
But the treacherous Zegri slain.

This the Little King observing,
Mounts his steed, a shining bay ;
In his hand he bears a truncheon,
And he raves, away, away !

Soon the king was known by Muza,
Who escapes through Zacatin,
With his troop, nor rests a moment,
Till th' Alhambra safe within.

To the fort of Bibatambin
 Back the Zegri bands resort,
 All Granada's in confusion,
 All the city, all the court.

CHAP. VII.

*Fatima's grief for the loss of her Father—History of
 Galiana, Sarracino, and Abenamar.*

THE lovely Fatima's affliction for the death of her father was so truly heavy that it was seriously apprehended the loss of reason, if not of life, would ensue, as neither the queen, nor any lady of the court, could console her. With perpetual sorrow and lamentation she became a perfect shadow, scarce even to be known for the same person. Medicine made her only worse instead of better. When at length it was judged expedient to send her to Alhama, to the palace of the governor, who had a very beautiful and prudent daughter, in the hope, that in the society of so amiable a girl, she might in time recover her former serenity. To Alhama she was therefore escorted,

Galiana,

Galiana, who had hitherto escaped the soft trammels of love, was now smitten with the tender passion, and sending a faithful page to the object of her affection, Hamet Sarracino, he hastened to the palace, and found her alone in her apartment. Blushing she rose to receive him, and when Sarracino enquired what commands she would be pleased to honor him with, she desired he would take a seat near her, and then began to discourse on the late fêtes, Mahomet's death, and the unhappy dissensions that existed: during the conversation their eyes and hearts became mutually entangled, and Sarracino, delighted to find himself beloved by so fair a lady, made the following reply:—

“ Great indeed, madam, has been the tumult between the Zegries and the Abencerrages, and the death of Mahomet was most unfortunate, but you may be well assured that the conflict your beauty and loveliness have raised in my bosom is far greater; my heart feels a pain so ardent that without the pleasing remedy of hope I must soon expire. Receive me, therefore, fair lady, into your service, let me entreat you to be favourable to my wishes.”

Attentively did Galiana listen to the noble Moor, and when he had finished his speech, she was overjoyed to find her affection so fondly returned; love had indeed assumed his full dominion over her, and tenderly regarding Sarracino, she pleasantly replied,

“ It is no new thing, Sarracino, for gentlemen to love ladies at first sight, and for some few days to visit them, and to pay them every token of regard; but, when the fond fools have surrendered their hearts, and thrown away their liberty, they forget, despise, and

avoid them. The lady that would live free and happy must give no ear to any false delusive promises."

"I swear by Mahomet," cried Sarracino, "and may Alla forget me if I forget the faithful promise I now make of loving and adoring you! By the honor of a knight I will be true whilst I have breath, and ever obedient to your commands."

"I believe," replied Galiana, "so noble a gentleman would not forfeit his word; but I am on the point of returning to Almeria, my father's leave of absence is expired; yet before I leave Granada I could wish to hold some further conversation with you on this subject, and if you please it shall be this very night beneath my balcony; we may then converse with more liberty than we can at present, as here the king may notice us; go therefore, and Alla be your guard!"

Thus highly favoured Sarracino withdrew. Proud to be distinguished by so sweet a lady every minute till midnight seemed an age. Phœbus at length finished his career, and sunk into the lap of Thetis: no sooner had the hour of midnight arrived, and the reign of Morpheus was complete, than Sarracino armed to defend himself against any untoward occurrence, that might possibly happen, drew near to Galiana's window, where to his great surprize he found his post occupied by another, and heard a voice singing delicately to a lute, with frequent pauses and sighs, that breathed all the ardour of passion, and as songs in the Arabic language are generally very tender, he listened to the musician, and distinguished the following words:—

Divine

Divine Galiana, passing fair
 Like her that did the apple gain,
 The cause of that disastrous war,
 Which ruin'd Troy's devoted plain.

He that shall call thy charms his own,
 Thy lovely face that sweetly smiles,
 May boast of joys to all unknown,
 Save Mars entrapt in Vulcan's toils.
 A nymph, like Helen's self, may boast,
 That drew from Greece the warrior host.

Ah! since thy beauty, unexcell'd,
 Has long my heart a captive held,
 Let not *Anaxarete's hate,
 In thee reviv'd, become my fate:
 But as thou art a goddess born,
 So let me not expire forlorn.

Sarracino hearing this amorous song, approached towards the performer, who, the moment he found himself observed, left off singing, and, catching up his arms, prepared to defend himself. It was indeed Abe-

G 2

namar,

* Anaxarete dwelt in the island of Cyprus: she was of royal descent, and unrivalled beauty. Iphis of the same city fell deeply in love with her, but not being able to obtain her, was so overwhelmed with grief that one night he hanged himself before her door. As his funeral proceeded along, attended by a numerous company, according to his quality, Anaxarete beheld the procession from the top of her house, but without remorse, upon which Venus, for her cruelty, turned her to stone.

Abenamar, who, being greatly enamoured of Galiana, endeavoured in this manner to gain her affection.

Sarracino advancing, demanded who the musician was: "A man;" replied Abenamar. "Whoever you are," continued Sarracino, "you do wrong to disturb the queen and the ladies, who are sleeping in those apartments, giving rise to suspicions that are perhaps unfounded." "That is nothing to you," replied Abenamar, "don't trouble yourself with the concerns of others, but pass quietly on your way, before you are compelled." "O villain!" cried Sarracino, "I'll see if your deeds are as brave as your words;" and guarding himself with his target, he fiercely attacked Abenamar with his sword, who on his part was equally ready, and they presently began to exchange many furious blows. The noise occasioned by the clashing of their arms hastened some young Moorish gentlemen to part the combatants, but they came too late, as the moment Abenamar and Sarracino heard people approaching, they fled different ways.

Galiana, who saw what had passed from the balcony where she was standing, from the time Abenamar began to sing, gently withdrew into her apartment, terrified at the apprehension of an accident befalling her beloved Sarracino.

The affair was not so secret but it came to the king's knowledge, who endeavoured to discover the authors of the disturbance, but finding it impossible, he gave orders for fifty gentlemen to attend Galiana home to Almeria; when just as they were on the eve of departure, her father, Mahomet Mustapha, entered the palace, leading in his hand another daughter, younger than

than Galiana, and equally beautiful, whose name was Selima, The king rose, and welcomed the Alcayde ; “ My worthy friend, Mustapha ;” said he, “ your arrival gives me the highest pleasure, your daughter Galiana was about to return home, attended according to her rank and merit.”

“ Your majesty’s munificent hand,” replied Mustapha, “ has heaped a thousand favours upon me ; may you long govern us peacefully and happily !” “ I thank you,” replied the king, who then embraced Selima, whilst she respectfully kissed his hand. The queen and the ladies welcomed her to the city, she kissed her majesty’s hand also, and then affectionately embraced her sister, every one admiring her beauty, whilst Selima was equally charmed with their affability.

The gentlemen congratulated Mustapha on his arrival at court, and the king ordered a very rich cushion to be brought for him to sit on, repeating he was glad to see him and his daughter, and enquiring what brought him to Granada : “ Mighty sire,” replied the Alcayde, “ next to the desire of paying you my respects, I bring my daughter to wait upon her majesty, with these ladies, and her sister Galiana, and that she may no longer remain in Almeria, where the Christians are daily disturbing us with alarms, I imagined that she would be happier in your majesty’s court than with me.” “ You judged right,” replied the king, “ she may with us enjoy her sister’s company, and the fêtes we are giving in honour of our nuptials, though some of them have indeed been productive only of confusion.”

At this moment an old Moor entered the saloon, and informed his majesty that a Christian knight was in the Vega, well-accounted, and riding on a powerful steed, but that they could not ascertain who he was, as his visor was down. The king and queen were then in the Alhambra, though not together, as the latter had, whilst the king and Mustapha were conversing, gone to the tower of Comares to pay a visit to the king's father; at this news however they all ascended the tower of the bell, the highest in the Alhambra, which commands a view of the whole plain, and looking towards it they perceived a knight in very bright armour, with a red cross on his shield and helmet, mounted on a very noble horse, riding as much at his ease as if he had been on his own territories. "It is impossible," cried the king, "but this must be the Master of Calatrava, by the badge he wears, and his boldness in advancing so near to the walls of the city." It was however Ponce de Leon, who the moment he perceived the queen and the ladies, lifted up his visor, and respectfully saluted them. They now discovered who the knight was, and returned the salute.

Don Manuel then hung a red banner, the signal of battle, on the point of his lance: and immediately Mustapha requested permission of the king to encounter him, as he had formerly slain one of his uncles in single combat, and he wished to revenge his death. "Do not trouble yourself," replied the king, "there are gentlemen enough in my court ready and willing for the encounter, and at the moment several presented themselves; but a page informed them it was needless to take any further trouble, as a cavalier had already
fallen

fallied out with her majesty's permission. On the king's enquiring who he was, the page replied it was Malique Alabez. " I am certain then," cried his majesty, " he will acquit himself nobly, and since both the knights are equally valiant, the combat will be interesting."

Many of the gentlemen envied Alabez, but Cohaida was extremely concerned, as she loved him most tenderly, and could not bear to see him expose himself to such imminent danger. With her majesty's leave therefore she retired, and in great anxiety awaited the issue of the combat. The king and the courtiers watched Alabez's departure from the city, and the populace were eager to see the battle. His majesty gave orders for an hundred gentlemen to attend him, to be prepared against any ambuscade of the Christians.

CHAP. VIII.

Combat between Alabez and Ponce de Leon.

NO sooner had Don Manuel hung the red banner on the point of his lance, than Alabez threw himself on his knees before her majesty, and solicited permission to sally out to the skirmish, declaring he should be proud to fight beneath the ladies' auspices. The queen delighted with his gallantry, replied, "Sir knight, you do us honor; go, if it be your pleasure, and success attend you!" "Alla, I trust," cried Alabez, "will grant me victory:" and making his obeisance he departed, but not before he perceived how greatly Cohaida was distressed.

When Alabez arrived at his palace he ordered the grey steed to be saddled, that his uncle, the Alcayde of Les Velez, had sent him, and clad himself in a stout coat of mail, taking a shield made in Fez, and arming his head with a cap of steel, crested with purple and white feathers. The cap he fastened on with a blue silk handkerchief embroidered with gold, that came round his head and formed a turban on the top: in the center full in front was a very rich medallion of Arabian gold, engraved with a royal hunt, and surrounded with leaves of laurel, cut out of a very fine emerald, and in the center of the medallion the picture of his beloved

loved lady was drawn to the very life. He chose a lance of the best tempered steel, and thus completely armed, Alabez sallied out at the gate of Elvira, where many ladies were waiting to see him, from whom he received the highest applauses. At the gate an hundred cavaliers were stationed to attend him, who, as they rode along, made a sham fight, to the great pleasure of the spectators. When they passed under the window at which the king and queen were seated, Alabez made his horse bend on his knees, as did likewise the other cavaliers.

Alabez now rode on before his troop, and approaching Don Manuel, exclaimed, "Certainly, Christian knight, your noble mien has enchanted every beholder; your valour, we are assured, must correspond to it. I glory in this meeting, since, if fortune grants me victory, I shall be the happiest knight in all the world; but should I perish or become your captive, what fate more honourable, since you will be its author? Inform me, therefore, I beseech you, from whom I am to meet victory or death?" Don Manuel then replied, "Noble Moor, your courtesy deserve the satisfaction you desire; I am Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, and fight beneath the banners that you see; and since you now know my name, I shall be no less happy to know your's?"

"It would be unworthy of a gentleman," cried Alabez, "to refuse it. I am called Malique Alabez, of royal lineage; our skirmish therefore will by no means disgrace you, and since we are now acquainted, let us begin the combat."

The

The champions now wheeled round their horses, and attacked each other so impetuously that it seemed as if two rocks had met, and in the rencontre they gave and received such dreadful blows, that it filled the spectators with astonishment. The shields could not resist their fury, both were broken; but they again returned to the charge with equal courage. More than two hours did they skirmish in this manner, without giving or receiving a wound; the Moor at length perceiving the vigour of Don Manuel's horse to slacken, (although the defect was amply supplied by his skill, as Don Manuel himself had also perceived it,) endeavoured to gain an advantage by returning more frequently to the charge, and making his horse give so many capers and curvets that Ponce was filled with amazement; by these evolutions Malique sought to throw him from his seat, which he at length nearly effected by wounding him first on the right arm, and then wheeling round to his left side wounding him there also, the steel being so well tempered that it easily pierced the coat of mail. The wound was dangerous, and a great deal of blood flowed from it, but whilst he was again wheeling round, Don Manuel gave him a deep stroke on the side. No serpent could rage more furiously than Alabez, who in the next encounter, that was fiercer than any, drove his lance through Don Manuel's shield, but at the same instant received a still worse wound than the former. Both the knights were highly enraged to find themselves wounded without gaining the least advantage, and Don Manuel, thinking the fault lay in his horse, nimbly leaped from his back, and drawing his sword flew towards Alabez, who wondered

dered greatly to see him dismounted, but at the same time was above taking any advantage of him, and therefore he alighted also, and drawing near Ponce de Leon, trusted to the strength of his arm, and the excellence of his shield, and with an Arabian scimitar in his hand, he gave him such terrible blows, that he amply felt his vigour, and was compelled to take all imaginable care to defend himself.

Don Manuel was however not only strong and active, but more expert in these combats than Alabez, and retained the advantage. Alabez in vain endeavoured to wound him, and grew every moment fainter from the loss of blood, and the great exertion which he made, while Ponce de Leon was full as powerful as when he began the combat.

It was marvellous to see the horses, with manes erect, biting and kicking each other, and engaging in a skirmish that was highly entertaining to the king and the ladies; the Moor's horse was purposely trained to the exercise, and had the superiority.

The warriors still continued fighting, but greatly to the disadvantage of Alabez, who was nearly overcome with fatigue, when fortune favoured him by the following accident. Don Manuel had left eighty of his attendants at some distance from the place of combat, who finding their master so long absent, drew onward to learn the motive, when being perceived by the hundred Moors, who escorted Alabez, they rushed forward with great shouts towards the Christians, and the latter, imagining there was treachery intended, advanced to their master's defence. A very bloody
skirmish

skirmish immediately ensued, and the ground was shortly strewed with dead bodies.

The two cavaliers, seeing this unnecessary fray, did all they could to put a stop to it, and endeavoured to gain their horses, but were prevented by the vast tumult which prevailed. The Moors tried to favor Alabez, and the Christians their General, when after many attempts the latter caught Alabez's steed, and placed Ponce de Leon upon it, who darting amongst the enemy, wounded and flayed on all sides. Alabez was at the same time mounted on Ponce de Leon's horse, not overpleas'd with the exchange, though in reality there was no difference in their value, save that his own was the lightest of the two; and now Alabez in his turn fiercely attacked the Christians with his lance, doing them vast injury.

The king, seeing the tumult, ordered the trumpets to sound to arms, and immediately a thousand of his troops sallied forth to the succour of their friends, but Alabez carefully looking round for Don Manuel, caught his eye, and made signs to him to retire apart, which greatly delighted Ponce, who imagined they should now finish their combat. Alabez however instantly undeceived him: "Valiant and illustrious knight," cried he, "your gallant behaviour induces me to warn you of approaching danger; doubtless you hear those trumpets? they sound to arms; a thousand Moors will in an instant pour down to my succour, and how can your little host withstand such numbers? Withdraw your soldiers from the field, and I swear by the faith of knighthood, whenever you please, to
end

end our combat. I advise you as a gentleman, act as you think proper."

"I thank you, noble Moor," replied Don Manuel, "and as a pledge that I will perform my part of the engagement, I will keep your horse till we meet again; mine is as good as your's; treat him as your's shall be treated." Don Manuel then blew a cornet, the signal of retreat; and immediately the Christians heard it, and joined their leader, galloping away from the field of battle. The Moors also joined Alabez, and returned to the city: at the gate of Elvira, Alabez met the troops that were advancing to his succour, and gave them orders to proceed no further. His majesty and the courtiers came to meet and to conduct him to his palace, where his wounds were dressed and shortly healed. Don Manuel was so mortified at the interruption of the combat, that he would speak to no one nor answer any questions that were put to him, blaming only his own troops for advancing, which was the occasion of the skirmish and tumult. This battle gave rise to the ensuing ballad.

Saddle me the Alcayde's steed
 Of Los Velez, the bright grey;
 Bring me the strong shield of Fez,
 I must to the field away.

Bring the coat of mail, and lance,
 With the point of temper'd steel;
 A stout helmet, and a cap;
 Purple let the hue reveal;

White and yellow be the plumes ;
And the jacket too I'll wear,
Beauteous Cohaida work'd,
Zelin Hamet's daughter fair.

And the rich medallion bring ;
Round it a light wreath is seen ;
Brightest emeralds are the leaves,
Like the laurel, ever-green.

Let my lady hasten out,
Tell her I am going to fight.
If her lovely eyes but smile,
Evil cannot harm her knight.

CHAP. IX.

Fêtes and tilts—Increasing dissensions of the Zegries and Abencerrages.

THE valiant Moor Abenamar at length discovered that it was Sarracino with whom he had the nocturnal rencontre in the square of the palace; and was highly offended both at the wound he had received and the interruption of his Serenade; soon after he saw Galiana engaged in conversation with him from the window of her apartment, and grieving to think she had forgotten all his kind offices at Almeria and at court, resolved to forget her also, and to turn his eyes towards the lovely Fatima, who was now returned to Granada, beautiful as ever, and the more sincere was Abenamar in his intention as he perceived Fatima had entirely relinquished her affection for Muza, having before her departure for Alhama, observed that he openly paid his addresses to Daraxa.

The enamoured Moor began his court to Fatima with every demonstration of love, nor was she deaf to his passion. *Daraxa and Alhamin were married; and
Muza

* There are evidently two Daraxas in the book, whom Gines Perez confounds together; one the daughter of Hamet Alabez, the other of Mahomet Abencerrage, and sister to Lindaraxa, married hereafter to Zulema Abencerrage.

Muza had happily placed his affections on Selima upon her first arrival at court ; there was not a gentleman indeed that loved not some lady or other, and on this account Granada was more gay than ever. The brave Audalla loved the beautiful Axa, and as he was a noble Abencerrage gentleman, he gave many entertainments in her honor.

Abenamar, bent on revenging himself of Galiana and Sarracino, requested the king's permission to hold a tilt at the ring on Saint John's day, wherein he might give a general challenge. The king took great delight in these diversions, and was moreover pleased that the whole court should testify its joy on the safe issue of the late combat between Alabez and Ponce de Leon. Orders were therefore given for the approaching tilt to be proclaimed throughout the city, and that all knights who were inclined to enter the lists with Abenamar, and run three lances at the ring, should bring the portraits of their ladies, and risk them against the portrait and a golden chain of the value of a thousand doubloons, which the challenger would produce.

Every gentleman was highly pleased with the challenge, some with the view of shewing the portraits of their beautiful ladies, others in the expectation of winning the golden chain and the challenger's portrait. Sarracino readily conceived Abenamar's intention, and was happy in the opportunity of shewing his dexterity in Galiana's presence ; and both he, and the other cavaliers that were inclined to enter the lists, had their ladies painted in the most skilful manner, in the dresses they usually wore.

The

The day of St. John, so highly celebrated in most nations of the world, at length arrived, and the Granadine nobility dressed themselves in their richest apparel, and most costly jewels, but those who designed to enter the lists were distinguished by their liveries. They sallied forth to the banks of the Genil in two squadrons, the first consisting of the Abencerrages and their opponents the Zegries, and the other of the Almoradies and Vanegas against the Mazas and Gomeles, and began a skirmish with canes very pleasantly to the sound of music. The Abencerrages wore purple and gold, with red plumes on their heads, and their device was a sun. The Zegries were dressed in green and gold, embellished with half moons. The Almoradies wore scarlet and purple extremely rich, and the Gomeles and Mazas purple and orange. It was a diverting fight to see these different bands running by pairs on the plain, it seemed indeed more like a field of battle than a tournament. King Boabdil, in a dress of inestimable value, was present on the spot, attended by many of his court, to prevent all misunderstandings, and the queen and ladies were in the towers of the Alhambra, vastly delighted with so agreeable a fight. The Abencerrage and Almoradi gentlemen distinguished themselves particularly, and Muza, Abenamar, and Sarracino performed wonders in the tilt, but the sport growing warm between the Zegries and Abencerrages, the king, the moment he perceived it, ordered the trumpets to sound a retreat, and galloping towards them put an end to the engagement.

The gallant Abindarraez that day outshone his competitors; his mistress the lovely Xarifa was present, to

whom the queen observed, she might esteem herself happy in having so noble a gentleman in her train. Xarifa made no reply, but blushed and concealed her satisfaction. Fatima's eyes followed Abenamar wherever he went, and Xarifa imagining they were fixed on Abindarraez, as the gentlemen were riding side by side, with some little jealousy exclaimed, " Ah, Fatima, wonderful are the miracles of love, the eyes speak his language when the tongue is silent. Will you deny the passion that your beautiful countenance displays? Awhile it was like the rose on the tree; and now it is pale and melancholy, a sure index of what passes in the bosom: and is it not Abindarraez that occasions this? Keep it not a secret, but tell me if it is true, and I will do all in my power to befriend you," Fatima equally sagacious and prudent, easily perceived her aim, and replied, " True, Xarifa, the miracles of love are wonderful, but they have never reached me to my knowledge, nor have I experienced their effects. If I am sad and melancholy, the cause may be readily divined; these fêtes recall the past events, and bring the death of a beloved father back to memory. Were love the occasion, Abindarraez would not be my choice, since there are present many gentlemen of equal merit and accomplishments. The sports of the ring will soon commence, and when each cavalier produces the portrait of his lady you will see whether I have spoken truth."

The conversation now dropped, and Fatima turning her eyes on Abenamar saw him perform a thousand gallant feats; he was distinguished by a purple banner, with a silver F in the center, and a half moon, and

Fatima's

Fatima's arms quartered over it. The gentlemen having skirmished from sun-rise to eleven o'clock, returned at length to the city to prepare for the sports of the ring. This ancient ballad arose from the passed fête:—

On St. John's auspicious morning,
 At the early dawn of day,
 On the Vega of Granada
 Moors a gallant fête display.

Nimble wheeling round their horses,
 Couching all their lances low,
 That by fair and favourite ladies,
 Banners wrought, like streamers, shew.

For their canes the costliest quivers
 Of rich gold and silk they wear ;
 He that feels love's generous passion,
 Nobly seeks to prove it there.

And he that love has never wounded
 Freely seeks to lose his heart,
 Whilst the ladies from th' Alhambra
 See him play a gallant part.

Two amongst these beauteous ladies
 Bow'd to love's resistless pow'r.
 Once true friends, but jealous envy
 Chas'd away that happy hour.

- “ Ah!” cry’d Xarifa, “ my fifter,
“ Love I fee has touch’d your breast,
“ Once a bloom adorn’d that vifage,
“ Now with pallid looks imprefs’d.
- “ Once you laugh’d at love’s foft paffion,
“ Now you’re filent as the night :
“ Haften hither to the window,
“ And the youth fhall blefs your fight.
- “ You fhall fee Abindarraez
“ On the Vega nimbly ride.”
Gently Fatima thus answer’d,
Gently did the maiden chide.
- “ Love has never touch’d my bofom,
“ Never yet of love I thought,
“ If my face has loft its colour,
“ Grief the fudden change has wrought.
- “ For my father am I grieving,
“ Alabez my father flew.
“ If to love I chofe to liften
“ Mutual love would foon enfue :
- “ Mutual love from fome young hero,
“ Great in honors, great in birth,
“ As the noble youth you are praifing,
“ Tho’ I do not doubt his worth.”

Here

Here the conversation ended,
 Turning tow'rds her valiant Moor,
 Fatima his feats attended,
 Till the manly sports were o'er.

The king and the nobility, having now taken their seats at the windows of the New Square, perceived near the fountain of the lions a beautiful tent of green velvet, and near it a table covered with a canopy of green brocade, having many rich jewels, and the golden chain upon it, that was to accompany the portrait of Abenamar's lady.

All the inhabitants of the city and multitudes from the neighbouring towns and villages were present at this magnificent fight. It was not long before the sound of trumpets was heard from the street of Zacatin, whence the challenger now made his entry. Four handsome mules loaded with lances, adorned with sumpter clothes of green damask, bespangled with golden stars, and breast-plates of silver, fastened on with bands of green silk, came first. They were led by grooms to a tent, near the former, where the lances were all placed in order.

Next came thirty gentlemen in green and scarlet liveries, with white and yellow plumes, and in the midst Abenamar in green velvet, richly embroidered, and a loose jacket, over his other robes, of immense value. He was mounted on a dappled mare, whose accoutrements were green velvet, with a crest of green, and red feathers, corresponding to his own. Over his whole dress were scattered many golden stars, and on

his left side shone a splendid sun, with this motto under it:—

Myself alone, my fair alone,
 A fairer never yet was known :
 Myself alone the glory claim
 To honor her illustrious name.

After Abenamar, followed a rich triumphal car, lined with silk of various colours, having six steps, and on the highest a triumphal arch of extraordinary workmanship, under which upon a rich seat was placed the portrait of the lovely Fatima, so naturally executed to the life, that had not the original been present, many would have mistaken it for the lady herself. The admiration that was bestowed on its entry, filled the ladies with envy. The dress was Turkish, of extraordinary richness and elegance, orange and purple, spangled with golden stars, and trimmed with silver tissue. The hair fancifully flowing like fine threads of Arabian gold, and fastened at the top with a bandeau of white and red roses intermixed. Over the head was seen the god of Love, with wings outspread, and plumes of a thousand colours, placing a crown upon it, and at her feet was laid his bow and quiver, as tributes to her unequalled beauty.

Thus entered the portrait, in a car drawn by four mares whiter than the mountain snow, and attracted the attention of every eye; behind it came thirty gentlemen, like the former, in green and scarlet liveries, and plumes of the same colours. Various instruments of music played whilst Abenamar entered; having
 made

made a circle round the square, he advanced to the royal balconies, gratifying his majesty, the queen, and the ladies with the fight. They all admired the lovely portrait of the lady that stood beside them, with Daraxa, Sarracina, Galiana, and many others, models of the most enchanting beauty.

“ If your knight, fair Fatima,” exclaimed her majesty, “ gains the prize over the other knights in skill as he does in gallantry, you may esteem yourself the happiest lady in the world.” “ I know not,” replied Fatima, concealing the pleasure she felt, “ what are Abenamar’s motives, but I suppose it is his fancy, and that he takes this method of obliging me; as to more, I am certain it concerns not me.” “ Yet there is a mystery,” cried Xarifa, “ in procuring your portrait, and challenging all competitors, he must have some motive certainly?” “ I do not pretend to dive into it,” said Fatima, “ he does as he pleases. Has not Abindarraez also performed a thousand actions worthy of note in your honour?” “ All Granada knows that,” cried Xarifa, “ but this affair of Abenamar’s is quite a novelty; I should be sorry to see the two cavaliers enter the lists together.” “ Whether it be their fate or not, it can be of little consequence to you,” answered Fatima. “ O yes, but it can, and a great deal too;” said Xarifa, “ it would grieve me to see your portrait fall into my hands.” “ You imagine then, perhaps,” returned Fatima, “ that Abenamar has already lost the day; but do not be over-confident in your knight; certainly those who give a general challenge have some reason to expect they will be able

to maintain it: but fortune is fickle, and we are all subject to her caprice."

The queen, who had been some time listening to these repartees, at length put a stop to them. "Ladies," cried her majesty, "this conversation is very unimportant: your beauty is equal, it will not be long before we see who wins the palm of honor; let us therefore attend to the sports."

Casting their eyes then towards the square, they perceived Abenamar had placed the car close to the jewels, and to the sound of soft music the portrait of Fatima was gently raised and placed beside them. Abenamar alighting from his horse gave it to his attendants, and seating himself at the door of his tent, quietly expected some cavalier to enter the lists. The gentlemen of his train ranged themselves on each side, and the Judges took their station on a high stand, where they might have a full view of every thing that passed. The Judges were two Zegrics, two Gomeles, and an Abencerrage, named Abencarcax, the chief Alguazil of Granada, an office only given to persons of the highest rank and valour. It was not long before a very gallant squadron was seen to enter the square from the street of the Gomeles, in scarlet and white brocade, and plumes of the same colour, and with them a knight, in a Turkish dress of scarlet velvet, lined with gold tissue, and plumes of great value; his jacket also set with precious stones. The cavalier was soon discovered to be the gallant Sarracino. Behind him came a splendid car bearing four triumphal arches, painted with the battles of the Moors and Christians on the plain of Granada; in which Garlilaso de la

Vega's

Vega's and Audallas a Moor of high renown, who, out of contempt for the Christian religion, placed the Ave Maria on the tail of his horse, was particularly distinguished. Beneath the arches was placed a round throne, open on all sides, of the whitest alabaster, enriched with the most beautiful sculpture, and upon it the portrait of a lady in blue brocade fringed with gold, and at her feet a vanquished Cupid on his knees, with his bow and arrows broken, and scattered round him. Sarracino's device was a sea, in the midst a rock, assailed by the waves, and these words on the rock:—

My constancy is like a rock,
Of wind and wave it braves the shock.

No less gallantly did Sarracino make his entry than Abenamar; his car was drawn by four bay horses, with scarlet and gold trappings; and was followed by a noble squadron of gentlemen in scarlet liveries, parading round the square to the sound of soft music.

The portrait was now known for the lovely Galiana's, and every tongue exclaimed that Abenamar had a brave opponent. The queen was surprized at the beauty of the picture, and at the painter's skill; and turning to Galiana, exclaimed, "this conquest of your's is entirely new to us; the object of your choice however I see is no way inferior to Abenamar;" to which Galiana made no reply. The king promised himself great delight, and observed it was impossible not to see shortly deeds worthy of note, since the challenger and the knight, who contended for the prize, were both
equally

equally brave, and each would exert himself in defending the portrait of his lady.

Sarracino, having rode round the square, left the car on one side, and advancing to the challenger, "Sir knight," said he, "you are not unacquainted with the motive of my arrival; I am ready to try the fate of three lances, and understand to a certainty that my lady is to enjoy the portrait of your's, and the golden chain of a thousand doubloons; but if fortune should prove my foe, with the portrait I consent to forfeit this scarf worked by the lovely hands of my lady herself; its value is at least equal to the chain: and indeed so it was, being entirely covered with pearls and precious stones. It gave birth to the ensuing ballad:—

In the parlour of Comares,
 Fair as beauty's lovely queen,
 On a scarf her skill exerting,
 Blooming Galiana's seen.

For the valiant Sarracino
 To the play of canes to bear;
 'Tis of such a wond'rous value,
 That it passes all compare.

Small and large pearls thick adorn it,
 Gold embroidery rich and fine,
 Emeralds green, and glowing rubies,
 On it all refulgent shine.

With

With his lady's smiles delighted,
Was the brave and gallant Moor,
In his heart he wears her image,
In his soul does her adore.

But if the sincerest passion
In his faithful bosom dwells,
How much more the fair one loves him,
Her fond flame his own excels.

Well indeed does he deserve it,
Such his valour, such his birth,
That of all Granada's nobles
None can boast superior worth.

Many a courteous knight had serv'd her,
But could ne'er her love obtain,
Only valiant Sarracino
Did a smile of favor gain.

Abenamar was forsaken
For her Sarracino's sake,
And they live in hopes most pleasing
Soon a wedded pair to make.

Soon that Zambra's and rejoicings
Shall proclaim the blest'd event ;
For her father knows their wishes,
And they have the king's consent.

Sarracino, relying on his own ability, chose to risk
the scarf, not considering the skill of his antagonist,
who

who without hesitation replied, he was ready to make the trial, and would forfeit the portrait of his lady and the chain if it was his fortune to lose them; and saying this, he chose a horse from eight that were caparisoned for the play, and selecting a proper lance, made several evolutions round the square, so gracefully that the king and all the spectators remarked the gallantry of his deportment. Making the horse give a high vault into the air, he finished his career, and parting like an arrow from a bow, he raised aloft his arm, and arriving at the ring touched the upper part of it with his lance, and failed very little of bearing it away. The attempt therefore miscarried, as it was necessary to file the lance through the ring to win the contest.

Abenamar now stopped to see in what manner Sarracino would acquit himself; he was in no little confusion in the outset, but stretching forth his arm, he adroitly filed the lance through the ring, and bore it off with him. Shouts and acclamations ensued, and thousands of voices exclaimed that Abenamar had lost the portrait and the chain: fortune favors Sarracino, and gives him the victory.

Sarracino was overjoyed, and considered himself already in possession of the prizes, making his immediate claim and alleging that he had fairly won them. Muza, who was the challenger's umpire, informed him that there was still two lances to run, according to the conditions of the agreement. Sarracino's umpire, an Azarque Cavalier, maintained the contrary; the matter was therefore referred to the judges, who, commanding silence, read the condition of the challenge, which in reality was for three lances,
and

and not for a single one. Sarracino was greatly enraged to find the prize that the public voice had given him was refused, and Abenamar was equally offended with the spectators and himself. Galiana's countenance was illumined with joy, but Fatima's was filled with chagrin, though she had sufficient command over her feelings to conceal it.

"It goes but ill with our Cavalier, friend Fatima," exclaims Xarifa, "his affairs are in a very indifferent situation, and if they continue so much longer, I should not be very willing to purchase his gains." "I think very little of the past," replied Fatima, "if his affairs are indifferent now, they will prosper better hereafter, and 'tis the end only that we are to attend to." "True, but in my opinion," cried Xarifa, "a good beginning always makes a good end."

"That, I deny," returned Fatima, "and I make no doubt but you will also; I reason from this simile: You must have both heard and seen the Gallant at the commencement of a new amour, endeavour to serve his lady with the utmost attention, giving her daily fêtes and serenades, and almost idolizing her, he makes her a thousand promises of eternal constancy; that the sun shall sooner cease to give its light, that his hand shall strike the moon from the heavens, or remove mountains, before he will forget her, and a thousand more such impossibilities;—that all his intentions are honourable, and that he designs to marry her. At length the poor innocent is deceived, and falls a prey to his desires."

"Fine beginnings indeed," cried Xarifa!—"Well, what ensues? He has enjoyed the lady, and the first day that some cavalier passing through the street happens to

bow

bow to her, my gentleman cries out that he is her Gallant, and that the maiden who forfeited her honor to him, would in like manner stoop to others, forgetting his own false oaths that first betrayed the unhappy fair one. Do but observe their treachery, Xarifa, if a ray of the sun even shines in at the window, they leave the fond believing woman a laughing stock, dishonoured and forgotten; a fine end this after so fair a beginning! you cannot call it a good one?"

"No, certainly!" replied Xarifa, "and I confess you have represented nothing but truth; I know at this very time several young ladies of great beauty, but small fortune, who have been deceived in this manner by gentlemen, and because they were poor, left to misery and disgrace. Young ladies of our age should not be over-confident in their own judgement, and rather leave these matters to the better experience of their parents. But if you please, we will now cast a look towards the contending cavaliers."

Abenamar had, by this time, chosen another horse and lance; and vexed at his past failure he spurred him briskly, and holding his lance steadily in his hand, quicker than thought filed it through the ring, and bore it away. The acclamations were now on his side.

Sarracino gallantly made his second attempt, and proceeded with great caution, but unfortunately he struck the side of the ring only, "There is yet another lance to run," cried Abenamar, "let us therefore, if you please, Sir knight, finish our contest immediately." Seizing a lance, therefore, Abenamar galloped towards the ring, and again dexterously bore it away.

Galiana was now highly disconcerted, seeing the
little

little prospect her beloved Sarracino had of success, who in his last career touched the top of the ring only with the point of his lance, and bore it not away.

Having alighted from his horse, the Judges called Sarracino and pronounced that he had lost the portrait of his lady and the rich scarf. Sarracino replied "if he had lost in sport, in manly combat he knew how to conquer." Abenamar, highly piqued for the motives we have already expressed, replied, "that if he had any thought of recovering a part of his losses in manly combat, he should be glad to know it, as he was ready to do him all the justice he wished." The judges and the umpires now interfered, and pacified the Cavaliers, not suffering so unreasonable a debate to proceed any further. Sarracino therefore withdrew from the square with the gentlemen of his train, and Abenamar commanded the rich spoils to be laid at the foot of Fatima's portrait, whose joy for the victory was extremely great, especially when she beheld the trophies of the challenger's dexterity, though she endeavoured as much as possible to prevent her satisfaction from appearing, not chusing that Abenamar should imagine himself entirely secure of her affection wherein she did not in the least imitate other ladies of the court, whose whole delight was the pleasure of public admiration.

CHAP. X.

The Fêtes continued.

WE left Sarracino falling from the square in great wrath, and highly grieved at his misfortune, which he felt more deeply, as he had lost the beautiful portrait of his lady; arriving at his palace, he returned thanks to the gentlemen who escorted him, and taking off his cap and livery, he dashed them to the ground, and retired to his apartment, where he threw himself on his couch and thus began to vent his sorrow. “Degenerate Cavalier, what account will you give to Galiana of her portrait, and the rich scarf she worked for you, all lost by your own inability? how will you dare to appear in her presence? O perfidious and deceitful Mahomet! at the moment you ought to have favored me most, you deserted me. Do you forget, false enemy! that I promised to raise your statue in gold, and to burn a load of incense in your mosque, if you had this day given me victory? I find you have not the power to assist me, and therefore, as Alla lives, I will be revenged of you by turning christian, and following that holy religion; thus only can I save my soul from eternal perdition!”

These and a thousand other complaints did Sarracino utter, comforting himself in his future good intentions. Galiana felt for his disgrace, and looked round to see him, but concealing her sorrow she continued to converse

verse with the queen and the ladies, who said every thing they could to give her consolation, telling her that her person was just as free as ever, although her portrait was lost, and therefore that she ought only to laugh at so slight a misfortune. Galiana replied that it gave her no manner of concern, as these were merely the adventures of gentlemen. But though indeed she said this, she felt inwardly the extremest envy, and exclaimed to herself: "Ah, victorious Abenamar, how will you revenge my neglect upon the portrait, and how delighted will your lady be with the prizes you have won! she has, indeed, reason to be happy! when I worked the costly scarf little did I think into whose hands it would fall!" Zelima begged her sister not to suffer her grief to attract notice, and at last she succeeded tolerably well in concealing it. A very great noise was now heard, and looking towards the street of Elvira, whence it seemed to come, they beheld a large serpent enter, vomiting flames of fire. Behind it came thirty Cavaliers in purple and white liveres, with similar plumes, and their horses caparisoned and adorned with trappings of the like colours. In the midst came a horse without a rider, with a rich cloth of purple and white velvet thrown over him: very sweet music accompanied the procession.

The serpent made a circle round the square, and stopped before the royal windows, scattering flames on all sides, and fire works of admirable invention. At length it opened in the center, and a knight appeared in purple and white velvet, richly embroidered with gold and silver: four savages attended him, who held between them a rich chair, covered with purple velvet also, and

fastened with gold nails, whereon the portrait of the beautiful Xarifa was discovered, and the knight was soon known to be Abindarraez.

The portrait was dressed in purple spangled with gold stars, and a broad fringe of gold also; the head-dress was extremely elegant; and the picture was altogether so like the lovely original, that the king and queen could not forbear turning their eyes upon Xarifa, whose blushes added new charms to her beauty.

“Now Xarifa” cried her majesty, “the hour is arrived when your knight will enter the lists with Abenamar, we shall soon see who will achieve the palm of honor.” “Fortune,” replied Xarifa, “will determine as she pleases, but whether she smiles or frowns, my countenance will be unaltered.”

Very much did it astonish the spectators to find the brave Abencerrage unhurt tho’ surrounded by so much fire. Having mounted his horse he rode round the square attended by the thirty knights, with the four savages in the center, bearing the chair; and arriving at Abenamar’s post, the savages ranged themselves close to the triumphal cars and the jewels, and stood with the chair on their shoulders that the portrait might be universally seen. Abindarraez at length approached the challenger, and thus addressed him: “Victorious knight, is it agreeable to you to run three lances with me on the conditions you have proclaimed?” “For this purpose, sir knight,” answered Abenamar, “I am here:” and chusing a lance, he immediately spurred his horse, and with great gallantry bore off the ring. Abindarraez was not in the least confused at his success, but rather gathering fresh courage, he galloped on,
and

and in full career also bore it off. The challenger, nettled at his rival's good fortune, made the second course and again succeeded. Abindarraez also did the same, greatly to the admiration of the spectators, who exclaimed the challenger has found his equal.

Great was the apprehension of the two ladies, Fatima and Xarifa, neither of them being able to divine to whom the victory would fall, both doubting the event of the last trial, tho' each relied on her knight's address. Abenamar now chose another lance, and with all imaginable care once more bore off the ring, greatly to his own and Fatima's delight: highly elated, she turned towards Xarifa, who had entirely lost her colour, and laughing, exclaimed, "sister Xarifa, you very indifferently perform the promise you made the queen, that fortune should make no alteration in your countenance, and now you turn quite pale. But, be comforted, the last lance may yet be as successful as the former." "That I doubt," exclaimed the queen, "it would be marvellous, indeed, if Abindarraez should a third time bear off the ring," and indeed they now perceived that he had only touched it on one side.

The challenger's trumpets immediately sounded a flourish, and Abindarraez was informed by the judges that he had lost the portrait of his lady, and that it must be given to the conqueror; Abindarraez replied, "since it was so, and fortune had not stood his friend, he must comply; but," continued he, "I console myself in the reflection of this being merely pastime." Abindarraez said this indeed, but his bosom was full of grief, as he would not have lost the portrait of the beautiful Xarifa for all the world,

It was now, as Galiana's had already been, placed at the foot of Fatima's. "Ah, lovely Xarifa," said the queen, "the portrait of Fatima is not destined to become your's. I warned you not to be over-confident. Do you not know that Abenamar is one of the bravest gentlemen of the court, and that neither Abindarraez, nor any other knight ever shone his superior? Believe me, the portraits he has won will yet have other companions." "It is enough to know," replied Xarifa, "that he has often before been victorious, I am therefore the less distressed now."

Abindarraez, attended by the gentlemen of his train, and the four savages, was now quitting the square, but the Judges called to him, and one of them, the Abencerrage, selected two golden bracelets, of the value of two hundred ducats, and presented them to Abindarraez as a reward for his ingenious invention of the artificial serpent. Abindarraez received the present with the greatest satisfaction, and to the sound of music approached the queen's balcony, and hanging them on the point of his lance, presented them to Xarifa, saying, "Beauteous lady, the original being ever present in my heart, the absence of the copy grieves me the less; I did my best, but fortune favored my opponent, not through the least defect in your charms, but merely as it was a pastime, and not a trial of courage. These bracelets, the reward that has been bestowed on me, be pleased to accept, if even they should serve but to remind you how ill I have acquitted myself in defence of your beauty." Xarifa, with a smile, accepted the present, and replied, "that she was glad to see his ingenuity had

won a prize, and that her portrait had fallen into such hands as she was certain would use it well."

Fatima was going to acknowledge the compliment, when the appearance of a great rock in the square, as naturally executed as if it had just been shivered from a mountain, prevented her: it was covered all over with grass and flowers, and, enclosed within it, the sweetest instruments of music were heard. The rock was surrounded by twelve Cavaliers in grey velvet liveries, ornamented with large scimitars, and lined with green silk. The hilts of the scimitars were bound with gold thread, twisted in fanciful branches, and altogether very admirably executed. The trappings, plumes, and other accoutrements of their horses were also grey and green.

All eyes were rivetted on the rock; it stopped opposite to the royal windows, and one of the twelve Cavaliers, by far the handsomest, and best equipped, alighted from his horse, and the famous Reduan was discovered; anxiously the spectators observed his actions, and saw him draw a Damascene scimitar, and fiercely attack the rock, giving it many desperate blows. At length, in the part he struck, a mouth opened, vomiting forth flames of fire so intense that Reduan was obliged to draw back; after the fire had spent its fury, four devils, extremely fierce, issued out with flaming torches in their hands, and attacked Reduan, who battled them so bravely that he soon confined them in the rock again. Scarce had the demons re-entered, when four savages, armed with clubs, rushed out, whom Reduan also attacked, and seized by main force, dragging them back to the rock, and entering it himself with them.

A dreadful din and clashing of arms was now heard within, but the tumult ceasing, so sweet a strain of music succeeded that it ravished every ear. At length the rock again opened its mouth, and the victorious Reduan sallied forth, and after him the four savages bearing a golden arch of excellent workmanship, engraved with many ancient and modern histories. Beneath the arch was placed a chair of ivory, and on it the portrait of a most beautiful lady in blue sattin, lined with orange taffety, having large scimitars figured on the habit with gold thread, fancifully twisted round the hilts. The head-dress was Grecian, and extremely elegant.

The portrait was generally admired, and known for the lovely Lindaraxa, an Abencerrage lady, of such distinguished beauty, she would have rivalled the contending goddesses, and have had the golden apple decreed in her favor. After the portrait came many skilful musicians, and the four devils bound in chains followed in the rear. The moment they all quitted the rock, it began afresh to discharge so much fire, that it was in a short time entirely consumed.

A noble horse was now brought to Reduan, who lightly vaulting on his back, rode round the square, respectfully saluting the king and queen, and the ladies. At length approaching the challenger's tent he thus addressed him: "Although the conditions are to run three lances, yet, Sir knight, if it be agreeable to you, one alone shall determine our contest." "If such be your pleasure," replied Abenamar, "it is mine also:" and instantly taking a lance, he rode full speed, and passing at the ring, touched the top of it, but did not
bear

it away, and then returned to his tent to observe his adversary's success, who, having selected a stout lance, made the trial with great gallantry but unsuccessfully, not touching the ring at all. Highly grieved at this, Reduan wheeled round his steed, and was informed by the Judges he had forfeited the portrait, but that his ingenuity merited a reward. A pair of Turkish earrings of Arabian gold was accordingly presented to him, of the value of two hundred doubloons, so costly and beautiful was the workmanship. The triumphal arch, the chair, and the portrait of Lindaraxa, were now placed at the foot of Fatima's, who was beyond measure delighted with the success of her victorious knight.

Reduan taking the ear-rings, hung them on the point of his lance, and bore them to the ladies balcony, where the fair Lindaraxa was seated, "Be pleased, lovely lady," said he, "to accept these trifles, which have indeed cost me dear; regard not, I entreat you, my evil fortune at the ring, but rather consider my earnest desire to make you the triumphant mistress of the spoils of the day: fortune is at this time wholly Abenamar's, she favors him, and I am not to blame. Receive them as a mark of my disgrace, and a proof of my little skill."

"It is the custom of ladies," replied Lindaraxa, "to receive courteously the presents that are offered them, and therefore I accept your gift; but learn, Sir knight, that I am grieved to find you have had the portrait drawn without my knowledge; as it was not with my consent, I do not look upon it as lost, yielding not the least advantage either in beauty or lineage to Zegri

Fatima, because I am Lindaraxa of the Abencerrage race." After she had said this she took the ear-rings, and courteously thanked her Gallant, who was prevented from replying by a general shout, occasioned by the entry of a galley in the square, apparently navigated by the fore-sail. Slaves, habited in different colours, were rowing, some in green brocade, some in white, and in purple, and others in blue. The oars, masts, and yards were gilt; the poop was lined with silver, and a flag of curious workmanship waved over it; it had also three golden lanterns: the rudder was silver, the sails of white silk, and the streamers of divers colours. The device, painted on the stern, was a savage tearing the jaws of a lion, the ancient bearing of the Abencerrages. The sailors were dressed in blue damask fringed with gold lace, the rigging was purple, and on the bow was a globe of crystal, with this motto on it, in golden letters, 'All is little.' A brave blazon, worthy of Cæsar, or Alexander the Great, though in the end it cost the Abencerrages dear; thirty of whom were seen in the galley, in liveries of scarlet and white velvet, fringed with gold, and blue and scarlet plumes. Their captain, Albin-Hamet, was dressed very superbly. The deck was beaten gold.

Thus gloriously did the galley enter the square; arriving at the royal windows, the great guns made a discharge, shaking the very foundations of the houses; after the salute was over, a hundred musketeers began so fierce a skirmish, that it seemed nothing less than a battle in earnest: the Alhambra and the Red Tower answered to the fire of the artillery so loudly that the whole city rung again.

This

This was applauded as the grandest fight ever witnessed ; the Zegries and Gomeles alone were stung with madness at the Abencerrages contriving so magnificent a spectacle : and one of the former could not refrain maliciously exclaiming to the king, “ I wonder to what length the imaginations of these Abencerrages will lead them : they are so lofty that, in a great measure, they even obscure the noble works of your majesty, and of all your royal ancestors.”

“ A sovereign,” replied the king, “ is more esteemed in having gentlemen of such merit in his court : the Abencerrages are of royal blood, and all their actions do them honor.” “ It were well,” cried a Gomele, “ if their actions were always fair and open, but their minds are infinitely too lofty and presuming.” “ Hitherto,” answered the king, “ they have never done any thing unworthy of their royal descent, and I presume they never will.” This finished the conversation.

The galley, having sailed round the square, arrived opposite to the challenger’s tent. The Abencerrage gentlemen, whose renown was every where celebrated, were now all known ; they leaped from the vessel, and were furnished with powerful steeds, whose trappings were scarlet brocade, and plumes of the like colour.

Reduan, who was still in the square, addressed Abindarraez, who was just returned to it, in these words : “ O happy, a thousand times happy Abindarraez ! how pleasantly may you live in the thought that your adored Xarifa loves you, a greater felicity than any other fortune could bestow ! And I, a thousand
times

times wretched! my fair ingrate treats me with disdain, and has this day rejected me!"

"And who has rejected you?" replied Abindarraez, "Who, but your cousin Lindaraxa," returned Reduan. "Are you then ignorant that she loves Hamet-Gazul?" "I have long known it: banish this passion from your bosom, you sow in barren ground, and never can reap a harvest. You have, however, made it public, and convinced us all of its ardour by your motto on the rock, which I read as I retired from the square." Abindarraez said this with a laugh, and indeed not untruly, for Reduan had figured on the rock a burning Volcano, with this motto, "My flame burns still fiercer." Reduan, seeing him smile, exclaimed, "I see you are happy, and so may you continue! but as for me, I can bear my torture no longer." Spurring his horse therefore he left the square with the Cavaliers belonging to his train.

The thirty Abencerrages had now ranged themselves in order ready to enter the lists, and their captain thus addressed Abenamar; "We bring, Sir knight, no portraits of our ladies to set in competition with your's; all we desire is to have each the honor of running a lance with you." "The honor," replied Abenamar, "is mine;" and immediately began his career, first against one, and then against the rest in their turn. Several of the Abencerrages won prizes, and presented them to their ladies, and then re-entering the galley, it once more sailed round the place, and made its exit with universal applause.

A great castle now entered the square, covered with flags, and discharging its artillery; within it the sound
of

of the sweetest music was heard. On the summit of the tower was a figure of Mars, in complete armour, with a sword in his right hand, and in his left a flag of green silk, with these lines in golden letters.

The gallant foldier, great in war's alarms,
 Who far and near extends his conqu'ring arms,
 Deserves the laurel of immortal fame,
 And future ages praise the hero's name.
 Flock to this standard then, bold Mars obey,
 To glory and renown he points the way.

which verses are by no means to be despised, as they declare the road to fame is valour.

The flags on the castle were of divers colours; eight were green silk, with a broad purple fringe, and these had all one inscription:—

Who in the field of battle lies,
 That glory gains, which death defies.

On a second square of the tower was eight pendants, of blue damask. Their inscriptions were,—

Granada's glory fame shall sing,
 Whilst time his lengthen'd course shall wing.

On a third was eight scarlet streamers, fringed with gold, extremely handsome and valuable, and their inscription,—

Virtue is true nobility alone,
 On this may grandeur build a stable throne.

On the fourth and last side, was eight pendants of gold brocade, studded with half moons of silver, that cast such a lustre that the eye was dazzled to look on them; their inscriptions were,—

Behold

Behold the trumpet's warlike found
Proclaims our castle's glory round.

If the galley entered gloriously, so also did the castle. No person could divine of what *materials it was fabricated; it seemed to be entirely gold, covered with foliage, and the histories of many famous battles were painted on it. Admirably also was the cannon served and discharged, and trumpets and clarionets, and many other

* This is not to be considered as entirely fabulous; the walls of the principal saloon in the Alhambra are made of a similar composition to that here described, the art of preparing which is now entirely lost; I have indeed heard it conjectured to be a preparation of the yolk of eggs.

Perhaps, were I to go farther, and say I gave credit to these inventions, I should be esteemed extremely fanciful; I shall only relate, that arriving in Spain early after the peace of 1783, I was witness to the rejoicings on that occasion. A sham invasion of the Moors constituted the principal part of the fêtes.

Early in the morning of the appointed day the Moorish squadron was discovered in the Bay of Alicant, the alarm was given, but the Moors were able to effect a landing, and take possession of a battery, the town then capitulated. In the afternoon the Christians rallied, and stormed the fort, but were repulsed; the Moorish garrison now made a fortie, and the two squadrons of Moors and Christians encountered each other in the Plaza-Mayor, which generally signifies the great square, but here may be with more propriety translated, the broadest place in the city, and a fierce battle ensued, which ended by the Christian leader's striking off the false head of the Moorish General. The reader may discern from this anecdote that Spain has not yet forgot the smart of the Moorish invasion. The fight was by no means void of magnificence, as the dresses of the Moors and Christians perfectly corresponded to these different nations.

But

other instruments of music, played a delightful concert within. The castle advanced to the center of the square, and then stopped. Behind it came many gentlemen, in rich liveries, leading two and thirty horses in trappings of various colours.

A portal now opened on the side of the castle, which was adorned with the green banners, and eight Cavaliers in green liveries and plumes sallied forth: as many powerful horses were brought them, and lightly setting their feet in the stirrups, the Cavaliers vaulted on their backs, and were immediately discerned to be eight Zegries. They rode up to the tent of the challenger, and thus addressed him: "Victorious knight, hither we come to prove our skill in manly sport, will you be pleased to run a single lance with each of us?"

"Your

But the most splendid show that I have witnessed, was the procession in honor of the Primus of Louvain at Bruges, in the year 1782. The Primus, or the Chief, is the student that best answers certain questions proposed to him in mathematics, history, philosophy, &c. It is a custom in all the towns of Flanders to lay by annually a certain sum to be presented to the scholar, if he should chance to be the son of a townsman. There had not been a Primus of Bruges for an hundred and ten years, and to the best of my memory he got about £2000 sterling. I shall not attempt to describe the procession, only say that the most beautiful little children in all Flanders were selected to represent the gods and goddesses, in the same cars and dresses as they are represented in Tooke's Pantheon; the four quarters of the world were represented in like manner; and the houses of the streets, through which the procession passed, were decorated and covered from top to bottom with branches of trees, pictures, and Latin epigrams, wherein the Flemish are remarkably clever, in the young man's honor. I hope I shall be pardoned for this digression, and also for this latter note, which some may consider irrelevant to the history.

“Your pleasure,” replied Abenamar, “is mine; although you bring no portrait of your ladies, agreeable to the proclamation.” Taking a lance Abenamar gallantly made the trial, when five of the Zegries won prizes, and presented them to their ladies. On their return to the castle they were welcomed with music, and a fresh discharge of artillery.

The door on the side of the blue pendants was now opened, and eight noble Cavaliers issued out, dressed in blue liveries spotted with golden stars, and blue plumes, fringed with the purest gold. These were eight Gomeles: horses in similar trappings were brought to them, when three of the eight won jewels in the sports, and presented the prizes to their ladies.

As these Cavaliers re-entered eight others came out from the side of the castle hung with the pendants of scarlet brocade, dressed in the same livery with purple plumes, and mounting their steeds, caparisoned in like manner, seven of the eight won jewels from the challenger, and carried them as presents to their ladies. These gentlemen were Vanegas, held in very high estimation in Granada. They were received at the castle with the usual honors, and the fourth door was then opened on the side of the banners of gold brocade, when eight Cavaliers sallied forth in corresponding liveries, in scarlet and silver plumes. These were Mazas, every one of whom gained a prize, to their no little pleasure, as well as to the king's, who was particularly partial to this lineage.

Having presented the jewels they had gained to their ladies, and returned to the castle, trumpets and other warlike instruments of music sounded within to arms,
and

and the two and thirty Cavaliers again made their appearance, armed with shields, and re-mounting their horses, chose light canes, when a very agreeable skirmish took place: formed into four squadrons, they threw their canes with the greatest address, and to the admiration of all the spectators. Finishing the sport, they at length united into one troop, and sallied from the square, and the castle, after discharging a round of artillery, made its exit also.

Many were the different opinions which the spectators entertained respecting the galley and the castle, some preferring the former, and others the latter. "By Mahomet," exclaimed a Zegri, "it gives me infinite delight to see the Zegries and Gomeles have atchieved any thing so noble, for now they may indeed vie with the Abencerrages, who, but for the castle, would be so elated with vanity, there would be no enduring them; but now they must admit the Zegries and Gomeles are no less clever than themselves."

An Abencerrage, who heard the Zegri's remark, replied, "Certainly, signor Zegri, there is not the least shadow of justice in what you say, the Abencerrages are of such temperate dispositions that prosperity never lifts them too high, nor does adversity depress them; their temper is at all times even; affable and benevolent towards the poor, magnanimous to the rich; friends without deceit or bickering; and for these good qualities, as well in Granada itself, as the whole kingdom, the Abencerrages are esteemed by all, except you Zegries and the Gomeles, who without reason hate us." "Without reason, do you think?" replied the Zegri, "Is not the death of Mahomet Zegri, the head
of

of our family, in the tilt of canes, sufficient reason?" "And do you not think," rejoined the Abencerrage, "that we had sufficient cause to stir ourselves against you, for combining and arming with strong coats of mail beneath your jackets to slay us, throwing sharp lances instead of canes, as Malique Alabez experienced, whose arm was pierced entirely through? The Zegries evidently were in fault, and knowing it their rancour lies so deep, that they invent a thousand calumnies against us." "Since you have charged the Zegries as aggressors, why," said the Zegri, "did Alabez go armed?" "Because," replied the Abencerrage, "one of the conspirators, more honest than the rest, informed him of the plot, and thus he was prepared to repel the treason: and had he known that similar treachery was designed against the Abencerrages also, he would have given them notice of it, and, if he had, Mahomet would have been most nobly accompanied. But you met your deserts, Alabez amply revenged his wound." "If he revenged it," cried the Zegri, "some day or other he shall atone for it."

The king, and many gentlemen, were listening to this dispute, in which others of the Zegries were going to interfere, when the former commanded silence on pain of death, and thus put a stop to the debate. All this contributed however to incense the two parties more and more against each other.

A triumphal car of pure gold now entered the square, having its angles and sides engraved with all the events that had happened since the foundation of the city of Granada to that very day, and adorned with the portraits of all the kings and caliphs that had reigned

reigned over it. On the top of the car appeared an immense cloud, so artfully suspended, that it astonished all the beholders; loud thunder was heard and vivid lightning flashed from the cloud, and as it passed along a shower of artificial hail fell behind the car. Thus did it enter the square, and stopping opposite to the royal windows, the cloud opened with a great noise into eight parts, and discovered a beautiful azure sky within, spangled with the most brilliant golden stars. In the center a golden figure of Mahomet was seated on a rich throne, having in his hands a crown of gold, which he was placing over the portrait of a lovely Moorish lady, whose hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders, and who was dressed in striped purple brocade, disclosing through the stripes a petticoat of the richest silver tissue; the dress was looped round with broaches of diamonds and emeralds.

The portrait represented the lovely Cohaida, and by the side of it was seated a knight in corresponding livery, with purple and white plumes edged with silver. He had a chain round his neck that was fastened to the portrait, signifying that he was a captive to the charms of the fair original. The knight was Malique Alabez, who having recovered from the wounds he received in the battle with Ponce de Leon, was anxious to be present at the fêtes, confident of his skill in the course of the ring. To the sound of soft music, the chain was loosened from his neck, and Alabez alighted from his car. Don Manuel's horse attended him in trappings of the same livery as his rider.

The sight of Malique Alabez occasioned universal pleasure, but above all was the fair Cohaida delighted
 with

with his presence, and to see her portrait so highly honored. Every heart wished him success. Slowly he rode before the triumphal car, and arriving at the challenger's post, he stopped. "Sir knight," said he to Abenamar, "will you be pleased to run three lances with me; I am ready to comply with your conditions, and have brought the portrait of my lady?" "With pleasure," replied Abenamar; and taking a lance, he made his first course so gallantly that he bore away the ring. Alabez did the same: and thus in the whole three lances neither failed a single time.

Every voice resounded the praise of Alabez, "he deserves," cried they, "a noble prize for his reward." The Judges consulted together, and decreed that the portraits of Fatima and Cohaida should be placed side by side, and calling Alabez they gave him a small golden ship of most admirable workmanship, with all its tackling of fine gold. Receiving it gracefully, Alabez rode round the square, and arriving at the queen's balcony, where Cohaida was seated, he hung it on the point of his lance, saying, "Most beautiful lady, deign to accept this ship, which has the wind as favorable as I can wish it." Cohaida, with blushes that heightened her beauty, received the present, and the queen admiring it greatly, could not avoid exclaiming, "Certainly Cohaida, if you navigate with so good a pilot, you cannot fail of being happy, although indeed you deserve a king." Cohaida kissed her majesty's hand for the flattering compliment, and courtesying to Alabez, he returned to his car; the portrait being again restored to its place, he took his seat, and the chain was fastened round his neck. Immediately
the

the cloud closed, and the thunder began to roll and the lightning to flash as before, to the astonishment of all the spectators. The car then left the square with universal applause. The king gave his opinion that Alabez had borne away the palm from all the competitors, as nothing could ever excel such ingenuity.

Four squadrons of horse now made their appearance; the first consisting of six Cavaliers in rose and yellow coloured livery, the trappings of their horses and plumes corresponding. The second in green and red; the third in blue and white, embroidered with gold and silver; and the fourth in purple and orange. These four and twenty Cavaliers were armed with lances and bucklers, having banners on their lances. A skirmish of twelve against twelve took place: and chusing canes they all threw them with the greatest address. This pastime being ended, they requested the challenger to try a lance with each of them, and fifteen of the twenty-four won jewels, which they presented to their ladies, and then sallied from the square.

The first squadron of these Cavaliers was Azarques, the second Sarracinos, the third Alarifes, and the fourth Aliatares, all gentlemen of the highest rank and consideration. Their ancestors were inhabitants of Toledo, and they flourished in the time of king Galifo, who reigned in that city. This king had a brother, named Zayde, who was king of *Belchite in Aragon. The latter king had been engaged in considerable quarrels and wars with a brave Moor, called Atarfe, a near
K 2
relation

* There are strong traces of a punie word in the name of this place, viz.—Baal or Bel-Chittim.

relation to the king of Granada. Peace being at length restored between them, the king of Toledo, rejoicing to find Atarfe and his brother friends, gave a splendid fête, and a bull fight, succeeded by a grand tilt of canes on the occasion, and in these sports the four lineages of Cavaliers were the principal actors. Others say the fêtes were given in honor of a beautiful lady, whom the king was passionately fond of, and that the peace served only as a pretext: let the motive have been what it might, the fêtes were certainly celebrated, and upon the loss of Toledo these noblemen retired to Granada. Their mottos and devices were the same as they bore in times past; and there is a ballad extant that commemorates the fêtes, which we present to our readers.

Sarracinos, Aliatares,
 Eights to eights, and tens to tens,
 'Gainst Alarifes and Azarques
 In Toledo tilt with canes.

Brave Atarfe of Granada,
 Zayde fair Belchite's king,
 Peace had made, and hence these tourneys,
 Hence these great rejoicings spring.

Others say they were commanded
 For fair Zelindaxa's sake.
 And this peace Toledo's sovereign
 A pretence was glad to make.

First the Sarracino's entered,
Each upon a forrel steed,
All in green and orange liveries,
That in beauty much exceed.

Scimitars, for their devices,
On their trusty targets stood,
Bent like fatal bows of Cupid,
With this motto, "Valour, blood."

Following next in equal splendour
Were the Aliatares seen,
All in glossy scarlet liveries,
Wove with foliage white between.

For device the mighty heavens
Borne by Atlas stout and bold;
With these letters wrote beneath them,
"Till I'm weary these I'll hold."

Then the Alarifes follow'd,
All in dresses gay and new;
Brightest red, and palest yellow,
Silken scarfs of various hue.

On their shields they bore a savage,
He a rugged knot affails,
On his club was this inscription
In gold letters, "Strength prevails."

Last the eight Azarques enter'd,
 More superb than all the rest ;
 Blue and purple were their liveries,
 And their plumes with foliage dress'd.

Green their shields, blue heavens upon them,
 Thence two issuing hands were seen,
 With a scroll this motto bearing,
 " All perfection lies in green."

*One alone a sun resplendent
 Bore triumphant on his shield,
 And this motto proud beneath it,
 " All shall to my glory yield."

Much it hurts the monarch's feelings
 To be mock'd before all eyes,
 And to see the bold Azarque
 His concerted fêtes despise.

Thus he cried to his Alcayde,
 " Celin, I'll put down that fun,
 Since before us all so proudly
 Thus its course it dares to run.

Now th' Azarque †reeds is throwing,
 And so high he throws them all,
 That no eye can e'en discover
 Where they mount, or where they fall.

All

* The sense of the two ensuing verses seeming very obscure, I thought proper to add this verse.

† A curious custom is here recorded, which you have under the word Bohordos, in Delpino's Spanish Dictionary. " Bohordo—
 Any

All the ladies from the windows
 Lean to see his great address;
 In the royal booth delighted
 They applaud his skill no less.

Whilst advancing, or retreating,
 Still it was the vulgar cry,
 Alla guard thee, bold Azarque!—
 Fain the king had seen him die.

Zelindaxa, to refresh him,
 Water from the windows threw,
 Royal favors disrespecting,
 Then the king impatient grew.

“Seize him,” cried he, “quickly seize him!”
 (Some suppos’d the sports were o’er;)
 But the king aloud repeated,
 “Seize th’ Azarque chief,” once more.

Canes the two first troops forsaking,
 Now their lances boldly seize,
 And towards th’ Azarque hasten,
 Willing their great king to please.

K 4

When

Any sort of rush, but particularly the great rush, that has a long round head, like velvet; (*i. e.* the bull-rush) also small rods, which the gentry, riding abroad on Midsummer-day in the morning, to divert themselves dart up into the air; perhaps in some places they used these rushes.

When his will a monarch shews,
Who shall dare his own discover,
Mock his passion, and oppose
The wishes of a royal lover?

The last two troops had fain resisted,
But th' Azarque nobly cried,
“ Friends, tho' love no law confesses,
“ We must by the laws abide.

“ Raise not then your arms rebellious,
“ Tho' my foes their lances keep :
“ Hark ! they shout already victory—
“ They may joy, but I must weep.”

When his will a monarch shews,
Who shall dare his own discover,
Mock his passion and oppose
The wishes of the royal lover ?

Now the gallant Moor was taken ;
But in bands the people join,
To preserve him from the prison
Where he must in chains repine.

But the people had no leader
To direct them where to bend ;
Thus the different bands were scatter'd,
Quickly did the tumult end.

When

When his will a monarch shews,
Who shall dare his own discover,
Mock his passion, and oppose
The wishes of the royal lover?

Zelindaxa still cry'd, " free him,
" Free him from the tyrant's hands!"
And was from the window leaping,
Mad to tear away his bands.

But her angry mother clasp'd her
In her arms with all her might.
" Rash!" said she, " what are you doing,
" Have you lost your senses quite?"

When his will a monarch shews,
Who shall dare his own discover,
Mock his passion, and oppose
The wishes of the royal lover?

Soon the monarch sent his orders,
That she should be close confin'd,
In the house of some relation,
Till she came to better mind.

" If," cry'd she, " he dooms confinement,
" I will not a prison refuse;
" But the heart of my Azarque
" Is the only prison I chuse."

When

When his will a monarch shews,
 Who shall dare his own discover,
 Mock his passion, and oppose
 The wishes of the royal lover?

The squadrons had no sooner left the square, than an Alcayde entered it from the Elvira gate, and hastening to the king informed him a Christian knight was at hand, who requested his majesty's permission to try three lances with the challenger. "He has it freely," replied the king, "and he does honor to our royal fêtes." The Alcayde returned, and throwing open the gate every eye was fixed on the noble mien of the knight, who now rode into the square. His livery was white fringed with gold, and the same trappings to his horse. His dignified aspect proclaimed victory over the spoils Abenamar had won, and even over the golden chain and the portrait of his lady. On his left side he wore a brilliant red cross, that contributed to adorn his person. Looking round on every side the Christian knight circled the square, and arriving at the royal windows, made his obeisance first to the king, and then to the queen and ladies. The Master of Calatrava was at length known, and the king was highly gratified to see him. Courteously addressing Abenamar, he said, "Brave knight, the spoils and trophies I see at the foot of yon fair portrait clearly announce your valour, and that you merit every honor that can be done you. Will you be pleased to try three lances with me, not considering any portrait as interested in the success?"

Abenamar,

Abenamar, in the mean time, looking at Muza, exclaimed, "Certainly this must be the Master of Calatrava, with whom you have recently commenced a friendship? I think I cannot be mistaken by the red cross." Muza, fixing his eyes on him, perceived it was indeed the Master, and rose up to salute him, giving him a welcome to Granada, and calling him both the Flower of Christianity, and of Moorish Cavaliers. The Master gracefully returned the salute, and thanked him for his good opinion; Abenamar now replied that he should be happy to run as many lances with him as he pleased, and immediately taking a lance he run the first with great gallantry; the Master however gained the advantage, as he did likewise in all the three.

The people, imagining the Christian knight had brought a portrait with him, concluded his success to be a malice of Cupid instead of Mars, but his heart was in reality no captive to any lady, and all he fought was the glory of noble actions; had he bowed to love, his name would have been deservedly erased from the rolls of fame.*

The Judges now presented the Master of Calatrava with the chain of gold valued at the thousand doubloons, for his reward, had he brought a portrait he would have also been entitled to the rest of the spoils and prizes. He took the chain, and to the sound of music approached the queen's balcony, and making a respectful

* This is a doctrine, which I believe none of my readers will subscribe to any more than the translator. I am not certain the knights of Calatrava were bound to celibacy.

respectful obeifance, rofe on his ftirrups, and kifling the chain, begged her majefty would condefcend to accept the trifle, as her majefty alone deferved it; “ Blame not my boldnefs,” continued the Mafter, “ in making the offer; fince, in fêtes like thefe, jewels may be received by ladies without difhonour.”

The queen rofe, and taking the chain from his hands, kifled it alfo, and courtefyng to the knight, again fat down.

The Mafter then bowing to the king, returned to Muza and the other Cavaliers, by whom he was highly efteemed for his extraordinary valour. At this moment Albayaldos, who had long been defirous of entering the lifts with the Mafter of Calatrava, on account of his having flain in fingle combat a near relation, with whom Albayaldos had lived in the ftrictest amity, left the king’s prefence, and attended by a few friends, mounted a beautiful mare, and rode up to the Mafter, who was converfing with Muza. Contemplating awhile his noble look and mien, Albayaldos exclaimed, “ Great and univerfal has been the fatisfaction, gallant Don Rodrigo, to fee you at this fête, and greater ftill will be my pleafure to fee you in fhining arms, as I have been accuftomed to behold you on the Vega, that we may meet in combat, as I have long and earneftly defired, for two efpecial reafons, the one for the honor of contending in the lifts with a perfon of your known and approved valour, and the other from the defire to avenge the death of my firft coufin Mahomet Bey. I know indeed that you flew him in fair and open battle, yet for the love I bore him I am provoked to give you this defiance,

and

and whensoever it may please you to grant my request, on horseback I will meet you, and for my second bring Malique Alabez.”

The Master quietly listened to the address, and with a smiling countenance replied, “ If great, Signor, has been your pleasure to see me thus equipped in robes of gala, and you should better like to see me armed, I shall be happy to promote your wishes, and meet you even this day : your valour is known to all the Christians, who scour the Vega, and this bold challenge has confirmed it : you say moreover it is my fame that leads you to defy me, but there are many other Christian knights whose deeds of valour are eminently superior to mine, and with whom you may acquire still higher glory. As to your cousin Mahomet, he fell like a brave knight ; but since you wish to try our mutual strength, I am contented, and at the morrow’s dawn will meet you, armed at all points, with Don Manuel Ponce de Leon for my second ; and that you may rely on my word, receive this glove as my assured pledge.”

The Moor took the glove, and gave the Master a gold ring, which was his seal, in exchange. Muza and the other gentlemen did all they could to prevent the combat, but the champions would not release each other’s word, and thus the battle remained unreceded for the morrow.

CHAP. XI.

*Battle between Albayaldos and the Master of Calatrava
—Alabez and Ponce de Leon—The Death of Albay-
aldos—Battle between Reduan and Gazul.*

AS it now grew late the Master of Calatrava took his leave, and no more Cavaliers appearing to dispute the day, the Judges called Abenamar, and complimented him on his success, and the many prizes he had won; the portrait of the beautiful Fatima however excelled all the rest. Descending from their seats the Judges mounted their horses, and with Abenamar and his umpire Muza in the midst, they paraded round the square, giving him a thousand congratulations on his victory. The cavalcade stopped at the queen's balcony, and presenting Fatima with the jewels, "Fair lady," said Abenamar, "accept what is justly your due, your beauty won the prizes, dispose of them as you please."

Blushes prevented Fatima from replying, but with her eyes she returned a thousand thanks, a language in which lovers are never deficient. Highly was she envied by Galiana and Xarifa, when they beheld so many rich trophies in her possession, and their own portraits among them. Galiana was greatly hurt: a thousand matters did she revolve in her mind, reflecting that

that Abenamar had planned these tilts purposely to be revenged of her indifference; and still more did she feel the absence of her beloved Sarracino, who returned no more to the square. The king now withdrew from the balcony, and retired with the queen to the Alhambra.

At night all the gentlemen who were engaged in the tilt supped with the king, Sarracino excepted, who sent his excuses. The ladies also supped with her majesty, and the supper was succeeded by a concert and a ball; the gentlemen danced with their ladies in the liveries they had worn in the fête. Galiana alone did not dance, feigning indisposition. Her sister Selima again tried to console her, but it was in vain, as her heart was too full. The Cavalier, who outshone the rest on this occasion, was the noble Gazul, enamoured of the lovely Lindaraxa, and who was in return beloved, which greatly distressed the valiant Reduan, who could not bear to see himself slighted. Burning with jealousy Reduan thought of nothing less than the destruction of Gazul, but the event proved very different from his present wishes, as in the sequel we shall relate, when we come to speak of the battle between the two Cavaliers for the sake of the lovely Abencerrage, who, in some couplets of the bachelor Pedro de Moncayo, is called Celinda.

To return to our history, the greatest part of the night was spent in dancing, and the king having done every honor to Abenamar and the other gentlemen, at length gave the signal to retire. Fatima generously restored the portraits to the respective ladies, many compliments passing between them; the favor in a
great

great measure contributing to make them happy. The gentlemen and ladies, who did not belong to the Alhambra, now returned to their several palaces.

Sleep visited not the eyes of Albayaldos, very early he rose, and waited the arrival of Alabez, whom he had requested to see long before day-break; the moment he came, Alabez exclaimed, "Signor Albayaldos, I am glad to see you; we broke up very late last night." "We did indeed," replied Alabez, "but to-day we shall have plenty of time to rest." "I rather think not; if yesterday we were clothed in silk, to-day we must wear rough armour." "How so?" returned Alabez: "Because yesterday I challenged the Master of Calatrava to single combat, and named you for my second." "Heaven grant you may escape with safety!" replied Alabez, "I very much doubt it, for you are going to enter the lists with a knight abundantly skilled in arms; but since you have named me for your second, let us depart in a happy moment: by the royal crown of my ancestors I shall rejoice to see victory smile on our return. But does the king know it?" "Not unless Muza told him, who was present when the challenge was given," said Albayaldos. "Know it or not," returned Alabez, "we must hasten to the Vega, to meet the Master; but do you know who is his second?" "Ponce de Leon," replied Albayaldos. "Then, as Alla lives! we cannot avoid coming to blows: you remember our late battle? We exchanged horses and agreed to finish it the next time we met." "So much the better! Victory I am sure will favor us;" cried Albayaldos. "Let us, then," answered Alabez, "lose no time in beginning our expedition."

The

The two noble Cavaliers now parted to arm for the combat, and about an hour before the break of day they left the city unknown to every one, and took the road to Albolote, a village about two leagues from Granada, in the way to the fountain of Pines, where Albayaldos and the Master had appointed to meet. The sun was just beginning to illumine the beauteous face of nature, inviting the playful lambs to crop the tender herbage, when they arrived at Albolote; not making the least stop they rode forward, and, in about the space of another hour, came to the fountain of the Pine, so justly celebrated by the Moors of Granada and its environs, for the remarkable clearness of its spring, which derives its name from a very large pine-tree that overshadows it.

Finding no person here, they alighted from their horses, and quietly sat down by the fountain to await the Master's arrival. "What, if after all, he should make a jest of us, and not come?" said Albayaldos. "Do not imagine it," replied Alabez, "he is a gentleman of honor, and will keep his word: it is yet very early." And precisely at this moment did they behold two Cavaliers, nobly equipped, with lances and targets, on two very powerful horses, advancing towards them: both the Cavaliers in grey and green, and plumes of the same colours: they presently knew them, one by the red cross in a white field, in the center of his shield; the other by a different cross, of the order of St. James. "Did I not tell you," cried Alabez, "that the Master would be here soon, and here he is?"

The two knights, the flower of all Christianity, at length saluted the Moors; "Hitherto," said the Master, "we are losers in not arriving first." "Victory," cried Albayaldos, "has little to do with this:" whilst he was speaking the Master's horse began to neigh, and looking towards the Granada road, the four gentlemen saw a Cavalier galloping in full speed towards them, in a loose orange-coloured coat, and a sun on a blue shield between black clouds, that seemed ready to obscure it; round the target was this motto in red letters, "Give me light or veil thyself." Albayaldos and Alabez at length perceived it was the valiant Muza, who, finding they had left the city in consequence of the challenge, made all possible haste to prevent the combat, or if he could not succeed, at least to be a spectator. "So, Gentlemen," cried he, as he advanced, "you intended to enjoy the battle to yourselves; as Alla lives I spurred my horse bravely to join you, and, if possible, prevail on gentlemen of so much tried valour to drop their designs, as there is no such great urgency for fighting. Will it be any advantage to slaughter each other? Your lives are too precious to be thrown away so lightly. It would grieve me to the heart to see a misfortune happen to either of you: let me not, therefore, entreat in vain."

Earnestly did Muza address himself alternately to the one and to the other of them, but particularly to the Master, who replied, "Certainly, noble Muza, if it will give you pleasure, as you request it in so kind a manner, I will, for friendship's sake, consent to waive the battle. I leave it therefore wholly to Signor Albayaldos;

bayaldos; he shall decide as he pleases." "I thank you," replied Muza, "and from a gentleman so worthy I expected so generous a reply; you, Albayaldos, then must grant me equal favor, and drop your enmity." "Muza," said Albayaldos, "the blood of my cousin, slain by the sharp steel of the Master's lance, is ever before my sight; it will not let me hearken to your entreaties, though I were sure to fall like him. Honorable will be my death if I do fall; if I obtain the victory, the Master's glorious deeds, and all the laurels he has won, will decorate my brow."

Ponce de Leon, impatient at the delay, exclaimed, "As Signor Albayaldos is resolved to avenge his cousin's death, let him immediately begin the attack; we, Signor Alabez, will also end our former contest, and Muza shall be the general umpire." "Words are not deeds," answered Alabez, "therefore, Don Manuel, let us exchange horses, and begin the combat." "With all my heart," cried Don Manuel, "take your own and restore me mine: before long they shall both acknowledge one master." And now, to mutual satisfaction, they exchanged the steeds. Muza, seeing his good offices of no avail, kept himself in readiness for the office assigned to him.

Round the Master's shield was this motto in red letters, "For this I defy death." The motto on Don Manuel's was, "For this and for the faith." Alabez and Albayaldos each wore a blue damask livery fringed with gold, and Alabez bore his old device, a target with a red field, bordered with purple, and in the center a half moon, having a golden crown over it, with the

motto, "Of my blood." The device Albayaldos bore, was a target with a green field, and a dragon in the center, with this motto in Arabic, "No one wounds me with impunity." So handsome were the liveries and devices of the champions that they seemed rather dressed for gala than for combat, but beneath their jackets they wore strong coats of mail. Albayaldos now began to make several flourishes, prancing and capering his horse, and exercising it for the skirmish, and daring the Master to advance; when Don Rodrigo, first making the sign of the cross, put his steed in a light gallop, and fixed his eyes firmly on his enemy.

Alabez being mounted on his own steed, which he so highly valued, like another Mars bounded over the field: the same did Ponce de Leon with his charger, which in excellence was unsurpassed, and between the four knights a conflict began, the bravest and most desperate that ever was contended, neither is this to be wondered at, as the two Christians were the flower of the Castilian court, and the Moors of Granada. Albayaldos, the moment he found himself near the Master, rushed upon him furiously with his lance, designing to put an end to the battle at a blow, but it succeeded not as he expected, for Don Rodrigo, perceiving his intention, had placed himself on his guard, and at the instant of rencontre sharply spurring his steed, made him bound into the air, and leap aside, so that the Moor's impetuosity was of no advantage to him; then wheeling round like the wind, Don Rodrigo gave him so rude a blow with his lance, that his strong coat of mail, unable to resist the force of it, was
pierced,

pierced, and the iron gave him a sharp wound. No asp or serpent trodden by the foot of the rustic, no lion wounded by the ounce, could fiercer turn to vengeance than Albayaldos; foaming like a bull he attacked the Master with such velocity, that he could not again avail himself of his former stratagem, and he received so terrible a blow that his shield was falsified, and himself badly wounded. The lance was however broken in the assault; throwing away the shaft, Albayaldos drew his sword, and rapidly wheeled round, but not so quick as he imagined, for the Master had already flung his lance; but he had thrown it rather too soon, for it came like a ball from a gun, and passing close by the breast of Albayaldos's horse, rooted itself in the ground. It however caused the horse to stumble in such a manner, that his rider could not prevent his falling; the Moor, finding himself in such imminent danger, spurred his horse to make him recover himself, but in the mean time Don Rodrigo gave him a very deep wound with his sword. Alabez chancing to look round, saw the situation of his friend, and quitting Don Manuel spurred his horse to his assistance, swift as an eagle, and at the very moment Don Rodrigo's hand was raised to give Albayaldos a fresh wound, Alabez prevented it, by striking the Master so rude a blow with his lance, that he was compelled to seize hold of his horse's mane to save himself from falling; the lance was broken, and Alabez had now clapped his hand on his scimitar, when Don Manuel arrived in full gallop to Rodrigo's succour, whose life was in great danger. Burning with rage, Don Manuel gave Alabez a cut with his sword, which though the wound

was trifling, deprived him of his senses, and threw him from his horse; but recovering by the fall, and finding himself in such a strait, Alabez endeavoured to rise, when Don Manuel leaping from his horse, gave him a second wound on the shoulder, and again felled him to the ground. Don Manuel was now raising his arm to cut off his head, when, in the extremity of danger, Alabez drew forth a poniard, and stabbed Don Manuel twice in the same place; this however would not have saved his life, if Muza had not jumped from his horse, and caught Ponce de Leon by the arm, at the moment he was about to kill him, entreating him, for mercy's sake, to spare the vanquished Cavalier; Ponce, turning his eyes, perceived it was Muza who made the request, and though he had been ill-treated in the contest, yet, from pure regard to the merit of Muza, immediately granted his desire, and released Alabez from under him, rising not himself without some difficulty from great loss of blood. Alabez was unable to stir without assistance; Muza, in much anxiety for his situation, lifted him from the ground, and bore him in his arms to the fountain, giving Don Manuel abundant thanks for his generosity, who was now attentively regarding the battle between the Master and Albayaldos. The Moor's strength seemed nearly exhausted, he had received three mortal wounds, one with the lance and two with the sword, when the Master, perceiving Don Manuel's combat was brought to a conclusion, and that he had overcome so noble a Cavalier as Alabez, gained fresh vigour, and blushing to have been so dilatory in achieving the victory, attacked his opponent with such fierceness, giving him a dreadful

ful blow on the head, that he quite stunned him, and flung him with his whole force to the ground, having received himself in the combat only three inconsiderable wounds.

Muza seeing the dreadful fall Albayaldos had received, intreated Don Rodrigo to give over the battle, as Albayaldos was more dead than alive, and his request was granted. Muza stretched forth his hand to assist him in rising, but he was unable to give his in return, and appeared perfectly lifeless; but upon Muza calling him repeatedly by his name, he at length opened his eyes, and in a low faint voice, like a person just expiring, said he wished to be baptized.

The two Christian knights were overjoyed to hear his request, and lifting him between them, they carried him to the fountain, and gave him the name of John; then kindly taking leave of the Moors, they left Albayaldos to the care of Muza, as they were in haste to depart in order to get their wounds dressed. "Alla guard you," cried Muza, "and give me an opportunity some day to return the favors I have experienced from you!" The Christians soon rejoined their attendants, who were waiting in the wood of Rome, at the spot where the Genil traverses it, and the proper remedies were immediately applied to their wounds.

Muza still remained at the fountain with his two friends; Alabez had by this time regained his senses, and finding himself not altogether so much wounded as he at first imagined, he enquired of Muza what it would be best to do, who replied he should stop to watch the fate of Albayaldos, but that if he had any ointments at hand, he would staunch his wounds, so

that he might reach Albolote, where he might be properly attended. Alabez desired him to look in his saddle bags; where he would find both ointment and lint, which Muza having quickly applied, he assisted him in mounting his horse, and he took the road to Granada, pondering as he rode along on the Master's and Ponce de Leon's valour, and purposing in his mind to become a Christian that he might enjoy the friendship of two such worthy knights; and with these sentiments Alabez reached Albolote, where he alighted at a friend's house, and where we shall leave him under the hands of an experienced surgeon, and return to Muza, who now remained alone with Albayaldos; for although he had become a Christian, Muza would by no means desert him, but rather try to effect his cure. Stripping Albayaldos, Muza perceived he had three very deep wounds, besides the last which he had received in the head, and as they were evidently mortal, he did not chuse to put him to the torture of dressing them. "Alas! Albayaldos," cried he, "how I am grieved to see you in this condition, had you listened to my advice this would not have happened."

The new Christian opened his eyes, and looking up to heaven in the pangs of death, exclaimed, "O good Jesus, have mercy on me, and consider not the offences I have committed against you, whilst I was a Moor, persecuting those who called upon your name, but rather grant your mercy which is greater than my faults; remember, Lord, thou hast said, that at whatever time the sinner turns to thee thou wilt hear him." More he would have added, but he was unable, for his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he staggered

staggered with the loss of blood that entirely covered him from head to foot. Hence proceeded the ensuing Ballad :—

With three deadly gashes wounded,
Noble Albayaldos lies ;
Fast the purple tide is streaming,
Fast he heaves convulsive sighs.

In rude contest with the Master
This dire mischief did he gain :
Weltering in his gore behold him,
Agoniz'd with mortal pain,

Now he turns his eyes to heaven,
Uttering from his heart's recess :
“ Help me, help me, blest Jesus,
“ Help me in this deep distress !

“ Of my faults no more accuse me,
“ Save me by thy mighty pow'r :
“ Leave me not a prey to Satan
“ In my last expiring hour.

“ Friendship's voice had I but follow'd
“ This had never been my state.
“ Tho' my body's doom'd to perish,
“ Be not such, my soul, thy fate !

“ Into thy dear hands I trust it
“ Who redeem'st me on the cross.
“ Hear my prayers, and let thy mercy
“ Save me from eternal loss.

- “ All I ask thee, noble Muza,
 “ All the comfort thou canst give,
 “ Is beneath this pine to lay me,
 “ Soon as I shall cease to live.
- “ When thou seest the king, thy brother,
 “ Tell him I fell like a man,
 “ That I died a faithful Christian,
 “ And forswore the Alcoran.”

Attentively did Muza listen to his words, and wept at the thoughts of his miserable condition, recollecting the many victories he had gained, the riches he left behind him, the valour of his person, and the great esteem all Granada had for him. As he lay weltering in his gore, beyond the power of art to cure, Muza would have fain given him some consolation, but as he was about to speak, he saw him make the sign of the cross, and calling on the name of Jesus, commit his soul to his Maker.

Deeply grieved at the loss of so esteemed a friend, Muza shed many tears, but considering how little they availed, he began to think how he should contrive to give him burial in so desert a place, and here indeed God was pleased to assist him, that the body of the new Christian might not be left a prey to the birds and beasts of the field, some woodmen happening to pass by with hatchets and other tools; Muza was pleased to see them, and calling aloud, begged, for the love of Alla, they would assist him to inter the body of a knight, who had fallen in combat. The woodmen readily complied, and Muza fixing on a spot at
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the foot of the Pine, they entirely stripped off his armour, and with great lamentations deposited his remains in the ground. The countrymen then departed, terrified at the wounds of the deceased, whose epitaph Muza thus engraved on the bark of the Pine.

Here Albayaldos lies, in battle fam'd,
 Whose gallant prowess all the world proclaim'd ;
 Tho' braver than Rinaldo, cruel fate
 Deny'd his years a long and happy date ;
 But Mars, whose envy did the hero slay,
 To his own heaven bore him hence away.

After Muza had written the epitaph, he took the coat of mail, the helmet and plumes, all ornamented with silver, and the shield of fez, and making a trophy with the lance and sword, he hung it on a branch of the Pine, and over the trophy placed this inscription:—

To Albayaldos of a noble line
 Belongs the trophy hanging on this Pine :
 Granada never did a chief behold
 Among her sons more resolutely bold.
 Even here might Alexander weep still more
 Than at Achilles' tomb he wept before.

Having performed these last sad duties, Muza mounted his horse, and taking Albayaldos's by the bridle, gave him a thousand maledictions for the stumble he made, which was the occasion of the first desperate wound his master had received, though on reflection Muza knew it was impossible to withstand the Master's arm, and the will of heaven. Scarce had he travelled three miles, when he saw two Cavaliers approaching of very noble mien, one in a yellow dress

drefs and plumes, with a yellow and blue shield, having a sun between dark clouds on the blue part, and beneath it a moon eclipsed, with this motto :—

My hope's eclips'd, no rays remain
To chace the heavy clouds of pain :
And joy is to my bosom strange,
Without the prospect of a change.

The knight's lance was yellow, as was also his bridle, the furniture of his steed, and his banner on which was this motto, " Without a ray of hope." The other Cavalier wore a scarlet and green tunic, his cap and plumes, his lance and banner, and the trappings of his horse all corresponding; the shield was red bordered with green, and on the red part these letters in gold, which shone at a great distance :—

My star's so bright, that to the day
New lustre its proud beams convey ;
And whilst my glory thus increases
I feel a joy that never ceases.

Beneath the inscription was a large golden star; when the sun shone on it, the splendour was so great that it almost dazzled the eyes. It was very easy to discover this knight lived in the sunshine of good fortune, as his livery, device, and motto, all proclaimed it. The knight of the Sun's steed was a bright chestnut Andalus; the knight of the star rode also an Andalusian horse, whose colour was a mottled brown. The Cavaliers came at a round rate conversing together. Muza wondered to see them, but could not divine who they were till they came quite near, and then he perceived the knight in yellow was Reduan,
thus

thus dressed on account of Lindaraxa's disdain, and that the knight in scarlet and green was Gazul, whom Lindaraxa favored with her smiles. Muza was astonished to meet them, nor were they less surprised to see him leading a horse by the bridle, without any attendant; at length they saluted each other, and Muza, who was the first to speak, exclaimed, "By Mahomet, I am infinitely surprised to meet you in this lonely road, and I suspect it must be some particular motive that brings you hither. I should be glad to be made acquainted with it." "We have more reason, I believe," replied Reduan, "to be astonished at meeting you thus alone, leading another horse by the bridle, you must certainly have been fighting with a Christian, and have slain him, and this was his steed?" "Would to Alla it were so!" replied Muza, "I think it is hardly possible but you must know the horse?"—Reduan, again looking at the animal, exclaimed, "If I am not mistaken, it belongs to Albayaldos—it certainly is so—but where is his master?" "I will inform you," returned Muza, "yesterday at the sport of canes, after the Master of Calatrava had run the three lances with Abenamar, Albayaldos came into the square, and challenged him in my presence, for slaying formerly his first cousin Mahomet Bey: the combat was fixed for this very day at the fountain of the Pine: Albayaldos chose Alabez for his second, and the Master Don Manuel Ponce de Leon. This morning, at an early hour, going to their palaces I found neither of the gentlemen, and recollecting the challenge, I posted away, without intimating to any person my intention, to the fountain of the Pine, where
I found

I found the four knights, and did all I could to prevent the battle. The Master would have consented to drop it, but Albayaldos was so determined that nothing would satisfy him, and Don Manuel and Alabez having an old affair to settle, seconds and principals began a cruel combat, when this horse unfortunately stumbling, his master received a very severe wound, and in short was vanquished. At the point of death, Albayaldos wished to become a Christian. Malique was also wounded and conquered by Ponce de Leon, and had it not been for me would also have been slain. At my intreaties Don Manuel generously spared his life. I bound up his wounds, and he is now at Albolote, under a surgeon's care. The Master baptized Albayaldos by the name of John, and calling upon Christ he shortly after expired. I buried him at the foot of the Pine, and made a trophy of his arms, which I hung over his sepulchre. All that I have related has passed, favor me now by informing me whither you are going, and if I can be of any service to you I shall be happy."

"We are indeed in honor obliged," replied Gazul; "to give you some account of ourselves, since you have told us your adventures: but, in the first place, I am highly grieved to hear of the death of Albayaldos, and of the wounded condition of Alabez, as they are two friends on whose valour the king greatly depends. The reason of your seeing us here is a challenge that Reduan has given me for the sake of Lindaraxa, who is pleased to favor me, and disdain him: we are going to fight at the fountain of the Pine." Muza, turning to Reduan, exclaimed, "And do you indeed imagine,
Signor,

Signor, to compel Lindaraxa by force to love you? Forced love is never perfect. If she loves another why fight with one who owes you no duty, and without the least prospect of advantage risk your life? It looks not well to see these quarrels between friends, when the Christians are at our very gates, and with whom skirmishes are happening every day. Had Albayaldos followed my advice, we should have been now returning happily to Granada. You are not ignorant, Reduan, that I myself once loved Daraxa: when I first began to pay my addresses, she gave me many tokens of favor, but afterwards, I know not why, she rejected me, and fixed her love on Alhamin Abencerrage. When I found this, although I felt it deeply, I strove to forget her, and tranquillize my bosom, knowing the weather cock is not more changeable than woman. Would it have been right to make Alhamin atone for her ingratitude, and destroy one that was guilty of no fault?—No, it would have been a crime. My vengeance on Daraxa was disdain, and a thousand courtesies which I paid the lady whom I chose in her presence. Away then with this rancour, and let us return home.” Muza ceased, and Reduan replied, “So great is the torment I feel, and so fierce is the fire which consumes my vitals, that I can have no repose, night or day: an Ætna rages within me, and all the mitigation I can know is death.” “And what do you expect to gain with death?” cried Muza. “Rest,” said Reduan. “But let us suppose,” said Muza, “that you are victorious, and that you slay Gazul, do you not think the lady will then abhor you more, for depriving her of the object of her affections, and

and that from revenge alone she will fix her heart on another, whom you must in turn kill also?" "First," cried Reduan, "let us end our battle, and then I will take the rest into consideration." Muza, seeing he could not prevail on Reduan to hearken to reason, turned his horse about, still in the hope of effecting a reconciliation; they all rode so fast that in a short time they reached the fountain of the Pine, when, fastening Albayaldos's steed to the tree, Muza pointed out the spot where the knight was buried, and once more begged Reduan not to persist in fighting. Reduan answered him not, but exclaimed to Gazul, "Now, pillager of my glory, we are in a place where my hopes may soon be at an end," and, uttering this, he wheeled his horse about, and called on Gazul to advance, who offended at his arrogance in wishing to deprive him of his beloved Lindaraxa, without making a single flourish before the skirmish, in an instant attacked Reduan. Burning with mutual rage they gave each other such terrible blows, that it was astonishing to behold them. Reduan pierced Gazul's shield and coat of mail, and gave him a slight wound, that bled however profusely. Finding himself wounded in the very first onset, to revenge himself Gazul waited till Reduan turned his steed to repeat the blow, and immediately spurred his horse so rapidly towards him, that he had barely time to cover himself with his shield, which was but of little use, as the lance pierced both that and the coat of mail, and gave Reduan a deep wound: endeavouring to repeat the blow, the combatants met so furiously that both their lances were broken, and both were wounded in the breast. Being

now close together, they grasped each other firmly in their arms, each endeavouring to tear the other from his horse, and thus they fought for some time without the least advantage being gained on either side, till at length the horses, in defiance of their riders, began to prance and bite, and waxing furious turned round to kick each other, which brought their masters to the ground.

Reduan, who was the heaviest, fell beneath Gazul, and being thus in danger, was compelled to exert his whole strength to save himself; when, by the most powerful exertions, he at length gained his feet. Gazul recovered his at the same time. Firmly they now fixed their shields on their arms, and drawing forth their scimitars, a conflict still more terrible ensued; the shields were in an instant cut to pieces, and both the knights most dangerously wounded. Reduan had rather the worst of the battle, having before received two wounds with the lance, although in fact there was but little advantage on either side. Their liveries were all in rents, and their armour so hacked that every blow inflicted a wound; their scimitars were Damascus, and so highly tempered that no armour could possibly resist their stroke. And thus, after fighting for two full hours, nothing less could be expected than the death of both the parties; yet Reduan, as we observed before, had the worst of the fight, for though he was the most powerful, Gazul had the advantage in activity, assaulting or retiring as he pleased, which Reduan could not do, suffering besides, as he was, under the severity of his wounds; every stroke however that Reduan gave was weighty. Covered with blood,

from head to foot, the champions still continued the fight; when Muza observing the dreadful condition they were in, and apprehending they would both fall victims to their courage and perseverance, which must have shortly happened, leaped from his horse, and throwing himself between them, exclaimed, " Let me intreat you, Gentlemen, to cease the combat, or neither of you will survive it." Gazul drew back some paces, and so likewise did Reduan, against his inclination, till at length reflecting that Muza was the brother of the king, and his firm friend, he consented to desist; and suffering Muza to bind up their wounds, they all remounted their horses, (Muza still leading Albayaldos's) and took the road to Albolote, where they arrived about five in the afternoon, and enquiring for Alabez, found him lying on a bed with his wounds dressed and attended by a surgeon of great skill. Reduan and Gazul had their armour taken off, and their wounds searched by the same surgeon, who provided every thing necessary for their cure.

Malique wondered to see two of his best friends in so bad a condition; but here we shall leave them all three and return to Granada with Muza, where the events happened that we shall relate in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XII.

*A Quarrel between the Zegries and Abencerrages—
Battle between the Master of Calatrava and Aliatar
—Aliatar's Death—Fêtes in Granada—Adventures
of Reduan.*

MUZA arrived at Granada just as the sun was setting, and, as he approached the city, threw his cloak round his face that he might not be known, and rode straight up to the Alhambra, where he committed the two horses to the care of a guard. The king was at that moment sitting down to supper, and wondering to see him in a travelling dress, enquired where he had spent the day. "I will inform your majesty after supper," replied Muza, "of many events that will surprise you;" and accordingly when supper was over, he related at large the death of Albayaldos, the wounds of Alabez, and the battle between Reduan and Gazul, all which made the king extremely pensive and dissatisfied. The next morning the news was published in the city, and every one was highly grieved at the death of Albayaldos, but in particular his first cousin Aliatar, who swore to revenge him though it should cost his life. All the nobility went to condole with Aliatar on the loss of his relation: among the first were the Zegries, Gomeles, Vanegas, Mazas, Gazules

les and Bencerrages; the Alabeces and Abencerrages followed, sitting together in a very large saloon, after they had respectively paid the usual compliments of condolence, they began to debate whether it would be proper to make the accustomed ceremonies and lamentations for his death;—various were the opinions which were entertained; Albayaldos, said some of the gentlemen, has not died in the faith of Mahomet, but of Christ. And of what importance is this cried the Vanegas, his relations have the same cause to grieve for his loss? Mahomet, however, answered, the Zegries will not be pleased, as he forsook the holy prophet, and died a christian; and it is acting in obedience to the rules of the Alcoran to flight those who flight him. We should do good, said the Abencerrages for the love of Alla; if Albayaldos has died a Christian it is a secret which God only knows, and to him we should leave it, and certainly there can be nothing wrong in lamenting the loss of a friend.

A Zegri, whose name was Albin-Hamad, exclaimed, “O the Moor of Moors! O the Christian of Christians! There are knights in this city, who every day give alms to the Christian captives in the dungeons of the Alhambra, and send them food and raiment, and these are the Abencerrages.” “You say well,” replied Albin Hamet, Abencerrage, “we value ourselves on our compassion to the Christians, and to all who stand in need of it; Alla gives us wealth to employ it only in benevolent purposes; the Christians bestow alms on the Moors for the love of God, for I myself have been a captive, and have not only seen but experienced their bounty, and out of gratitude

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I and all my kindred are friendly to the Christians; some day perhaps we may ourselves be glad of their assistance: and any one who says our charity is wrong, is sordid and base, and a stranger to the meaning of the word. Let him that merits this vile character apply it to himself. If any one says it is not right to bestow alms on those who stand in need and ask relief, he is a false man, and I am ready to maintain it."—The Zegri, in a furious rage to be thus replied to, without answering a word, raised his hand to strike the Abencerrage, who warded off the blow with his left arm, but not so effectually as to prevent the ends of the Zegri's fingers from hitting him in the face; the moment he felt the blow, fiercer than the Hircanian lion, he drew a poniard, and before the Zegri could move a step he gave him two deep wounds that in an instant laid him dead at his feet. Another Zegri now aimed a blow with his dagger at Albin Hamet, but Hamet seized his arm before he struck, gave him so violent a blow in the stomach that he also fell dead before him.

The other Zegries, who were more than twenty in the saloon, now drew their swords, crying, kill the treacherous Abencerrages, who at the same time put themselves on the defensive; the Gomeles who were at least twenty also, and the Mazas as many more, flew to aid their friends, which, the Alabeces and Vanegas perceiving, instantly joined the Abencerrages, and between these six lineages so fierce a conflict ensued, that in a few seconds five more of the Zegries were slain, three Gomeles, and two Mazas, and fourteen of the three races were wounded. None of the

Abencerrages fell, but seventeen were wounded, and one had his arm nearly cut off. Three Alabeces were killed and eight wounded, as likewise were several of the Vanegas, and two of them slain.

The slaughter would have been still greater, had not Aliatar, and many other gentlemen interfered, throwing themselves in the midst between the combatants, in which good office some of them did not escape unhurt. In this tumultuous manner they descended to the street; but as the Cavaliers who endeavoured to restore peace were many in number, and of the greatest valour, chiefly Bencerrages, Gazules, Almohadies and Almoradies, they at length, though with great difficulty, succeeded in restoring tranquillity.

The moment the king heard of the affray, he came down in haste from the Alhambra, and arrived at the place ere it was scarce at an end; when the Cavaliers perceived the king they withdrew, but on his enquiring into the affair, he sent the Abencerrages to the Tower of Comares, the Zegries to the Red Tower, the Gomeles to the Alcazaba, the Mazas to the Castle of Bibitambin, the Alabeces to Generalife, and the Vanegas, to a strong tower of the Alijares; and returning in great wrath to the Alhambra, he vowed by Mahomet and his royal throne, that he would put an end to these factions by striking off a head from each of the six families. The gentlemen who attended the king, and who were some of the principal nobles in the city, intreated his Majesty to pardon the offence, as so heavy a punishment could not fail of throwing all Granada, but even the whole kingdom, into confusion: it will be far better, they added, to endeavour
to

to reconcile the contending parties, offering to do the utmost in their power to promote so desirable a termination. The king, at length, in some measure appeased, desired them to take the business into hand immediately; and, in short, these gentlemen took so much pains to effect a reconciliation, that in the space of four days, all the gentlemen were again restored to apparent friendship, and the deaths on all sides were forgiven: the court of justice however raised immense sums from the different parties for the royal treasury.

The prisoners were now released from confinement, but the Zegries remained fully bent on vengeance; and in order to consider the best method of carrying it into effect, they convened the Gomeles to meet them in a delightful garden near the Darro. After they had all dined together, a Zegri, whom the rest respected as their chief, brother to him who was slain by Alabez in the tilt, addressed them in these words:—"Valiant Zegries, friends, and relations, and you brave Gomeles, listen to what, with tears of blood, I am going to relate; you know what honor is, how much it costs to preserve it, and how soon it is lost, never again to be recovered. Were not the Zegries and Gomeles esteemed by all Granada, next to the throne itself? And had we not every thing our ambition could desire? Our sovereigns loved us; we possessed riches and every other blessing in abundance: but these mungrel Abencerrages rob us of our honors, and trample us under foot. They have already slain my brother, and many of our relations, and you Gomeles they hold in like contempt. These wrongs cry loud for vengeance, if we pursue it not the Abencerrages will

will soon tread us down entirely; no person will honor us more. To prevent this evil we must endeavour at every method. The Abencerrages are our ancient foes, and they must be destroyed: and since by force of arms we cannot prevail, as the king would resent it, I have a thought which though it tallies not with the laws of gentlemen, is yet a sure and certain road to vengeance."

"Unfold it, Signor Mahomet," cried one of the Gomeles, "we promise to support you."—"Then listen," continued Mahomet, "I am resolved to embroil the Abencerrages with the king so deeply that not one of them shall escape his fury. I will accuse Albin Hamet, their chief, of adulterous intercourse with the Queen; some of you must confirm what I shall advance, and outface all that dare to contradict us. We must accuse them also of conspiring against the king's life, and allege that they are labouring to deprive him of the kingdom, this will so highly incense him that he will command them every one to be beheaded: leave this charge to me, and I pledge myself for the success of its execution. This is my opinion, friends, now tell me your's: and let what I have said remain a secret, as it behoves us highly, and relates to our dearest interests."

Thus ended the Zegri's diabolical speech, to which the confederates unanimously assented, and assigned two Gomeles to be the Zegries joint witnesses to the king. After concerting this horrible* plot, the party returned

* There is at this time, or was very lately, an oak of immense magnitude standing near Granada, called the Oak of the Traitors, where, perhaps, this very treason was concerted.

returned to the city, to watch for an opportunity of putting it into execution.

We shall now return to Aliatar, who was highly offended at the tumult which had happened in his palace, and no less grieved at the death of his cousin Albayaldos, vowing again and again to revenge his death, and for that purpose to seek the Master, and challenge him to combat. With this intent, Aliatar a few days after put on a strong coat of mail, having a quilted waistcoat underneath a grey tunic, and steel helmet, with a grey cap and blue feathers; and mounting a horse, whose trappings were black, went forth from the city, and took the Antequera road, hoping to meet with the Master, and wreak his fury upon him. Having passed Loxa, Aliatar saw a squadron of Christians on the point of entering the Vega, with white standards, and the red cross of St. James in the center; their captain was the Master himself, who, by the help of a very precious balsam, was recovered from the wounds he had received in the late battle.

Aliatar, knowing the Master's standard, as he had often seen it on the Vega, the moment he approached near enough, called aloud, "Perchance the Master of Calatrava is present?" The Master advancing forward, demanded why he made the inquiry? "I wish," replied the Moor, "to have some conversation with him." "If that is all," said Don Rodrigo, "I am the Master, now declare what you have to say."

Aliatar by this time plainly discovered it was the Master he was addressing, and galloping up to him without the least sign of fear, saluted him in the following

lowing

lowing manner : “ Valiant Master, well indeed may you be esteemed the most fortunate knight in the world, since you have vanquished so many noble Cavaliers in single combat, and particularly my cousin Albayaldos, the glory and mirror of all the gentlemen of Granada ; an event which afflicts me with such deep concern that the thought of it alone almost destroys me. My name is Aliatar, I came hither to seek you and revenge my family, as I consider it indeed my duty ; and since I have found you, I shall greatly rejoice to accomplish my desire, but if perchance I am slain in the combat, it will be no dishonor to my memory to fall by the hand of so brave a knight.”

To this the Master courteously replied : “ I should be most happy, Signor Aliatar, to meet you on any other occasion, I had rather indeed it was to do you a service, as I can truly assure you of my friendship. I do not wish to be compelled to fight you, your cousin died like a brave knight, and God was pleased to take him to himself, since, at the hour of death, he was baptized, and became a Christian. Happy he to enjoy his Saviour’s presence ! On this account,” the Master added, “ I do not wish to fight you, without a cause, but rather, as I said before, I would gladly do you a service.”

“ Many thanks, noble Master,” replied Aliatar, “ for the favors you are pleased to offer me, but the blood of my cousin cries aloud ; let us therefore begin the combat, first giving me your word that your squadron shall not molest me, and that I shall encounter you alone.” “ I should be better pleased,” said Don Rodrigo, “ if you would relinquish your design, but as
it

it is your pleasure, be it so; my people shall not offend you." As Don Rodrigo spoke these words he stretched forth his lance, a signal for the troops to retire, which they immediately obeyed. "Now then," cried the Moor, "let us begin the combat;" and putting his horse into a half gallop, performed many skilful evolutions; whilst the Master, raising his eyes to heaven, and making the sign of the cross, exclaimed, "for the sake of thy holy passion, blessed Jesus, grant me the victory over this Pagan," and uttering this, began to prepare himself for the combat also; the recent wounds which he had received, were yet scarcely cicatrized, which in a great measure impeded his motions, but his great courage amply supplied the defect. Noticing Alatar's activity, he exclaimed to himself, "I must, I perceive, be cautious, otherwise I shall not atchieve the victory, which God forbid!" and therefore, quietting his horse, he advanced slowly, keeping his eye fixed on his enemy, to observe in what manner he would begin the attack.

The Moor, not aware of the Master's reason for the caution he was taking, continued to approach him, and when he thought he was sufficiently near, he trusted to the strength of his arm, and rising high on his stirrups, flung his lance with such force, that it came singing through the air. The Master observing the lance, in an instant turned his horse aside, and bending his body at the same moment, it passed on, and fastened deep in the ground beyond him. When the Master found he had escaped the danger, swifter than the hawk assails the timorous dove, he flew to attack the Moor, who not daring to await him, wheeled round his horse to the spot

spot where his lance was still vibrating, and plucked it from the ground, returning to attack the Master, the Moor found him so near that it was impossible to avoid the rencontre, therefore in great haste he thrust his lance and pierced Don Rodrigo's shield, grazed his arm, and gave him a sharp wound in the breast; and the Master's lance at the same instant pierced Aliatar's shield and coat of mail, although it was prodigiously strong, and gave him a deep wound, whence the blood streamed in great quantities. The Moor felt he had received a dangerous wound, but far from being dismayed, he rather fought with more courage, brandishing his lance like a reed. The Master now tried the stratagem of a feint, and checking his horse, in a sudden manner, at the moment of rencontre, Aliatar's lance struck the edge of his shield and broke it, but did not reach far enough to wound him; whilst, at the same instant, he gave the Moor a back stroke, that inflicted a second deep wound. Burning with fury Aliatar made a desperate attack on his antagonist, who defended himself with great agility; when finding his efforts fruitless, he stopped his horse, and cried, "if it be agreeable to you, Christian knight, we will end our battle on foot, as we have already fought a long time on horseback?" to which the Master readily gave his assent, as he was particularly dextrous in single combat on the ground.

The two knights now alighted from their horses, and with their bucklers on their arms, attacked each other like two lions; but little did the Moor's valour avail him against the powerful foe he had to deal with. The wounds he had received streamed with blood so fast, that wherever he set his foot he left the track behind
him,

him, and were much to his disadvantage, yet his courage was so great, that he perceived not his inferiority in the contest, and most gallantly maintained the combat. The two horses, released from their riders, also began to fight, and to bite and kick at each other, with the same determined spirit as their masters.

Don Rodrigo now gave the Moor a second back stroke, that rent his ill-opposing shield like wax, and inflicted another severe wound: suffering under the severity of the stroke, the Moor returned a most vengeful blow, which cut through the Master's shield as he raised it to defend his head, and the point of the scimitar struck him with such force that his helmet was clove in twain, and he received a wound in the head, which, though trifling in its nature, so streamed with blood that it nearly blinded, and greatly bewildered him. Had not the Moor himself been faint with the loss of blood, the Master would have now run no inconsiderable risk, for Aliatar perceiving him bleed so fast, recruited his spirits, and though his vigour was greatly exhausted, attacked him so boldly, that Don Rodrigo was reduced to the greatest strait. The Master finding himself thus pressed, resolved to set his life at a final hazard, and covering himself in the best manner his broken shield would admit, summoning his whole strength, and attacked Aliatar, who seeing him advance, refused not the encounter, hoping with the next stroke to end the battle.

The Master struck the Moor a dreadful blow with his sword which penetrated his very bowels, but he did not inflict this wound with impunity, for at the same instant he received a second wound in the head from the scimitar

scimitar of the Moor, which threw him senseless to the ground. Aliatar, concluding Don Rodrigo was killed, attempted to advance and cut off his head, but he had not put forth his foot for this purpose, when he dropped down lifeless from the wound he had received in his bowels. The Master recovering his senses, and finding the danger of his situation, wondered the Moor did not destroy him; but rising with all the speed he was able, and looking round for his foe, he saw him extended motionless on the ground. Immediately he fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for the signal victory he had gained, and then cutting off the Moor's head from his body, he cast it on the ground, and sounding his cornet, his troops galloped towards him. The victory he had achieved was highly grateful to his companions in arms, but when they discovered the dreadful wounds their captain had received, they were greatly alarmed for his safety. Catching the two horses, that still continued fighting, they assisted the Master to mount, and conducted him to a place of safety, where his wounds were properly attended. After stripping the dead body of its armour, they hung Aliatar's head on the breast-plate of his horse, and led him in triumph from the field of battle. The fame gained by Don Rodrigo in this combat spread far and near, and we shall now proceed to relate the ballad which celebrates the event.—

From Granada briskly sallies
 Aliatar to range the plain,
 Cousin to noble Albayaldes,
 By the Master battle-blain.

Strong

Strong and stubborn was his armour,
Black his lance, and black his shield;
Darkest blue his cap and plumage,
Black the steed he rode a-field.

Full of wrath he leaps astride him,
Swiftly through the New square flies;
Looks not e'en upon the Darro,
Tho' across the bridge he hies.

Through the Elvira gate he hastens,
Takes the Antequera road,
Thinking of his slaughter'd cousin,
Vengeance does his bosom goad.

Alla! bring the Master near me,
Well shall he the deed repay!
To fair Loxa now approaching
A bright troop obstructs the way.

Waving in their banners centre
A red cross he sees appear,
Fearless then he thus address'd them,
"Is the gallant Master here?"

"What's your pleasure?" cried the Master,
"Is it me to whom you'd speak?"
By the red cross then he knew him,
Knew the knight he came to seek.

For upon his breast he wore it,
And it shone upon his shield.
Aliatar at length salutes him,
Glad to meet him in the field.

“ I am Albayaldos’ cousin,
“ Him that in the fight you slew,
“ And I come, so Alla grant me!
“ To revenge his death on you.”

This the valiant Master hearing,
Wheels his steed without delay,
And with fury both advancing
Thus begin the bloody fray.

Long they combat, deeply wounding,
But the Master was so bold,
That the Moor could not withstand him,
Nor the dreadful contest hold.

On the spot the Master slays him,
Mighty is the warlike deed ;
Off he takes his head, and hangs it
On the breast-plate of his steed.

With three wounds profusely bleeding
Back he hastens to his friends ;
To a safe retreat they bear him,
And beheath their care he mends.

Four days after the death of Aliatar, an account of the sad event reached Granada, to the great regret of the king, who was forely vexed to find the Master had, in so short a time, deprived him of two such noble Cavaliers as Aliatar and Albayaldos; the regret on this occasion was universal, and the past festivity was converted into the deepest mourning, which was considerably augmented by the continual disputes of the Zegries and Abencerrages: the king, observing the unpleasent situation of affairs, ordered a divan to be assembled, when it was resolved the public rejoicings should be renewed, and his majesty also gave orders that the knights, who had signalized themselves in the late sport of the ring, should be married to the ladies they had made the objects of their regard. A public concert and assembly was also directed, and that the Zambra should be danced, a fête held in the highest estimation among the Moors, and to complete the round of pleasure, a bull feast, and a tilt of canes were among the diversions ordered on the occasion.

The youthful knights, who were in the good graces of the ladies, were highly gratified at these public orders; and now the city, which was so lately the seat of mourning, resounded more than ever had been known with the voice of joy and gladness, the gentlemen gave serenades in the streets, and masquerades, making such bonfires and illuminations that the very night itself seemed turned into day.

It may not be uninteresting to enumerate the names of the parties who were married on this occasion. The brave Sarracino was united to the fair Galiana; Abindarraez to Xarifa; Malique Alabez, who had re-

turned from Albolote healed of his wounds, to Cohaida; Zulema Abencerrage to Daraxa; Azarque to Alboraya; an Almoradi gentleman to Sarracina; an Abencerrage to Zelinda.—The marriage ceremonies were performed in the royal presence, and as the married couples were of the chief families of the city, two full months were consumed in the rejoicings. The most costly entertainments were given on the occasion; and the dresses wore, during the time, were extremely expensive and splendid.

Happy had it it been for the people of Granada and the whole kingdom if they had always thus remained at peace! but the wheel of the fickle goddess soon turned round, and all their joy and mirth was converted into mourning as we shall shortly have occasion to relate.

The king committed the management of the intended fêtes to his brother Muza, who appointed two squadrons for the tilt of canes, chusing himself one post at the head of thirty Abencerrages; the other he gave to a Zegri, a gallant youth, brother to Fatima, who also in like manner appointed thirty Zegries, his relations, to contend with the opposite party in the square of the Bibarrambla, where every thing was suitably prepared, and when the day of the fête arrived it was ushered in by a bull-fight.

All the inhabitants of the city, and multitudes of strangers, assembled to be spectators of the games. Four bulls were quickly run, and the fifth was now in the square, when a Cavalier made his entry, mounted on a noble horse; he was dressed in a green livery, with green and gold plumes. Six attendants accompanied him,

him, each habited in the same livery, and bearing a javelin in his hand, ornamented with ribbons of silver tissue. Highly was every one charmed with his appearance, but most of all, the beautiful Lindaraxa, when she discovered it was her beloved Gazul, who had recovered from the wounds he had received in the battle with Reduan; this latter knight was also recovered of his wounds, but to avoid the sight of Lindaraxa, and the renewal of his anguish, he determined to be absent from the fêtes, and, arming himself for combat, had sallied forth to the Vega in search of some Christian with whom he might engage in battle.

Gazul thus gallantly entered, and, seeing every eye turned towards him, posted himself in the middle of the square and awaited the bull's approach. The furious animal who had already killed five men, and disabled above fifty, flew towards the horse the moment he perceived it, and was in the act of rushing at him with his horns, when Gazul gave the bull so terrible a wound with his spear between the shoulders, that in an instant he brought him to the ground, before he could touch the horse. The bull roared in a dreadful manner, and with his feet in the air, lay weltering in his blood. The whole square resounded with applause at the heroic deed; indeed it was impossible any one could withhold their admiration at seeing so fierce an animal in a moment stretched lifeless on the ground.

Thus did Gazul encounter several more bulls one after the other, piercing them all in the same manner with his spear at the very instant they made a push at him; and no more bulls now remaining, he respect-

fully bowed to the king and queen, and the ladies of the court, but in particular to the beautiful Lindaraxa, and fallied from the square, every one applauding his address. Gazul's invincible fêtes on this day gave birth to the ensuing Ballad :—

In the court of king Boabdil
Was a glorious fête display'd,
Zambras danc'd, and grand rejoicings,
By the gallant nobles made.

Now they hold a splendid bull-feast
In the Bibarrambla square,
And, the nuptial honors gracing,
Many a youthful knight was there!

In the square, with savage fury,
Raging a huge bull was seen,
When a Cavalier undaunted
On a charger enters in.

In a green robe, hope's fair colour,
Cap and plumage of the fame,
Six attendants came to serve him,
Thus appears this knight of fame.

Green alike were all their liveries,
Such their noble Lord's command ;
Each a burnish'd javelin bearing,
Edg'd with silver in his hand.

By his gallantry they know him,
By his air so fierce and bold ;
When all eyes are turn'd upon him,
Mighty Gazul they behold.

Gracefully he holds his javelin,
On the square his station takes,
Like another Mars awaiting
Till the bull his onset makes.

Now the savage bull perceives him
And towards him furious turns,
Like a whirlwind he advances,
And the ground behind him spurns.

Bounding tow' rds the steed he hastens,
Bends his neck, and aims the blow ;
But so well Gazul attacks him,
Here he finds no common foe.

By the pointed javelin wounded,
Weltering in his gore he lies ;
All his frantic courage vanquish'd,
With a fearful groan he dies.

Praises rung from every quarter,
All the court extoll'd the deed ;
“ None,” cry'd they, “ his skill can equal,
“ None can Gazul's strength exceed.”

Now the royal bull-feast ended,
 To the king and queen he bows,
 And the fair and beauteous maiden,
 Who accepts the hero's vows.

The bull-fights thus ended, the trumpets began to flourish for the play of canes, and the Cavaliers who were to enter the lists, withdrew to make the necessary preparations; in a short time the trumpets again sounded, when Muza and his squadron entered with such gallantry and address, that nothing could surpass it. Their liveries were white and blue, with straw coloured banners, and scarlet and white plumes, fringed with silver. The device on their targets was a savage destroying a globe with his club, a device frequently borne by the Abencerrages, and over the savage was a plume of feathers. The motto at the foot of the savage was the following:—

This day their plumes towards the sky
 Th' Abencerrages wave on high ;
 Because their fame and generous worth
 With fortune combat low on earth.

Thus gloriously did Muza and his squadron, all gentlemen of the first consideration, make their entry, and circling round the square, they skirmished together, and then took their station on one side of it.

The Zegries next made their appearance, all dressed in liveries of green and purple, bordered with yellow; this squadron was mounted on beautiful bay mares, and the banners of their lances were also green and purple. On their targets they bore bloody scimitars, with this motto beneath them:—

Alla

Alla forbid towards the sky
 That any plumes should wave on high!
 But rather let the steel confound,
 And dash their glory to the ground!

Having, in like manner, made the course of the square, the Zegries also took their post, and the two squadrons immediately provided themselves with canes for the sports. The king, seeing their devices, and reading the mottos beneath them, suspected the secret rancour that lurked in their bosoms, and to prevent any fresh tumult arising to damp the hour of pleasure, descended, with most of the gentlemen in waiting, into the square before the sports commenced. The royal presence indeed was absolutely necessary, to preserve tranquillity.

Taking his station on one side of the square, the king gave orders for the sports to begin, and immediately the Cavaliers dividing into four squadrons began skirmishing to the sound of trumpets, hautboys, flutes, and kettle-drums, after some time the fête was concluded without any disturbance having happened, but had not the king been present on the spot, a desperate affray would certainly have ensued, as the Zegries came armed against the Abencerrages, who were also prepared against their hostile designs. The royal presence deterred the former from executing their designs, and the king thought fit to order the fête to be terminated earlier than usual: thus the day passed pleasantly, which from the temper of the parties was a matter of no little surprize.

The celebration of this fête gave rise to the following Ballad:—

More than thirty in his squadron,
All Abencerrages bold,
On the square of Bibarrambla,
Muza at their head behold.

By the king's command they fall
To the noble play of canes,
All in white and blue; their plumage
Yellow and bright red contains.

And that they might know each other
On their targets plumes they bore,
This device th' Abencerrages,
Often as they fancy'd wore.

With this motto wrote beneath them,
Plumes this day towards the sky,
Since they cloath the birds that own them,
Abencerrages wave on high.

Now a second squadron enters,
Traversing another street;
These are Zegries, all in dresses
Green and purple, most complete.

All on handsome bay mares mounted,
With their trappings rich and gay;
Scimitars for their devices,
Red with blood, their shields display.

Round

Round them all was this infcription,
 May the angry fteel confound
 Every plume that towers fo proudly!
 Alla dafh it to the ground!

Canes indeed they had provided,
 But the fport was growing hot,
 Till the king his power oppofing,
 Quarrels were at once forgot.

For againft th' Abencerrages
 Zegries had in concert join'd;
 Deepeft villainy and mifchief
 Their malignant hearts defign'd.

The king and queen, attended by the ladies and the principal nobles, retired with the new married parties to the Alhambra, where an elegant fupper was provided; univerfal joy now prevailed, and the fupper was fucceeded by a ball, in which the brides and bridegrooms danced together; Muza and Selima alfo to their mutual pleafure, and Gazul with Lindaraxa. The dancing continued very late at night, and the company did not retire till the dawn of the morning.

Galiana, enraptured in the poffeffion of her much loved Sarracino, after a thoufand expreffions of the moft tender sentiments of regard, faid to him, “ tell me, my deareft Lord, why, on the day of St. John, after running the three lances with Abenamar, at the ring, you fallied from the fquare, and was no more feen for fix long days? Was it becaufe you loft the prize, or for what other motive? I affure you I long
 much

much to be acquainted with the reason." " My beloved Galiana," answered Sarracino, " it was the loss of your portrait, and the scarf your fair hands had worked, which made me ashamed to appear in your presence, and knowing Abenamar had proclaimed the fête purposely to be revenged of us : of you, because you had rejected his suit; and of me, for having wounded him in the rencontre on the night, you may remember, whilst he was serenading you at the balcony, and finding fortune had favored Abenamar and deserted me in the hour I most stood in need of her assistance, my grief and despair knew no bounds. I cursed my ill success, and denied perfidious Mahomet, swearing, by the honor of a knight, to become a Christian, as certainly I will, although I pay the forfeit with my life : I esteem the Christian faith better than the vile sect of Mahomet, and you, Galiana, if you love me, you will also forsake it. King Ferdinand, I am sure, will receive us kindly and shower his favors on us for the honor of his faith."—He ceased, and listened to Galiana's reply.

" Your will," said she, " my dearest lord, is mine, I never will dispute it, but follow all your steps. You are the knight to whom I have given my heart, and your pleasure shall govern mine. I have already thought the Christian faith exceeds the Alcoran, and now gladly promise to become a Christian whene'er it be your pleasure to desire it."

" What other answer could I expect," replied Sarracino, " from such faith and goodness?" and tenderly pressing her to his bosom, they passed the remainder of the night.

The following morning the nobility again assembled, and Abenamar was united to the beautiful Fatima, in whose service he had performed so many gallant actions. The Zegries endeavoured to prevent the match, on account of the strict friendship that subsisted between Abenamar and the Abencerrages, but their opposition was of no avail, as the king commanded the nuptials to be solemnized. Every day was now busied with new fêtes and diversions, and balls and concerts; and the court kept a splendid round of Galas, masquerades, and rejoicings.

We left the desponding Reduan flying in despair from the presence of Lindaraxa: departing from the city; he followed the banks of the Genil till he arrived at the wood of Rome. This wood forms a very pleasant retreat, but is so much overgrown with trees that even at this day, those who wander from the frequented paths, are in danger of losing their way; it is situated a league and a half from Granada, and is about twelve miles in length and the same in breadth, and abounds with game of all kinds.

The moment Reduan entered the wood, he beheld in one of the ridings, at a distance, a fierce battle between four Moors and an equal number of Christians, who attempted to force away a beautiful Moorish lady. The Christians being most powerful, the lady's friends were defending her under great disadvantage, while the lady, in anxious grief, was a silent spectator of the combat. Reduan spurred his horse to the assistance of the Moors, but, notwithstanding his speed, two of them were slain, and the remaining two, dreading the fate of their companions, had fled ere he could reach the
place

place where they had been fighting; looking at the lovely Moor, Reduan saw torrents of tears falling like pearls from her beautiful eyes, and finding two of her champions had fallen, and that she was abandoned by the others, he was moved with compassion to rescue her from the hands of the Christians, and, without uttering a syllable, commenced the attack; in the first rencontre Reduan gave one of the Christians so deep a wound beneath his target that he fell from his horse, then galloping a short distance, he returned like the wind, and unhorsed a second. The two remaining Christians now jointly attacked Reduan, and one of them gave him a rude blow with his lance, which inflicted a slight wound; the lance of the other was broken in the attack. Finding himself wounded, Reduan again rode off, but returning quickly to the charge he overthrew a third of his foes. The fourth gave him another slight wound, but when Reduan was on the point of engaging him, finding his three companions unhorsed and lying disabled on the ground, he did not dare to hazard the attack, and rode off in full speed.

The Moors who had fled, stopped to see the issue of the battle, and perceiving with what ease the stranger had overthrown the Christians, returned astonished to the place where they had left the lady. Reduan, enchanted with the beauty of her person, which far exceeded Lindaraxa's, and every other lady of Granada, became so enamoured, that he entirely forgot Lindaraxa, and was wholly occupied in admiring her, and enquiring who she was, when the Moors returned, and rendering him a thousand grateful acknowledgments for the service he had done them, exclaimed, "Certainly,

tainly, Signor, the great Mahomet must have sent you to our assistance, otherwise we had been slain by the Christians, and the lady under our care would have been lost; you seem, Sir knight, wounded by the blood we perceive, let us hasten to Granada, and in the way your questions shall be answered; but first, how shall we dispose of these vanquished Christians?" "They are our fallen enemies," replied Reduan, "and mercy is the conqueror's brightest trophy; let us catch their horses, and send them away." The Moors, wondering at Reduan's generosity, did as he bid them, and placing the Christians on their horses, suffered them to depart.

Reduan and the Moors also mounted their horses, and took the road to Granada, and whilst Reduan rode by the side of the lovely Moor, equally charmed himself and delighting the maiden, one of the young Moors thus began: "We were, Sir knight, four brothers, and one sister whom you now see; two to our sad misfortune have fallen by the hands of the Christians, and indeed it is a wonder that any of us remain. Our poor brothers are as yet unburied, but I trust in Alla we may find some rustics, who will assist us to pay them the last sad tribute of respect. Our father, Zayde Hamet, is Alcaide of the fortress of Ronda; hearing of the splendid fêtes and rejoicings in Granada, we requested his permission to be present. Would to heaven he had never granted it! It has cost our brothers their lives, and ourselves the disgrace of having fled, leaving our sister Haxa in distress, which, but for your friendly arm, would have involved us in deeper misery. This, Sir knight, is our true and woeful history, and

now that we have informed you who we are, may we entreat to know to whom we are so greatly indebted."

"I am happy," replied Reduan, "in the advantage of your acquaintance. Your father is well known to me as was also your grandfather Almadan, whom Don Pedro de Sotomayor slew in battle. It grieves me not to have arrived sooner, as then your brothers might have still been living; while the good fortune of having rendered you assistance in the time of need is highly grateful to me, and I shall be ready at all times to devote myself to your service, and as you desire it, know then, gentlemen, my name is Reduan, that I am a native of Granada, where I reside, and shall be highly favored if you will take up your abode with me, considering my residence as your own."

"Many acknowledgments, kind Signor Reduan, for this your friendly offer, but we have kindred in Granada, with whom we mean to reside during our stay, and we are the more obliged to decline your hospitality as our recent misfortunes will occasion us to return sooner than we intended."

At this moment several woodmen approached, and the young men exclaimed, they came in a happy time to assist in burying their brethren, and offered to reward them well for their trouble. Reduan repeated the assurance of reward, and entreated them, for the love of Alla, to lend their aid. The woodmen readily made answer they would give their assistance free of all gratuity. The brothers now requested Reduan would remain with their sister, as they were confident she would then be safe, and after they had paid the last duty

duty to their brothers, they would endeavour to catch their horses, that the Christians might not seize them, and again return to him. "I would accompany you willingly," replied Reduan, "but, as it is your desire I should remain with your sister, I am content."

The Moors and the woodmen now departed together, whilst Reduan, ardent in his love for the beautiful maiden, gladly embraced the favourable opportunity which presented itself to declare his tender passion. "I know not," said he, "whether my good or evil star hath led me hither; at the same instant life and death, and heaven and earth present themselves to my view, while the roaring tempest succeeded by the gentle calm, and meek-eyed peace and cruel war alternately agitate and tranquillize my spirit; but what still more than all torments me, is the perplexing suspense how this strange adventure, which fortune has thrown in my way, will terminate. I doubt, lovely Haxa, whether my soul belongs to myself or to you. Like a wanderer in the desert I know not where to direct my steps, unless you will kindly be my guide. Dreading to unfold the pain, which to conceal is death, I consume with self-devouring flames, and yet am colder than the frozen Alps. Doubtful whether to hide or declare the tender passion of my bosom, I fix my anxious hope on you alone, as able to raise to life a devoted victim who is on the point of expiring, for it is you only who possess the art to cure my wounded heart; you are the spirit of myself. That hour, when first I beheld your pearly tears, I had to contend with five adversaries; the four Christians I readily overcome, but, alas! only to be vanquished, and to fall a willing captive

captive to your charms. I delivered you from thralldom, and in return you have made me your prisoner. What magic spell hath given your arms success? But why do I enquire?—You are the Goddess Beauty's self, armed with every virtue, with every grace and gentleness, and modesty. These are the arms you wield, arms which no power can withstand, and to which all nature gladly yields a willing sacrifice. Reduan is your slave, you are his conqueror, and the only boon he asks is to abhor not him who adores you? Despise not him who loves you, be not unkind to his true and faithful bosom; but let your chaste and tender heart vibrate in unison with his wishes. As it is for life he asks you,—oh! let your answer make him most blest and happy?"

Reduan stopped, and thus the fair one answered:—
 “Noble and valiant knight, though young and inexperienced in the ways of love, being yet scarce fourteen, and hitherto secluded from the world, I confess myself susceptible of the tender flame, and unwilling to reject your suit, indeed I have been told there are those who flatter with their tongues, and try a thousand secret wiles to win the inexperienced female's heart, and then betray the credulous and unhappy woman; but it would be ingratitude indeed to believe you capable of such falsehood, and as my brothers are returning I must briefly answer, if you love me I am yours, and will ever esteem you with tender regard, and think no other upon earth can equal you, and if you obtain permission from my father and my brothers for our marriage, my consent shall gladly follow; and when, in Hymen's bond we shall be united, sooner shall the
 frigid

frigid north lose its killing power, and animate all nature with radiant warmth, or the parent sun shall change his genial heat to icy coldness, than my plighted faith shall fail. Be constant then, as you will e'er find me, and as we have confessed our mutual love, treat with my brothers for our union; they never can so ill repay their obligation as to refuse your wishes, especially when an alliance with a person of your noble birth must do honor to their family. You have indeed a right to claim me as your own, for you delivered me from sad captivity. How great the value of the exchange! I lost my brothers, and yet felicity unhoped succeeds. But as a token that I am wholly your's, and that you may rely upon my word, accept this ring, which from the finger leading to my heart I draw, and now present, that you may place it on your own."

She now drew a gold ring from her finger, set with a brilliant emerald, and Reduan giving it a thousand kisses put it on his own; he would have replied, but Haxa's brothers had now returned, overwhelmed with grief for their slain brethren, whom they had just interred, and whose horses they were now leading. Haxa wept also, while Reduan endeavoured, by the softest speeches, to console her, and thus they reached the city about night-fall, when they separated, Reduan to return to his home, and Haxa and her brothers to go to the house of their relative of the Almadan family, who dwelt in the street of Elvira: the parting lovers scarce could take their eyes from off each other, feeling at that moment as if their spirits had exchanged, and Reduan's was with Haxa, and Haxa's with Reduan.

The lady and the young Moors were kindly received by their uncle, who was greatly grieved for the loss of his other nephews.

The English translator will make no further apology for introducing this and the next ballad, on the late subject :

Now the joyful music sounding,
Shouts of pleasure fill the air ;
Fair Granada's choicest nobles
For a glorious fête prepare.

Each before his lovely mistress
Longs to shine above the rest :
Reduan alone is thoughtful,
Tortures rend the hero's breast.

“ Cruel, cruel Lindaraxa,
“ Still you treat me with disdain !
“ Can I see my rival favor'd,
“ Whilst I burn with amorous pain !”

Thus he muses, till fierce anger
Kindling into deeper rage,
Drives him furious to the Vega
With some Christian to engage.

Far behind he leaves the city,
Down the Genil's bank descends,
Casting oft his eye around him,
Tow'rs the wood of Rome he bends.

Now the pleafant wood he enters,
And a diftant combat spies,
Four young Moors and four ftout Chriftians
Fighting for a lovely prize.

Fast he furs his fteed towards them,
Two he fees the Chriftians flay,
Two their beauteous charge forfaking
Leave her to the victors prey,

Generous pity wounds his bofom
When he fees the fair one's grief,
Sees the pearly tears defcending
Tears that claim his kind relief.

Soon he turns upon the Chriftians,
With his lance the firft o'erthows,
Wheeling round difmounts a fecond,
And a world of prowess fhews.

To the charge again returning,
He the other two affails,
Who combin'd at once attack him,
But o'er one his arm prevails.

So beneath the reaper's fickle
Falls the ridge of ftanding corn;
So beneath the furious tempeft,
Are the waving breaches torn.

Wond'ring at his matchless valor,
Both the Moorish youths draw nigh,
The last Christian struck with terror,
Dares no more the combat try.

From his powerful steed alighting,
Reduan now approached the fair,
And her beauteous form enchanting
In an instant roots him there.

For once favor'd Lindaraxa
Now no more his bosom bleeds ;
Both the youthful Moors address him,
Thank him for his noble deeds.

“ Gallant knight, so great a battle
“ Never yet did hero win ;
“ You have freed our much loved sister,
“ Who had else a captive been.

“ Ronda's good Alcayde's children,
“ Two, alas ! lie yonder dead,
“ Two forsook this maid their sister,
“ And o'ercome with terror fled.

“ Had we staid we too had fallen,
“ Fall'n like those the Christians slew,”
Now in lucky hour arriving,
Near them some stout rustics drew.

“ Whilst

“ Whilst, Sir knight, these rustics aid us,
“ With our sifter Haxa stay,
“ And to our unhappy brothers,
“ We’ll the last fad duties pay.”

Left alone with one so lovely
Reduan blest the happy hour,
And thus breathes his amorous passion,
For he felt its tender pow’r.

“ To this spot did fortune bring me
“ For extremes of loss or gain?
“ Am I doom’d, sweet maid, to suffer
“ Thrilling joy, or throbbing pain?

“ Heav’n and earth I see before me,
“ Calm and tempest, war and peace,
“ Life and death, and hope and misery,
“ How will this strange tumult cease!

“ Death it is to hide my passion,
“ Hard my feelings to unfold;
“ Tho’ I burn, at one same moment,
“ Like the frozen Alps I’m cold.

“ Four stout Christians have I vanquish’d,
“ Skill’d in battle’s rude alarms,
“ Vanquish’d but to fall a captive
“ To your own celestial charms.

“ I'm your slave, and you my mistress,
“ That shall all my actions prove ;
“ Humbly for my bride I ask you,
“ All I seek your valued love.”

Thus the hero spoke, fair Haxa
Blushing answers his request,
“ Valiant knight, of love unconscious,
“ Never yet it touch'd my breast.

“ From the busy world sequester'd,
“ New to me is every scene ;
“ Immature as yet my judgment,
“ Scarce my years have reach'd fourteen.

“ But I've heard that fond seducers
“ On our sex's weakness prey,
“ And with flattering speech beguiling,
“ Oft the hapless maid betray.

“ Arts like these you cannot foster :
“ If you love me I'm your bride,
“ And my friends consent once granted,
“ Nought shall our true faith divide.

“ See where comes my weeping brothers,
“ Brief the answer I must make ;
“ Take this pledge of my affection,
“ Wear it for your Haxa's sake.”

Saying

Saying this a ring she gave him,
 He o'erjoy'd the gift receives;
 Loft in extacy surveys it,
 And a thousand kisses gives.

The next morning Reduan dressed himself most gaily, and went early to the royal palace to kiss his majesty's hand, who had just risen, and was going to the principal mosque, to attend at the prayers offered up for a Moor of his sect, called Cidemahojo. When the king saw Reduan so gallantly equipped in a tunic of green silk, and green plumes, he was greatly rejoiced, as he had not seen him at court for some time; and made many kind enquiries where he had been, and how he had fared in the battle with Gazul. "Your majesty may be assured," replied Reduan, "that Gazul is a brave and noble gentleman, Muza has made us friends, and I am sure we shall continue so."

The king, attended by many of the gentlemen, the major part of whom were Zegries and Gomeles, now reached the mosque; prayers and other ceremonies of the Alcoran were performed with great magnificence; and when they were over the king returned to the Alhambra. The queen, attended by her chief ladies, awaited the king's return in the great saloon, agreeable to the royal order, that whenever he went abroad, her majesty should meet him there on his return; as the king was young, he took great delight in the presence of the ladies, and in particular in the company of Selima, whom he tenderly loved, and on whose account he was not a little afraid of Muza, as we shall hereafter have occasion to notice. Entering the palace,

with the gentlemen of his train, Reduan's dress immediately attracted the notice of the ladies; they were surprized at his change of livery, and Lindaraxa being among the observers, and perceiving he took not the least notice of her, could not forbear exclaiming to herself, "Certainly, Reduan dissembles charmingly, I trust he wishes not to give any further offence to my Gazul." "I see," said the queen, at the same moment, to Lindaraxa, "that Reduan still hopes to win your favor:" "but," replied Lindaraxa, "he is farther from his chance than ever." "Really," returned the queen; "he is a gentleman of a noble mien, and any lady may think herself happy in his addresses." "I acknowledge," replied Lindaraxa, "his merit is great, and had I not placed my affections on Gazul, I might have chosen him." The conversation here ceased, as they were not willing to be overheard by the other ladies.

The king was all the while engaged in conversation with Reduan; "Do you remember," said his majesty, "the promise you made me of winning Jaen in one night? If you accomplish it, your pay of captain shall be doubled; but if you fail you shall thenceforth serve me on the frontiers, far from the presence of the fair lady you adore. Be ready, therefore, for the enterprise, I mean to go in person to its conquest, for it sorely grieves me to see the Christians of Jaen scour the Vega, and daily do us so much discredit and harm: so often have they fought me that I am resolved now to seek them, and by their overthrow put a total end to their career." To which Reduan replied, "If at any time I pledged my word to win Jaen in one night, I now confirm it; let your majesty only grant me a thousand soldiers, whom I shall select for the enterprise."

prize." " You shall have five thousand," replied the king, " and although I mean to be present in the field, yet the command shall be your's." " Your majesty," returned Reduan, " showers fresh honors on me ; direct me as it is your pleasure, select the troops, and I am ready for the expedition." " Such was the gallant answer," said the king, " I expected from Reduan ; be assured your services shall meet a due reward. The Cavaliers who shall attend you, are the Abencerrages, Zegries, Gomeles, Mazas, Vanegas, and Maliques Alabeces, whose courage you are well acquainted with, and as I shall be present myself, no nobleman of valour will be absent."

An attendant now entered the saloon, and announced to his majesty that a strange lady, and two young Moors, desired to be admitted to the honor of kissing his royal hand ; the king ordered them to be introduced, when two Cavaliers, of noble mien, dressed in deep mourning, immediately made their entrance, and with them a lady also in the deepest sable, whose face was so concealed by a hood that her eyes were only visible, but they plainly indicated the great perfection of her beauty. The king, surprized at the mournful appearance they made, enquired the occasion of their grief, when one of the Moors making a duteous reverence to the king, and paying his respects to all the company in the saloon, thus replied, " We were chiefly led to visit Granada by the desire to have the honor of kissing your majesty's hand. We are the grand-children of Almandan, the late Alcayde of Ronda, and the present Governor is our parent. Hearing of the fêtes in Granada, in honor of your royal nuptials, we entreated

our father's permission to attend them. Fortune, however frowned on our expedition, and desired happiness; for early in the morn of yesterday, in a thick forest, called the wood of Rome, four Christian Cavaliers suddenly attacked us, and though we exerted ourselves to the utmost in defence of this lady, our sister, the Christians soon slew two of our brethren, and put us, the survivors, to flight, and we had all been lost, had it not been for the valour of that gentleman, (pointing to Reduan) who stands near your majesty; his single arm overthrew three of the Christians, and obliged the fourth to fly; when we approached to return him our thanks, he had dismounted from his horse, and was consoling our afflicted sister. Notwithstanding he had been wounded, he was superior to revenge, and suffered the Christians quietly to depart, without even despoiling them of their horses, or their arms, an instance of unexampled magnanimity. If all the nobles of your royal court are possessed of Reduan's courage, your majesty may conquer the world, as with three strokes of his lance he overthrew as many Christians. After we have been permitted to kiss your majesty's hand, we shall beg leave to depart, that we may recount our sad adventure to our parents."

The Cavaliers appeared sorely afflicted, and the lady was in the deepest grief, while the king marvelling at so strange a tragedy, and the chance which brought Reduan to their assistance, exclaimed, "The esteem I had for you before was very great, but this heroic deed has highly increased it; from henceforth, Reduan, you are Alcaide of the fortrefs and castle of Tijola, near Purchena." Every voice was now raised to load
Reduan

Reduan with praises, Lindaraxa alone was silent, almost repenting her former disdain.

“As it is your pleasure,” said the king, to the young Moors, “to depart so soon, go when it is most suitable to yourselves, but the queen unites in our desire to see your sister’s countenance, before she leaves the court, and she will oblige us by taking off her hood, that we may enjoy the sight of the extraordinary beauty her eyes bespeak.” The brothers repeating his majesty’s request, Haxa immediately complied, and discovered a countenance more lovely than Diana’s: she appeared to all in the saloon like the beams of the morning sun darting their rays around, and like the sun too no eye could bear to look on her without being dazzled. The gentlemen were all expiring with love, and the ladies with envy. Every gentleman pressed to offer his services, anxious to enjoy the fair stranger’s favor; the queen also, greatly charmed, desired the king’s leave to make her an attendant. “Then,” cried the king merrily, “more than half a dozen of your ladies will quarrel with their new companion.” Haxa made her obedience to his majesty, and bending on her knees to the queen, solicited the honor to kiss her majesty’s hand, when the queen, raising her from the ground, embraced her, and placed her by her side. The ladies themselves could not help praising Haxa’s beauty, for notwithstanding Daraxa, Sarracina, Galiana, Fatima, Selima, Cohaida, and many other celebrated beauties of the court were present, none of them equalled Haxa; she appeared like a planet of the first magnitude, surrounded by the lesser stars. Reduan’s eyes were attentively fixed on her, fearing she might break her
plighted

plighted faith, and the lovely Moor, from time to time, sent a stolen glance of kindness towards Reduan, for if armed with lance and shield he was designed to captivate, how much more gallant did his courtly dress become him? Not one of the Cavaliers appeared his equal; in the Vega, Reduan was a Mars; at the palace, an Adonis.

The king, addressing himself to Reduan, said, "I should have been delighted to have seen your battle with Gazul; you are both knights of such approved and well-known valour." "That I can testify," replied Muza, "for being unable to prevail on them to forbear the fight, I remained a spectator of the contest; lion and ounce ne'er waged so fierce a combat, till at length fearing they must both have perished, as no advantage was gained on either side, I threw myself between them, and thus ending the fight, they both remained victorious."

"And what was the occasion of the challenge?" said the king. "This is a long story," answered Muza, "we must not revive an old grievance; the motive however is in the saloon." "I comprehend," said the king, "Gazul and Reduan I am confident will not differ on the same subject again." "I apprehend not," cried Reduan, "for I have entirely forgot the occasion of my enmity; there was a time indeed when I should have considered a thousand lives well devoted to the lady's service, though now I should decline to risk a single life. So largely do we sometimes err in the objects on which we place our greatest happiness!" "There must be something novel in the business," replied

replied the king, " which the parties are not inclined to disclose ; at least I divine so."

During this conversation, Haxa's brothers had taken their seats close to Mahandin Hamet, a principal nobleman of the Zegri family, who was exceeding rich, and so struck with Haxa's beauty, that he could not refrain to gaze on her ; unable to repress the influence of his passion, Mahandin Hamet at length broke silence, and thus addressed the brothers : " Do you know, gentlemen, who I am ?" " No, Signor," they replied, " we are strangers at the court, and have not the honor of knowing you, but as you are in the royal presence we infer you are of noble rank." " You are right, gentlemen, I am of the Zegri lineage, descended from the kings of Cordova ; in this city my family is held in the first degree of estimation ; if you think proper to accept my alliance, I shall be happy to become your brother-in-law : by the honor of a Moorish nobleman, I might marry the first lady in Granada, but till the moment I saw your sister, I was never induced to alter my condition."

Mahandin Hamet ceased, and in much anxiety awaited the reply of the brothers, who having conferred together, and recollecting the valour of the Zegries, and confiding their parents would approve of the proposal, at length gave their consent ; the Zegri overjoyed arose, and bending on his knee, immediately addressed his majesty. " Powerful and mighty king, let me beseech you to grant the celebration of a new marriage, and let there be fêtes, the expence of which I will defray : smitten with love for the beautiful Haxa, I have asked her brother's consent, and hearing
who

who I am, they have accorded me her hand ; let your majesty confirm the promise, and ordain the rites to be immediately performed ?”

The king, looking at the lady, was surprized at what he heard, and the ready acquiescence of the brothers ; and replied, “ If it is your pleasure, gentlemen, I am satisfied.”

A general silence prevailed, but Reduan bursting with rage, put an end to it, “ Sire,” he exclaimed, “ this marriage with the Zegri must not be, for though her brothers may have given their consent, she was betrothed to me the moment I rescued her from the Christian knights ; a solemn promise has moreover passed between us, and mutual pledges have confirmed it. The lady alone can testify what has passed, let none offend me, or he shall repent it.”—She cannot marry,” cried the Zegri, “ without her brothers and her parents leave ; she is mine by their consent, and I will fight for her whilst I have life remaining.” Reduan at these words flew to attack him ; the Zegries rose in the defence of their kinsman, and the Abencerrages, Muza, and Reduan’s relatives in support of Reduan. A dreadful tumult would have ensued, but the king on pain of death forbid any one to stir from his seat, and declared that he alone would decide who should possess the lady. Order was thus again restored, when the king, advancing to the queen’s throne, took Haxa by the hand, and leading her into the middle of the saloon, desired she would follow the dictate of her heart, and declare whether she preferred Reduan, or the Zegri. Haxa finding herself obliged to comply with the royal command, and mindful of the promise

nise her brothers had made, hesitated between her regard for them, and the love she bore for Reduan; till at length recollecting it was Reduan, who had freed her from Christian slavery, their plighted faith and mutual regard, she advanced, still led by the king's hand, to the part of the saloon where the gentlemen were seated, and making a low obeisance to his majesty, gave her hand to Reduan, saying, that with him alone she could be happy.

With fair Haxa's charms enchanted,
 When the lovely maid he view'd,
 The bold Zegri seeks her brothers,
 And his amorous suit pursu'd.

Vaunting much his noble lineage
 Fame illustrious, well-known worth;
 "None," cries he, "in all Granada,
 "None can boast a higher birth."

Pleas'd with such a fair alliance,
 With his rank and honors pleas'd,
 Soon the gallant youths assenting,
 From suspense the knight releas'd.

On his knees, with raptures falling,
 To the king the Zegri cry'd,
 "A boon, my lord, a boon I covet,
 "Lovely Haxa for a bride.

"Her

“ Her brave brothers know my wishes,
“ And my lineage too they know,
“ Full of splendour, full of riches,
“ All that Alla can bestow.”

With surprize the king beholds him
Wondering at this new design,
“ If her friends consent attends you,
“ Noble Zegri, so does mine.”

Burning with impetuous choler,
Reduan heard the bold request,
Like a dormant lion rousing,
Thus the monarch he address'd.

“ I forbid this hasty union,
“ Sire, the lovely maid is mine,
“ I have woo'd her, I have won her,
“ Shall I then my claim resign?

“ A bright pledge has pass'd between us,
“ Lo! the ring that Haxa gave ;
“ With it too her heart bestowing,
“ I am proud to be her slave.”

Furious rose the haughty Zegri,
Furious drew his shining blade,
Reduan full as fierce towards him,
Not less swift advances made.

With

With a shout the Monarch rises,
Who shall dare his wrath incur?
“ I will end this hasty tumult,
“ Pain of death, let no one stir!”

By the hand the fair one leading,
To the midst of the saloon,
’Tween the two contending nobles,
Bids her choose a guardian soon.

“ And your heart’s own dictates following,
“ None shall dare prevent the choice,
“ See the knights, with trembling anguish,
“ Wait your sweet assenting voice.”

Blushing round her bright eyes throwing,
A faint sigh the maiden heav’d,
Driv’n to speak her thoughts so rudely,
Much her modest bosom griev’d.

Her two brothers recent pleasure,
In the scale at first she weigh’d,
But fond love the balance turning,
Soon her generous bosom sway’d.

To her dear Reduan approaching,
“ If I’m doom’d to chuse,” she cry’d,
“ He has woo’d me, he has won me,
“ I will be the hero’s bride.”

The Zegri, abashed at being rejected, and overcome with vexation, instantly rose and left the palace, vowing Reduan’s destruction. The nuptials were celebrated

on the same day, and on the following there was a ball and other fêtes; during the rejoicings, an account arrived, that a considerable body of Christians had entered the Vega, spreading alarm on all sides, and requesting immediate aid to oppose them.

Muza, as captain general of the forces, immediately took the field at the head of a thousand horse, and two thousand foot; coming up with the Christian squadron a very bloody battle ensued, in which there was great slaughter on both sides, but the Moors, being greatly superior in numbers, in the end prevailed over the Christians, taking two standards and a great many prisoners. This victory however cost the Moors dear, for above six hundred of them were left dead on the field of battle. The Abencerrages and Alabeces on this day distinguished themselves most gallantly, performing many prodigies of valour, and to which the victory was chiefly owing. Muza returned to Granada with an account of his success, at which his majesty was greatly rejoiced: Reduan also signalized himself in the engagement, and was most affectionately received by the king. Eight days more were now ordered for public rejoicings, in honor of the victory which had been gained, and of Reduan's marriage; when the fêtes were ended, the king proposed to enter the Christian territories, and in particular to attack Jaen, which so greatly annoyed his subjects, and for this purpose he gave the command of the troops to Reduan, making him captain general on the occasion, and when the time arrived for their departure, he set out from the city.

CHAP. XIII.

Inroad of the Moors to Jaen—The combination of the Zegries against the Abencerrages and the Queen of Granada.

THE day of the termination of the fêtes the king invited all the nobility to dinner, and taking an opportunity to rise from the table, he thus addressed them: “ You well know, my friends and loyal vassals, how inertly we have past our time of late in festivals and dancing. Fierce Mars, the god of battle, whom you have ever been accustomed to obey, now calls to arms. As Mahomet has given us days of joy, we are bound in gratitude to wage a vengeful war against the Christians, who come to seek us at our very walls; exhorting you to new glories, I must recal your attention to what has passed with Reduan, and the promise he made of winning Jaen in one night, which he has lately repeated, requiring only a thousand soldiers for the expedition. It is my pleasure that he shall command an army of five thousand men, and that nothing may be wanting to secure our success, Muza, I give you the charge of raising this army, and I appoint Reduan the general. We shall soon be under the walls of Jaen; and if we take it, Ubeda, Baeza, and the neighbouring towns will speedily be ours,

now my friends and nobles, I shall be glad to hear your sentiments on what I have proposed. Reduan, as soon as the king ceased to speak, was the first to rise, and again repeat his readiness to undertake the enterprize: Muza as quickly followed, and assured his majesty that in three days the army should be ready to begin its march; all the gentlemen, who were present, pledged their words to assist in the enterprize with their lives and fortunes; and his majesty returned thanks to the court for their loyalty and attachment.

Haxa's brothers now took their leave, and departed for Ronda, where, on their arrival, they were affectionately received. The joy of the parents on hearing of the marriage of their daughter with Reduan, was greatly restrained, by their grief for the loss of their sons; while their sorrow was somewhat allayed by the pleasure of having so gallant a knight for their son in law.

The king had about this time appointed Zulema Abencerrage, Alcaide of the fortrefs of Moclin, and he took his departure for his government, with his beloved Daraxa in his company. Galiana's father also returned to Almeria, and many other Cavaliers, by the king's command, returned to their Alcaidefhips. Muza in the mean time had raised the five thousand men, all chosen soldiers of the highest valour; and on the fourth day they were assembled in the Vega, when the king ordered a general muster, and upon the inspection of the troops, bestowed the highest praises on Muza, for raising so martial an army at so short a notice; naming Reduan the Captain General on the field, the troops sallied through the gate of Elvira, the

next morning, equipped in the completest manner. The horse consisted of four bodies, each bearing a different standard.

Muza had the command of the first squadron: his company consisted of one hundred and fifty Abencerages, the same number of Alabeces, and Vanegas, all gentlemen of approved valour: their standard was red and white damask, having in the red field the device of a savage tearing asunder the jaws of a lion, and on the white field a savage destroying a globe (emblematic of the universe) with the motto, "All is little." This squadron was superbly equipped with arms and horses, and the men were clothed in scarlet regimentals, with gold and silver spurs.

The second squadron consisted of Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, equally richly caparisoned and powerful as Muza's squadron, which led the van. Their standard was green and purple damask, and the device they bore was a silver half-moon, with this motto, "It will be soon full, and the sun will not be able to eclipse it." Their number was two hundred and fifty strong, and the regimentals they wore were of green and purple cloth of Tunis, and silver spurs.

The third squadron was composed of Aldoradines, Gazules, and Azarques, and the standard they carried was deep red and yellow; having for their device a dragon tearing a golden crown with its fangs, with the motto, "It will meet no resistance." These troops were in like manner nobly accoutred, their number was one hundred and forty.

The fourth squadron was formed of Almoradies, Marines, and Almohadies, Cavaliers of the highest

renown, bearing the royal standard of Granada, straw coloured and red damask, embroidered with gold, and richly set with pomegranate flowers of the finest rubies, From the center of one of the flowers a ribbon was seen waving with this inscription, "I was born to a crown." In this squadron came the king himself, attended by his nobles. It was a grand sight to behold the rich pendants waving in the air, the dazzling glitter of the high-polished lances, the vary-coloured plumes, the targets, the high-mettled horses, and their rich caparisonments. The infantry was not less superbly clothed than the horse, they were all well armed with bows and cross-bows. The troops took the road to Jaen, and the king's mother, the queen, and the ladies of the court, were in the towers of the Alhambra to view them on their departure.

On this fally to Jaen the ancient ballad was made, which follows:—

" Reduan, you well remember,
 " By the honor of a knight,
 " That you swore to give me Jaen,
 " Conquer'd in the stormy fight.

 " In one night you swore to win it,
 " And you shall have double pay,
 " Reduan, if you perform it,
 " Else be banish'd far away ;

 " Far away from this fair city,
 " And your lady still more fair."
 Thus the gallant hero answer'd,
 With a brow despising care:—

“ If I said it, I'll perform it,
“ This I can't to memory bring ;
“ Give me but a thousand foldiers,”
“ Five I grant you,” cry'd the king.

Through the Elvira gate now fallly
Horse and foot, a grand parade ;
What a world of Moorish gentry,
What a glorious cavalcade !

White their shields and bright their lances,
Wearing each a filken vest,
All in glossy handsome liveries,
And gay plumes, and buskins dress'd :

With gold spurs, and silver stirrups,
Warriors all expert and bold.
Knights more brave, nor troops so gallant,
Never did the sun behold.

In the midst comes king Boabdil,
Looking at the ladies fair,
In the turrets of the Alhambra ;
His fond mother too was there.

Hark, she cries, “ May Alla guard thee,
“ And a safe return accord,
“ Give thee peace too with thy uncle,
“ Guadix and Baza's Lord !

This sally was not so secretly conducted, but the inhabitants of Jaen had received intimation of it by the spies they kept in Granada; or, as others report, from some Christian captives, who made their escape from the city; while others write, and perhaps with a greater degree of probability, that the Abencerrages and Alabeces, who were friends to the Christians, had sent them secret information of the expedition that was preparing. From whatever source, however, the citizens of Jaen drew their information, they were certainly apprized of the sally, and had sent couriers to Baeza, Ubeda, Casorla, Quesada, and all the neighbouring towns, to require their assistance, and who, on being summoned, immediately assembled to oppose the invading enemy, and took their post at the gate of Arenas, with a considerable body of troops to defend the pass. The Moors, however, with great impetuosity, opposed them, scouring the field of Arenas, and bursting through the pass, the territory of Guardia and Pagalajara, as far as Jodar and Belmar, was now laid open to their incursion. The troops of Jaen, in strength about four hundred, had also sallied out to oppose the Moors on the first news of their march from Granada, and they were joined by an equal number from Ubeda and Baeza, forming together a formidable squadron, commanded by their bishop, Don Gonzalo, a baron of great valour.

The armies met on the banks of the Riofrio, when a very fierce battle ensued; the Christians drove the Moors back to the gate of Arenas, where the chain breaking that supported the gate, the Moors would have been routed, had not the Abencerrages and Alabeces fought

fought like lions, and covered the retreat of the army. The Christians gained the honor of the day, and were left victors of the plain, but in their retreat carried off a considerable spoil of cattle, oxen, as well as goats, and some few captives, so that the advantage gained on either side was of little importance. The king was chagrined at the opposition his forces had met with, and enquiring how it happened that the citizens of Jaen were so well prepared to resist his attack, was answered, they had several days before been made acquainted with his intention, and that the whole country was up in arms; this sufficiently excused Reduan for not performing his promise: indeed he well knew that Jaen was not so easy to be won, but being of a brave and martial disposition, he had determined to invest the city, and which he was only prevented from doing, by the powerful resistance he had met with at the onset. The king and the army returned to Granada, where they were received with the loudest acclamations of joy for the success of the excursion; the troops of Jaen also returned in triumph to their city, after the slaughter of a great number of the Moors.

The king, greatly fatigued with his expedition, retired to a palace, called the Alijares, to recruit his spirits, attended only by the Zegries and Gomeles, not one Abencerrage or Gazul being in his suite, the major part of them having accompanied Muza, on a fresh alarm of the incursion of some Christians, who had newly entered the Vega. The king being one day diverting himself in his retirement at the palace, the discourse, after dinner, turned on the battle of Jaen, and the spoils which the Abencerrages and the Alabeces had taken from the enemy, when a Zegri,

Zegri, to whom the charge of opening the treason against the queen and the Abencerrages was committed, replied, " If they are brave, the Cavaliers of Jaen are still braver, for they retook a great part of the spoils, and by dint of arms compelled us to retire." Nor indeed was this void of truth as they had behaved so nobly that they acquired immortal glory; in memory whereof we shall quote the following ballad:—

Jaen's all in deep confusion,
 Hark, the brazen trumpets found!
 Warlike Moors of fam'd Granada
 Ravage all the country round.

Full four hundred gallant heroes
 Sally forth in armour bright:
 From Ubeda and Baeza
 Hastens a like troop to fight.

From Cazorla and Quesada
 March two small but daring bands,
 Sons of truest love and honor,
 Swearing by their ladies hands:

By their lilly white hands swearing,
 To bestow some captive Moor;
 He that loves a beauteous maiden
 Ventures e'en to promise four.

Clofe beside the Riofrio
 Soon a desperate fight began ;
With the bold Abencerrages
 Alabeces led the van.

Gallant is the Moors refiftance,
 But the Christians fight fo well,
Tho' not e'en one half their number,
 They a quick retreat compel.

Yet a mighty spoil of cattle
 Bear the Moorish troops away,
Jaen's fons return with honor,
 Proud of fuch a glorious day.

This battle was fought in the time of Boabdil, king of Granada, in the year 1490. But others chaunt this ballad rather differently :—

Hark! the trumpets in Auduxar
 And La Guardia found th' alarm,
And from Jaen march four hundred
 Gallant warriors, great in arms.

From Ubeda and Baeza
 March four hundred horfes more,
All true fons of love and honor.—
 By their ladies fair they fwore

Not again to see fair Jaen
Till they some stout captive take,
He that loves a beauteous maiden
Four has promis'd for her sake.

Their brave bishop is their General,
Don Gonzalo is his name.—
Hark, Don Pedro Caravajal
Thus in angry mood exclaim!

On, my friends! the Moorish spoilers
Drive my cattle from the plain,
Had they been some simple rustics,
You had driv'n them back again.

One there is, I know, among you,
Who my loss is glad to see:
He that wears the short white surplice,
Fellow foldiers, that is he.

To return to his majesty. "It may be as you say," replied the king, "but had it not been for the valour and resistance of the Abencerrages and Alabeces, we should have been totally routed, while it was by the signal bravery with which they maintained the fight, that we were enabled to carry away the cattle, and the captives, in defiance of the Christian force.

"O how kind is your majesty!" exclaimed the Zegri, "how affectionate to overlook these traitors to your royal crown! But it proceeds from your abundant goodness, and the confidence you place in this lineage, unacquainted with the wicked treason which they

they plot against you. Many Cavaliers have desired to make known their daring projects, but they were deterred by the well known interest which your majesty takes in their favor; although it is with pain I must wound your royal bosom by unfolding a scene of wickedness unparalleled, yet I should ill perform the duty of a loyal subject, to conceal the falsehood and dishonor practised against the king, my lord and master, and it is therefore I am impelled to entreat your majesty not to put your confidence in the Abencerrages, if you desire to preserve your kingdom, and not to die, which Alla forbid! by the hand of violence."

"Tell me," cried the king, "what it is you know? you alarm me strangely by your insinuations: speak plainly, and I will reward your loyalty." "Your majesty shall be obeyed, and I will undertake to prove, beyond contradiction, the notoriety of the facts I allude to, the unbridled length to which the parties have proceeded, the contempt the Abencerrages have for your royal person, the security with which they walk in the commitment of the foulest treason, and how confident in the favors your majesty is daily granting them, they deem themselves above the reach of justice: that your majesty may be satisfied, I am not induced to make the discovery which has hitherto been concealed from your royal ear, either from motives of personal hatred or malice, or the meaner passion, envy; and that it is the honor of my king alone which compels me to declare my knowledge, let Mahandin Gomel, and my two nephews, Mahomet and Ali Hamet, who can attest the truth of what I assert, and four cousins also of Mahandin Gomel, of the same lineage,

age;

age, be summoned into your royal presence, and before them I will relate the story."

The king commanded the persons who had been named by the Zegri to be immediately sent for, and when they arrived, the other Cavaliers arose and left the saloon, leaving only the accuser and his false witnesses with the king. The Zegri expressing, outwardly, signs of the deepest concern, thus began his narrative :—

" Your majesty must know then that these Abencerrages have conspired to deprive you of your kingdom and your life, and this the better to carry on the wanton and adulterous criminality of their chief Albin Hamet, the most powerful and the richest of all the nobles of Granada, (oh! heavens, how shall I name it? Grief overwhelms me) with the queen my royal mistress. What shall I state to convince your majesty? is it necessary that I should add that the Abencerrages spend their fortunes to win the affections of the people, and in seeking popularity, and that, by the exercise of the continual deceptions which they practice, they stand well with the gentlemen and the plebeian, and both rich and poor esteem this lineage. Your majesty must well recollect the day on which the Zambra was danced in Generalife, when the Master of Calatrava gave the general challenge, which fell to Muza's lot to answer? on that day I was walking with this Gomele gentleman in one of the myrtle groves in the royal garden, when I observed beneath a rose-tree the queen and the adulterous Albin Hamet, in the act of foul dishonesty, and so lost were they in the enjoyment of their lustful passion, that we remained unnoticed,

not-

notwithstanding we stood close by them. I was the first to point them out to Mahandin Gomel; when, confounded at their shameless audacity, we withdrew aside to observe their further conduct. In a short time the queen rose from the place, and walked towards the fountain of laurels, where she joined the ladies of the court. Albin Hamet soon after came from the grove, gathering as he walked white and red roses, which he formed into a garland, and put on his head; not seeming to have noticed what had passed, we approached Albin Hamet and accosted him, enquiring how he was amusing himself? In viewing, he replied, the beauties of this charming garden: it contains every thing that can delight the eye, or feast the senses; and saying this, he presented each of us with a rose which he had plucked, and presently after we joined the gentlemen with your majesty, and should at the time have mentioned the offensive conduct of the parties, but we feared to raise a tumult in the court, when your majesty had so recently ascended the throne. That which I have related is a correct statement of what passed, and I consider it the duty of a true knight to reveal such fragrant guilt; but we have a greater anxiety, which our allegiance compels us to disclose, in the apprehension your majesty may be treacherously deprived of life. It is impossible but the device on the stern of the galley, which the Abencerrages brought into the square of Bibarrambla, on the day of the tilt at the ring, must be in your majesty's recollection. It was a globe of crystal, with the motto, 'All is little.' In short, the world is too limited for the unbounded ambition of the Abencerrages. On the poop of the galley, your
 majesty

majesty will likewise recollect a savage was depicted, rending the jaws of a lion: the lion is emblematic of regal authority, and the Abencerrages would gladly deprive you of your throne and your life. Look therefore, dread fire, to your royal person, let the adulterer die, and the dishonest queen, for having rebelled against your royal throne."

The king was thunder-struck at the relation of the false and abominable Zegri, and giving credit to his story, fell lifeless on the ground, and remained a considerable time before he could be brought to himself again; at length recovering he breathed forth a lamentable sigh, "O Mahomet," cried he, "how have I offended you? Is this the reward of all my services, the mosques I have built, and the incense I have burnt on your altars? O traitors! traitors! as Alla lives every Abencerrage shall die, and the adultress queen shall be consumed alive with fire! Let us hasten to the city; I will order her to be confined, and made such an example that the whole world shall be astonished, and applaud the justice of the sentence."

One of the traitors, a Gomele, replied, "It might be hazardous, and endanger the royal person, to condemn the queen to punishment without the form of a trial, it might raise the city in a flame, and Albin Hamet and his faction would gladly make the defence of the queen a pretence for flying to arms, and under the delusion draw in the Alabeces, Vanegas, and Gazules (who are so partial to the race) to support them in effecting their evil purposes. A surer mode of revenge, in my opinion, presents itself, by not appearing to be acquainted with what has passed, and by alluring
the

the Abencerrages one by one to the palace, and to appoint twenty Cavaliers, in whom confidence may be placed, to attend and see them immediately beheaded; when the adoption of such resolute measures come to the knowledge of their friends, not one of them will dare to raise his hand against your majesty; should any be found sufficiently hardy, the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas will fight in your defence, by this means your majesty will be free from danger; the queen may be then thrown into confinement, accused of adultery, and brought to trial; she may be commanded to appoint four Cavaliers to meet an equal number of her accusers, and if her champions are victorious let her be free; but if her defenders are overcome let her die by fire as the law directs: the Almoradies, Almohadies, and Marines, the queen's relations, will not then be like to depart from their allegiance, finding that every thing has been done by the rules of justice. This, as I before observed, appears the surest mode to pursue and satisfy your vengeance."

"The counsel is good," exclaimed the king, "and worthy of such loyal friends; but who are the four that will maintain the combat against the defenders of the queen?" "Let not your majesty be anxious on that head," replied the Zegri, "I will be the first to offer myself, Mahandon the second, Mahandin the third, and his brother, Ali Hamet, the fourth; and I trust in Mahomet there are not four knights equal to them in all your royal court, though Muza himself was of the number." "Let us hasten then to the city," said

the king, “ and I will give the orders which my honor seems to require.”

O unfortunate city! about to be overthrown by fierce contentions, and intestine rebellion! Ill-advised king! to listen to Sirens who enchant your ears with such wicked calumnies!

The king returned to Granada, attended by the false accusers, and entered the Alhambra, where he was received by the queen and the ladies of the court with the accustomed ceremonies; but his majesty passed on without deigning to notice them, the queen was greatly chagrined at the king's disrespect, and in confusion retired to her apartment, unacquainted with the cause of the disdain she had never before experienced. The king spent the remainder of the day with the Zegries, and after supper, feigning himself indisposed, retired to a separate chamber, and the gentlemen to their houses.

The mind of the unfortunate monarch was bewildered the whole night in a maze of thought; amidst the chaos of imagination he could get no repose, woe-fully uttering to himself, “ O wretched monarch! how nigh art thou and thy kingdom to perdition! If you destroy this race what calamities are in store for you; if you chastise them not, death is better. Destroy them! Yes, because their audacity in committing adultery with the queen is unparalleled, and their plots to slay me and obtain the kingdom must be punished. Yet, yet consider how worthy, and how modest a wife thou hast; thou art not ignorant neither of the goodness and loyalty of the noble Abencerrages, and that the Zegries are their mortal enemies. This way perhaps they seek to annihilate

hilate that virtuous lineage; therefore if you propose revenge, first verify the case; yet what can exceed that which the eye has witnessed? The Zegries would not dare to bear this testimony, and to maintain it too in battle, if it was not true.

Thus did the king spend the night; early in the morning he rose, and found many of the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas in waiting: at this moment a messenger arrived, and informed him that Muza was returned from the skirmish with the Christians, in which he had gained two standards, and had brought in more than thirty heads, this intelligence gave the king a temporary relief from the anxiety of his mind; but calling the Zegri apart, he commanded him to provide thirty Cavaliers well armed, and an executioner, for the business they had agreed on, and to await him in the court of the lions.

The treacherous Zegri, leaving the palace, soon put the king's command into execution, and sent his majesty word that all was prepared: the king immediately withdrew and went to the court of the lions, where he found the Zegri, and thirty other Zegries and Gomeles assembled, with the executioner.

A page was now dispatched for an Abencerrage, the Alguazil Major of the city, who being informed that the king desired to see him, hastened to the palace: the moment he entered the saloon he was seized, before he could make the least resistance, and his head was instantly struck off. The next Abencerrage who was sent for was Albin Hamet, whom they accused of the commitment of adultery with the queen, and he was beheaded in the same way as the Alguazil Major; in

this secret manner six and thirty of the principal Abencerrages of the city were also destroyed, without its having come to the knowledge of any of their friends or partisans, and the whole race had certainly perished if the hand of Providence had not interfered in their innocent cause, and defeated the wicked projects of their enemies. The good works of the Abencerrages merited not indeed this vile return, for they were highly charitable, and great friends both to the poor and to the Christians, and some of the Cavaliers who saw them beheaded, afterwards affirmed they called upon Christ crucified to succour them in their great distress, that they might not be put to death, and that they died in the Christian faith.

The great ruler of the universe was at length pleased so to order it, to preserve this virtuous race from entire destruction, that a page of one of the Abencerrages should follow his master into the court, where seeing him beheaded immediately on his entry, and observing the rest of the gentlemen, who were slaughtered before, lying dead on the floor, every one of whom were known to him, he could with difficulty restrain his sorrow, and in silent terror gently crept to the door, and the moment it was opened to admit another Abencerrage, trembling he fled the court. Weeping for his master's fate, he sallied from the Alhambra; and near the fountain which jets its water in the front of the fortrefs, he met Malique Alabez, Abenamar, and Sarracino, who were on their way to attend the summons of the king. When he beheld them, trembling and weeping, with broken accents, he exclaimed, " Ah! Signors, for the love of Alla pass not that way,

way, unless you desire to die a cruel death." "How?" cried Alabez. "Oh! Sirs, in the court of the lions a great many Cavaliers lie beheaded, all Abencerrages, and my poor slaughtered master is of the number, I saw his head struck off with my own eyes, having followed him into the apartment. Would to heaven we had never gone there! I saw every thing they did, remaining myself unperceived, for so Alla permitted it, and the instant they opened the private door I stole out, leaving my poor dead master behind, and almost myself stupified with horror at the dreadful spectacle I had witnessed. For the love of Mahomet, gentlemen, put a stop to these wicked doings!"

The three knights looked with amazement at each other, not knowing how to credit the story of the page. "If this be true," said Abenamar, "there is great treason indeed now perpetrating; but how shall we be able to ascertain the truth of what he says?" "I will tell you," replied Alabez, "remain you here, and if you observe an Abencerrage, or any other gentleman going to the Alhambra, stop him, while I will go to the palace, and discover what is passing therein, and speedily return to you." "Alla guard you," cried Abenamar, "we will remain here as you desire."

Malique then went to the Alhambra, and at the gate he saw a page, who was going in haste from the king, and enquired of him whither he was going. The page replied, "in search of an Abencerrage." "And who," cried Alabez, "commands you to seek him?" "The king," answered the page, "and if you would perform a good office, descend to the city, and persuade all the Abencerrages instantly to quit Granada, unless

they desire to be the principal victims of the dreadful tragedy now performing in the court of the lions. May heaven, Signor, preserve you in peace!"

Certified of the truth of what the first page had related, Alabez returned to the place where he had left Abenamar and Sarracino; "Friends," cried he, "what the page has declared is the truth; there is dreadful treason acting, and a great slaughter among the Abencerrages, one of the king's pages has confirmed the statement, and requested I would warn the Abencerrages to leave the city."

"As Alla lives," exclaimed Sarracino, "the Zegries must be the authors of this horrid plot! Let us hasten to the city, and seek immediate redress for our wrongs." "Away then," said Abenamar, "there is no time to lose." Making all possible dispatch they soon reached the street of the Gomeles, where they found Muza and more than twenty Abencerrages, who had returned from the fally against the Christians on the Vega, and were going to the king to give him an account of their success; to these Alabez exclaimed, "Cavaliers, to your defence! if you wish not to die by treachery; the king has already slain more than thirty of your race."

The astonished Abencerrages made no answer, but Muza replied, "by the faith of knighthood, if there is treachery the Zegries and Gomeles are the authors of it; not one of them fallied out on the alarm, nor is there one to be seen throughout the city; they are doubtless with the king in the Alhambra, and are guilty of the death of these innocent and noble gentlemen:

Follow

Follow me, friends, I will put a speedy termination to their crimes."

They followed Muza to the New-Square, where, as Captain-General, he ordered a trumpet to sound an alarm, a multitude of people, both horse and foot, immediately assembled and joined them, but not one of the Zegries, Gomeles, or Mazas appeared among the many families of the first distinction who were present, which plainly proved to the party who were the authors of the mischief. When Alabez saw so many citizens assembled, he thought it a fit opportunity to acquaint them with the horrid cruelty that was practised against the guiltless Abencerrages, and taking his station in the center, he thus addressed them:—

“ Friends, and fellow citizens, and all who hear me, learn that there is a dreadful treason now perpetrating. King Boabdil has caused many of the Abencerrages to be beheaded, and had it not been discovered by the will of heaven, the whole race would have perished in the same manner.” Scarce had Alabez made an end of speaking, when the multitude gave a loud shout, calling “ To arms, to arms!” and crying, “ Treason! perish the king that has slain the Abencerrages! We will have no traitor for our king!” Ungovernable fury now possessed them; seizing the first weapons that came to hand, the multitude began to ascend to the Alhambra; in a short time more than forty thousand men had assembled, and above two hundred Abencerrages who still remained, with numbers of Gazules, Vanegas, Almoradies, Alnohadies, and Azarques, and others of the Granadine nobility, crying,

“if this is suffered with impunity, another day will end another race.”

The shouts of the men, and shrieks of the women and children were so great, and there was such a tumult in the city, that it seemed desolated by war, and drowned in tears. The clamour soon reached the Alhambra, when the king, apprehending the cause of the tumult, ordered the gates to be barred, dreading he had been too hasty in following evil counsels, and not conceiving how the matter could have so soon gone abroad. At length the people reached the summit of the hill, shouting, “Perish the king! let him die!” Finding the gates secured within, they called for fire to consume them, and fire was immediately applied in many places at the same time, and which had already begun to burn with great fury.

King Muley-hascem, father of Boabdil, hearing the dreadful tumult, and being made acquainted with the cause of it, was highly enraged at the wickedness of his son, and desiring he should be punished for his crimes, ordered a postern gate of the Alhambra to be opened, pretending he meant only to pacify the people; no sooner was the gate opened, than a thousand men were ready to rush in; and when they saw the old king, they lifted him on their shoulders, exclaiming, “This is our king, we will have no other. Long live king Muley-hascem!” And leaving a strong guard to protect his person, many of the Abencerrages, Alabeces, and Gazules, and more than an hundred foot soldiers pressed forward. Muley-hascem now gave orders for the postern to be shut, that no damage might be done to the Alhambra, but it was too late, as sufficient num-
bers

bers were already within it to destroy an hundred Al-hambbras; flying through the streets and avenues they shouted, " Perish the king and the traitors!" At length they came to the royal palace, where they found the queen and the ladies of the court half dead with fear, not knowing the occasion of so strange a tumult. Enquiring for the king, they were informed he was in the court of the lions. Thither they flew without delay, and found the doors fastened with strong bars, but this afforded no security to those within, for they were in an instant burst open, in spite of the defence made by the Zegries. The Abencerrages, Alabeces, and Gazules, on entering it, saw the heaps of their friends in that accursed charnel-house, slaughtered by the king's command, and such was their frantic fury at the sight that had they been able to find him and his wicked advisers, they would have deceived the justness of the law of retaliation, and considering beheading too mild a punishment, they would have inflicted a thousand tortures in putting them to death, as some small consolation in their heavy affliction. Breathing vengeance they attacked with their swords and poniards more than five hundred Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, who were present, crying, " Kill the villains who have given the king these wicked counsels!" The Zegries defended themselves resolutely, but notwithstanding they were armed for the event, they were soon hewed to pieces, and in less than an hour, more than two hundred of those three races were slain, they still however continued to fight, and the Abencerrages and their friends made such a dreadful slaughter among them,

them, that not one of those who were in the court escaped with life.

The unhappy king secreted himself, and was no where to be found. The bodies of the dead Abencerrages were now laid on black cloth, and carried to the New-Square, that all the citizens might behold them, and, moved at the sight of so dreadful a spectacle, compassionate their wrongs. The people hurried up and down the Alhambra enquiring for the king, and so great was the confusion that the towers and houses resounded with the noise, which was re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains. The city, like the Alhambra, was also involved in the general distress, and the slaughtered Abencerrages were publicly mourned by all the citizens, while the friends of the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, and the others of their partisans who fell in the conflict, dared only to lament their deaths in private. The following ballad records the event :

Through the tow'rs of the Alhambra
 Shouts and fearful shriekes resound,
 And the city of Granada
 Is in tears of sorrows drown'd.

Because the cruel king beheaded,
 All in one disastrous day,
 Thirty-six Abencerrages,
 Whom he did in treachery slay.

Zegries vile and base Gomeles,
 Falsely did these knights accuse ;
 Sad Granada, deeply grieving,
 Weeps her noblest sons to lose.

Men and women, little children,
 Cry as if their hearts would break,
 For these bold and generous barons,
 For their friends and parents sake.

Every house is full of mourning,
 Mourning's seen in every street,
 Not a gentleman or lady,
 But in dismal black you meet.

Zegries only and Gomeles,
 These no signs of mourning see,
 These whose wicked wiles prevailing,
 Caus'd such cruel scenes of woe.

If they mourn 'tis for their kindred,
 Those indeed were not a few,
 Whom Gazuls and Alabeces,
 To revenge their falsehood slew.

In th' apartment of the lions,
 Where they triumph'd, there they fell;
 Had they found the king, he had not
 Liv'd the horrid tale to tell.

But to return to the particulars of the insurrection of the inhabitants of Granada, which had become general against the king: when Muza saw that fire was applied to the Alhambra, he used his utmost endeavours to stop the progress of the flames, and hearing that Muley-hascem, the old king, his father, had ordered the postern gate to be opened, he hastened thither,

ther, followed by a considerable troop of gentlemen and soldiers: when he came to the place he found the old king surrounded by upwards of a thousand troops shouting, " Long live king Muley-hascem, he is our sovereign, and down with his son, who has treacherously slain the flower of the city!" Muza also joined the general voice, crying, " Long live the king my father, who is revered by all Granada!" Muza and his party now entered the Alhambra, and proceeding to the royal apartments they in vain fought for the king. They next went to the court of the lions, where they beheld the havock made by the Abencerrages, Gazules, and Alabeces, amongst their enemies; " if there has been treachery practised," exclaimed Muza, " against the Abencerrages, they have taken ample vengeance in their turn, if it is possible such can be atoned for." Shocked at the sight, Muza turned aside, and advanced to the queen's apartments, where he found her majesty weeping with the ladies of the court, and Selima amongst them, whom Muza tenderly loved. The queen, trembling with anxiety, enquired the cause of the dreadful disturbance that assailed their ears. " The king," cried Muza, " has bent himself to perpetrate a horrid treachery against the Abencerrages, a race ever remarked for their loyalty and attachment to his crown, and whose services he has rewarded by striking off six and thirty of their heads in the court of the lions. For this sad action my brother has lost his kingdom, and I fear he may pay the forfeit with his life, as all Granada, both high and low, have adopted my father for their king, which occasioned the shouts and clamour you have heard."

“ Sacred

“ Sacred Alla,” exclaimed the queen, “ that so dread a misfortune should have happened! alas! alas!” uttering this she fell back into Galiana’s arms. All the ladies wept bitterly at Muza’s relation, and lamented their royal mistress’s sad distress. The lovely maidens, Haxa and Selima, threw themselves at Muza’s feet, and Selima thus addressed him: “ I never will rise, my lord, till I receive your promise to endeavour at reconciling the distracted parties, and restoring your brother to his throne again. Vengeance ought not to be pursued over the fallen foe, nor should we return evil for evil; I would not on any account offend you by this or any other request, and I only solicit this favor as the highest you can possibly grant me.”

Fatima, who was well acquainted with their mutual love, entreated Muza to attend to Selima, and not suffer a lady who deserved the empire of the world, to remain a suppliant at his feet. Muza was so engaged in admiration of Selima’s charms that he had not noticed her situation, and immediately presenting her his hand, he raised her from the ground, and did the same to Haxa, and gave them his assurance to quell the tumult, and set his brother again on the throne.

The ladies attentively bathing the queen’s temples, after some time recovered her majesty from the swoon; when dissolving into a flood of tears she was greatly relieved. Muza endeavoured to console her with assurances of his good offices and the hope of success, and taking leave of the ladies, returned to the king his father, mindful of the promise he had made, and as the best means to restore order, Muza advised his majesty to command every one to lay down their arms under
pain

pain of death, and to return in peace to their habitations. Muley-hafcem gave orders for the proclamation to be issued both in the city and the Alhambra, and Muza at the same time gave the like orders to the soldiers, and entreated the nobility to cease their contentions. The tumult at length in some degree subsided, some resolving to be governed by Muley-hafcem, the old king, while others continued their allegiance to his son: Muza particularly applied himself to the Bencerrages, Langetes, Alarines, Almoradies, Almohadies, and many other lineages who were of no party, and entreated them to continue their loyalty to his brother, and assist him in restoring Granada to its government, before the king had listened to the evil counsels which misled him. And by the influence of these moderate lineages, Muza was very much assisted in restoring tranquillity. All the nobility, except the Abencerrages, Gazules, Alabeces, Vanegas, and Aldoradines, who vowed they would no longer submit to the Little King, at length again acknowledged Boabdil for their sovereign.

Had the unfortunate king suffered justice to take its regular course, and withheld his ear from the stories of designing and wicked miscreants, it is certain the city had not been so near its ruin, nor himself so deservedly abhorred for his cruelty. The following ballad commemorates this perfidious plot.

Moors of birth, but foul degenerate,
 To Granada's Little King,
 What a world of treason's plotting!
 Tales of deep malignance bring.

King,

King, they fay th' Abencerrages
 Mean their country to betray,
 What a world of treason's plotting!
 Mean to take thy life away.

For this they feek the people's favor,
 Seek for this their love alone ;
 What a world of treason's plotting!
 King they mean to feize thy throne.

Hamet too, th' Abencerrage,
 He perfumes with love obfcene,
 What a world of treason's plotting!
 To defile the beauteous queen.

The lineages who are laft named continued refolutely determined to have Muley-hafcem for the king, which was the occafion of continued factions between the father and the fon, till at length the city fell a prey to intestine broils. A powerful motive which induced thefe lineages to refift Muza's earneft follicitation, and decline to acknowledge his brother for the king, was, that they were at the time engaged in a treaty with king Ferdinard to become Chriftians, and to pafs over to his intereft ; as we fhall have occafion to relate in the fequel of the hiftory.

When Muza found the greater part of the city difpofed to return to the allegiance of his brother, he enquired where he had withdrawn himfelf, and was informed to the hill of the fun, at prefent called the hill of St. Helena, to a mofque that flood on its fummit, and that he had fled there on the firft alarm, when
 he

he heard the populace shout, "Perish the king and his vile counsellors!" and saw the havock the Abencerrages were making among their enemies, retreating by a private way, imprecating his evil fortune and the day of his birth, and quarrelling with the Zegries, for persuading him to adopt such pernicious advice. The Zegries and Gomeles were endeavouring to support his spirits with the assurance of their dying in his defence, and insisting the advice they gave was fittest to be adopted on so trying an occasion, and only unfortunate in its premature discovery.

Whilst the king and his party was engaged in discourse of this nature, he received advice that Muza was ascending the hill. "Does he come," cried the king, "in peace or war?" "In peace," replied a Zegri, "he is alone, and appears to be seeking your majesty." "Alla grant it may be for good!" cried the king, for he stood greatly in fear of Muza, on Selima's account.

Muza at length reached the summit of the hill, and enquiring whether the king was there, and being answered in the affirmative, he alighted from his horse and entered the mosque, where he found Boabdil surrounded by the Zegries: paying his respects as he advanced towards the king, Muza thus addressed him: "Can you hope to pass free from blame, after having practised such unheard of cruelty and perfidious treachery, against the noblest and most deserving lineage in your dominions? Observe the fatal effects which followed the discovery of their destruction. The city was thrown into disorder, and tumult every where prevailed. Your subjects have been slaughtered, you
have

have yourself been dispossessed of your government, and you would have lost your life, if by flight you had not evaded the general pursuit that was made for your destruction. The king who, careless of the happiness of his people, governs only by his passion, and becomes the destroyer of the tranquillity and peace, instead of being the protector and father of his subjects, justly forfeits all pretensions to their allegiance, and by the loss of his crown and his life ought to make some atonement for his crimes. If thus you conduct yourself towards those who have served you with fidelity, who will allow you to govern? Had you any just cause of offence against the Abencerrages, (which from their loyalty and attachment to your person, I do not conceive you had) why did you resort to such acts of outrage and violence, in contempt of your courts of justice? What evil spirit could have influenced you to commit this horrid deed? What motive?"—

“ Brother,” replied the king, with some warmth, “ as you desire to know what induced me to exercise the just wrath I entertained against the Abencerrages, I will acquaint you in the presence of these gentlemen. Know then, the Abencerrages had resolved to kill me and seize the kingdom, and Albin Hamet, their chief, was guilty of adultery with the queen, of all which facts I have ample testimony. Does it now appear to you that I have been over-hasty in my judgment?”

Muza, astonished at what he heard, replied, he entertained a very different opinion of the queen, and that he could not suppose the Abencerrages were guilty of the treason they were charged with, as that race had ever shewn the most loyal attachment to their kings.

“ Since you continue to doubt what I have stated,” said the king, “ enquire of Hamet Zegri, and Mahandin, and Mahandon, who saw them in the commission of the crime.”

The false witnesses now repeated their story to Muza, who, notwithstanding the solemn assurances they made, gave no credit to their testimony, and so firmly convinced was he of the exemplary chastity and virtue of the queen, that he replied to them in these terms: “ I cannot persuade myself there is any truth in what you have related, nor do I believe any knight can be found, who will dare to maintain it at the hazard of his life; certain I am if there is, he will be stigmatized with infamy and reproach.” “ We will maintain it,” cried Mahandon, “ against all who dare to contradict us.”

Muza, highly incensed, replied, “ Although the honor of the king, my brother, and the Abencerrages, requires this matter to be investigated in the courts of justice; yet, as you prefer maintaining the accusation by an appeal to arms, it must be so; but so satisfied am I of the queen’s fidelity, that I am confident you will provoke your own destruction, or to save your lives you must confess the falsehood of the assertion. Was it not that I am pledged to restore tranquillity to this devoted city, I alone would become the champion of the queen, and defend her innocence, and that of the Abencerrages, against this bare-faced falsehood, the detested offspring of the most malignant envy.”

The Zegries immediately exclaimed, they were gentlemen, and would maintain the truth of what they had averred in open combat, four against any four who would meet them, armed, and in the field of battle.

“ That

“ That we shall soon have an opportunity of putting to the test,” replied Muza; and turning to the king, he continued, “ your majesty may return to the Alhambra: order is restored again, five lineages alone hold out, and vow they will no longer acknowledge you for their king, but be governed by Muley-hafsem, your father; in a few days, perhaps, I may also appease and bring in these dissatisfied lineages. And you, Zegries and Gomeles, learn the melancholy truth, that if through your perfidy, six and thirty Abencerrages have been destroyed, more than five hundred of your race have fallen victims of their just revenge. Reflect on the dreadful slaughter which your evil doings have occasioned. Go to the Alhambra, and give directions for the interment of your dead, as the Abencerrages have already done for their guiltless friends.”

The king, putting his whole confidence in Muza, left the mosque with him, and in his way enquired of whom he had obtained the knowledge of his retreat, which Muza evasively answered, by saying, “ from a person who saw your majesty retire from the Alhambra. They now descended the hill, and entered the Alhambra; the Zegries gave immediate orders for their dead to be carried to their several families, following the bodies themselves in mournful silence. Muza also escorted them, to prevent any fresh disturbance, and during the day nothing but groans were heard throughout the city.

The king withdrew, attended by a strong guard, to his apartments, giving orders that no one should be permitted to approach him. The queen, anxious to pay her respects, was greatly confused when she was

desired to retire, still unacquainted with the motive of this strange reverse of conduct in the king, Muza having only sent word to the queen, not to entertain any further apprehensions, as the king would return, and take his seat on the throne.

CHAP. XIV.

The accusation of the Queen.—Murder of Marayma and her children.—Other remarkable events.

THE dead of both parties were interred, the lamentation in a considerable degree subsided; and through the influence and great exertions of Muza, the principal part of the nobility had returned to the Little King's allegiance, and thus closed the day so ever-memorable for Granada. On the following morning the king gave orders for a general Divan to be called, at which the chief lineages attended out of respect for Muza, though much against their inclinations. The members took their seats as usual in the royal saloon, and waited the approach of the king from his apartment;

ment; when Boabdil was informed that Muza and the gentlemen were assembled, he entered the saloon, habited in deep mourning, and with marks of the greatest sorrow on his countenance, and taking his seat on the throne, looked round, and thus addressed the assembly:—

“ Loyal and faithful friends, I am informed that, unacquainted with the motives which induced me to take the measures I have adopted, you have expressed yourselves in terms of resentment against me, and have even proceeded to agitate the depriving me of my kingdom and my life, for the events which took place in the court of the lions. True, it may be said, I might have sought retribution in the courts of justice, where the injured never depart without redress, and with whose judgment all are satisfied; but anger blinds the understanding, and shutting out reflection, leaves only the thirst of vengeance in its place. May Alla preserve you from the injured king, whose wrongs admit of no deliberation! But to convince you it was the love of justice alone which directed the measures I ordered to be executed, and that my conduct has not been what you may have imagined, learn, noble Granadines, that the Abencerrages, whose fame the world proclaims, had formed a conspiracy to deprive me of my life, and of which I have abundant proof to justify their death: and that Albin Hamet, their chief, has violated my honor, by secret and adulterous commerce with the queen, though not so secret as to have remained without discovery, for there are gentlemen here present, who witnessed the fact, and are ready to maintain the truth of what I am now speaking. Urged

by these motives, I was impelled to the terrible vengeance I inflicted. What could atone for the injury I had suffered, but the destruction of the whole race of the Abencerrages? and which the discovery of what was passing in the court of the lions alone prevented. I am grieved at the tumult in the city, and for the death of so many of my friends, who fell by the hands of the surviving Abencerrages, Gazules, and Alabeces. The blood of the Zegries and Gomeles was shed in my defence, and it demands atonement, and this I swear by Mahomet it shall have. It is therefore my will, and I command that the Abencerrages who have been guilty of entering the royal palace with arms, shall be banished from Granada as traitors, and their goods be confiscated to the treasury. And that those who were absent, and refrained from the audacity, whether Alcaydes or not, may continue in the city, but deprived of the privilege of filling any public office whatever. If they have sons, they shall not be educated in Granada; if they have daughters, they shall not be married in the kingdom. And I decree that this sentence shall be proclaimed throughout the city. As to the queen, I command these gentlemen immediately to make their accusation, that justice, which is fitting, may be done. A king should not submit to the injuries I complain of. Let any one place himself in my situation, and judge whether my wrongs are redressed."

When the king had ended his speech, the members of the assembly looked at each other with astonishment, not knowing what reply to make. Those who came with Muza, did not give the smallest credit to what he had uttered, evidently perceiving it to be the treacherous

cherous contrivance of the Zegries. The Almoradies, Almohadies, and other relatives of the queen, began to shew great signs of discontent, and gathered in a circle to consult together on what step they should take: after some deliberation an Almoradi gentleman, uncle to the queen, thus replied to the king: 'We have been very attentive, sire, to the speech you have just delivered, and it seems calculated to renew the tumult which so fatally prevailed throughout the whole of yesterday: all you have advanced both in respect to the Abencerrages, and the queen, manifestly appears to originate in the malicious envy of ill advisers. In the Abencerrages there never yet was discovered the smallest proneness to vice, nor has the voice of scandal, until this day, presumed to accuse them. The nobleness of their nature shines conspicuous in all their actions, and reflects lustre on you and on your kingdom, and yet you desire to banish them from the city. But, alas! your feeble sentence will be of no avail, unless the Abencerrages are willing to depart, you have no power to oblige them. You are not even our lawful sovereign; the king, your father, being yet living, who reveres this lineage. If you persevere in your ill-founded resentment from this rash day you may consider your kingdom lost, and hereafter, though perhaps when too late, you will do me the justice to remember I warned you against the event. Cast your eyes around this desolated palace, and judge of the truth of what I advance, the Alabeces, Gazules, Aldoradines, and Vanegas, have already withdrawn themselves from its abhorred precincts: and you will soon have to regret the absence of many others, the friends of the Aben-

cerrages. So high is the esteem which the common people have for this race, that if the very lowest of them raised his arm against your power, you would be driven from your throne; but they are loyal, and disdain rebellion. Repent, O king! repent of your rashness, abandon your blind resentment. The slander which you have alleged against the queen is false; she is no adulteress, but chaste and virtuous, and merits your protection and your love. If you move but a finger against her life or liberty, the Almoradies, Almohadies, and their friends, refuse all further allegiance. Whoever asserts the queen Sultana is perfidious, lies like a base-villain, and I will maintain it in the field of battle or in the courts of justice."

Ali Hamet, Mahandin, and Mahandon, the chief conspirators, rose in an instant, and furiously replied, what they had declared was the truth, and whoever maintained the contrary were foul abettors of the treason.

The Almoradies, provoked at this fresh insult, immediately rose from their seats, and seizing their arms, the Zegries and Gomeles did the same, and in the highest rage the contending parties were on the point of attacking each other, to the fresh disturbance and disgrace of the royal palace, the Azarques, Alarifes, Muza, Sarracino, and Reduan, and even king Boabdil himself, so strenuously exerted themselves, that they at length appeased their resentments, and they again resumed their seats. Muza then addressed the assembly:—"It is my earnest desire that the accusation against the queen may be brought forward without delay, as I trust in Alla the establishment of her innocence

ence will be the signal of execution to the false witnesses, and that they will either die the death of traitors, or retract the foul aspersions they have advanced. Thus will the honor of the queen, and of the Almora-dies, her relatives, acquire new splendour and value: let her majesty be requested to attend the court, and appoint whom she chuses for her defenders."

Muza's counsel was universally approved, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to desire the attendance of the queen. On her majesty's entering the saloon with the ladies of her train, all the gentlemen, except those who were engaged in the plot, rose from their seats, and paid her the profoundest respect as she approached her seat. Muza at length addressed her:—
 "Beauteous Sultana, daughter of the famous Moraycial, sprung from the Almoradi line on the side of your father, and from the Almohadies on the side of your mother, descendant of the kings of Morocco, queen of Granada, learn, to your extreme sorrow, and the injury of your reputation, there are Cavaliers in this saloon who have impeached your chastity, asserting you have broke your conjugal vow to the king, your lord and husband, and that you have committed foul adultery and treason with Albin Hamet, the Abencerrage, who yesterday paid his forfeit life for the offence with others of his race; if this accusation be true, contrary to our firm belief and reliance on your virtue and honor, you have incurred the penalty of fire; wherefore, speak, O queen! and deliver yourself from the scandal of the accusation; if you reply not as we expect, you must be burnt to death according to the law. I speak not with any intention of offending
 your

your majesty, but only that you may prepare for your defence. I feel convinced of your honor and virtue, and will exert myself in your service, more than you have hitherto witnessed."

Muza ended, and sat down, awaiting her majesty's reply. The queen looked round the saloon, and observing a solemn silence to prevail, that, which at first she imagined was only a jest, she now thought appeared more serious in its nature, and stopping to recollect herself, without changing colour, or betraying the slightest symptom of fear, thus replied: "Whosoever has dared to reflect on the chastity of my person and conduct, is guilty of the grossest falsehood, no man who claims the rank of gentleman, could entertain such base and low bred thoughts; be he whom he may, he must be ill born, infamous in his descent, and unworthy to be admitted within the royal palace. I challenge the false accusation to be brought forward; secure in innocence and conscious purity, I entertain no apprehension about the event; never in thought or deed have I offended the king my royal consort, either before or since our union; and during the remainder of my life, his will shall be to me a law; whether it is his pleasure to repudiate me or not. This dark and abominable villainy can alone proceed from Moors, who are by their nature false, prone to evil, and void of honor. Happy the Christian princes and their subjects, whose more holy and better faith preserves them from such horrid treacheries and mischievous crimes. I shall no longer detain this assembly, than to add, I put my trust in Alla the truth will be brought to light, and that justice will be done me. May the great Alla
grant

grant my defenders to obtain the victory, and free me from the false and infamous imputation wherewith I am charged! Henceforth I vow never to return to king Boabdil's bed."

The queen having ceased to speak, gave way to the impulse of her grief, and wept most bitterly, as did also her attendant ladies, and so affected were the gentlemen of the Divan, that involuntary tears started from their eyes. Lindaraxa, who with grief had already heard what had passed at the court of the lions, threw herself upon her knees at the feet of the queen, and intreated her majesty's permission to retire to the house of her father's brother, at Saint Lucar; "the king," she cried, "has destroyed my beloved father, and banished all my race; and how can I desire to remain a witness of the daily cruelties that are committing; the wicked accusation now brought against my revered and royal mistress renders it impossible any lady can remain at court free from such detested slander. The queen, embracing Lindaraxa affectionately, took the chain from her neck, which the Master of Calatrava had presented to her at the tilt of the ring, and giving it to her, "accept, my sweet friend," she said, "this chain: I wish to reward your kindness, but I am no longer the heiress of wealth, but of misery. You may be happy, I am wretched; retire in peace, and may peace be with you! Though far distant from each other, I know you will sometimes bear me in remembrance."

Again the queen clasped Lindaraxa round the neck, leaving her beautiful countenance bathed with tears, which streamed in union with the lovely maiden's.

None

None of the ladies could refrain from weeping when Lindaraxa bid them adieu, and so mournful was the parting, that the Almoradies, Almohadies, and many others, were unable to resist its influence, and rising from their seats left the saloon, exclaiming, as they departed, "Open your eyes, king Boabdil, and well attend to what you are doing; from this day we declare ourselves your enemies."

Lindaraxa making her respects to the king, left the palace with her mother, attended by several gentlemen; and on the following day, she finally quitted Granada, and set out on her way to Saint Lucar, escorted by Gazul, who paid her his addresses, as we have already related, and as hereafter we may have occasion to do more at large; leaving them on their journey, we shall return to the queen, who we left weeping in the saloon, surrounded by the ladies. The king now commanded the treacherous Zegri to bring forward his accusation, which he immediately did in these terms:—

"For the honor of my king and the allegiance which I owe him, I affirm that the Sultana queen is an adulteress, and that I, with Mahandin, saw her in Generalife, beneath a rose tree, near to the great fountain, in wanton embrace with Albin Hamet the Abencerrage, and this we are ready to maintain in equal fight, four against any four, the queen may appoint to be her defenders."

To this her majesty replied, "'tis false! 'tis falsely spoken! like a vile traitor as you are, and all the rest of your detested tribe; to the all powerful Alla I commit my cause, and confide in him the truth will
come

come to light, and that this abominable wickedness will descend on your own heads.

The king then spoke, "You are, Sultana, allowed thirty days to provide your champions for your defence, if, within that time, you neglect to appoint them, we must proceed against you as the law directs. "I offer myself," cried Sarracino, "as the queen's defender, even though I should alone engage them all." "And I," cried Reduan, "will be the second, third and fourth." Muza next offered himself; some other Cavalier," said he, "will, I am confident, join us, that we may combat in equal fight, and if the queen will honor us with her confirmation to be her chosen champions, we swear to do our duty manfully."

"Thanks, valliant knights," replied the queen, "for all these favors; I will reflect on what is most suitable to be done, since there is time abundant given me: with such valiant champions as the avengers of my injured honor, I must be safe, and my enemies be overthrown."

The king now ordered the queen to be confined in the tower of the Comares, permitting Selima to attend her; Muza and some other gentlemen conducted her to the tower, where a guard of twelve Cavaliers was placed at the door, and Muza alone was suffered to have access to the queen during her confinement. When the queen had left the saloon, the assembly broke up, and the nobility retired from the king, the ladies of honor also returned to their homes, the maidens to the houses of their parents, and the married ladies to their husbands. Reduan led away his beloved

Haza,

Haxa, and Abenamar departed with Fatima, who was extremely grieved at the conduct of her relations; the queen's apartments in the Alhambra, were thus left totally deserted.

The Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas alone remained with the king, many of them lamenting in secret the mischief they had occasioned, and confident their treason could only have a disastrous end. A proclamation was issued, commanding the Abencerrages to depart the city in three days, under pain of death; to this proclamation, the Abencerrages remonstrated, and at length, by Muza's intercession, the time was enlarged till two months, and which was all they required, as their future proceedings were already arranged with each other. When the citizens heard the proclamation, they repented the wrongs of the Abencerrages, and would have readily aided them to resist the unjust decree of the king, as they were extremely beloved, and regarded in the light of fathers.

But king Boabdil had a sister, named Morayma, who was married to Albin Hamet, and who, enraged and in the greatest distress at the cruel manner in which her husband had been put to death, felt an increased anxiety, on hearing the proclamation, for the safety of her two sons, who were left fatherless and unprotected by the death of Albin Hamet; the eldest, at the slender age of five years old, and the youngest no more than three. Morayma, oppressed with grief and the fond anxiety of maternal care, dressed herself in the deepest black, and leading her children by the hand, went to the Alhambra, attended by four Vanegas, to declare her apprehensions to the king, in the hope he
might

might afford her some mitigation from the severity of the proclamation. Morayma being known to the guards, was suffered to pass and enter the royal apartment, where the king had retired, and was sitting alone; and approaching him with great respect, thus addressed him: "How is it, O king? By the royal stile of king I prefer to address you, rather than the endearing and affectionate name of brother, that you may be assured I have not united with those who conspired to deprive you of your throne. What bloody destiny impends over this devoted city? What star malignant reigns, to cause such deep distress? What blazing comet, in its fiery course, destroys the illustrious race of the Abencerrages? How have they offended, that thus relentless you pursue them to destruction? Is it not enough that you have beheaded one half the lineage, but you contrive by banishment to destroy the rest? Can it be just that the guiltless sons of parents equally innocent of doing wrong to you, should be exiled, and bred without the city, and their daughters married in another kingdom? Harsh and insulting proclamation! bitter and cruel sentence! what can have induced the exercise of such hateful tyranny? For me, alas! widowed and disconsolate, with the added misfortune to be your sister, what shall I do with these two orphan boys, the endearing image, of their murdered father, beheaded by their uncle's order? Does not the death of the father satiate your vengeance, without the banishment of his unprotected children? Whither shall I send them? To whose friendly hand shall I entrust them? If they are driven from the city I must also be exiled and accompany them, for I am their mother.

It is your own blood you are persecuting. For Alla's sake repent ; abandon these evil counsels, and let your cruelty subside : mercy is the glorious attribute of a King even where there is a crime, but where there is no fault, cruelty makes him infamous."

Morayma ceased, unable to utter more, when tears burst from her eyes, and the most piercing sighs from the inmost recesses of her soul, capable of softening a heart of stone ; but the king remained obdurate and relentless : burning with fury and fierce anger, he exclaimed, " Wretched Morayma, are you without a sense of honor for the blood from whence you sprung ? have you no shame ? Is it possible you desire me to forget the stain your disloyal husband has cast upon my bed ? If but a drop of the royal blood flowed within your veins, you would resent my wrongs, and that drop, instead of affording the mother's nourishment, would have become your children's mortal poison. Had it produced this effect, then indeed you would have been my sister ; but, as it is, I deny your kindred, for you have not my feelings. Better you had cast the infamous branches, sprung from so vile a trunk, into the consuming fire ! This would have been a sister's office. But since you have not done it, I will myself discharge the duty." With this the king seized the eldest of the boys, and lifting him under his left arm, drew his poniard, and plunged it to his heart ; the affrighted mother, struck motionless with horror, was unable to prevent his deadly purpose. Casting the lifeless body on the ground, he caught up the other boy, and vainly did the mother, now grown frantic with despair, endeavour to rescue him ; for notwithstanding

standing all her efforts, he nearly severed the child's head from his body, and severely wounded the mother's hands in her attempt to save him. "Now," cried the king, "both root and branch are fallen!" Like a wounded lioness despoiled of her whelps, the injured mother attacked the king, struggling to seize the poniard that she might revenge her murdered children, when king Boabdil, perceiving her intention, at the moment she was bewailing her loss, with diabolic fury gave her two dreadful wounds, that in an instant laid her dead at his feet. "Now go," cried he, "attend thy husband, since thou so well didst love him!" Then calling his attendants, the king ordered them to deposit the bodies in the royal sepulchre, which was accordingly done.

When the four Vanegas were informed of this furious barbarity of the king, they sallied from the Alhambra and hastened to the city, to acquaint the people with the horrid tale; when the people heard it, many of them vowed to put him to immediate death for his wanton cruelty, and the queen's unjust imprisonment. Boabdil was however so strongly guarded, that it was in vain to attempt his destruction by force; more than a thousand Cavaliers watched the Alhambra, whose gates were shut at the close of day, and centinels were placed every where along the ramparts. King Muley-hascem's soldiers guarded the square of the Algibes, the tower of the Bell, and the other towers and ramparts adjoining it, which were in his possession: king Boabdil occupied the ancient royal palace, the Court of the Lions, the tower of Comares, and the windows fronting the Darro and the Albaycin. Muza's constant care

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and attention in the discipline of the soldiery, who garrisoned the Alhambra, and the commands of their respective kings, prevented any disturbance arising between them, notwithstanding their different interests. The principal nobility and most of the common people, from respect to the Abencerrages, acknowledged Muley-hascem as their king; while the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, and some other lineages followed the fortune of his son, but after the queen's imprisonment, and the murder of Morayma and her children, the three lineages above-named alone continued to pay him allegiance, and which they never afterwards withdrew till the final loss of the city. Granada was thus full of faction and divisions. When Muza heard of his sister's death, he was greatly grieved, and expressed his apprehension that many days could not pass without vengeance pursuing so bloody a deed; but if Muza was shocked at the perpetration of so horrid a crime, what were the feelings of the poor old king Muley-hascem? Uttering the bitterest execrations against his son, he armed himself in a coat of mail and a stout helmet, and with a square buckler on his left arm, he called his Alcayde, and bid him summon his guards. The troops being mustered, the king found himself at the head of four hundred men, with whom rallying from the palace, he thus addressed them:—

“ Valiant friends and subjects, it is the highest dishonor that my son should usurp the throne, and that there should be another king whilst I am living. You well know in what manner he first assumed the royal title, by the influence of the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, insinuating that I was old, of no service in war,
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and unable to govern the kingdom. By arts like these, he veiled his ambition, many noblemen forsook my party, forsook it without any just cause on my part. You well know that no son can inherit the throne till his father's death, and so the law decrees. When Boabdil usurped the throne, the law was violated, and so ill does he govern you, that instead of maintaining peace and amity, and justice, tempered with mercy of administration, he is the chief promoter of tumult and disorder, and commits the most dreadful atrocities. You have witnessed his putting the guiltless Abencerages to death, and his virtuous queen imprisoned under a groundless accusation of adultery: you have seen him also, with grief I repeat the crime, destroy my daughter and her children, unable, from their tender ages, to have offended him. If thus he plays the tyrant while I am living, what will he not do when I am dead. He will drive you from your native land, and compel you to seek a better government in some distant country. The barbarities he has practised would have disgraced the cruel Nero. *Alla sweep the tyrant from the earth! I am resolved to avenge my daughter's death, and slay the cruel enemy of my blood and kingdom. Friends, lend me your aid; it is far better a bad prince should fall, than a whole people perish; follow me, display your ancient valour, and restore liberty to the city.*"

Muley-hascem, committing the charge of the fortress to his Alcaide, led on his soldiers with a rapid movement to the royal palace, where his son kept garrison, shouting, "Liberty! liberty! down with the tyrant and his friends, leave none of them remaining!" And

so suddenly did they fall upon the junior king's guard, that they had scarce time to draw their swords; a bloody conflict now ensued, in which many fell on both sides. It was wonderful to behold the good old king, Muley-hascem, brandish his scimitar, and deal such dreadful blows around him, never making a stroke without slaying or desperately wounding some of his opponents. Muley-hascem in his youth was of exceeding strength and dauntless courage, and he was not yet so old, being only in his seventieth year, but he could handle well his arms in battle; raging like a lion among his foes, and encouraging his troops by his prodigies of valour, he thus made immense slaughter among the Little King's guards, though twice their number, driving them from the ground, and compelling them to retreat in great disorder to the palace, where the shouts were augmented, and nothing was heard but the cry of liberty!

When king Boabdil heard the tumult, he hastened from his apartment to discover the occasion, and observing the havoc his father was making among his guards, he rightly judged the cause of his anger, and returning to his apartment, clothed himself in armour, and again came forth, hoping by his presence to rally his troops, and inspire fresh courage among his people. At this moment one of the captains of his guard arrived, badly wounded, crying, "haste, Signor, to the assistance of your friends; your presence may yet do much: your father and his troops are dealing dreadful slaughter amongst them. The Little King now flew to the spot where the battle raged the hottest, and vociferating, "Courage, friends, I am your king,"

attacked

attacked his father's soldiers so furiously, that his people were inspired with fresh ardour, and in their turn obliged the old king's troops to fall back a considerable distance. Muley-hascem perceiving the disorder of his party, shouted, "Stand firm, my friends, be not daunted by this rabble, the supporters of usurpation and treachery, I am alone an host." These words inspired such vigour into the old king's troops, that the efforts of the Little King availed him nothing, and his guards were driven in to their very quarters, where the battle was maintained with dreadful obstinacy. The palace was choaked with bodies, and streamed with blood. At length the father and the son met together in the tumult; and Muley-hascem observing the destruction that Boabdil was making among his people, regardless of his paternal love, attacked him with a serpent's rage, crying, "Now then you shall atone for the slaughter of my daughter and her children!" and gave him so fierce a blow with his scimitar on the left arm, that he cut through his shield, and wounded him, and had it not been for his well-tempered armour, he must have lost his life; which would indeed have been a happiness for Granada, as it would then have escaped a thousand evils which he afterwards brought upon it.

When the Little King found himself wounded, and his buckler cut away, with insatiate fury, neither respecting his father's years, nor the duty which a child owes his parent, he raised his arm to return the blow, but many Cavaliers at the instant interposing to assist their respective kings, he was prevented from striking. The shouts of civil discord were now greatly increased, and an astonishing slaughter ensued; each party slew

the other without the least remorse, as though an inveterate hatred had long existed between them, and wrongs which could no otherwise be atoned for. Brothers were opposed to brothers; fathers endeavoured to slay their sons, and the sons their fathers; friends contended against friends, and all law was at an end: regardless of its authority the combatants were guided by their passions, just as they favored the contending kings, and fought as with their greatest enemies. The soldiers of the Little King were more numerous than his father's, and they had gained some advantage from their numbers, when a Moor of Muley-hascem's party, a man of courage and address, with the view of daunting the enemy, shouted aloud that every one might hear him, "Courage, king Muley-hascem, courage, the Alabeces, Gazules, and Abencerrages are coming to your assistance, kill the traitors, the victory is our's!"

The project succeeded to the utmost of his wishes, for the Little King's troops, considering the succours at hand, gave themselves up as lost, and to avoid falling into the hands of the avenging Abencerrages and their friends, they resolved to force their way, and to abandon the royal palace; uniting therefore into a large squadron, they surrounded the junior king, to prevent his falling into the hands of his foes, and in a firm body they hastily quitted the Alhambra, another squadron remaining behind to secure their retreat. King Muley-hascem boldly advanced, believing himself that the succour had in reality arrived, and thus while some were retreating and others advancing, the contending parties reached the gates of the Alhambra, which

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Muley-hafcem's party was left in the possession of, the Little King's guards having fled to the city to inform the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, of what was passing at the palace : in the New-Square they met many of their friendly lineages, to whom they gave an account of the tumult in the Alhambra, but notwithstanding all the speed they used, when they arrived they found the young king and his troops had been driven away, and the gates were barred and strongly guarded.

When the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas found the king wounded in the arm, and the greater part of his guard destroyed, they carried him to the Alcazaba, an ancient palace remarkable for its strength, which had an Alcayde for its governor, and was defended by a garrison. King Boabdil's wound was carefully attended at the Alcazaba palace, which he made his chief residence, and the necessary guards were appointed for the defence of his person. Many of the Zegries remained with the king, highly mortified at the loss of the Alhambra, and breathing vengeance against Muley-hafcem ; while, on the other hand, the latter king was extremely rejoiced to find his enemies expelled from it, and ordered their dead bodies to be thrown down from the walls, and those of his friends to be honorably interred. Standards and banners were erected on the towers, and music and great rejoicings were heard within, which also extended itself to the city, where the citizens were highly pleased that Muley-hafcem was master of the Alhambra, after having drove out and wounded his son, who they universally abhorred. The Abencerrages, Alabeces, Gazules, Vanegas, and

Aldoradines, and many others, with Muza at their head, immediately congratulated the old king on the the success he had gained, and offered him their assistance, which he courteously accepted. Muza, however, knowing the ill effects of these tumults, would fain have restored peace between his father and his brother, but he found it impossible, on account of the hatred borne him by his father, who was so violent in his wrath that he would not listen even to Muza's entreaties, and was absolutely bent on his destruction. Muza besides was unwilling to contend with his father on a subject, which revived his grief for the destruction of Morayma and her children.

We shall now leave Muley-hascem in the Alhambra, and his son in the Alcazaba, to relate what passed among the Almoradies, Almohadies, and Marines, lineages extremely rich and powerful, the queen's relations. The reader will recollect that these lineages left the palace, threatening king Boabdil with vengeance for his ill treatment of the queen; they accordingly entered into a conspiracy for his destruction, or to deprive him of the kingdom; and for this purpose they determined to unite against the Zegries, on account of the false testimony they had given, and to enter into the strictest friendship with the Abencerrages and their allies, depending that the whole city would thus favor their party. Having thus resolved, they first went to the palace of Abdallah, who was a brother of king Muley-hascem, whom they found retired by himself, regretting his want of power to redress the wrongs against the Abencerrages, the imprisonment of the queen, and the deaths of Morayma and her sons.

Whilst

Whilst Abdallah was turning these matters in his thoughts, and unable to account for the sad consequences which he apprehended must ensue, he was surprized to see twelve Almoradi gentlemen, deputed from the rest, enter his apartment; hastily demanding the occasion of their visit, they assured him they came as friends, and hoped he would not entertain any doubts of their sincerity, for they only desired to consult freely with him on some points that might be to his advantage. Abdallah desired them to take their seats on a rich carpet which was placed for visitors, and when they were seated, one of the Almoradi gentlemen thus addressed him:—

“ You are not ignorant, brave prince, of the discord and civil war which of late prevails among us, no less memorable than the proscriptions of Sylla and Marius. There is not a street where the blood of some noble gentleman has not been spilt, occasioned by your nephew giving himself up to evil counsellors, and commanding the Abencerrages to be slaughtered; the destruction of a multitude of the Zegries, Mazas, and Gomeles, was the first sad consequence of his wicked conduct. Not yet satiated with his thirst for mischief, with his own hand he slew Morayma and her children; such actions bespeak the barbarous tyrant thirsting for human blood, and not the parent king. He has since contended in battle with his father, and multitudes have fallen victims to their mistaken zeal. Alla fought on the old king, your brother's side, and he has expelled Boabdil from the Alhambra, from whence, assisted by his friends, he retreated to the Alcazaba. We, the Almoradies, Almohadies, and Marines, have resolved
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to pay him no further allegiance; the honor of the queen is in our hands, and, as her majesty's relations, we are determined to resent the wrongs she suffers, and the overbearing tyranny of her husband. As we are the principal lineages who raised king Boabdil to the throne, against his father's consent, we will not obey either of them. Your brother is grown old, and cannot govern the kingdom with vigour, and in the course of nature he cannot long remain to govern. Our fatal enemy, his son, will then again seize the kingdom, and reign with greater tyranny than ever. We have therefore resolved that you shall be our king, that you may govern us in peace, and that we may be happy beneath your scepter: we are deputed, twelve in number, from our numerous friends; if you decline to accept our offers, to Muza we next shall make them, who, though the offspring of a Christian mother, is yet your brother's son, and for his valour merits the empire of the world."

The Almoradi here ceased, to whom Abdallah after taking a short time for deliberation, thus replied:—"I thank you, noble gentlemen, for the kindness of your offer; but the weight of government, which presses down a king with care, is too great, and the relative obligations from a king to his people, too manifold to induce me to accept your proposal; besides which, my brother and his son are yet living, and were other objections removed, I fear it would foment fresh disturbances and dissensions among our citizens. The chief nobility are attached to my brother; let us not therefore again risk the disturbing the peace of the city, but leave things as they are; I am confident Muley-hafsem
and

and his son will never again be reconciled, and when the old king dies, he most certainly will not leave the kingdom in the hands of his son, but in mine, or in those of my children. To-morrow we will approach him, and I will entreat him to suffer me to interfere, and relieve him from the burden of government; and if I obtain his sanction, I may then with safety allege I am no usurper."

Approving of Abdallah's sentiments, the next day the deputation waited on king Muley-hascem, to submit to him the proposal agreed on, when the Abencerages, Alabeces, Gazules, and their friends, were present, and a Vanegas gentleman thus opened the business:—

" We have been always taught, O king, to consider that the kings of Granada were merciful to their subjects, governing them with kindness and mercy, but at present the reverse is with too much truth complained of. Instead of shewing mercy to the people king Boabdil, your son, slaughters them without remorse: civil commotions reign among us, our best citizens have fallen, and without some remedy Granada will be nearly depopulated, and her remaining children obliged to seek a peaceful refuge in some foreign land, which is denied them in their native country. Of you no tongue complains, nor does any one pretend to have occasion for complaint; but we are jealous of your son. You are advanced in years, and death may suddenly call you from us, then Boabdil will become our king. We are therefore desirous you should appoint a governor, who may relieve you from the great pressure of the affairs of state, and to whom you may hereafter bequeath

bequeath the kingdom, with this view, and as the fittest person for the appointment, we have selected your brother Abdallah, who is endowed with every requisite for the charge. When your son finds a governor is appointed, he may repent his past offences, and by future good conduct, deserve to be restored to the throne. Thus having imparted the object of our designs, we request you to sanction them with your approbation, and we pledge our honors to serve you with fidelity till the moment of your death."

King Muley-hascem attentively listened to the address of the Vanegas gentleman, and doubting between the ordinance of the laws, which commanded that a son should succeed to his father, and his son's forfeiture of that right by his disobedience; and reflecting on the great mischiefs he had occasioned, and the still greater which were likely to ensue, he resolved to comply with the wishes of the people, and replied, he was satisfied his brother should be united with him in the affairs of his government, and that his son's hereafter ascending the throne should depend on his future conduct in deserving it. The nobility thankfully acknowledged the concession, and congratulated their new governor Abdallah, and took the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to him, and then took their departure from the old king, and attended Abdallah to his palace; a proclamation was then issued in the city, commanding all those who had any injuries to complain of, to refer them to Abdallah for justice.

All Granada rejoiced in the appointment, hoping the city would be restored to tranquillity; but it was adding fuel to fire, for when the Little King was informed of
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what his father had done, instead of endeavouring to gain the affections of the people by his better conduct, he committed a thousand fresh injuries and abuses of the law, relying on the Zegries and their friends for his support. These lineages, when they found Muley-hascem had taken his brother into the management of the affairs of the kingdom, and had given him a share of the government, resolved to unite together closer than ever, and to attach themselves more firmly to the fortune of his son, and persecute the Abencerrages with increased vengeance, and as they considered themselves possessing sufficient strength to maintain the king they should support, they determined to pay no allegiance to any other than king Boabdil, and to defend his crown with their lives.

The Little King, encouraged by this powerful support, issued an order that every person, whether noble or plebeian, who sued for justice to his father or his uncle, should be brought before him, and instantly be beheaded, and that all who rose in their defence should be slain on the spot, and on this cruel order many of Muley-hascem's party were cut off; which coming to the knowledge of the king and the governor, they hoped to put a stop to the cruel policy, by retaliating similar vengeance on Boabdil's friends; but this, instead of answering their expectations, only pressed the mischief to greater extremity, and as in ancient Rome there was a daily slaughter of the citizens; different opinions continually arose, and nothing but tumult and discord prevailed. Merchants, artificers, and the labouring class of the people were deterred from quitting their homes, the gentry not even venturing forth, unless in
bodies

bodies of twenty or more together, that they might resist the attacks of their adversaries. A party of a lesser number was not sufficient to protect themselves, as they were certain of being attacked by the opposite faction, surrounded and made prisoners, and immediately taken and beheaded, or slaughtered on the spot. The sounds of lamentation alone were heard throughout the city, and nothing but violence was committed.

There was three mosques, in different parts of Granada, where the different parties assembled: the one in the open part of the city, was frequented by the junior king, and his faction, and is at this time called the Sagrario. Another in the Albaycin, now called the church of St. Saviour, was the resort of the governor, the Almoradies, and others, who were immediately devoted to his interests: and at the third, which was situated in the Alhambra, at present St. Mary's church, Muley-hascem, and his party assembled.

O Granada, Granada! what misfortunes have befallen you? To what have your nobles reduced you? Where are your riches, your gala's, your tournaments, and sports of the ring; your fêtes of St. John, your music, your Zambra's, and admirable tilts of canes? Where are your serenades, and concerts, your songs in Generalife? Where is the costly liveries of the Abencerrages, their exquisite inventions; the skill and valour of the Alabeces; the superb dresses of the Zegries, Mazas, and Gomeles? Where is your happiness? It is converted into tears and groaning; treachery and slaughter; oppression and cruelty. Many gentlemen and citizens of the moderate party, in ter-

ror forfook the city: fome who retired to their *gardens and eftates, in the hope of remaining in tranquillity, were torn from their retreats, and their heads were fevered from their bodies; a horror unparalleled, even in Rome itfelf.

Muza, greatly diftreffed at thefe fcenes of horror, endeavoured all in his power to put a flop to them. There was alfo a lineage called the Alquifaes, very numerous, rich, and of the beft blood in the city, who had kept themfelves intirely independent of the different factions, having never fworn fidelity to any other king than Muley-hafcem; on this account, their friendship was earnestly courted by each party; while they, on the other hand, ftudiously avoided lending themfelves to either fide, and together with Sarracino, Reduan, and Abenamar, made the greateft efforts to reftore tranquillity. The contending kings, at length, perceiving that by death and emigration, the population of the city was daily decreafing, liftened to the repeated interference of thefe Cavaliers, and came to an agreement that no further outrages fhould be committed; and that every one, during the life of king Muley-hafcem, fhould be at liberty to prefer his fuit to which of the kings he pleafed, and to pay him his fole obedience. The junior king, however, perfifted in the banifhment of the Abencerrages, at the expiration of the two months, to which time his proclamation had been extended; and Muley-hafcem, on the other hand, refifted

* Gardens.—There is a word here (carmenes) entirely local; fignifying in the kingdom of Granada, a garden or vineyard, for gentry to go to divert themfelves. The word is Arabick, corrupted from the Hebrew, Quercm, a vineyard.

resisted the cruelty of the sentence, desiring they might be permitted to remain during his life, many days were consumed before this point could be adjusted, the Zegries persisting in having the proclamation enforced, and urging the junior king to make it a condition, without which, peace should not be granted. At length the Abencerrages themselves interfered, and to prevent the further effusion of human blood, intreated king Muley-hascem would permit them to leave the city, as they had long resolved to adopt the Christian faith, and enter into the service of king Ferdinand. This alone could have induced the Abencerrages to quit the city, as the old king, the principal nobility, and all the common people were devoted to them. Tranquillity was thus for a time again restored to the city: but the following Ballad was made to commemorate the tumults.

All Granada's in a tumult,
 Full of arms and flames of fire;
 Numbers of its bravest children,
 By tormenting deaths expire.

Three fierce monarchs reign within it,
 Each pretends the right alone,
 For the sceptre each contending
 Of Granada's royal throne.

One is valiant Muley-hascem,
 And 'tis his undoubted right;
 The other is his son Boabdil,
 Who will rule in his despite.

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And the third from Muley-hafcem,
Does a royal pow'r receive ;
Almoradies and Marines
To him the vice-gerence give.

Zegries fay that king Boabdil,
Should enjoy the crown as heir ;
Against this th' Abencerrages,
And brave Vanegas declare.

Swearing none fhall ever govern,
But the old king high renown'd,
Who is living and poffeffes
All Granada's country round.

Civil wars and civil tumults
Thus confume Granada's peace,
Till the noble Muza ftops them,
Till at his defire they ceafe.

We fhall next notice the final refolution of the Abencerrages and their friends, who having confulted together refpecting the future meafures they fhould adopt, agreed to become Chriftians, and to enter into king Ferdinand's fervice ; and with this view, to know his pleafure, they difpatched a meffenger with the following letter :—

“ To you, illuftrious Ferdinand, king of Caftile, obferver of the holy faith of Chrift Jesus, greeting health and profperity for your kingdom, and the advancement of your religion. We, the Abencerrages, Alabeces, and Aldoradines, kifs your royal hands, and
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knowing your goodness, are desirous to engage in your service, and to become Christians; we therefore send you this letter to learn your pleasure, and whether you will admit us under your protection, pledging our honors to be your faithful vassals in the wars against Granada, and to deliver it into your royal hands. In this we freely admit we hope to effect a twofold purpose. The first to serve you as our master and our king, and to be enabled to take ample vengeance for the death of our beloved relations, beheaded most wrongfully by king Boabdil, whom we deem our mortal enemy, and wish to subjugate beneath your royal sceptre. As master of this kingdom, which soon we trust you will be, we kiss your royal hands.

The Abencerrages."

The Abencerrages committed the charge of the letter to a Christian captive, having first procured his liberty, and instructing him in the commission he had to execute, they commanded him to keep the secret inviolable, and accompanied him on his way till he was beyond the boundaries of Granada. Hastening to Talevera, where king Ferdinand then was, the captive gained admission to the royal presence, and bending on his knee, he thus addressed the king, surrounded by the grandees of the kingdom:—

“ Powerful and mighty sovereign, six long years have I been held in sad captivity in Granada, where my sufferings were great indeed, though God was in some measure pleased to alleviate them by the alms of a noble Abencerrage, through whose means, thanks to heaven, I am now free. This Cavalier one night led me from the dungeon, in which I was confined, to
his

his house, and had me clothed in a Moorish dress; several of his friends, who were then assembled, confided this letter to my care, directing me not to deliver it into any but your royal hands, and furnishing me with money for the journey, they escorted me till I was safe without the territories of Granada. God has been pleased to conduct me hither in safety, and to enable me to discharge my obligation." Kissing the letter, the messenger presented it to the king, who first read it to himself, and then passing it to his secretary, Hernando del Pulgar, he desired him to read it to the grandees. The tidings contained in the letter, that these noble Cavaliers were desirous to become Christians, and to serve his majesty in the wars against Granada, the conquest of which was ever considered of the first importance, greatly rejoiced the grandees of Spain. An answer was immediately prepared, and adopted with universal approbation, and a trusty messenger provided, who bore it to Granada, and delivered it to Ali Mahomet Barrax, the Abencerrage, who had procured the captive his liberty. This Abencerrage convened the others of his lineage, and the Alabeces and Aldoradines, and opening the letter in their presence, read the contents as follows:—

“ Noble Abencerrages, renowned Aldoradines, brave Alabeces, we received your letter with the greatest satisfaction: no evil we are assured can result from your intentions, but the highest glory and honor, as your rank is so illustrious. We are ourselves particularly rejoiced, giving infinite thanks to our Lord and Redeemer Jesus, for bringing you to the knowledge of his holy faith, which will confer new lustre on your

deeds of virtue. It is your wish, we understand, to serve us in the wars against the enemies of our holy religion, we therefore promise you double pay, and our royal palace shall be your abode, as you merit every favor in our power to bestow. From Talavera,
 Ferdinand."

The most lively joy was spread among these noble gentlemen, on receiving this gracious answer from king Ferdinand, and they resolved without delay to take their departure from the city. The better to effect this intention, it was settled the Abencerrages should alone depart at the present, and leave the Alabeces, Aldoradines, Gazules, and Vanegas, in Granada, to take their measures in reducing not only the city, but the whole kingdom to king Ferdinand's obedience. The first step the Alabeces took, was to write to seventy-six Alcaydes, their relations, who commanded the different important fortresses on the rivers Almeria, Almanzora, and the Sierra of Filares, and acquaint them with the measures they had adopted, their letter to king Ferdinand, and his reply. These Alcaydes universally gave their consent to the plan they had engaged in, lamenting the miseries to which Granada was reduced, and convinced that no good could result from having three kings, each of them ambitious to seize the reins of government from the other.

The Abencerrages having taken leave of their friends, sallied from the city at mid-day, carrying with them their gold and silver, plate and jewels. The sorrow testified by the inhabitants, seeing more than an hundred Abencerrages banished from the city, was beyond description; they wept anew the death of those who
 were

were beheaded, imprecating king Boabdil and the Zegries as the fatal authors of the false accusation, and of all the mischief which ensued.

The Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, celebrated the event as grateful to their wishes, and complimented the junior king for the favor he had done them; but other Cavaliers were not wanting to address him in far different terms: "What," cried they, "what, king Boabdil, are you doing? How can you suffer the flower of the city to depart from it? Not only the common people, but the best of the nobility, are the firm friends of the Abencerrages. You not only lose their assistance, but you will also lose the aid of many other gentlemen of the fairest stock, the guardians and defenders of your kingdom. You will deeply repent what you are now doing before any length of time has elapsed." And well indeed did the king know the wrong he was committing, but the Zegries, Syren like, had enchanted his ears, and the cries, the shrieks, and lamentations of the citizens, affected him not. Thus did the Abencerrages fall from Granada, giving an irreparable shock to the welfare of the whole kingdom; multitudes accompanied the Abencerrages, attaching themselves to their fortunes, and the city seemed desolated after their departure; the gentlemen no longer met to participate in the enjoyment of society, the youth no longer made their assignations to whisper the tender tale of love, the ladies became negligent of their dress, the captive and the poor were deprived of their friends, and the widow and the orphan lost their protectors.

We here introduce the image of a young Abencerrage lady, banished from Granada.

“ Night and day, thou lovely mourner,
“ Tears thy beauteous eyes bedew,
“ Thy fair cheeks have lost their colour,
“ Once they wore a rosy hue.”

“ True, my cheeks have lost their colour,
“ And my eyes with tears fast stream;
“ The stern king has slain my lover,
“ Joy on me no more will beam.

“ To complete these wrongs so dreadful
“ He has banish'd all my race,
“ Banish'd far from fair Granada,
“ From my dear lov'd native place,

“ Woe is me, from all I cherish'd,
“ Ev'ry valu'd object torn!
“ When 'tis morn I sigh for evening,
“ When 'tis night I sigh for morn.

“ To the bosom torn with anguish
“ Death alone can give relief;
“ 'Tis the sad, but certain, refuge
“ To the silent mourner's grief.”

The junior king, immediately on the departure of the Abencerrages, seized upon their estates, and commanded them to be proclaimed as traitors, but Muza and the other Cavaliers interfered in time to prevent the proclamation

proclamation being issued. King Muley-hafcem expressed himself greatly grieved on the departure of this noble race, and prophesied their speedy return to the city in triumph over his son and his evil advisers. The Abencerrages hastened to the court of king Ferdinand, having in their company Sarracino and Galiana, Reduan and Haxa, Abenamar and Fatima, Zulema and Daraxa, where they were received with the most affectionate testimonies of joy, and on the following day they were baptized, and admitted within the holy church, the king personally standing as godfather, and the queen as godmother, on the occasion: and those who were married, had the ceremony performed again, according to the sacred rites of the Christian faith. All the grandees of the kingdom vied with each other in following the example of the king and queen, and shewing favors to the Abencerrages, and fêtes and great rejoicings were made in their honor. Places of considerable trust and emolument were then bestowed on them, and the ladies were made ladies of the bedchamber to queen Isabella.

Ali Mahomet, the Abencerrage nobleman, who had liberated the Christian captive, and who was now called Don Peter Barrax, was appointed by Don John Chacon, lord of Carthagena, his lieutenant of horse; Sarracino, Reduan, and Abenamar, were also made lieutenants of horse to Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Pedro Portocarrero, in whose companies they served with fidelity, and eminently distinguished themselves by their feats of valour. Here we shall leave the Abencerrages for a time, and return to the history of the queen Sultana.

The thirty days assigned the queen to appoint her champions had elapsed, without her majesty having made her appointment, or any knight having appeared in her defence; the king therefore ordered the sentence of fire to be executed, but Muza interposed, and forbid the execution of the sentence, alleging it was impossible for the queen to select her champions, on account of the civil war which prevailed in the city, and all the Cavaliers, the Zegries and their party excepted, maintained the opinion of Muza. The disputes between the parties ran high on the occasion, when the king, to put an end to them, ordered an enlargement of the the time for the further term of fifteen days. Muza, having free access to the queen, thought it right her majesty should be immediately acquainted with the enlargement of the time, and entering her apartment for that purpose, he found her extremely disconsolate for the absence of Galiana, notwithstanding the exertions of Selima, who, by the kindest attention, endeavoured to supply her place. Muza related the object of his errand, and entreated her majesty not to neglect to appoint her champions before the expiration of the term now assigned her. "I never believed," she replied, her lovely cheeks bathed in tears, "that the king would have persisted in his accusation, and indeed so much did I rely he would have been assured of my innocence, that I never took any step for my own justification, conscious of having committed no offence. But now I see treason still rears its lofty head, and that I must seek the deepest vengeance against my false accusers. I am resolved not to put my trust in the Moors, but to commit my cause to Christian knights.

My

My life I value not, but I will leave no stain on my honor, which I have ever kept sacred.

At these words her majesty's distress became excessive, and she wept so bitterly that Muza himself could not refrain from shedding tears: "Cease," cried he, "beauteous Sultana, cease to grieve, you shall not die, rather will I destroy the king my brother with my own hand." The queen received great consolation from Muza's kindness, and he next endeavoured, with expressions of the kindest nature, to soothe Selima, who was extremely disconsolate for the absence of her sister, and taking his leave of her majesty, he retired, commanding Selima to retire at the same time; the queen found herself alone, and reflecting on the great change in her fortune, she uttered the following complaints.

Fortune, who on the summit of thy wheel,
 Didst with such pomp thy victim place,
 This strange reverse I keenly feel,
 Why run so soon thy prosperous race?
 Why, with inexorable frown,
 To an abyss of misery hurl me down?
 Where quarrelling with my stars I still remain,
 Whose fatal influence caus'd this world of pain.

O ! happier far Abencerrages brave,
 Tho' fate has ever stopp'd your breath,
 And traitors brought you to the grave,
 You found sweet liberty in death!
 Imprison'd here my wrongs I mourn,
 From love, and hope, and sweet compassion torn;
 Uncertain how my wretched life may end,
 What future evils may my days attend.

What

What blazing comet thus delights to range,
 And my sad path with horror strews,
 Producing a disastrous change,
 And a huge catalogue of woes!
 My little bark, amidst the sea,
 Toss'd by the tempest, shatter'd soon shall be,
 And bury'd far beneath the raging wave,
 No friendly hand to pity and to save.

A fatal shipwreck all my riches find,
 My joy is turn'd to bitter tears;
 My spring is winter, and the wind
 Of Boreas howls, no Zephyr cheers.
 Eternal sorrow is my lot,
 My former pomp, my glory, all forgot,
 No more shall I enjoy heaven's envy'd smiles,
 Death is the only refuge from my toils.

Yes, if the erring voice of vulgar fame,
 Would not in my dishonor speak,
 And give me an unworthy name,
 Upon myself I'd freely wreak
 The vengeance that my foes require,
 And guiltless, but in this last act, expire.
 E'en then would man ungenerously say,
 " Judgment was near, she dar'd not wait the day."

O Cleopatra! happy in my thought,
 To whom in a sweet scented flow'r,
 The last resource was kindly brought,
 To save thee from the tyrant's pow'r.

Not e'en the marks of death were found,
 So gently did the asp inflict the wound ;
 So gently through thy veins the poison flew,
 And alter'd not thy lovely blooming hue.

Hadst thou become a captive, noble queen,
 Then Rome with her accustom'd pride,
 Had led thee in her triumphs, seen
 In chains by thy fierce conqueror's side.
 But how shall I escape the foe,
 Where shall I turn, and whither shall I go?
 Whither to shun the unrelenting flame,
 And those who falsely triumph in my shame?

Yet why should I the friendly asp lament,
 Can I not pierce my veins, and bleed,
 Till life's expiring torch is spent,
 By death from all my sorrows freed.
 Then shall not Zegries feast their eyes,
 Laugh at my tortures and my groans despise,
 Thus heav'n shall save me from my hated foes,
 And in the grave my wounded heart repose.

These and many other lamentations fell from the unhappy Sultana, who had made up her mind to open her transparent veins, and bleed to death. Calling Selima into her presence, and a Christian damsel, named Esperanza de Hita, a native of the city of Mula, whose father and four brothers, as they were escorting her to Lorca to be married, were beset by the Moors of Tirieza and Xiquena, sixteen of whom they slew, till at length overpowered by numbers, and having received

ceived many desperate wounds, they fell dead from their horses, and the damsel was made a captive, and being very beautiful was sent to the king, who presented her to the queen.

When Selima and Esperanza entered the apartment, the weeping queen expressed herself in these words:—
 “ Fair Selima and prudent Esperanza, you both know the unjust imprisonment I suffer, and that the term is elapsed in which I was to find Cavaliers to defend my honor, and that, in respect to the late civil wars, the king has extended the term to fifteen days longer. The time is short, and I am utterly at a loss to conceive in whom I can repose so great a trust. Know then that I am resolved to undergo a voluntary death, by opening my veins, and suffering the tide of life to flow out, and this choice I am induced to make, that the Zegries and Gomeles may not have the pleasure to see me die. One request alone I have to make of you, a last sad favor:—when I am dead, that you will see my remains deposited in the royal sepulchres, and when the silent tomb is closed upon me, that you will keep the cause of my death an inviolable secret. To you Esperanza I restore liberty, for you were mine while yet I was in favor with the king. Take my jewels for a dowry, and marry the youth who loves you, warned by the sad misfortunes of a queen. Once more I repeat my request, and having obtained your promise, I shall die in peace.”

The queen then took a lancet from her pocket, and making bare her arm, was on the point of opening the veins of her wrist, when Esperanza stopped her hand, and weeping in the sympathy of distress, uttered these

these words, giving the queen comfort as she spoke them :—

“ Beauteous Sultana, be not so distress’d,
 “ Nor let those tears bedew your lovely eyes ;
 “ But place in God himself your earnest hope,
 “ And in his blessed mother ; thus you shall
 “ Obtain at once, both victory and life,
 “ And triumph o’er you bitter enemies,
 “ That soon will be confounded at your feet.
 “ And that this glorious succour may not fail,
 “ And heaven itself be mov’d in your defence,
 “ Place your firm hope, your true and lively faith
 “ In her, who by the mystery divine,
 “ Was mother of him that made the heavens and earth,
 “ The mighty and the powerful Lord of all ;
 “ Who by still deeper mystery was born,
 “ Immaculate and guiltless from the womb.
 “ Still she remained a virgin, as before,
 “ So after this most sacred birth. The child
 “ Became a man, taking upon himself
 “ The sin of the first parent of mankind.
 “ Born of this virgin, I again repeat,
 “ He paid upon the cross that heavy debt,
 “ Due to th’ Almighty father ; willingly,
 “ Tho’ with extremest rigour ’twas exacted,
 “ To give the sinner everlasting peace.
 “ Wherefore, O queen, in this severe distress,
 “ To this most blessed virgin trust your cause,
 “ And make her from this day your advocate ;
 “ Become a Christian, and you may rely,

“ If

“ If with sincere devotion you address her.
 “ Your honor shall be white as driven snow. ”

The queen was all attention to her words,
 And feeling a new comfort dawn within
 Whilst Esperanza spoke, she o'er and o'er
 Revolv'd the sacred mystery in her mind,
 And being now impress'd with the idea
 How great and glorious was the Christian faith,
 She on the virgin fixed her confidence,
 And kissing Esperanza, thus reply'd:—

“ Your arguments have so impress'd my heart,
 “ That in its very inmost deep recess
 “ I feel an ardent penetrating flame,
 “ That makes me wish myself already bless'd
 “ With the divine religion you profess.
 “ From this day then she is my advocate,
 “ Who was by wond'rous myst'ry mother of God,
 “ All that you utter'd I believe: to her
 “ I trust my sorrows, and from her, I hope,
 “ And from my God, a glorious remedy,
 “ A happy end to all my sufferings.
 “ Therefore, my Esperanza, my sole joy,
 “ Do not forsake me; 'tis my firm resolve
 “ To seek my comfort in the faith of Christ.
 “ O teach me what is right, that fruits of grace
 “ My tree may bring; that, grafted on one stock,
 “ Together we may run our glorious race:—
 “ I never shall be tir'd of hearing thee.”

Attentively did Selima listen to their discourse, and melting into tears, she resolv'd to embrace the same resolution, and tenderly addressing the queen, she said:

“ Imagine

“ Imagine not, lovely sultana, that when you are a Christian I will forsake you; one fortune shall guide us, and one faith shall be our hope, for firmly I believe the pious Christian far exceeds the followers of Mahomet; and as we are of the same opinion, let us, if so required, die for the sake of Jesus.” The queen affectionately clasping Selima in her arms, cried to Esperanza, “ now that one holy sentiment unites us, how can we contrive to escape this prison? I would fain attempt to quit it, if I was sure to receive a crown of martyrdom, and be baptized in my own blood.”

“ I could,” replied Esperanza, “ give your majesty such advice as I am confident will ensure your departure hence with honor;” and being encouraged to proceed, Esperanza thus continued; “ Learn then, my queen and mistress, that in the service of king Ferdinand, there is a nobleman named Don John Chacon, the lord of Carthagena, espoused to Doña Louisa Faxardo, the daughter of Don Peter Faxardo, lieutenant and captain general of the kingdom of Murcia. He is not only valiant, but delights in doing good. Write to him, and desire his assistance. I am sure he will not only grant it, but procure other knights to unite with him in your defence; and even should he find no one willing to join with him, he will come alone, and such is his undaunted courage, that single handed, the accusation against you must be brought to a happy issue, and yourself delivered from confinement.” “ I thank you,” cried the queen, “ for the advice, and I will follow it, were it only to gain my soul’s deliverance, careless of my body’s pain,” and immediately she penned the following letter:—

“ The

“ The wretched and unfortunate queen of Granada, daughter of the ancient Moraiciel, to Don John Chacon, lord of Carthagena, sends health, and puts her trust, that by the help of our Redeemer and his blessed Mother, you may grant her request, and lend your aid in the urgent necessity wherein she stands, through the false testimony of the Zegries and Gomeles, who have dared to assert she has dishonored the bed of her royal husband by adulterous commerce with Albin Hamet, the chief of the Abencerrages, for which, himself and many of his guiltless race have been beheaded, and many noblemen have perished in the civil tumults which have prevailed within our city; but what concerns her most, is the stain imputed to her chastity; if within fifteen days she does not find some champions to defend her, the sentence of fire must be executed. A Christian captive has given her information of your valour, piety, virtue, and generosity, and therefore she applies to you, hearing you are a father to the distressed, and the avenger of injuries. A helpless woman, wronged beyond all example, greatly stands in need of your succour; without it she is lost. Deny it not then, since into your hands she confides her honor, and least supposing her an infidel, you may not deem her deserving of your favor, know, that she is one no longer, and that she trusts in the all powerful Redeemer to triumph over her enemies, that he will oblige them to declare the truth, and clear her from this wicked imputation.

The unfortunate Queen of Granada.”

Having finished the letter, the queen read it to Selima and Esperanza, who highly approved the contents, and then inclosing it under a cover, she sent for Muza,
and

and requested him to forward it without delay, which he faithfully promised to perform; and that very day dispatched a trusty messenger, who arrived in safety at the court, and delivered it to Don John Chacon, from whom he received the following answer:—

“ To you, sultana, queen of Granada, health, I kiss your royal hands for the honor you have done me in condescending to demand my services on so interesting an occasion. There are many gentlemen in the court on whom you might confer your commands, but since you have been pleased to name me, I most willingly receive them, and trust in God, and in your innocence, to overcome your foes. Be assured that on the day of trial I will be present; in the mean time I commend you to God, and his blessed protection. From Talavera.

Don John Chacon.”

The Christian knight sealed the letter with his arms, wolves and *fleurs de lis*, the ancient blazon of his ancestors, and gave it to the messenger, who hastened back with it to Granada, and delivered it to Muza, who immediately carried it to the queen, and then withdrew. Her majesty read the letter in the presence of Selima and Esperanza, and from that time with great tranquillity awaited the day of battle.

The account had by this time reached Granada, that the Abencerrages, Abenamar, Reduan, and Sarracino, had forsaken the faith of Mahomet, which occasioned considerable alarm to king Boabdil, who, at the instigation of the Zegries, commanded them to be proclaimed as traitors; the Alabeces, Aldoradines, Gazules, and Vanegas, deemed it most prudent not to resist the

iffuing of the proclamation, fearing new tumults might arife, and entertaining well-grounded hopes they ſhould fee the Abencerrages return to Granada in defiance of this injuſtice, to the full poſſeſſion of their honors and eſtates; and as they were now far diſtant, the proclamation could do them no eſſential injury. We ſhall now return to Don John Chacon, who, after the departure of the meſſenger, deliberated with himſelf whom he ſhould invite to join with him in the queen's defence, gentlemen in whom he might place full confidence. At one time he reſolved to undertake the whole himſelf, and it cannot be doubted, if he had, his valour would have borne him through, as he was of ſuch prodigious ſtrength, that with a ſingle ſtroke he had cleft the neck of a bull.

A few days after Don John Chacon chanced to be in the company of other gentlemen; the firſt was Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, duke of Arcos, a deſcendant of the kings of Xerica, and lords of the houſe of Villagarcia, ſprung from the royal blood of France, and for their illuſtrious actions, enriched by the kings of Arragon, with the bars of Arragon in crimſon, on a golden field, and quartered with a lion rampant, on a white field, the blazon of the famous Hector, of Troy, who was (as the French chronicles relate) his anceſtor. The ſecond was Alonſo de Aguilar, a great foldier, delighting in war, of a daring heart, and ſo attached to ſkirmiſhing with the Moors, that at length he fell by their hands, as we ſhall hereafter have occaſion to mention. The third was Don Diego of Cordova, Alcaide of Los Donceles, of extraordinary virtue and reſolution, and ſo devoted to a military life, that he
would

would often say, he esteemed a good foldier more than his whole estate, and that he was worthy to sit at the table of a king, as he was in no respect inferior to him. These gentlemen being engaged in conversation, the late events in Granada became the topic of their discourse, particularly the slaughter of the Abencerrages and the unjust imprisonment of the queen, of which they had received ample information from the newly converted Christians: and expressing the most indignant concern for her situation. "I heartily wish," cried Ponce de Leon, "it were permitted that I might be one of her champions." "And I another," cried Alonso de Aguilar, "her wrongs are unexampled!" "I would willingly make a third," said the Alcayde of Los Donceles, "I feel for her sufferings most sincerely; and although she is a Moor, yet it is the duty of a knight to redress the injuries of ladies of her rank, and a Christian never loses in performing a good work." "And what can there be unlawful," said Don John, "in defending her cause?" "Two things," replied Don Manuel, "the first is, her being a Moor, which however I take but little to account; the second is, that we have not obtained the king's permission." "That is the least of the two," said the Alcayde of Los Donceles, "nothing prevents us from engaging in her deliverance without his knowledge."

"Let me enquire of you, gentlemen," said Don John, "if the queen was to send either of you a letter, demanding your assistance as a favor, and adding that she intended to become a Christian, though life itself might be the forfeit, would you not fly to her protection, and venture your lives in her cause?" "A

thousand lives," they exclaimed, "if we had them!" "Then," continued Don John, "I rejoice at your answer," and taking the queen's letter from his pocket, "by this I am authorized to undertake her defence: it grieves me only to think, that among so many valiant gentlemen of the court, I should alone have been selected. I have, however, pledged myself to be present with three other Cavaliers, if I am happy enough to find them; if not, I shall meet the four Moors single-handed, and I trust in God, and in the queen's innocence, for gaining the victory; but should fortune be my enemy, and doom me to perish, I shall esteem my death happy."

Don John now read the Sultana's letter, which convinced the knights of her majesty's intention to become a Christian, and that Don John had accepted the honor of being her champion, and they consented to bear him company, without requiring the king's permission, or communicating their intention to any person whatever.

The subtle warrior of Andalusia, the Alcayde of Los Donceles, suggested it would be most advisable, they should cloath themselves in Turkish habits, that they might not be known in Granada, particularly by the Christian captives. This proposal was highly approved of, and the knights accordingly set about providing themselves with rich habits, armour, and horses. Every thing being arranged for the journey, they left Talevera unattended by their squires, and shunning the main roads, travelled through the mountains: avoiding all habitations of any consideration, and sleeping in the open air; their provisions they purchased

purchased at the most solitary inns, and in this manner they reached the Vega two days before the expiration of the appointed term. Retiring to the wood of Rome, the knights rested themselves a day and a night on the banks of the Genil; their conversation being chiefly on the best mode of conducting themselves in the approaching combat.

The morning of the second day had no sooner began to dawn, than the knights prepared to advance to Granada; and putting on the Turkish garments they had provided over their armour, they mounted their fiery steeds, and entered the beautiful champaign of the Vega, and rode gently onward towards the city, admiring on all sides the beautiful views, the diversity of the streams meandering through their varied courses, the gardens, vineyards, and orchards, full of trees, and bending with the choicest fruits to the ground, which made the country appear to them like an earthly paradise: and let not the reader marvel at the beauties of nature which presented themselves to the Cavaliers, for no bed of carnations, or of the sweetest scented herbs, was ever more highly cultivated than every spot of ground, whether it was situated far off or near the city, or whether it was hill or valley, by the Moors, and which is at this time a barren waste. The soil then produced abundance beyond conception, and its fertility may in some measure be conceived, when it is considered, that the year before Granada was lost, it contained one hundred and eighty thousand men capable of bearing arms, besides a great number of old men, women, and children.

Our English translator presents the reader with the picture of a Moor sitting by the Darro, lamenting the unfortunate change.*

Softly flow thou pleasant river,
 Stream that ev'ry Moor reveres ;
 Let thy murmurs sooth my forrows,
 Whilst I swell thee with my tears.

For Granada am I weeping,
 For Granada far renown'd ;
 Lo! her choicest sons lie slaughter'd,
 And her streets in blood are drown'd!

All her tow'rs and fairest cities
 By the Moors esteem'd so high,
 Strong built forts and lofty castles
 Now in scatter'd ruins lie.

All her flow'ry fields and gardens,
 Gardens form'd with matchless taste,
 Where the pendent fruit hung shining,
 Now remain a desert waste,

Mosques so pure, and stately mansions,
 Seem dissolv'd in clouds of smoke ;
 Pleasant woods and lofty pine-trees
 Bow beneath the axe's stroke.

Where

* Concerning the expulsion of the Moriscoes, which proved a considerable cause of the decline of the Spanish Monarchy from its ancient vigour, the reader may consult the Tracts of the learned Dr. Geddes, the Chancellor of Sarum, Vol. I.

Where the joyful sports were acted
 Stalks the meagre fiend despair,
Where the softest music founded
 Shrieks of horror rend the air.

For her spouse the frantic widow
 Tears her hair and beats her breast,
At her cruel fate exclaiming,
 With distracting thoughts oppress'd.

And the tender piteous orphan,
 In each hopeful pleasure cross'd,
Clinging round its helpless mother,
 Mourns a fire untimely lost.

Chang'd with grief, the lovely damsel
 Tells the empty wind her pain,
And her hands in anguish wringing
 Weeps a faithful lover slain.

Red like blood the sun appearing
 Sheds a sanguinary gloom,
And convulsive nature trembling
 Seems to wait a final doom.

Softly flow thou pleasant river,
 Stream that every Moor reveres ;
Let thy murmurs sooth my sorrows,
 Whilst I swell thee with my tears.

No more on thy verdant borders
 Shall the tender lovers stray,
 And in sweet enchanting converse
 Pass the happy hours away.

No more shall the bark so smoothly
 Float along thy trembling wave,
 Nor the youths with heat all weary
 In thy crystal current lave.

On thy banks where op'ning flow'rets
 Spread their beauties to the day,
 Oft at night the Moor shall wander,
 To the Christian doom'd a prey.

Christians, that in war long practis'd,
 Every peaceful thought forego,
 Christians, that in blood delighting,
 Taught Granada's tears to flow.

Softly flow thou pleasant river,
 Stream that ev'ry Moor reveres ;
 Let thy murmurs sooth my furrows,
 Whilst I swell thee with my tears.

Traversing the Vega, the knights, on entering the road to Loxa, observed a Moorish Cavalier approaching them in full speed, of a noble mien, and in a gallant dress. His tunic was green damask interwoven with gold, and his plumes green, white, and blue. In the center of a white shield he bore a phoenix on flames of fire, and the motto, "It has no second." The horse
 he

he rode was a bay, and his lance was decorated with a small green and white banner, and so well equipped did he seem altogether, that the Christian knights were greatly taken with his appearance, and stopped their horses till he came up to them.

The Moor, on his approach, saluted them in Arabic, and the Alcayde of Los Donceles replied in the same language; slackening his pace, he was greatly surprized at the noble figure of the four knights, and after some short time he addressed them in the following terms:—
 “Although my business is very urgent, and will scarce admit of the smallest delay, I cannot help checking my steed at the sight of such gallant strangers, whose dresses surpass all I have ever seen, except the ambassadors who come from the Libyan Sea to the kings of Granada, but like you they wear not arms beneath their garments, neither are they mounted on such fiery chargers. If it be agreeable to you we will travel together, I shall be happy in such noble company; and conceal not from me, I beseech you, whom I have overtaken, as the courtesy of Cavaliers requires you?”

Don John Chacon began his reply in the Turkish language, but the Moor informed him he did not understand it, and begged him to speak in Arabic. The Alcayde of Los Donceles then informed him they came from Constantinople, and were Janizaries in the pay of the Grand Signor. “We were,” added he, “four hundred in the garrison of Mostegan, and understanding there were many Christians on the frontiers of Granada, esteemed of admirable valour, we came hither with the intention of proving our mutual strength, as we hear the inhabitants daily receive great injury from
 them.

them. We landed at Adra, and were traversing this plain, to our fancies the most beautiful in the world, in the hope of meeting some Christian knight to skirmish with; we have advanced on, but as yet have seen none, and being so near, we have resolved to pay a visit to Granada, and kiss the royal hands, after which we shall shape our course back to Mostegan. This is our history, and as we have satisfied your enquiry, we shall be happy to know whom we have the pleasure of meeting, which equally interests us."

"It is a pleasure to me," replied the Moor, "to give you the information you desire; but let us hasten our horses, and on the way I shall be able to answer you." "With all my heart," said Don Alonso; and they now travelled at a round rate. Gazul, for he it was who had joined the knights, related his history in the following terms:—

"You are to know, gentlemen, my name is Mahomet Gazul, that I am a native of Granada, and come now from Saint Lucar, where I have left the object of my adoration and the nearest to my heart, a beautiful lady, named Lindaraxa, of the noble race of the Abencerrages. She quitted Granada on account of the king's banishing her kindred without any just cause, after having beheaded six and thirty of her lineage, the flower of Chivalry in all the city, and went to Saint Lucar to the house of an uncle, whither I attended her. I was once blessed with the smiles of my mistress, but those happy times are over. While at Saint Lucar I learnt that the Abencerrages had become Christians, and were gone into the service of king Ferdinand, that great tumults and civil wars prevailed in
Granada,

Granada, and that the Sultana queen was imprisoned, and compelled to defend herself in combat. And as all my lineage are of her party, I am hastening to make one of the Cavaliers to fight her cause; this being the last day of the appointed term, and we must spur our steeds lest we should arrive too late. And now, Signors, you know the truth."

"You have astonished us," cried Don Manuel, "and, by the honor of knighthood, I should be greatly delighted if the task of defending the queen was committed to myself and my companions in arms; we would do our endeavours to serve her, even were it to the loss of our lives." "Would to heaven," cried Gazul, "the restitution of her honor were entrusted to your valour, as I am confident she would then prove victorious; I will endeavour to engage her majesty to make choice of you; though I have indeed heard she will not commit her cause to Moors, but to Christians." "We," said Don Manuel, "are not Moors, but Turkish Janizaries, the sons of Christians." "You say well," returned Gazul, "perhaps on this account she may be induced to accept your service." "Let us leave the consideration of this matter for the present," cried Don John Chacon; "I wish to enquire what Christian knights are most celebrated for their valour in this kingdom." "The Cavaliers who most frequently scour the Vega," replied Gazul, "and are the greatest terror to our frontiers, are Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, Don Alonso de Aguilar, Gonzalez Fernandez of Cordova, the Alcayde of Los Donceles, Portocarrero, Don John Chacon, and the Grand Master. These are indeed the dread of all the kingdom; but
there

there are also many other Cavaliers in the court of king Ferdinand, who do us abundant injury." " It would delight me to meet either of the gentlemen you have named," cried Alonso de Aguilar. " By the faith of Mahomet," said Gazul, " you would find a Mars in either of them, and in Granada I will relate to you deeds of their performing, that will fill you with astonishment." " I shall be overjoyed to hear them," said Don Manuel, " that I may have something to talk of when I return to my own country." And here we shall leave them travelling at a round pace, to return to what was passing in Granada.

CHAP. XV.

Battle of the Queen's accusers, and the four Christian knights.

THE inhabitants of the city of Granada were in the greatest anxiety, the term allotted to the queen being nearly expired, and no Cavalier as yet being appointed to defend her cause. Many had indeed interceded with the king to restore her majesty to favor, alleging she was evidently not guilty, or she would not have neglected to make choice of champions to meet the Zegries, when such numbers had tendered their services. But the king was obstinately deaf to all their entreaties, and so attached to the miscreant traitors, that all the reply he would deign to make them was, if the queen's champions are not ready on the appointed day, on the following the sentence of fire shall be executed. And with this determination he ordered a scaffolding to be erected in the square of Bibarrambla, with a separate station for the queen, and another for the judges, who were to decide the cause. Muza, Azarque, and an Almoradi gentleman were nominated to be the arbitrators, who all of them wished her majesty success, and were resolved, as far as lay in their power, to promote it.

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The scaffolding was covered over with black cloth, and every thing being prepared, the judges, attended by many gentlemen, ascended to the Alhambra to conduct the queen to the square. The Almoradies, Almohadies, Aldoradines, Gazules, Vanegas, Alabeces, and Marines, would have rescued her majesty by force, and poniarded the king, but they were persuaded against making the attempt, for although there was a great probability of their succeeding, yet the stain on the queen's honor would not be wiped off, but rather fixed the deeper, and the voice of fame would judge her worthy of death, as no one had dared to stand forth in her defence; this argument was indeed so unanswerable, that these lineages resolved to let the event take its course, trusting to heaven for her deliverance.

When the judges came to the Alhambra, they were denied permission to pass on to the queen by king Muley-hascem, declaring her majesty owed obedience to no person, till at length Muza and the other gentlemen satisfied him it was absolutely requisite for her honor, that the cause should be submitted to trial, the only means by which her character could be restored to its former lustre, and that any other course to be taken would effectually answer the ends of the Zegries. King Muley-hascem then enquired if any Cavaliers were yet nominated for her defence, which Muza answered in the affirmative, adding, that if none of her champions arrived in time, he would himself undertake the combat. Muza and the two other judges were then permitted to enter the Alhambra, the rest of the company remaining at the gate. On entering the
queen's

queen's apartment, they found her majesty with Selima, awaiting their arrival, without shewing the least sign of terror, although she knew it was the last day of the conceded term. She relied with confidence on Don John Chacon, and should any accident prevent his arrival, she was perfectly resigned and happy in the thought of dying in the Christian faith, which made her mind not only easy, but cheerful. When she saw the gentlemen approach, she guessed the purpose that brought them to her, and being under some emotion, a blush forced its way into her cheeks, which however she endeavoured to conceal, that no signs of female weakness might be discovered. After the gentlemen had respectfully made their reverence, Muza addressed her in these words:—

“ Your majesty has sadly neglected yourself in not having named your champions, as this is the last day of the extended term, we are therefore desirous to know your pleasure?” “ Be under no apprehension for me,” replied the queen, “ I trust in God my innocence will this day be completely established, and that I shall triumph over my false accusers. But should it please the Almighty to punish the sins I have committed, and that my defenders should be vanquished, I shall not fear death, as I shall then enjoy eternal life.” Muza understood not the meaning of these words, and answered, he wished her majesty would defend herself by the due course of justice, as the people might otherwise murmur, and it is moreover,” said he, “ a duty which you owe yourself, and the whole world, to bring these traitors to shame and punishment, according to their deserts. We are appointed

pointed to be the judges, and we are firmly devoted to your interest, and will do all we can to serve you. Select therefore as champions whom you please, there are thousands of gentlemen who will consider themselves honored by your commands. Let your majesty and Selima but descend to the square, and heaven will no doubt bless you with success." "I am ready," replied the queen, "Esperanza shall also attend me; she has been the constant companion of my sad imprisonment; and shall now be a joyful witness of my triumph."

The queen and Selima withdrew for a few minutes, and then returned with Esperanza all dressed in the deepest black. On leaving her apartment, she said to Muza, "It is my last request, if my defenders should perish in the combat, that Esperanza may be free, and that every thing in these apartments may be given to her, for the great attention she has shewn me." And saying this, she wept so loud, that the eyes of her illustrious attendants were also suffused in tears. Giving at length her hand to Muza, she walked to the Alhambra gates, where a litter was provided, and the queen, Selima, and Esperanza, were placed in it. At the gates they found the Alabeces and the other gentlemen waiting, in deep mourning, but beneath their garments, they wore strong coats of mail, with the full determination of attacking the Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, should circumstances render it necessary. Granada was never so near its destruction in all its wars as on this memorable day, for the Zegries were also strongly armed against any attack which might be made upon them; but God was pleased to conduct the business to an end, without any fresh disturbance.

Wherever

Wherever the queen's litter made its appearance, numbers of gentlemen surrounded it, shedding tears at the afflicting sight, and on entering the street of the Gomeles, multitudes of ladies and damsels crowded to the windows and balconies, lamenting her misfortunes, and the whole city was so moved with their cries, that the execrations became loud and universal against the Zegries and the king. The litter next entered the street of the Zacatin, where the lamentations grew yet deeper; till at length the cavalcade reached the square, and the litter was carried to the foot of the scaffolding. Muza assisted the queen to alight, as did the other judges Selima and Esperanza. The queen ascended the scaffold through the window of a house, and took the seat appointed for her, which, as well as the rest of the scaffold, was lined with black. Selima was seated on one side of her majesty, and Esperanza was placed at her feet. The Sultana was greatly affected to find herself made so cruel a spectacle, and the cries of the men, women and children grew so loud, that not even when Rome or Troy was burnt, was the like lamentation heard.

The windows, balconies and terraces were thronged with people, and multitudes assembled in the square, who ceased not to weep when they beheld the queen in tears. On one side of the building the judges took their seats, and shortly after trumpets sounded, and the four accusers entered the square, armed and equipped for the battle, and mounted on very powerful horses. Over their armour they wore green and purple dresses, with plumes of the same colours; and the device they bore on their shields was bloody scimitars, with the

motto, "Shed for the Truth." Thus the four accusers, escorted by the Zegries and their partisans, entered the large and spacious area, inclosed for the lists; a door was then opened, and Mahomet Zegri, the author of the treason, Ali Hamet Zegri, Mahandin Gomel, and Mahandon, entered to the sound of martial instruments, their abettors ranging themselves on the left without the inclosure. On the right, stood the queen's relations and their friends.

In deep and awful silence the spectators awaited the queen's nomination of her champions from eight o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, and seeing she had neither appointed them, nor that any had made their appearance in her defence, the greatest apprehensions were entertained, not knowing the measures she had taken, and confident that both her honor and her life were now at the greatest risk. The queen herself began to entertain some small degree of terror, finding the day so far advanced, and that Don John Chacon, in whom, after God, she placed her reliance, had not yet fulfilled his appointment, whereof she could not divine the occasion.

Malique Alabez, Aldoradin, and two other Cavaliers, now ascended the platform, and proclaimed aloud, if her majesty would honor them with her permission, they would undertake her defence. The queen courteously thanked them, and replied, she would yet wait two hours longer, and if at that time certain Cavaliers, whom she was expecting, did not arrive, she would accept their kind offer. Half an hour had however not elapsed, when a great shout was heard, and five knights were seen riding into the square, four in Turkish habits, the

the fifth a Moor, who was immediately known to be Gazul. The populace crowded to see the strangers, and Gazul's friends, and his relations in particular congratulated him on his safe arrival; enquiring of him who were his companions; Gazul replied, he could not inform them, having only overtaken them on the Vega. They advanced on horseback to the foot of the scaffold, where the queen and the judges were seated, and who were anxious to be acquainted with the occasion of their arrival: casting their eyes on the queen, it greatly affected them to behold her in so pitiable a condition, and looking round the square, they saw the area, and within it the four accusers; the multitude of spectators also attracted their notice with astonishment.

Don John Chacon now addressed the judges in the Turkish language, which not understanding, they requested he would speak in Arabic. Don John then, in that language, solicited them to permit him to address a few words to the queen, which, without hesitation, being granted, he immediately ascended the scaffold, and bowing to the judges, walked onwards to the queen, and making a respectful obeisance, spoke aloud to her majesty, that the judges might also hear his words, in the following manner:—

“ By the tempests of the sea, illustrious queen, were we driven to the coast of Spain; and being landed at Adra, we rode to the Vega, in the hope of engaging in combat with some of the Christian knights who we learnt made a practice of scouring the plain; we however found none; but a Moorish gentleman, overtaking us on the road, gave us an account of the unjust
x 2
accusation

accusation against your majesty, and that as yet you had nominated no champion to defend your cause; adding, that you had determined not to entrust your defence to the Moors, but to the Christian people. Myself, and the companions of my journey, are Turkish Janizaries, descended from Christian parents, and lamenting the cruel treatment you suffered, we were moved with compassion for your innocence, and determined to make a proffer of our services, and now, if your majesty will condescend to accept them, by the honor of knighthood, we swear to perform our duty like men." Whilst Don John was thus addressing the queen, he held her majesty's letter in his hand, and let it drop, unperceived by the judges, at her feet, with the superscription uppermost. The queen desired Selima cautiously to give her the paper, and looking on it, she saw it was the letter she had sent to Don John, and reflecting on the prudence of preserving the secret, she looked at Esperanza, who was engaged in admiration of his person, but turning to the queen, they instantly understood each other, and marvelling at his dress and disguise, the queen thus replied:—

"I was, signor, awaiting the arrival of a knight, who sent me his pledge by letter, to be present on this day, with three other knights, his companions, but since the day is so far advanced, and you and your friends are disposed to engage in my defence, I consider myself highly obliged by your courtesy." "I pledge myself," replied Don John, "to perform every thing which the other Cavalier had engaged for, as I hold him and his companions in no higher estimation, than myself and the three knights in my company. Be pleased,

pleased, therefore, to grant us your permission to enter the lists." " I freely grant it," replied the queen, " and believe me, noble and virtuous knight, that not even in thought or deed am I guilty of what is laid to my charge, and you will therefore fight in perfect security." Don John requested the Judges would receive her majesty's appointment, and they immediately ordered the decree to be drawn up in form, appointing these knights to be her champions, which being signed with the requisite solemnities, Don John made a low reverence to the queen and the Judges, and descended the scaffold; and mounting again on his steed, he cried aloud to his friends, " The victory is our's! let us begin the combat before the day is too far advanced."

The queen's friends entreated the knights to exert the utmost of the valour, which their noble appearance bespoke, in the defence of her majesty, and which they in return made them repeated assurances to do, and then escorting them round the square to the sound of drums, trumpets and other instruments, they again encouraged them to perform their duty, and when they entered the area, the door was closed.

During the whole of the time, Malique Alabez had kept his eyes on Ponce de Leon, imagining he had seen him before, though he could not recollect where. " As Alla lives," exclaimed he to himself, " Don Manuel is transformed into a Turkish knight, but that cannot be neither, for this is no Christian, but a real Turk!" Looking at the horse which Don Manuel rode, he recollected him again, having formerly, as we related before, had him in his possession. This made his surprize the greater, and he addressed an Almoradi

gentleman, who was placed near him, saying, “ If the knight on the black horse is the one I take him to be, the queen’s liberty is certain.” “ You know him then?” replied the Almoradi, “ who is he?” “ I will tell you that hereafter,” answered Alabez; “ but at present let us pay attention to the combat which is about to commence.”

The knights now displayed their strong and lucid shields; but before we proceed further in the history of the battle, we shall detain our readers to give them an account of the Turkish dresses which they wore. They had on loose coats of exceeding fine sky blue cloth, fringed with gold and silver; their cloaks were blue silk, and their turbans also were of silk, curiously wreathed over with gold. On their crests shone a golden half-moon, with blue, green, and red plumes. The banners of their lances were also blue, emblazoned with the same arms as their shields. Don John Chacon bore on his banner a golden *fleur de lis*; and for quarterings on the shield, a wolf on a green field, tearing a Moor to pieces. Above the wolf, on a blue field, was a *fleur de lis*; and the motto, “ For his wickedness he is devoured;” signifying that the Moor was torn to pieces for his false testimony against the queen.

Don Manuel bore on his shield a lion rampant on a white field, not chusing on that day to display the bars of Arragon. The lion held a Moor beneath his paws, with the motto:

He merits yet a harder lot,
 Who basely has the truth forgot,
 Beneath a lion’s fangs to die,
 Is not so great barbarity.

On the banner, which was blue, he bore also a golden lion rampant.

Alonso de Aguilar did not on that day bear his usual quarterings, fearing he might be known, but substituted on his shield, a golden eagle on a white field, with extended wings, flying towards heaven, having the head of a Moor in his claws, bleeding from the wounds made with the eagle's talons. This device Alonso chose in correspondence with his name; and he bore for his motto,

To heaven I'll lift him, that his fall
 May be the greater—seen by all;
 For that remorseless cruel deed,
 That guilt, which nothing can exceed.

On the banner of his lance he also bore an eagle, the same as on his shield.

The Alcayde of Los Donceles bore a dagger, the haft made of gold, and the point sticking in the head of a Moor, which streamed with blood from the wound, with this motto in Arabic:—

The sword's sharp edge shall soon compel
 The guilty wretch the truth to tell,
 And thus the queen again shall be
 Restor'd to life and liberty.

Very much were the gentlemen of both parties surprized to see the gallant accoutrements of the four knights, but still more to find their mottos and devices correspond in this manner to each other, whence they inferred the knights had concerted together, and were expressly provided by the queen for her defence; but they greatly marvelled how they could arrive from so

distant a country in so short a period of time; they considered however the winds at sea might have favored their voyage, and remained contented with the knights account of themselves, without making any further enquiry, and anxiously awaited the event of the battle. The judges also were extremely taken with the devices of the champions, and to enjoy a better view of them, Muza mounted his horse, and calling for his lance and shield, in case of necessity, rode into the area, leaving his companions on the scaffold with the queen, who, addressing herself to Esperanza, enquired if she knew the Cavalier who had ascended to speak to her. "It was," replied Esperanza, "Don John Chacon, who, notwithstanding his great disguise, it was impossible for me not to know." "Then," cried the queen, "my liberty, and triumph over my enemies are certain."

Malique Alabez, Gazul, and many other gentlemen, the queen's relations, encircled the area, that they might be ready should any thing occur to require their assistance. The Alcayde of los Donceles now spurred his horse, and advancing gracefully before his companions, rode up to the accusers, and in a loud voice addressed them: "Declare the cause which induced you to accuse the queen your mistress, and why you cast so foul a stain upon her honor?" "Because," replied Mahomet Zegri, "we saw her with our own eyes commit the act of adultery, and for the honor of our king we maintain it." The valiant Alcayde wrathfully replied, "He that maintains it is a villain, and no knight, and since we are in a place where the truth shall be revealed, prepare for battle, traitors as
you

you are, and you shall die confessing the falsehood of what you have asserted." And at the same time he gave the Zegri so fierce a blow with the butt of his lance, that he felt the vigour of his arm, and had it been the point he must have been killed on the spot. The Zegri, offended at his words and the rudeness of the blow, wheeled round his steed thinking to wound the Alcaide, but like an experienced warrior, he first retired aside, and then quickly returned to engage the Moor. The skirmish being thus commenced, the trumpets sounded the signal for a general battle, and the other knights put themselves in array.

It fell to Don Manuel to encounter with Ali Hamet; to Don Alonso to be opposed to Mahandon; and to Don John to engage with Mahandin; and each attacking his adversary a bloody battle ensued. The Moors were brave, but their courage availed them little, for they had to contend with the flower of all Castile; however, skirmishing gallantly, they mutually gave as well as received many dreadful blows. Don John Chacon received a wound in the thigh, which bled profusely; glowing with rage at being wounded almost in the first onset, and his enemy remaining unhurt, he awaited the Moor's return to second his stroke, and then attacked him with such fury, that it succeeded according to his expectations; for Mahandin extremely delighted at the wound he had given Don John, returned to the lure, and with a great shout exclaimed, "Now Turk, you shall know whether there are not Granadine Moors who can fight, and excel all the Cavaliers in the world," and with these words he advanced towards Don John, who was ready to receive him, and when
he

he observed him come so rapidly on, he spurred his horse forward, and with prodigious fury the Cavaliers met, the like as if two mountains had rushed against each other. Don John, being mounted on the strongest horse, bore the rencontre, but the Moor's horse fell, and his rider was badly wounded with the lance. Don John was also wounded, and so well aimed was the blow, that had the iron pierced deeper, it might have been of fatal consequence, as it was in the hollow of his side, but by good fortune the wound was inconsiderable, and the skin only razed. The Moor was on his feet in an instant of time, and drawing his scimitar, he advanced with the intent of disabling Don John's horse, but the Christian knight, although he could, with ease and safety to himself, have pierced the Moor with his lance, would take no advantage, and nimbly leaping from his steed, he threw aside his lance, and drew forth his sword; then fitting his shield firmly to his arm he expected the attack of his enemy. A fresh battle was now commenced between them, more furiously contended than the former, and in which it was wonderful to see the sparks fly from their shields; in this attack the Moor received two wounds; when retiring to recover his breath he again returned to the charge, and Don John, finding himself so fiercely assaulted, united his whole strength, and gave the Moor a back stroke that cleft his shield, and mortally wounded him on the shoulder; Mahandin was staggered with the blow, which nearly deprived him of his senses, when Don John perceiving his advantage, rushed with his shield upon the Moor, and with his whole force threw him to the ground, giving him as he fell a dreadful

ful stroke, that nearly severed his leg from his body. Seeing he had now gained the victory, Don John raised his eyes to heaven, and returned thanks to God, and taking up the fragments of a lance, he leaned on it, as he suffered much from the wound in his thigh, and retiring to one side of the Area, he now looked round to observe the situation of the battle.

The queen's trumpets on the fall of Mahandin, sounded a flourish, inspiring the Christians with new courage, and filling the Moors with terror, who lost all hope of victory, from so disastrous a commencement of the battle, but they were still more terrified by the fearful shrieks which came from a window, where the wife and sisters of Mahandin were placed, when they saw him lay weltering in his gore. The Zegries ordered them instantly to withdraw, that they might not discourage the remaining combatants.

The six Cavaliers continued the fight with the utmost ferocity, making so great a noise, that it seemed as if fifty were engaged, instead of so small a number. Don John, who had remounted his horse, doubted whether he should go to the assistance of his friends, or retire, and get his wounds dressed; but at length, fearing his withdrawing might call the notice of the spectators towards him, he resolved to await the conclusion of the battle, which, for two reasons, he trusted would not be far distant; the first, because his companions were so eminently brave, and the second, because they fought with justice on their side, and heaven of course would favor them. Mahandon, maddening with fury to see his brother stretched lifeless on the ground, and almost hewed to pieces, addressed

Alonzo

Alonso de Aguilar, and desired he might cease the combat with him, and take vengeance of the Cavalier, who had slain his brother. "Decide your battle with me first," replied Don Alonso, "your brother died like a man, and you will soon follow him: the blood of the Abencerrages and the queen's injuries cry out loudly against you." Uttering this, Don Alonzo attacked Mahandon most vigorously, and gave him a wound on the side. The Moor then wheeled round, and threw his lance at Don Alonzo, who seeing it whizzing through the air, bent his body to escape the blow, and at the same time checked his steed; but though he escaped being wounded himself, he could not avoid the lance piercing his horse's flank, with such force, that it made its appearance on the other side of the animal. The horse pranced and reared most furiously, and the utmost strength of the bridle was insufficient to restrain him; Don Alonso finding the horse become quite ungovernable, resolved to throw himself from off his back, notwithstanding the risk he should run from his opponent remaining on horseback, but trusting in God, he vaulted from his seat, and immediately drew his sword. The Zegries and Gomeles were overjoyed at the strait to which their relation had reduced the stranger, and seeing him on foot, they looked on him as already vanquished. Mahandon's joy was also so unbounded, that riding up to him, he exclaimed, "Now then you shall atone for the death of my brother, since you have prevented me from taking vengeance of his destroyer," and spurring his horse, he made a cut at him with his scimitar; Don Alonzo remained fixed to the spot, where he
stood

stood till the moment Mahandon came near him, and then, with wonderful agility, he sprang on one side; leaving Mahandon to gallop on in his course, without having done him the slightest injury: three times did Mahandon renew the same attempt, and by the like stratagem his endeavour was rendered abortive. Don Alonzo then advised him to alight, if he desired to save his life, and which the Moor considering good advice for him to adopt, jumped from his steed, exclaiming, “peradventure you have thus counselled me to your own bane?”—“If I gave it as advice,” cried Don Alonzo, “it was that you might receive the death you merit;—the world is too good for such traitors!” Furiously now did Alonzo attack Mahandon, and for full half an hour did they fight, wounding each other in all parts, without any material advantage being gained by either of them.

Don Alonzo, vexed the battle should continue so long, approached the Moor, and raising his arm with the seeming intention of wounding him on the head, whilst he hastened to ward the blow, suddenly drew back his arm, and gave him a deep wound on the thigh, even to the very bone. The Moor deceived and desperately wounded, made a dreadful blow at his opponent, which cleft his helmet in twain, and gave him a contusion on the head, which, but for his extraordinary spirit would have thrown him senseless on the ground, and deprived him of following up the advantage he had gained, but Don Alonzo’s courage was so invincible that he never bowed to fatigue, and in an instant recovering himself, and being angered to find his face covered with blood, he dealt in return so
weighty

weighty a blow at the Moor that neither shield nor coat of mail could resist its violence, but were entirely cut through, and the sword deeply buried in the breast of the proud Mahandon, who having already lost a considerable quantity of blood from the wound in his thigh, had no strength left to continue the fight, and thus fell flat to the ground. When Don Alonzo saw him fall, he hastened to cut off his head, but finding him ready to expire, he left him to himself, and gave God thanks for the victory he had gained. Don Alonzo now staunched the wound he had received on the head with his turban, and on looking round for his horse and seeing him lay dead, he seized Mahandon's, and having mounted him, joined Don John Chacon, who congratulated him on his victory.

The queen's music again sounded to the great distress of the Zegries; when it ceased the people turned their eyes on the remaining combatants, Ponce de Leon and Ali Hamet were contending on foot, their horses being completely wearied; briskly they fought, wounding each other on all sides, and cutting their armour to pieces with sword and scimitar, as the blood that flowed from their wounds abundantly proved. Don Manuel was wounded in two places, and the Moor in five, but their spirits remained equally undaunted; Ponce de Leon having, however, learnt his antagonist's mode of fighting, was prepared against his art, and seeing that Don John and Don Alonso had already conquered their adversaries, and that the Alcayde of Los Donceles was also in a fair way of subduing his, he gathered new strength, and angered with himself for not having already triumphed over his opponent, he drew near Ha-

met, and gave him so fierce a stroke on the head, that in spite of the shield raised in his defence, the helmet was split, and Hamet received a wound that brought him senseless to the ground; recovering in an instant, and dreading least his adversary should follow up the blow, Ali Hamet gathered strength from his weakness, and eager for vengeance sprung on his feet, and raising his scimitar gave Don Manuel an ineffectual blow on the shoulder, which at the same time cost the Moor his life, as in return he received a second wound in the head, close to the first, that felled him to the earth, covered with blood, and he expired immediately.

The queen's trumpets again sounded triumphantly for this further success, and Don Manuel, remounting his horse, joined the other two victorious Cavaliers, who as he approached, exclaimed, "praised be God for given you the victory over that cruel Pagan!"

Whoever had viewed the countenance of the beautiful Sultana, would have discovered her joy at beholding her enemies thus successively annihilated, and satisfied how certain her triumph was, she exclaimed to Selima and Esperanza: "If Don John's fame is great, his friends are equally brave, since they have conquered the boldest Moors of the kingdom of Granada." "Did I not assure your majesty," replied Esperanza, "that Don John had the noblest of friends, you will admit I told you no untruth?" "Drop the conversation," cried Selima, "the judges may overhear you, and let us attend to the last Cavalier, whose combat draws near its conclusion;—

Mahomet Zegri and the Alcayde of Los Donceles continued to fight with as great fury as at the commencement

commencement of the battle, and though many wounds had been given and received, no signs of fear appeared on either side. The Moor, indeed, fought with unparalleled ferocity, seeing that his first cousin and the two Gomeles were slain, and that he was himself in equal danger, he contended like a man in despair, reflecting on the infamy he had incurred, and still more on the failure of his schemes. In frenzy he dealt his blows to the right and to the left without method, hoping to give his enemy a chance wound, that might determine the combat, and if he could compass his death, the triumph of his adversaries would be lessened, inasmuch as one of their number had fallen in the battle.

But though Mahomet Zegri fought in this determined manner, the Alcayde of Los Donceles was beyond his match, both in strength and activity. His friends had already atchieved the palm of victory, and were reposing after their toils, but his battle seemed as yet only commenced, his enemy being thoroughly versed in the art of single combat, and the Alcayde reflecting that the eyes of all the spectators were turned upon him, and that they might consider him inferior to his companions, as he was so long subduing his adversary, he fixed his eye upon his foe, and spurred his horse rapidly against him, when the shock was so great that both the riders came to the ground, though neither of them was wounded. In an instant they were on their feet, and attacking each other with drawn swords, the vigour of their blows, which corresponded to the valour of their hearts, was mutually felt. The Moor, however, injured not the Alcayde so much as he was injured, for the Alcayde's armour was of such superior
proof,

proof, that the Moor's scimitar could hardly penetrate it, whilst the Alcayde's sword, seconded by his invincible arm, cut through every thing that was opposed to its stroke, and never failed to inflict a wound; the Zegri discovering his inferiority in this respect, and confiding in his strength, with redoubled fury caught the Alcayde in his arms, who was not displeas'd at this mode of attack, and firmly grasping the Moor in return, they began to wrestle, and endeavour to throw each other, but they were rooted like two oaks, and their mutual efforts were ineffectual. The Zegri was of so large a make and size that he seem'd a giant, and exerting all his strength, he endeavour'd to throw his adversary to the ground; but though he often made the attempt, he found it was impossible: at length the Alcayde, perceiving his design, drew forth a poniard, and gave him three wounds under the left arm, so deep, that the Moor, feeling mortally wounded, shriek'd aloud, and drawing a dagger gave the Alcayde two wounds, but as the weapon was broad at the point, it scarcely pass'd his coat of mail, and the wounds were inconsiderable. The Alcayde then gave the Moor another wound on the left flank, which terminat'd the battle, as the Zegri immediately fell to the ground, bleeding at all parts of his body. When the Alcayde beheld his enemy overthrown, he knelt upon his breast, and raising his arm, exclaim'd, “ acknowledge yourself vanquish'd, and confess the truth, and I will not destroy you.”

The wretched Zegri finding himself most grievously wounded, and in the power of his adversary, replied, “ you have no need to repeat the blow, the last was sufficient to send so great a traitor as myself out of the
 Y world,

world, and as you desire it, I will declare the truth. Know then, that the Abencerrages having slain several of the Zegri lineage, and offended others, and being at the same time greatly in favor with the king, the whole of the Zegri race was at a loss in what manner to avenge themselves. I therefore devised the plan that was executed, and the Abencerrages were the guiltless victims: the queen is likewise innocent of every thing which has been laid to her charge, I accused her wrongfully, as I now most solemnly declare the truth; I have arrived at a period when dissimulation is of no further avail, and I lament what I have done, as it has been the occasion of so many deaths, and such great dishonor to her majesty."

This confession of Mahomet Zegri was heard by many of both parties, but that all possible justice might be done to the queen's innocence, the other judges were required to attend and assist in taking the confession of the dying Moor, Muza being at the time within the area, when Mahomet Zegri again repeated his confession in the presence of all the judges, and immediately after expired.

The queen's music now founded in strains of the highest harmony, celebrating the victory of the strangers over the perfidious traitors, and her majesty's honor restored to its former lustre, while shrieks and lamentations were heard to proceed from the wives and relations of the slain Zegries. The victorious Cavaliers were escorted from the place of battle by the nobility of the queen's party, and when they entered the royal presence, (for the queen was by this time seated again in
her

her litter,) they enquired whether her majesty had any further command for their service.

The queen replied, they had, in wiping the stain from her honor, done every thing her heart could wish for, but she should be gratified if they would accompany her to the Alhambra, and suffer their wounds to be examined; the knights gladly accepted the offer, and proceeded to the Alhambra, the music playing before them as they left the square.

With fearful cries the Zegries and Gomeles bore away the bodies of their vanquished friends, resolving to quarrel with the opposite party, and to put the strangers to death, though they did not at that time make the attempt, as they were divided among themselves into two powerful factions. The Christian knights, on account of this division among the Zegries and Gomeles, arrived at the queen's palace without molestation, where their wounds were examined and dressed by the most skilful surgeons; the knights, during their stay at the palace, keeping their arms at hand, to be upon their guard against any sinister attack that might be made upon them. After they had partaken of the magnificent supper, which was provided for their entertainment, the queen, Selima, and Esperanza entered the hall, and after discoursing on the late troubles in Granada, and the death of the Abencerrages, the queen drew near Don John Chacon, and addressed him as follows:—

“ The all-powerful Creator and Redeemer of mankind give you health and long life, and reward you for the good work you have done, in liberating an unfortunate queen from an infamous and dishonorable death; it was the will of God that you should be the instrument

of my deliverance, and while life remains, I shall remember the obligation I owe you, and gladly devote it to your service. It is my earnest wish to be baptized, and believe me, when I assure you, the major part of our nobility are also desirous of becoming Christians, and only wait the opportunity of king Ferdinand declaring war, to exert themselves openly in his favor. A plan to this effect was concerted before the departure of the Abencerrages, and when you return home, you will do well to entreat your king to summon his troops to the field. I have now only to request to know, who the three Cavaliers are to whom I am also so greatly indebted?"

"Excellent Sultana," replied Don John, "the knights who have done me the favor to accompany me, are Don Alonso de Aguilar, lord of the house of Aguilar, Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, and Don Diego Fernandez de Cordova, gentlemen of the highest reputation, as no doubt the voice of fame has already informed you." "Certainly it has," replied the queen, "they have often entered our Vega, and taken many valuable spoils, their names and actions are well known, though by the Turkish garb they now wear they have escaped the knowledge of our people; it was, indeed, a most excellent device. I should ill requite the service they have rendered me, if I did not in person return them my acknowledgments for the obligation I owe them."

The queen then approached the Cavaliers, and assured them separately of the very high sense she entertained of the signal service they had rendered her, and added, she trusted in God, some day to have it in her power to convince them of her gratitude. "Let your highness,"

highness," said the Alcayde of Los Donceles, speaking for himself and his companions "consider your acknowledgments as wholly belonging to Don John, we have performed but a small part of the service we should gladly render you." "Many thanks," replied the queen, "for your further kindness; my obligations indeed are infinite, heaven reward you with happiness! and as the hour of repose draws nigh, I will retire and give directions for your entertainment." The queen then took her leave of the knights, and spoke to her uncle Moraiceil to be on the guard against the Zegries and Gomeles, who, she feared, would attempt to revenge the death of their friends. Approving the advice, Moraiceil spoke to Muza, who appointed a hundred gentlemen to guard the palace and the street, and fortunate it was the queen advised the precaution to be taken, for the Zegries had actually concerted a plan to surround the palace, and destroy the noble knights, but finding the avenues so well guarded, they desisted from attempting to put their plan into execution, and when they found the troops were of Muza's appointing, they burnt with rage, as he was beyond the reach of their power, to glut their revenge on him.

The following morning the Cavaliers agreed to set out betimes on their return, that king Ferdinand might not discover their absence. Signifying their intention to the queen, and requesting her permission to depart. "How is this, gentlemen," she exclaimed, "wounded and fatigued as you are, that you should think of setting out on your journey? I can on no account consent to it;—perhaps you are not accommodated to your liking?"—"Let not your majesty think so,"

faid Don John, " as it is material that we return home without delay."—" If fo," replied the queen, " I will not detain you. Go with the blessing of God, and retain me in your remembrance, and of all things engage your king to undertake the war againft Granada." This the Cavaliers promifed to perform, and the furgeons having again dreffed their wounds, they put on their armour, and took leave of the queen, Selima, Efperanza, and Moraiceil, all of whom could not refrain from fhedding tears at their departure.

Muza, Malique Alabez, Gazul, and above two hundred Moorifh gentlemen, accompanied them half a league on the Malaga road, but, fo foon as they left them, the knights took the route to Caffile, travelling with great expedition, till they entered the Chriftian territories, where they learnt that the king then held his court at Ezija: proceeding to Talavera the knights were joined by their attendants, and after remaining there eight days under cure of their wounds, they rode forward to Ezija, and requested his majefty's permiffion to retire to their eftates. The knights were no fooner fet at eafe on their eftates, than they concerted an expedition againft Alhama, taking every poffible meafure to enfore fuccefs, as it was a city remarkable for its ftrength. Many foldiers flocked to their ftandard, and a general affault was made on the city, but here we fhall leave them fighting, and return to Granada, as the war of Alhama is not the principal concern of our hiftory.

CHAP. XVI.

Attempt of the Moors to retake Alhama.—King Muley-hascem's imprisonment in Murcia, and his Son's in Andalusia.

THE Sultana lamented the departure of her noble champions, and would have willingly accompanied them, had she not feared it might have been the signal of fresh tumult in the city; but if the queen felt any concern for their departure, how much more did the Zegries and Gomeles feel for the death of their relations, and the impossibility of their now avenging them. The aggressor always considers himself the injured party: and thus did the Zegries and Gomeles consider themselves, and concealing their sentiments, they panted for the hour of retribution.

When the little king heard of the death of the false witnesses, and the confession of Mahomet Zegri; the horrible conspiracy, in all its atrocity, stood unveiled before him, and enraged with himself he knew not what to do. His guilty blindness and dishonourable treatment of the queen; the death of the Abencerrages, and the aggravated injustice he had committed against that lineage, in banishing them from the city, which was the cause of their becoming Christians, and for

which all Granada abhorred him, and even his father fought to deprive him of his kingdom and his life, strongly reproached him for his misconduct, while reflecting on his repeated crimes, he nearly lost his senses, cursing the Zegries for their evil counsel, and equally condemning himself for having followed it: with the bitterest tears he bewailed his misfortunes, considering himself the most wretched monarch in the world; nor did he even dare to shew the least sign of vengeance, so greatly did he stand in awe of the Zegries and Gomeles. Happy had he been if the queen Sultana would have returned to his affection, but had she been so inclined, her relations would not have permitted it. He entreated Muza to endeavour to soften her resentment and procure her pardon, and to urge his sincere contrition and intreaty that she would consent to live with him again. Muza made the request, as desired, but he could not obtain the least concession, and was compelled to return to the king with her positive denial. Finding it in vain to expect a reconciliation with the queen, he endeavoured to regain the good opinion of the citizens and nobility, and by these means he daily acquired new friends. He apologized to every one for the atrociousness of his own deeds, by laying the fault on the instigators, whose wickedness had ultimately fallen on their own heads, and promised that all Granada should witness his amendment, and that what had past should be a warning to him how to treat his subjects with mercy and justice for the future. As king Boabdil was the right heir in succession to the kingdom, many of the nobility, and the greater part of the common people, returned to his obedience. But
the

the Almohadies, and their party, and the Alaheces, Gazules, and their friends, would pay him no submission whatever, devoting themselves to the old king and the governor Abdallah, his brother.

At this time king Muley-hascem, who was remarkable for his courage, and yet retained his bodily vigour, set on foot an excursion to the kingdom of Murcia, and many foldiers joined his standard, under the promise of good pay. Having raised a body of two thousand horse and foot, he left the city, and passing through Vera, marched by the sea coast, to avoid Lorca, and falling forth at Almazarron, he advanced to Murcia, where he ravaged the field of Sangonera, and took many captives. Don Pedro Faxardo, Lieutenant general of Murcia, assembled all the troops he could collect together to oppose him, and upon the heights of Azud, on the festival of St. Francis, an obstinate and bloody battle was fought, but at length, by the valour of Don Pedro and the Murcians, the Moors were routed, and their king taken prisoner.

The Moors fled in every direction, and hastened in the greatest consternation to Granada, where the disaster was immediately published, to the great sorrow of its inhabitants. Abdallah alone rejoiced at his brother's imprisonment, thinking the intire government of the kingdom would devolve to him. In this expectation he dispatched a letter to Don Pedro, inviting him to imprison his brother for life, and proposing in return for his so doing, to deliver up to him the possession of the cities of Velez el Blanco and el Rubio, Xiquena and Tirieza: but Don Pedro, detesting his treachery, refused to accept his offer, and acquainted the king
and

and the captives with the proposal, and gave them their liberty. When they returned to Granada, they found Abdallah in the possession of the Alhambra, which he had obtained the possession of, by asserting the old king had committed it to his charge. Provoked at the falsehood of Abdallah, and still more at the treachery he practised against his liberty, Muley-hascem retired to the Albaycin, where he and his queen remained for a short time. Muley-hascem's mother, an old lady of more than eighty years of age, in return for the Lieutenant Don Pedro's generosity, sent him ten thousand doubloons, which he declined to accept, desiring she would present them to her son, to enable him to make war against his brother. Charmed with Don Pedro's generosity, she then sent him a valuable present of jewels, and twelve noble horses richly caparisoned, which Don Pedro received. In a few days after Muley-hascem's return, Abdallah, not imagining the king knew any thing of the letters he had sent to Don Pedro Faxardo, voluntarily quitted the Alhambra, and permitted his brother to return into the possession of it. Muley-hascem dissembling the knowledge of his brother's treachery, silently awaited the hour of revenge, and the better to secure a favorable opportunity, he permitted the administration of the public concerns to remain as usual in the hands of his brother. This Muley-hascem was also called *El Zagal and
 Guadali,

* It is erroneously said by M. Florian, and likewise in a history of Spain, published by Kearsley, that Muley-hascem's brother, Abdallah, was named El Zagal, (an Arabic word, signifying the shepherd.)

Guadali, but his proper name was Muley-hascem. An account of the battle he fought, and his imprisonment, related by the Moorish historian, may be read in the chapel of the Marquisses of Los Velez, in the cathedral church of Murcia, on the tomb of Don Pedro Faxardo, where these events are recorded.

But to return to our history, king Muley-hascem, resenting the treacherous designs of his brother, made his will, wherein after his death he bequeathed the throne to his son, and ordered Abdallah to be driven from the kingdom, in case he pretended to assume the government to himself; and as he knew many of the Almoradies and Marines were devoted to his party, he also, in such case, commanded his adherents to be likewise banished. This will made by Muley-hascem, in the moment of his resentment, in the sequel, occasioned great dissensions in the city, and a renewal of the civil wars.

Muley-hascem was thus again seated in the Alhambra, and Granada was once more under the administration of its two kings, and the governor; but civil contentions still prevailed amongst them, and the Almoradies and Marines endeavoured, by every means in their power, to deprive king Boabdil of the throne, but they were unable to effect their design, as he was generally acknowledged the rightful heir to the kingdom, and was supported by the Zegries, Gomeles, and a strong party. And, on the other hand, king Boabdil sought every opportunity to injure his uncle, and obtain his expulsion from all administration in the government, but this he was also unable to effect,

fect, as he was himself held in the greatest detestation by many of the principal nobility of the city.

As king Boabdil was one day riding through the city for his recreation, attended by the Zegries and other gentlemen, the alarming news was brought him of the taking of the city of Alhama by the Christians, which nearly distracted him, as, from its vicinity, Granada was in continual danger, so long as it remained in the hands of the Christians, from their inroads and excursions. In a rage he slew the messenger who brought the news, and hastening to the square before the Alhambra, he ordered an alarm to be sounded; but to avoid repetition, we shall here introduce the recording ballad:—

As the Moorish king Boabdil,
Gently to divert his care,
From th' Elvira gate was riding
To the Bibarrambla square.
Alas! Alas Alhama!

Letters come that stout Alhama
By surprize the Christians gain;
Furious are they torn to pieces,
Furious is the courier slain.
Alas! Alas Alhama!

From his mule he then alighted,
Mounting on a powerful steed,
Through the Zacatin ascended,
And did to th' Alhambra speed.
Alas! Alas Alhama!

When

When he came to the Alhambra,
Then he bid the trumpets found,
That the Moors of all Granada
And the plain might hasten round.
Alas! Alas Alhama!

When the Moors of fair Granada
Heard these warlike rude alarms,
Singly and in pairs together
Great the troops that met in arms.
Alas! Alas Alhama!

Thus an ancient Moor address'd him,
Thus he spoke, 'twas heard by all:
" Wherefore king have you thus call'd us,
" Why this strange and sudden call?"
Alas! Alas Alhama!

" Friends, it grieves me to inform you
" Of a new and sad disgrace,
" Christians bold have won Alhama,
" Christians of a noble race."
Alas! Alas Alhama!

Thus a reverend Imam answer'd,
With long beard, and head quite grey:
" King you have a good employment,
" Well you have, and well you may,
Alas! Alas Alhama!

" King

“ King you flew th’ Abencerrages,
 “ Of our city flew the flow’r ;
 “ Runagates of fam’d Cordova,
 “ Chusing these in evil hour.
 Alas! Alas Alhama!

“ And you merit fierce chastizement,
 “ Double los and double pain ;
 “ Not Granada, not your kingdom,
 “ Not your life shall long remain.”
 Alas! Alas Alhama!

This ballad was so dolorous in the original Arabic language, that every time it was sung, it acted as an incitement to grief and despair, and for this reason it was at length finally prohibited in Granada.

When the king found he had assembled a considerable body of troops, he hastened to Alhama, in order to retake it from the Christians, who had made themselves masters of the city, the castle, and all the forts. A great skirmish took place between the Christians and the Moors, in which more than thirty of the Zegries fell by the hands of the Christian Abencerrages, upwards of fifty of whom were present at this battle, under the command of the marquis of Cadiz. In short, the Moors were totally routed, and the king, without gaining the least advantage, was compelled to retire. A few days after king Boabdil ordered scaling ladders to be provided, and upon a very dark night he attempted to retake Alhama by surprise; a few Moors entered by this means, but the moment they were discovered, the alarm was given, and all those who were taken within

within the city, were cut to pieces. The king then returned greatly disappointed, and in grief and vexation issued his orders for seizing the Alcayde of Alhama, who had retired to the house of a relation at Loxa, the Alcayde of that fortrefs.

In vain did the Alcayde plead his majesty's leave of absence to attend the nuptials of a sister at Antequera, whose hand Rodrigo de Narvaez, its Alcayde, gave away in marriage, and that he had been allowed eight days more than he requested: adding, that if the king had lost Alhama, he also had lost his wife and children; the excuse however was not admitted, and he was seized and carried to Granada, and there beheaded, as the following ballad will relate.

“ Moor Alcayde, Moor Alcayde,
 “ Of the downy beard, I bring
 “ News disastrous, I must seize you,
 “ So commands Granada's king.

“ For the loss of fair Alhama,
 “ Must thy head the forfeit be;
 “ High upon th' Alhambra's turrets,
 “ Others shall the warning see.”

“ Cavaliers and worthy nobles,”
 Thus th' Alcayde strait reply'd,
 “ Tell the king he has no reason
 “ For Alhama's loss to chide.

“ For

- “ For I was at Antequera,
“ To a sister’s nuptial’s call’d;
“ Woe betide those hateful nuptials
“ That have me and mine enthrall’d!
- “ I had first the king’s permission,
“ Else I never there had been,
“ Three whole weeks he pleas’d to give me,
“ Days I did but ask fifteen.
- “ That Alhama’s taken grieves me,
“ But let not my sovereign blame,
“ For if he has lost his city,
“ I, alas! have lost my fame.
- “ Lost my wife and lost my children,
“ All I lov’d in one sad hour,
“ Lost a daughter, none so lovely,
“ Never bloom’d a fairer flow’r.
- “ By fair Cadiz’ noble marquis
“ She’s a captive highly priz’d,
“ Sums I offer’d for her ransom,
“ But the offer was despis’d.
- “ This the answer that he sent me,
“ That a Christian she became,
“ Call’d Maria of Alhama—
“ Fatima her Moorish name.”

Now they brought him to Granada,
 Where the king took off his head,
 And on the Alhambra plac'd it,
 There to stand a common dread.

Punishment being thus inflicted on the Alcayde, some of the nobility began to remark that it was the duty of the king's uncle to make some excursion, to revenge the loss of the city of Alhama, or to take some other method of regaining their credit by distressing the Christians, to which Abdallah replied, he had enough to do in preserving the tranquillity of the city; and not one of his faction would join in adopting any measures against the Christians, which induced many Cavaliers to go over to his nephew's party, and even the Alabeces, Gazules, Vanegas, and Aldoradines, in a manner ceasing their former hatred, united with the Zegries in their arguments against Abdallah and his party, but as Abdallah persisted in making this excuse, the Almoradies and Marines, who were the only Cavaliers that paid him allegiance, also continued to make the same, upon which Malique Alabez, rising in a great fury, upbraided them with cowardice in not performing their duty against the Christians, and for having raised a man of no merit or valour to the crown, without the least pretensions of title to it. The Almoradies, firing at these reproachful words, seized their swords, and drew them against the Alabeces, who, assisted by the Gazules, attacked the Almoradies in return so furiously, that in a short time more than thirty of them were slain, and many of the Alabeces and their friends. In this manner factions daily increased in the city, and

streams of blood were spilt; the Almoradies at length were worsted, and obliged to retire to the Albaycín. The two kings now sallied forth to favor their different parties, and both of them would have perished in the conflict, had not the priests, and many of the nobility, interposed, and Muza also arriving at the same time with a troop of horse, the *tumult was pacified, when an Alfqui, or priest, made the following oration in Arabic, in the square of the Bibarrambla:—

“ ’Gainst your own bowels, noble Granadines,
 “ You turn the cruel unrelenting sword.
 “ What fury drives you to the horrid deed?
 “ No more you fight against the Christian chiefs,
 “ No more defend your towns and fortresses,
 “ But your own blood in bitterest rancour spill;
 “ Atrocious and abominable guilt!
 “ Do you not see the folly of the deed,
 “ And how unworthily you keep the laws
 “ Of Mahomet, your prophet, sent by God,

To

* It is evident from this part of the history, that the Almoradies were not in concert with Muza, the Alabeces, Gazules, Vanegas, and Aldoradines, to deliver up the city to king Ferdinand; if it had been so, the Alabeces would not have upbraided them for refusing to fight the Christians, but Gines Perez relates, that the Almoradies, as well as the Alabeces, page 276 of the English translation, wrote to the different Alcaydes, their relations, inviting them to surrender the fortresses in their charge. This is mentioned, least any person comparing this translation with the original, should deem it inaccurate. The English translator has found it necessary to be at considerable pains in correcting errors of the Spanish press, in the proper names,

“ To teach you due obedience to his word?
 “ Wherefore do you perform it then so ill?
 “ Wherefore against each other madly rage,
 “ And steep your swords in friend’s and kindred’s
 blood,
 “ Destroying your afflicted country? Look!
 “ Every street and every square proclaims
 “ Your baneful tumults; never a day but death
 “ Has made a fatal havock and destroy’d
 “ Some of our noblest barons; scarce ev’n one
 “ Remains to lead you forth to victory,
 “ Or take an honorable charge at home.
 “ Do you not see, with what malignant joy,
 “ The Christian foe beholds the cruel storms,
 “ Your discord and incessant factions raise?
 “ Storms that are heavy, and must ruin all.
 “ For love of Mahomet exalt your arms
 “ Against the Christian standard. Let not thus
 “ Your land be wasted by continual ravage,
 “ And the fair city of Granada lost.
 “ Even now methinks its walls are overturn’d,
 “ Its gates are broken, and its forts destroy’d.
 “ O! ere it be too late, my friends, reflect!
 “ Through your own civil and intemperate wars,
 “ Let not your fair Alhambra tamely bow
 “ To Christian lords: its glory then shall fall,
 “ Its golden tow’rs bend prostrate to the ground;
 “ Its costly baths of alabaster form’d,
 “ Where your kings recreate, shall be no more.
 “ Let not the ancient standard of wrought gold,
 “ That came victoriously from Africa,
 “ Become a prey to haughty Ferdinand.

- “ Unite and let not these divisions reign,
 “ If you again renew them all is lost.
 “ The people not in union with themselves
 “ Are easily o’ercome, and soon made slaves.
 “ These arguments I think may lead you all
 “ To league in friendship and forget the past :
 “ Therefore I add no more, but on the point
 “ Against the Christians turn your conquering arms,
 “ And with each other live in amity :
 “ So Mahomet commands, and he is right.”

The tumult being at length appeased by these and the like arguments, and the city again restored to tranquillity, the Little King, desirous of making an excursion into the Christian territories, raised a great body of horse and foot, resolving to perish, or revenge the loss of Alhama. With this intention he left Granada, determined not to halt till he had entered far into Andalusia, and had either seized many spoils, or surpris’d some considerable town. Marching on till he came within a league and a half of Lucena, he there formed his troops into three battalions, leading the first himself. The command of the second battalion he gave to an Alguazil Major; and of the third to a captain of Loxa, named Aliatar; and thus ravaging the land in different directions, they made many rich captures.

When the progress of the Moors was known in Lucena, Baena, and Cabra, the Count of Cabra, and the valiant Alcaide of Los Donceles, sallied forth with a considerable body of troops to oppose the inroad of the Moors. The three battalions, placing the captives and

and pillage they had obtained in the center, awaited the attack; but the gallant Andalusians charged them so impetuously, that they could not withstand the shock, and were routed at the brook of Puerto, or as others call it, of Martin Gonzales, and the king and many of his troops were taken prisoners. The Moors who escaped fled to Granada, but the king was carried to Baena, and from thence to Cordova, where he was presented to king Ferdinand.

Ambassadors were dispatched to his Catholic majesty, to treat for the ransom of the Little King, and the council and grandees of Castile held many debates on the subject. At length it was agreed to restore him to liberty, on condition of his doing homage to king Ferdinand, and acknowledging himself his vassal, all which was agreed to on the part of king Boabdil, and he accordingly took the oaths of fealty, and king Ferdinand, in return, promised to grant him his aid to reduce such towns to his obedience as acknowledged his father for their king. He also furnished him with letters to the Christian captains on the borders of the kingdom of Granada, commanding them to cease further hostilities against the Moors, and to suffer them to cultivate their lands in quietness and without molestation. At length, with the permission of king Ferdinand, Boabdil took his departure from Cordova, carrying with him many rich presents, and arrived in safety at Granada. But when an account of the conditions, on which he had obtained his liberty reached the city, his uncle Abdallah and the nobility highly disapproved of his conduct, considering his submission and alliance with king Ferdinand, as a certain prelude to the subversion

of the kingdom, and Abdallah taking advantage of the temper of the people, embraced the opportunity to address them in the following manner:—

“ Noble and illustrious citizens, you who have objected to my government, without investigating the reasons of my conduct, to you I address myself: you well know my nephew has been raised to the throne in the lifetime of king Muley-hascem, my brother, for no other reason than because the old king, his father, had beheaded four Abencerrages, who were justly deemed deserving of death: for this you withdrew your allegiance from the old king, and appointed Boabdil, his son, to be your king and to reign over you; this son, by the advice of some of you here assembled, has most wrongfully put to death six and thirty Abencerrages, and wickedly accused his queen. For these deeds of death, and unjust proceedings, you can no longer retain your former affection for him, but must consider him undeserving henceforth to wear the crown; and when to this is added, that he has consented to hold his kingdom in vassalage of king Ferdinand, and has also formed an alliance with him to wage war against some of the cities of the kingdom, which reject his government, and continue their allegiance to his father, what must be your sentiments of indignation? My nephew has also agreed to pay many thousand doubloons, which must be taken from the public treasury, for his ransom from a captivity, occasioned by an ill-concerted and desperate sally against the Christians, for the retaking of Alhama, which time would have restored to Granada, without incurring such fatal consequences to the kingdom, and the money, thus wantonly.

only lavished away, had been saved for the repair of your fortresses, and other useful purposes. Consider, Cavaliers, you Zegries, Gomeles, and Mazas, I most particularly address, because you are devoted more than others to the interest of my nephew; if you admit the Christians into the city of Granada, what hope or what security have you, that they only come for the purposes which they profess? They pretend they are coming to assist my nephew, but they will quickly throw off the mask, and seize the kingdom. You are not unacquainted with the warlike character of these Christians; you know their spirits are exalted even to heaven. Turn your thoughts to Alhama; consider how soon it fell into their hands, though it was garrisoned with veteran troops, but they were unable to defend the city against their vigorous attack. If once they are suffered to set a foot within these walls, who will venture to say that Granada is not from that day lost? Let me awaken your attention to these alarming evils before it be too late. Reject my nephew for your king, he is in league with the Christian monarch. My brother is grown old and infirm, and the government is already placed in my hands, and should my brother die, was not my father your king, and why should not I possess the crown, which of right, on the death of my brother, I urge belongs, by inheritance, to me? Let every one present favor me with his suffrage, and I pledge myself to act for the glory of the kingdom."

The arguments used by Abdallah produced so powerful an effect, that the priests, and many of the Cavaliers, and in particular the Almoradies and Ma-

rines, agreed with one voice to refuse king Boabdil admission into the city on his return, and to put his uncle into possession of the Alhambra, and to proclaim him king. The proceedings being reported to king Muley-hascem, overcome with grief at so many disastrous events, he voluntarily withdrew to the Alcazaba, with his family, and Abdallah took possession of the Alhambra, with the title of king; although the Zegries and their friends, as well as the Alabeces and the party united with them, were dissatisfied with the proceedings, but they determined to conceal their opinions for the present, and await to discover what would be the issue of the measures that were adopted.

In a short time the Little King arrived, bringing with him the letters and presents he had received from king Ferdinand; the citizens however refused to admit him into the city, declaring they would place no further confidence in him, as he had made peace and entered into alliance with the Christians. Unable to win back the citizens to their allegiance, and being informed his uncle had made himself master of the Alhambra, he retired to the city of Almeria, equal in magnitude with the city of Granada, and equally important in point of its traffick and commerce, having in former times been the capital of the kingdom.

The Little King now sent his couriers to the neighbouring towns, claiming their submission to his government, and threatening them in case of refusal with slaughter and destruction, and upon such of the towns as refused to acknowledge him for their king, he carried his threats into execution, and actually made war.

At

At this time King Muley-bascem died, and upon his death the factions were revived with increased violence, as the old king had, by his will, disclosed the horrible treason of his brother, and appointed his son sole heir to the kingdom, with the malediction of Mahomet on all who refused to obey him. Fresh tumults daily arose; the kingdom by the right inheritance descending to the son, and not to the brother, of the deceased king; and many days were consumed in violent altercations among the parties espousing different opinions. At length the party who supported Abdallah advised him to destroy his nephew, as the only sure means by which he could enjoy the crown in security. Abdallah gave ear to these counsels, and resolved to go to Almeria in person and dispatch him with his own hand, and, in order to give the more certain effect to his plans, he dispatched his messengers in private to Almeria to gain over the priests to his interests; and to unite them to his views, he sent them an account of his nephew's treaty with King Ferdinand, which, with his other intrigues, so effectually raised their resentment against the Little King, that they returned for answer to King Abdallah they would secretly admit him into the city. On receiving an answer so favourable to his wishes, and not doubting to effect his purpose, he left Granada privately with some persons attached to his fortune, and being admitted into Almeria, he immediately surrounded the Royal Palace with his party, determined either to take or destroy his nephew: but the Little King hearing the tumult, made a timely escape, with a few of his friends, into the Christian territories; Abdallah was highly enraged

enraged at his disappointment, and finding a brother of Boabdil's in the city, a youth of tender age, he could not be restrained from taking off his head. Abdallah then returned to Granada, where he was obeyed as King, though he was not acknowledged as such by the major part of the kingdom.

King Boabdil, not considering himself safe to return to Almeria, retired to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and making them acquainted with his new disasters, was graciously received by their Catholic majesties, who condoled with him on his misfortunes, and gave the Moorish monarch fresh letters to the captains on the frontiers of Granada, and in particular to Benavides, who commanded in Lorca, and at the same time presenting him with a considerable sum of money, they sent him to Velez el Blanco, where he was well received, as he was also in Velez el Rubio; two brothers of the Alabez family being Alcaydes of these fortresses. From these towns king Boabdil frequently made excursions, to divert himself, into the kingdom of Castile, and by the command of king Ferdinand, he was favorably treated by the Christians. About this period, many places of considerable strength were conquered from the Moors, such as Ronda, Marbella, and the neighbourhood, and Loxa with its dependent circle. King Abdallah found himself very insecure in his government, and thinking by acts of authority to fix himself more firmly on the throne, he tyrannized over the people, and endeavoured by every means to compass the death of his nephew, fearing he should be again acknowledged king, and promised great rewards to any one who would destroy him, either by poison, or more
violent

violent means : four Moors at length, seduced by the great rewards he offered, were led to make the attempt, which greatly pleased king Abdallah, and to enable them to effect his purpose with greater certainty, he sent a letter by them to his nephew, in order to disguise their intentions, and couched it in the following terms of seeming amity :—

“ Beloved nephew, desirous to forget the origin of our contentions for the kingdom, and conscious that you alone are the lawful king, as well by the right of inheritance as by my brother’s will, in which he confirms that right, and appoints you his heir, I am come to the determination of surrendering the government into your hands, and of committing the kingdom to your care as its rightful king and master, requesting only for myself to be allowed to spend my days in the abode I now possess, and with which I shall live content, and owe you due allegiance. This I require for Alla and for Mahomet’s sake, that the kingdom may not be destroyed by its intestine quarrels ; return then sole king to the city as its lord and master. I seriously lament the disturbances which have passed, and am desirous to atone for the part I have taken in them by my future conduct, and by endeavouring to put an end to the divisions and civil wars, which, by being continued, must totally destroy the kingdom. If you decline to come and accept the crown, I will then deliver it up to Muza, who has long been ambitious to possess himself of the regal authority, and if he should ever obtain it, he will not readily be dispossessed again. From Granada.

Muley Abdallah.”

The

The letter, thus wrote, he delivered to the four Moors, with directions to slay king Boabdil at the instant he was receiving it from their hands, or should they be unable to make the attempt, under the pretended friendship of the letter, they would be secure to return in safety. King Boabdil, however, had received an intimation of his uncle's design, and was on his guard; and when his assassins arrived at Velez el Blanco, and made enquiry of the Alcayde Alabez for the king, he replied that he was in his palace; and demanded to know their business. "We bring," they replied, "a letter from the king his uncle." "The king!" cried Alabez, "how can he be king while the lawful heir to the crown is living?" "Of this we know nothing," they answered, "our business is only to deliver him a letter." "Deliver it to me, then," said Alabez, "you cannot be admitted to his presence." "We were desired," they replied, "to deliver it only into his own hands."

"Wait, then," said Alabez, "and I will inform his majesty;" and he accordingly went and acquainted the Little King, who gave orders for their being admitted, commanding a guard of twelve Zegries to be present in the apartment for his defence, in case any attempt should be made against his person. The Alcayde returned to the four Moors, and conducted them into the king's presence; when the assassins saw king Boabdil so strongly surrounded by his guard, they found it necessary to dissemble their intention, and the principal of them stretching out his hand to deliver the letter, the Alcayde took it from him, and handed it up to the king, who having perused it, and being previously in-
formed

formed of the meditated treason, he ordered the four Moors to be seized, and put to the torture, when they confessed the crime they were engaged to perpetrate, and were immediately condemned to die; and when the sentence was executed, their bodies were hung on the battlements of the castle. The Little King afterwards returned the following answer to his uncle:—

“ The all-powerful God, the Creator of heaven and earth, suffers not the wickedness of man to remain concealed, but causes it to be brought to light, as he has done your horrible conspiracy. I received your letter, more teeming with treachery than the famous Grecian horse of old; you proffer me your friendship, and yet you continue to persecute my friends, and those who acknowledge me for their lawful king. Your cruelties in Almeria, and the barbarous slaughter of my unhappy and unoffending brother, for which I am wholly at a loss to conceive what could be your cruel motive, all witness the insincerity of your professions of friendship; but the time will come, I trust, when you shall atone for your crimes, and those who betrayed me in Almeria shall suffer exemplary punishment. The kingdom you acknowledge was my father's, and that it descends to me as his rightful heir, and yet you wish me evil, because I have formed an alliance with the Christians. You must admit that, by virtue of the treaty I have made with them, the Moors who continue their allegiance to me, as their king, are allowed to cultivate their lands, and carry on their traffic in security; while the Moors, who acknowledge you for their sovereign, can do neither, without being constantly attacked and pillaged by the Christians. The wrongs you have done

me and my father, will some day descend on your own head; to deceive me with fair words is not practicable, as I already know your heart, and I have friends about your person, who will send me an account of all your schemes. The ruffians you sent to me, with hearts as black as your own, and who came with the intent to slay me, have died the death of traitors, and you will suffer also; your jewels I have cast into the fire, suspecting treason even in them: treason, that is of so dark a nature, that I confess, it greatly surprises me when I reflect that we are sprung from the same royal lineage. From Velez el Blanco.

The lawful king of Granada.”

The Little King, having concluded his letter, he sent it to Granada, under cover to Muza, with another to himself: so soon as Muza received the letter, he delivered it to his uncle, and when Abdallah understood that his messengers were put to death, he became greatly terrified for his own safety. The letter, which Boabdil sent to his brother Muza, was to the following effect:—

“ I am at a loss to conceive, my beloved brother, how, with such renowned valour as you possess, you can consent to a tyrant, without the slightest pretensions in justice, usurping our father's throne. If the Almoradies and Marines are my enemies on account of the stigma on the queen, and the death of the Abencerrages, they should now remember that those who were my instigators to the act, have atoned for their fault with their lives. As a king I only acted in the execution of my authority, and in the administration of justice. If it is urged against me, that when a captive I made peace with the Christians in order to gain my liberty, it should
also

also be considered, that I attended to the welfare of Granada, and secured to the Moors the right to cultivate their lands in peace, compared to the benefits of which, the tribute I have consented to pay is of no consideration. The affairs of the kingdom are daily growing worse and worse, since Granada obeys the usurper king, under whose feeble government, the Christians are daily making themselves masters of our towns and cities, to the aggrandizement of their empire and the destruction of the Moors. For Alla's sake, let me entreat you, as you fully possess the means, and can insure my success, to engage in my defence; it is for our father's and for our mutual honor, that you should exert your influence; reflect upon the tyrant's ambition, and the cruel death of our young and innocent brother, and you cannot but be roused to revenge. Inform me of what passes in the city. From Velez el Blanco.

Your brother, the king."

No sooner had Muza perused the letter, than he became greatly exasperated against his uncle, and in particular for the death of his youngest brother; he shewed it first to the friends who were most attached to himself, the Alabeces, Aldoradines, Gazules, and Vanegas, and then to the friends of his brother, the Zegries, Gomeles and Mazas; and reflecting on the excuses he made for the death of the Abencerrages, and the repentance he expressed for that act of cruelty, and for his injurious treatment of the queen, these Cavaliers agreed to invite him to repair in private to the city, and to come to the Albaycin, by the gate of Fachalanza, and they promised to secure his entry through the Fort
of

of Bibavolut, an ancient palace of the kings, of which Muza was the Alcayde.

On the receipt of a letter, signed by Muza and others of his friends, inviting him as above, king Boabdil immediately made preparations for his journey to Granada, and he was the more induced to expedite his departure, as his guards were continually deserting him, and he had at this time but very few who remained with him. He therefore quitted Velez el Blanco, and on a very dark night entered into the city through the Fachalanza gate, attended only by four horsemen, his other troops remaining a short distance behind. The guards demanded to know who he was? "Your king," replied the monarch; and being previously informed by Muza of his approach, they threw open the gate and he was admitted with his friends. When Muza heard of his brother's arrival, he attended him to the fort of the Alcazaba, and on the same night the king paid a visit to many of the principal nobility in the Albaycin, and acquainted them with the intended purpose of his presence, requesting their assistance to recover the throne. They all pledged themselves to support him, and in the highest spirits the king returned to the Alcazaba.

The next morning it was known in the city that the king was in the Alcazaba, and that the inhabitants had taken up arms in his support as their lawful sovereign. But the account had no sooner reached his uncle than he immediately armed his friends to give battle to the troops in the Albaycin, and a dreadful conflict ensued, in which multitudes perished on both sides. The Almoradies, Marines, and Bencerrages fought for Abdallah,

dallah, and the Zegries, and the Alabeces' party supported his nephew. None of the former battles equalled the present, the slaughter in which was truly terrible, but through the extraordinary valour of Muza, Abdallah's troops, who had scaled the walls in three or four different places, were at length finally drove back.

The Little King, on the first approach of his uncle's troops, apprehensive of his danger, dispatched a messenger to Don Fadrique, king Ferdinand's captain general, to inform him he was besieged in the Albaycin, by his uncle, and to intreat his succour; when, by the order of their Catholic Majesties, a strong file of troops all of them musqueteers, was sent to his relief under the command of captain Hernando Alvarez, Alcayde of Colomera. The spirits of the Moors were highly raised on the arrival of these succours, and in particular with the message of Don Fadrique who desired they would fight gallantly for their king, and in return gave them his assurance they should receive no molestation in sowing their lands on the Vega. Thus reinforced the Moors fought like lions, and the battles continued fifty days without intermission day or night, at the end whereof Abdallah's party was obliged to retire with very considerable loss through the valour of the Christian troops, and the bravery of Muza.

The Little King, so soon as the soldiers of the enemy had retreated, repaired the wall of the fortress and placed it in the best possible state of security. The Christian soldiers were extremely well entertained in the fort, and the Moors of the Albaycin were permitted to cultivate their lands in safety, which brought over the country people to the standard of king Boabdil, but with the

citizens of Granada continual wars prevailed ; the inhabitants having not only to contend against the troops of the Little King, in the Albaycin, but also against the Christians on their frontiers.

At this period of time Velez Malaga was besieged by king Ferdinand, and the Moors dispatched messengers to Granada requesting succours might be sent to their assistance. The priests, who espoused the interests of the besieged, remonstrated with Abdallah on his delay, and strongly urged him to assist their friends in Velez. When Abdallah first heard that Velez Malaga was besieged, he was greatly dismayed to find the Christians had ventured to penetrate so far into the territories of the kingdom, and he dreaded to go out from Granada to oppose their progress, lest, during his absence, the citizens might again raise his nephew to the crown, and assist him to possess himself of the Alhambra. The Imams however urged him so forcibly not to make delay, desiring to know what kingdom he would pretend to govern if he suffered a place of such importance to be lost? " Turn your arms," they cried, " against the enemies of your kingdom, and not against your friends." And by these means, and by continually preaching to the populace, in the streets, the justice of succouring Velez Malaga, King Abdallah was at length induced by their persuasion, to march in person to its relief. When he arrived near the city he led his army to the summit of a lofty mountain, making a parade with his soldiers, but he no sooner saw the Christian army, advancing up the steep to attack him, than he fled in the greatest consternation, and his soldiers, panic struck at his example, fled also in every direction, strewing the
roads

roads with their arms, that they might escape the faster. King Abdallah retired to Almuñecar, and from thence to the city of Almeria, and at length to Guadix, but his soldiers returned to Granada. When the Imams found in what a dastardly manner he had behaved, they persuaded the people to submit to his nephew, and to give him possession of the Alhambra, and which, aided by the assistance of the respectable party who supported king Boabdil, they were enabled to do in opposition to the Almoradies and Marines, and the rest of their numerous faction. King Boabdil being again feated in the Alhambra, he committed the care of it to his most confidential troops, and garrisoned its forts with the soldiers on whom he could place the greatest reliance. The Moors now solicited him to interfere with king Ferdinand, and to obtain his permission to sow their lands in the Vega, free of molestation from the Christian people, and which at his desire was not only granted to the city of Granada, but also to all the other places which paid him obedience, and a right of free traffic was also ceded to them. Their Catholic majesties at the same time dispatched couriers to all the towns and cities belonging to the Moors, inviting them to obey king Boabdil, as he was their lawful sovereign, and not his uncle. And to secure their attachment to his interest, king Ferdinand assured them, so long as they remained faithful in their allegiance, they should be safe from all molestation. Messengers were also dispatched to all the Christian captains on the frontiers, enjoining them not to injure the Moors, which orders were strictly complied with, to the great satisfaction of the former, who, on that account, chiefly, submitted

to king Boabdil. The city and the country being now equally at rest, the Little King ordered four Almora- dies, who had taken the most active measures against him, to be beheaded, and with their deaths these bloody tumults ceased for the present. It was the intention of the Moorish historian not to treat of any other wars but those which were within Granada, and of its internal factions; I shall therefore only enumerate (in a note) the *places which submitted to the marquis of Los Velez.

These towns of the Alpuxarras surrendered to their Catholic majesties, to the great regret of the Moors of Granada, who now began to give themselves up for lost.

But to return to our history: Velez Malaga being reduced to the greatest extremity, and being in want both of provisions and ammunition, the Moors of Guadix once more solicited the old king Abdallah to go to its relief, and he accordingly raised a powerful army for that purpose. But no sooner was his nephew in-
formed

* Bentomiz	Prudilipe	Alharaba
La Villa de Camares	Beiros	Alcuchan
Compera	Sinatar	Alhitanar
La Villa de Castillo	Benicoran	Daimas
Canillas	Cafis	Algorgia
Alcornache	Bucas	Morgazon
Canillas de Albaydas	Natija	Malchachar
Xauraca	Gedalia	Haxar
Almexia	Nararax	Cotetra
Mainete	Garbila	Alhadaque
Venaquer	Rubir	Almedira
Albomayla	Pitargis	Aprina
Benadaliz	Lacus	Alatu
Chimbechillas		

formed of the enterprize, than he also raised a strong army, consisting of horse and foot, and gave the command to Muza, to prevent their approach to its relief. A battle was fought between the armies of the two kings, in which the greatest part of the people of Guadix were slain, and the rest fled, terrified at the valour of Muza and his soldiers. King Boabdil after the victory sent a letter to king Ferdinand, to acquaint him with the battle, and defeat of the Moors of Guadix going to the succour of Velez Malaga; their Catholic majesties sent king Boabdil a very rich present, in return for the account he had furnished them, and the Moorish monarch acknowledged the favor, by sending to king Ferdinand a number of beautiful horses, and to the queen some very costly silks and precious perfumes; and acquainting them, at the same time, that the city of Velez Malaga was reduced to the greatest extremity, and that if it was closely invested by sea and land, and prevented from receiving succours, it would soon be reduced. A great battle was shortly after fought, and the city was taken by assault, and immediately all the district of the surrounding country surrendered to their Catholic majesties. Velez Malaga was now strongly garrisoned with Christian soldiers, and their Christian majesties received a letter from the Alabeces and their friends in Granada in the following terms:—

“ Most powerful sovereigns, it is some time since we first informed your majesties, that we the Alabeces, Gazules, Aldoradines, and many others of the nobility of this city, with Muza for our chief, were desirous of embracing the Christian faith, and to deliver up the city

into your royal hands; and as the affairs of Andalusia are now by your arms brought to a happy conclusion, the conquest of this kingdom may be next attempted by the side of Murcia, and you may rely that the Alcaydes of the frontiers, and of the river of Almanzora, will surrender the towns in their charge without opposition, as they have already concerted the plan with us, and when you have possessed yourselves of Almeria and the river, the most difficult posts are conquered, and having got possession of Baza, you may then besiege this city, and we pledge ourselves, on the honor of gentlemen, to serve you to the utmost of our endeavours, and finally, in defiance of every opposition, to deliver it up into your majesty's hands. Muza, in the name of all those who wish to be numbered with your subjects, kisses your royal hands."

On the receipt of this letter, king Ferdinand considering the importance of its contents, and that the Abencerrages had faithfully performed every service they had promised, called an assembly of the Cortes in Valencia; and soon after, being earnestly desirous of reconquering the whole of Spain, he went to Murcia, and issued the necessary orders for the invasion of the kingdom of Granada, by the side of Vera and Almeria. He then went to Lorca, the post for the general rendezvous of his army. Many gentlemen of the first rank accompanied king Ferdinand from the city of Murcia, and the towns of Lorca and Mula, many of whom we shall here mention, as a just tribute to their renowned valour, although it will be impossible to name all those, whose merits entitled them to be recorded:—

From Murcia.

Faxardos, <i>gentlemen</i> <i>of clear origin.*</i>	Avellanedas	Torrecillas	Tizonas
Albornoces	Villafieñores	Llamas	Paganos
Ayalas	Somontes	Fufferos	Fauras
Carrillos	Pufmarinas	Andofilas	Zambranas
Laras	Valibreas	Loayfas	Cascales
Giles	Peralejas	Rafones	Sotos
Caleros	Sautines	Pereas	Sotomayores
Salares	Moncadas	Fontes	Rodas
Guzmanes	Monzones	Avalos	Biveros
Requelmes	Guevaras	Valcarceles	Hurtados
	Melgarejos	Pachecos	

*From Mula.**From Lorca.*

Perez de Avila	Uiloas	Moratas	Leonefes
y Gitas	Alarcones	Portales	Perez Tudela
Lazaros	Tomafes	Cazorlas	Hurtados
Vorias	Cildranes	Xerezes	Quiñoneros
Peñalveros	Bernales	Gomez	Piñeros
Efcamez	Alemanes	Mulas	Falconetas
Dotos	Ponces de Leon	Marines	Mateos
Rofales	Rofiques	Albuquerquez	Rendones
Infres	Leybas	Loritas	Muneras
Saavedras	Correilas	Ponces de Leon	Burges
Hermofillas	Mazas	Guevaras	Aicazares
Palazones	Melgeres	Lifones	Romanes
Valboas		Manchilones	

* It is confidered something more than an honor to a Spaniard to be of clear origin, that is, unmixed with the blood of Jews or Moors. In many of the churches in Spain there are tablets fixed up, whereon fuch families who are not of clear origin are named, and on whom the Inquisition keeps a ftricter eye than on others, chiefly on account of Judaifm; as it is fupposed there are many concealed Jews in Spain, and who, on difcovery, are condemned to be burnt to death.

Many other gentlemen also enlisted as volunteers in king Ferdinand's service, and were ready on all occasions to join him, and prove their valour. In Lorca, the king left at the church of St. Mary a golden pix, and a crystal cross set in gold, and having reviewed the whole of his army, he marched on to Vera, where the Moor Alabez, son of the Alabez who was taken prisoner near Lorca, was governor, and who, on the king's approach, surrendered the city into his hands, as he had before by letter engaged. Coming out to meet him at the fountain of Pulpi, he delivered up to him the keys of the city. King Ferdinand then entered and took possession of the city, and appointed a new governor, at the same time shewing Alabez the highest favors. He had not been six days in Vera, before many *towns of importance, and all the places on the river of Almanzora, surrendered up to his power.

The Alabeces of Vera, Velez el Blanco, and Velez el Rubio, expressed their desire to become Christians, and to be baptized, which greatly rejoiced king Ferdinand,

* Vera	Tabernas	Cural	Urraca
Antas	Inox	Benamaurel	Orce
Lobrin	Las Cuevas	Castileja	Galera
Sorbas	Portilla	Albeas	Huerca
Teresa	Overa	El Box	Tijola
Cabrera	Surgena	Santoperar	Almuñecar
Serena	Guerca	Criacantoris	Bayarque
Turve	Velez el Blanco	Partaloba	Sierro
Moxacar	Velez el Rubio	Finix	Filabres
Ureyla del	Tirieza	Albanches	Vacares
Campo	Xiquena	Immuytin	Durca
Guebro	Purgena	Venitagla	

nand, and as they were gentlemen of high rank, the king ordered the ceremony to be performed by the bishop of Placencia: Don John Chacon stood godfather to the Alcayde of Vera; and Don John de Avalos, a nobleman of great valour, and very high in favor with the king, to the Alcayde of Velez el Rubio. This was the John de Avalos, the Alcayde of the city of Cuellar, who with other gentlemen, named Perez de Hita, natives of the city of Mula, so gallantly defended the city of Cuellar against the Moors of Baza, who laid siege to it, and who, by their extraordinary valour, saved the city from being taken. An account of this battle is given by Hernando del Pulgar, historiographer to king Ferdinand.

The noble Moor was named after his godfather, Pedro de Avalos, and the king granted him many great privileges, allowing him to bear arms, and to hold offices of trust in the kingdom. And Don Fadrique, a very worthy nobleman, stood godfather to the Alcayde of Velez el Blanco; from these celebrated Alcaydes there are at this day many descendants, and in particular from Don Pedro de Avalos. In this manner many of the principal Alcaydes embraced the Christian faith, and surrendered the fortresses they held without even making a shew of resistance. All the places before-mentioned being now in the power of king Ferdinand, he resolved to attack the city of Almeria on the side of the land, and by this means to afford the Moors an opportunity of retiring to Africa, or wherever by sea they might think fit; or otherwise of remaining in the city.

The king's troops had many skirmishes with the Moors of Almeria; leaving it closely besieged he went to Baza, which he likewise invested, and here his troops had also several engagements with the Moors, wherein Don John Chacon particularly distinguished himself. From Baza king Ferdinand proceeded to Huescar, which surrendered to him without opposition; and here he sent his army into quarters. The king then went to Caravaca, to adore the famous holy *crucifix, and lastly returned to Murcia, where he found the queen, Doña Isabella, and passed the remainder of the year. Several commotions happened in the towns which had surrendered to king Ferdinand, but, the king immediately sending his troops, order was quickly restored.

In the following spring king Ferdinand again returned to Baza, which he reduced to such extremity, that it sent to the old king for succours, and who sent them both troops and provisions. The Moors of Granada began to murmur greatly; finding that king Boabdil would not succour Baza, they openly exclaimed, the Christians would soon conquer the whole kingdom, and many of the inhabitants privately left the city, to go as volunteers to its relief. The Little King enraged at the seditious proceedings of the citizens, being informed who were the chief authors of the tumults, ordered them to be seized, and their heads to be struck off.

Baza at length surrendered to king Ferdinand, and Almeria and Guadix were delivered up to him by the
old

* The translator heard particular mention made of this crucifix, when he was in Spain.

old king, who in return was to have certain towns given him, but in a few days after he crossed the sea, and retired to Africa. After the reduction of these three cities all the remaining towns, fortresses, and villages in the kingdom, surrendered to the arms of their Catholic majesties, except the city of Granada, and we shall now conclude our account of the civil wars of that city, and add some further account of the Little King.

We have already mentioned that he was formerly taken prisoner by the Alcayde of Los Donceles, Don Diego Fernandez de Cordova, lord of Lucena, and by the Count of Cabra, and that king Ferdinand restored him to his liberty, on condition of his paying certain tributes. It was also stipulated between the kings, that after the conquest of Almeria, Baza and Guadix, and other places of strength, the city of Granada, the Alhambra, the Alcazaba, the Albaycin, the Red Towers, and the castle of Bibatambin, and the other forts of the city should be given up to king Ferdinand, and in return, that Purchena and three other towns should be granted to the Moorish king for his life. But after the conquest of all the places mentioned, when king Ferdinand sent ambassadors to the king of Granada to require the fulfilment of the treaty on his part, and to declare that he was ready to deliver up to him Purchena and the other towns, as had been agreed upon, the Moorish monarch replied, he was dissatisfied altogether as to this article of the treaty; that the city was grown very large and populous, being greatly increased by the strangers who had fled to it from other towns; that divisions in opinion had arisen concerning the expediency

diency of surrendering it, and that disturbances had actually taken place: and he added, that if the Christians were even to make themselves masters of the city, they would be unable to retain it; and that if taking these matters into consideration, his majesty would be satisfied with receiving double tribute, he was ready to pay it; but entreated he would not think of demanding the city, for it was not in his power to deliver it up, and he hoped to be excused from the performance of that part of the treaty.

King Ferdinand, highly provoked at the reply, and discovering that the king of Granada made no scruple to break his word, dispatched another messenger with instructions to inform him, he intended to have granted him the lordship of Purchena and other towns, but he should now only grant him territories of less value; and as he had asserted that Granada could not be subjugated, he would march down his army, and the rest of the kingdom being in his power, and the inhabitants dispossessed of their arms, there was but little doubt he should soon be able to reduce him to reason, and that he was resolved, if the city was not immediately surrendered on his approach, to wage a cruel war against it. The Moor was terrified at this bold reply, and summoning the Divan, he communicated king Ferdinand's message. The opinions of the Moors, in their council, was by no means unanimous. The Zegries advised, that on no account should the ignominious proposal be listened to; while the Vanegas, Aldoradines, Gazules, and Alabeces advanced that king Ferdinand only demanded to have justice done him, as their people had already enjoyed the benefit of the treaty, in the liberty of sowing their
lands,

lands, and of trafficking in and out of the kingdom of Castile in perfect security ; and that it did not become a king to break his word, a crime, which no Christian prince was guilty of. The Almoradies insisted it was improper to listen to king Ferdinand, alleging if he had permitted them to cultivate their lands in safety, his frontiers in return had remained unmolested ; he is therefore, said they, still more benefited by the treaty than the inhabitants of this city. The soldiers were of the same opinion, and it was resolved, his Catholic majesty should be informed that his demand would not be complied with. Receiving this reply, and hearing that the Moorish king had been ravaging his territories, king Ferdinand ordered the garrisons on the frontiers to be reinforced, and the forts to be repaired, and furnished with arms and provisions, intending to invest Granada in the spring, and having directed the necessary measures to be taken, for opening the campaign, he took up his winter quarters in Segovia.

CHAP. XVII.

The Siege of Granada and its Surrender.—The History of Gazul and other Events.

IN the spring of the following year, king Ferdinand marched his army to Cordova, and had several skirmishes with the Moors of Granada, raising the siege of Salobreña, which they had invested. After this exploit he went to Seville to concert the plan of his future operations, and returning to Cordova, he from thence marched to the Vega of Granada, ravaging in his way all the valley of Alendin, and slaying many of the Moors, and burning and destroying nine of their villages. In one skirmish several Zegries fell by the hands of the Christian Abencerrages, one of whom escaping, fled to the Little King with the intelligence.

King Ferdinand, encamped on the Vega near the pits of Huezata, on the 26th April, 1791, where every necessary was provided for commencing the siege of Granada, and the Christian troops were formed into different battalions; the royal standard was then raised, bearing Christ on the cross for the device, as the ancient ballad records.

Couriers swift, in speed arriving,
Gallop thro' th' Elvira gate,
To the king in the Alhambra
Fearful tidings to relate.

First a noble Zegri enters,
Clad in mourning for his friends,
" King," says he, " sad news I bring you,"
As upon his knee he bends.

" By the fresh Genil advancing,
" Comes a mighty warlike train,
" Ferdinand himself commands them,
" He commands the flower of Spain.

" Drums are beating, colours flying :
" Every Soldier knows his post,
" Led by brave experienc'd captains,
" Ev'ry captain worth a host.

" On their banners the device is
" Christ a bleeding on the cross.
" Ah! my Lord, this mighty army
" Sure forebodes our total loss.

" For they swear by that same image,
" Never to desert our walls,
" Till Granada's fons are conquer'd,
" Till their glorious city falls.

" Isabella

- “ Ifabella too approaches
 “ With the spirit of a man ;
 “ Foremost in the camp and council,
 “ In each great and noble plan.

 “ All Alendin’s field is ravag’d,
 “ All is broken, all destroy’d ;
 “ And a Moorish squadron routed,
 “ By the Christian’s fore annoy’d.

 “ By a lance amidst the battle
 “ I receiv’d a dangerous wound.”
 Uttering this the bleeding Zegri
 Fainting sunk upon the ground.

Much the Moorish monarch felt it,
 Tears he shed of painful grief.—
 To his house they bear the Zegri,
 Much he needs their kind relief.

The king fortified his camp according to the rules of art, and in a single night a town was built consisting of four streets in the form of a cross, with as many gates ; and from the center, where the streets crossed each other, all the town might be viewed at the same time. The plan was undertaken and completed by four grandees of Castile, every one finishing his quota, and the whole was encircled with wooden bulwarks, covered with waxed cloth, which resembled a strong wall. Towers and bastions were also fabricated to appear as if built with all the art of Masonry.

In

In the morning the Moors were prodigiously astonished to see a town so near Granada, fortified in so formidable a manner. When it was finished, the king granted it the rights of a city, naming it Santa Fé, or Saint Faith, and endowed it with many privileges, which it enjoys to this very day. It is recorded in the next ballad :—

Santa Fé is round encirc'd,
 The walls of waxen cloth are made,
 Tents within it shine resplendent,
 Tents of silk and rich brocade.

Dukes are here, and Counts, and nobles,
 Knights and Squires of valour great;
 These king Ferdinand assembles
 To decree Granada's fate.

At the early dawn approaching
 They perceive a mighty Moor,
 On a black steed, nobly mounted,
 Mark'd with spots of white all o'er.

Both his horse's lips were sever'd,
 O'er his teeth they could not close;
 At the Christians proudly gnashing,
 Thus the Moor his rancour shews.

A strong coat of mail and armour
 Hid beneath his dress he wears:
 Blue and scarlet is his livery
 In his hand a lance he bears.

This vile dog with proud derision
Every Christian knight defies,
And the sacred Ave Maria
To his horse's tail he ties.

At the Christian camp arriving,
For its valiant nobles fam'd,
In a thundering voice, imperious,
Thus his errand he proclaim'd :

“ What bold Cavalier amongst you
“ Dares with me the combat wage?
“ Where's the knight will singly meet me,
“ Or by pairs and pairs engage?”

Forth the gallant Christians fall,
When this scornful speech they hear ;
Los Donceles' brave Alcayde,
And Count Cabra first appear.

Next stout Gonzalo Fernandez
Who from fair Cordova came,
Don Galindo too steps with them,
A soldier of the highest fame.

Portocarrero, lord of Palma,
None so great in arms as he ;
And Don Manuel Ponce Leon,
Fam'd for martial gallantry.

He that with undaunted courage
Many a gallant feat had shewn,
And who fetch'd the glove so bravely,
'Mongst the hungry lions thrown.

With them fallies too their soveraign,
Thus he cries, by passion mov'd,
“ Think not wretch t' escape my vengeance,
“ Soon my valour shall be prov'd.”

Each bold knight rejoic'd to hear him,
Bowing, asks his gracious will,
Hand to hand the Moor t' encounter,
And his royal word fulfil.

Garcilaso also joins them,
An adventurous daring youth,
On his knees he craves the honor
To defend the cause of truth.

“ Garcilaso,” thus the monarch,
“ You your life too little heed,
“ Many here in strength excel you,
“ Many here in skill exceed.”

Quite confus'd and vex'd, retiring,
Garcilaso takes his shield ;
Arms, and on a black horse leaping,
Swiftly gallops to the field.

Dark disguise conceal'd his visage,
Armour does his limbs enfold :
To the hateful Moor approaching,
Thus he speaks in accents bold :

“ Soon, proud Moor, thou shalt discover
“ Many a knight of noble birth
“ From the Christian court dares meet you,
“ And defy your boasted worth.

“ I, the least of all these nobles,
“ By the king's command am sent,
“ Soon shall you confess my valour,
“ Soon his wrongs will I resent.”

With disdain the Moor beheld him,
And in taunting words he spoke,
“ Not with boys am I accustom'd
“ Forth to deal the vengeful stroke.

“ Hence rude stripling! Let the bravest
“ To the hostile field advance.”—
Garcilaso stung with fury,
Spurs his steed and points his lance.

Fiercely now the youth assails him,
Gives a rude and weighty blow,
When the angry Paynim felt it,
Like a bolt he meets the foe.

Wheeling

Wheeling round a dreadful skirmish
 On the hostile spot began,
 Garcilaso, tho' a stripling,
 Shews the valour of a man.

With his temper'd lance he wounds him,
 Piercing thro' the massy shield,
 Deep beneath the arm it enters,
 Lifeless throws him on the field.

Now he tears the sacred Ave
 From its former place of shame,
 Kneeling thrice devoutly kifs'd it,
 Kifs'd the holy Virgin's name.

On his lance it hangs a banner ;
 Then he takes the pow'rful steeds,
 Quickly, on his own remounting,
 In his hand the Moor's he leads,

Thus his spoils and trophies bearing
 To the camp he bends his way,
 Where his sovereign, valiant Ferdinand,
 And his train of nobles lay.

Struck with wonder and amazement
 They the gallant youth behold,
 All the court resounds his praises,
 Praise a deed so wond'rous bold.

Garcilaso of the Vega,
 Hence the generous youth they call,
 For this battle on the Vega
 With the Paynim did befall.

The king, as the ballad says, highly praised this noble deed of Garcilaso's, and permitted him to bear the Ave Maria on his coat of arms, in reward for his valour.

From this time continual skirmishes happened on the Vega, in which the Christians had always the advantage. The valiant Abencerrages entreated the king's permission to challenge the Zegries to combat, which he granted, and appointed Don Diego Fernandez de Cordova, the Alcayde of Los Donceles, to be their captain. The challenge was accepted by the Zegries, who sallied from the city fifty to fifty, and at a small distance from the royal camp the squadrons met, to the great amusement of the king and queen, who were spectators.

The Zegries were habited in their usual livery, green and purple, with plumes of the same colour; as were the Abencerrages in their's, of blue and white, with corresponding plumes, bearing their ancient devices on their shields, of a savage tearing the jaws of a lion, or destroying a globe. The contending parties approaching each other, an Abencerrage exclaimed aloud, "This day our factions cease; this day, Zegries, shall the debts you owe us be discharged, debts of malice, envy, and treason." "Waste no time in words," replied the Zegries, "but to arms." A fierce battle now commenced, which continued four full hours,
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and in which the Alcayde of Los Donceles performed wonders, by his valour deciding the fortune of the day, and causing the Zegries to be mostly slain, and the remainder put to flight, the Abencerrages pursuing them to the gates of Granada. The event of this battle filled not only the Zegries, but Boabdil the king, and all the Moors, with such terror, that thenceforward they accounted themselves lost, as an independent kingdom.

The following morning, queen Isabella, desirous of viewing the city of Granada, attended by the king, and the Grandees, and the major part of the army, went to a village called Zubia, about half a league from Granada, from whence she could observe its splendid buildings, the Alhambra, the costly Alijares, the Red Towers, the superb Alcazaba, the Albaycin, and the other towers, castles, and fortifications of the city. The Christian queen was highly gratified at the sight, and longed most ardently to number Granada with the rest of her dominions. She issued strict orders to prevent any skirmish taking place on that day, but she was unable to prevent it, as a body of Moors, a thousand strong, when they heard her majesty was at Zubia, sallied from the city, merely to occasion a vexatious alarm. A skirmish took place that at first seemed trifling, but by degrees grew more serious, and ended in the rout of the Moors, who were pursued back to the city, with the loss of four hundred slain, and fifty taken prisoners. In this skirmish, the Alcayde of Los Donceles, and Portocarrero, lord of Palma, signalized themselves greatly, and almost the whole of the Zegri race was destroyed. The king of

Granada was forely afflicted at his loss, and the queen of Castile returned to the camp highly pleased with her view of the city.

About this time some Moorish woodmen found the Turkish habits and shields of the champions who had fought in the queen's defence; and carrying them to Granada, they came to Gazul's fight, who, recollecting whose they were, enquired of the woodmen where they had been found. And being answered in the thickest part of the wood of Rome, Gazul suspected the knights had been way-laid and murdered, and demanded to know whether they had found the dead bodies of any knights, but the woodmen answered him they had not; Gazul ordered the habits and shields to be carried to the queen, who perfectly recollected them; and, very much surpris'd, enquired from whence he had them, and on receiving the information, her majesty's suspicions corresponded with Gazul's, and fell strongly on the Zegries and Gomeles; their suspicions were immediately communicated to the Alabeces, Vanegas, Aldoradines and Almoradies, and harsh words arose between them, and the remaining Zegries, Gomeles and Mazas; but as in reality they were perfectly innocent of the crime laid to their charge, they retorted on their adversaries, and a tumult ensued that had near been the ruin of the city, and which the king and the priests found the greatest difficulty to pacify.

“ How is this, gentlemen of Granada,” exclaimed the latter, “ while the enemy is at your gates, how is it you are fighting with your brethren? You are contending among yourselves only to give them the advantage.”

tage. This is no time for divisions, they will most assuredly be the destruction of the kingdom. These arguments and the king's authority at length restored tranquillity; but many of the Zegries, Gomeles and Mazas had fallen in the contest, and some few of the other party. Muza, though tired of these continued disturbances, was not much displeas'd at this last, considering it would tend to bring matters to a more speedy crisis, and promote the wish of himself and his friends, to deliver up the city to king Ferdinand, and to enlist themselves under the banners of Christ. Muza, in a short time after, took an opportunity of being alone with his brother, to address him in the following manner:—

“Very inconsiderately have you acted, brother Boabdil, in forfeiting your word with the Christian monarch, which is highly unbecoming of a king. Examine into your means, and judge whether you are able to preserve the city, the only one that remains to you of all your kingdom? Provisions are beginning to fail; divisions prevail among the people, the deaths and banishment of the Abencerrages are still in their remembrance, and for your dishonorable treatment of the queen, although it has been amply revenged, the Almoradies and Marines, and all her relations, continue your mortal enemies. You have no friend, nor any prospect of succour that can rescue you from the mighty power of king Ferdinand. Say, then, what is your determination? You hesitate to answer. If you are not bent upon destruction, surrender the city to king Ferdinand; he has promised to give you an honorable establishment, and you will do wise not to encrease his
cause

cause of resentment, and comply with the obligations of your treaty, without waiting till you are compelled by force. I must forewarn you that the chief of the nobility have resolved to quit the city of Granada, and to serve king Ferdinand, and if you desire to know who they are that have so resolved, learn then that they are the Alabeces, Gazules, Aldoradines, Vanegas, Azarques, Alarifes, and their whole party, whose chief you well know I am myself, we design to become Christians, and to devote ourselves to the service of their Catholic majesties. Consider of your power, and what you can effect, even if you had all the rest of the city in your interest? We remain solely for the purpose of guarding our houses and estates, and we are desirous that our country should not be ravaged and destroyed, its royal standard torn to pieces, and its sons divided among the grandees of Castile, to be their slaves. I therefore press you most earnestly to follow my advice, and to observe with what humanity king Ferdinand has treated the rest of the kingdom, permitting the citizens to reside in their habitations, paying their accustomed tribute, and allowing them to continue their country-dress, to speak their native language, and to follow the religion of their fathers."

The king was greatly perplexed when he heard his brother speak his mind so freely, and sighing heavily, he began to weep, conscious, as so many Cavaliers were devoted to the interest of king Ferdinand, with Muza for their chief, he had no alternative but to surrender the city. Reflecting also on the horrors of its being taken by assault; that its lovely damsels would be ravished by the rude foldier, its houses pillaged, and
its

its fairest palaces be destroyed, he at length replied to Muza, that he would no longer resist the surrender of the city, and he ordered him to assemble the Divan for taking the measure into consideration, which Muza accordingly summoned to meet in the Alhambra.

The Alabeces, Gazules, and their friends unanimously voted for a capitulation with the monarchs of Castile, and the chief of the nobility being of the same sentiment, the king ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and multitudes of the citizens assembling at the summons, he informed them it had been agreed in the Divan to surrender the city to king Ferdinand to avoid the misery and horror of its being pillaged. A great tumult ensued, some declaring the war ought to be continued in the expectation of succours arriving from Africa; while others urged that none were likely to arrive, and declared for the capitulation. In this manner, without coming to any decisive plan, thirty days were spent in doubt and uncertainty, when at length it was agreed to submit to king Ferdinand, on the condition of their being allowed to preserve their religion, habit, and language, as had been granted to the other towns and villages of the kingdom.

Muza at the head of the Alabeces, Aldoradines, Gazules, and Vanegas, was deputed to go to Santa Fé, where the king and his grandees were then assembled, for the purpose of arranging the treaty for the capitulation. But when king Ferdinand saw so numerous a body approaching, although he had received a letter from Muza to advise him of their intention, he ordered his camp under arms to prevent a surprize.

When

When they arrived at Santa Fé, four gentlemen, Muza, Malique Alabez, Aldorain, and Gazul, were deputed by the rest to negotiate the treaty, and visit the royal tent. While they remained without, walking through the city, and admiring its beauty; and being introduced to the king, Aldoradin, a gentleman, esteemed for his abilities, addressed him in these terms:—

“ Not hostile arms, nor the warlike found of drums and trumpets; not the torn banner, nor the death of noble Christians, invincible and mighty Ferdinand, are the motives of our embassy to surrender the fair city of Granada, and submit its royal standard to your will, but we are induced to the submission by the fame of your illustrious virtues, and mercy to your subjects, so manifestly known to all the world. And trusting that our citizens will meet the same clemency and honourable treatment, as those who have before surrendered, we place ourselves beneath your scepter, and bow to you as vassals. We pledge ourselves, to put you in possession of Granada, and all its fortresses; our king also kisses your royal hands, and intreats that the forfeiture of his word and engagement may be no longer retained in remembrance, and that your majesty may be assured of his repentance; in testimony of which he sends this letter, which, humbly, he commanded me to present to you.

Kissing the letter, and bending on his knee, Aldoradin presented it to the king, who, to his great joy, found it contained a confirmation of Aldoradin's address, and that the city and the Alhambra would be immediately surrendered into his hands.

Aldoradin

Aldoradin then proceeded to propose the conditions of the capitulation, that the Moors should have free permission to pass over to Africa, or to remain in the city unmolested, and to be left in the possession of their property, to be allowed to wear the habit of their country and to be continued in the enjoyment of their religion. These points being finally agreed to, their Christian majesties of Castile and Arragon, left their camp strongly guarded, with a great body of troops, and marched to Granada, and on 30th of December, 1491, the famous fortress of the Alhambra was surrendered into their hands. On the second of January, queen Isabella and the Court left Santa Fé for Granada, and resting on a hill, at a short distance from the city, she stopped to admire its beauty, and to wait until it was surrendered in form. King Ferdinand, attended by his Grandees, rode round by the Genil, and the Moorish monarch came out from Granada, and presented him with the keys of the city and of its different fortresses, hastening at the same time to alight and kiss his feet, but king Ferdinand prevented him, and allowed him to kiss his hand. The king receiving the keys, delivered them to the count of Tendilla, whom he had already appointed governor of Granada.

The Christian troops now entered the gates of the city and proceeded directly to the Alhambra, where the standard of the holy cross was reared on the tower of Comares, as were likewise the banners of their Catholic majesties, and the herald at arms proclaimed, "long live Ferdinand and Isabella, the sovereigns of Granada."

When king Ferdinand beheld the two standards waving together, he fell on his knees, and gave God thanks
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for the conquest of the city. *Te Deum* was then chaunted to the music of the royal chapel, and tears of joy were universally shed. Drums, trumpets, and other instruments were heard in the Alhambra, and Muza, and the Moorish nobility, who had agreed to become Christians, paraded through the city, with music playing before them. In the evening there was a play of canes to the great entertainment of their Christian majesties. There were also great illuminations and fêtes in the city, which brought thousands from the neighbouring towns and villages to see them.

Our historian relates that on the day of the surrender of the city, the Moorish king shewed his sense of his humiliated state in two different circumstances; the first, in passing over a small brook, by not permitting those who were in a line with him to cover his feet, as was the custom with the Granadines on passing through water with their monarch; and again, when he ascended a stair case, and put off his slippers, by not allowing the chief nobility of his train to take the charge of them. When Boabdil returned to his palace the Alcazaba, he began to weep for the loss of his kingdom, which his mother perceiving, exclaimed, "That as he knew not how to defend his country like a man, he did well to weep for it like a woman."

All the Grandees of Castile were admitted to the honor of kissing their Catholic majesties hands, and the usual oaths were taken on the occasion. Fresh favors were heaped on all those who were present at the conquest. The inhabitants having surrendered their arms, they were deposited in the Alhambra; and every thing being quietly settled in the city, king Ferdinand ordered

dered the houses and estates of the Abencerrages to be restored, granting them many additional proofs of his regard, as he did also to Reduan, Sarracino, and Abenamar, who had served him with the greatest fidelity in the war. Muza and Selima embraced the Christian faith, and were married, the king and queen presenting them with many valuable estates.

The Sultana queen now went to pay her respects to their Catholic Majesties; and when she declared her intention of being baptized, the Archbishop of Placencia performed the ceremony, giving her the name of Doña Isabella of Granada. Shortly after she married a nobleman, to whom the king gave two townships as a portion. He also shewed distinguishing marks of favor to the Alabeces, Gazules, Vanegas, and Aldoradines, who all became Christians, granting them many privileges, and in particular the privilege of bearing arms; to Malique Alabez, and to Aldoradin, he stood godfather in person, naming the first Don John Alabez, and the second, after his own name, Don Ferdinand Aldoradin. King Ferdinand then ordered all the remaining Zegries to be banished the kingdom, for their treachery to the Abencerrages. The Gomeles accompanied the Little King to Africa, who declined to remain in Spain, notwithstanding Purchena had been granted to him and in Africa he was slain by the Moors for the loss of Granada.

Our Moorish historian relates that Mazas was not the true appellation of the lineage so called, but Abembizes; and that of this family two different branches were settled in Granada, not thoroughly according with each other, both pretending to be derived from the fair-
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est origin. It happened that one branch of these Aberribizes, in the time of king John the first of Castile, had a battle on the Vega, with the Christians, whose captain and lieutenant were brothers, Don Pedro, and Don Gaspar Maza, of the kingdoms of Arragon and Valencia. The battle was very bloody, the captains and lieutenants of both parties falling, the standards were exchanged, and captives made both by the Christians and the Moors; and from the recollection of this battle, speaking of the Abembizes in Granada, it was usual to enquire which Abembizes, the Mazas, or the other Abembizes, so that in process of time, they were all of them called by the general name of Mazas.

The Moorish queen, on her marriage with the nobleman, restored liberty to Esperanza de Hita, her attendant, and presenting her with many rich jewels, sent her to Mula, her native city, where she arrived after a seven years captivity. Not many days after the surrender of Granada, a quantity of arms was found concealed in a cave, and great enquiries were made after the persons who had hid them; when at length the parties being discovered they were condemned to death. Several matters which we have related, never came to the knowledge of Hernando del Pulgar, historian to his Catholic majesty; perhaps, as it was kept a profound secret who were the four Christian knights who fought in the queen's defence, he did not notice the battle, or, as his history was taken up in affairs of greater consequence, if he was apprized of the events, he did not relate them.

Our Moorish author received his information from the Sultana herself, who shewed him a copy of the letter

ter she had sent to Don John Chacon, and his original reply ; and from these authentic materials he was enabled to write his account of that famous battle, nor was it at the time of the conquest, as we said before, known who the combatants were. When Granada was taken, our historian went to Tremecen in Africa, taking his papers with him, where he died, leaving two sons, and a grandson, named Argutafa, of equal ability with himself, who collected his grandfather's manuscripts, and among them found this little book, which I value not a little, as it treats so largely of Granada. From great friendship he presented the book to a Jew, called the holy Rabbi, who translated it into the Hebrew language for his amusement ; and the original Arabic he presented to Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, count of Baylen, who, to know the contents, as both his father and grandfather were present at the conquest of Granada, engaged the Jew to translate it into the Spanish, but afterwards, not being able to make any use of it, did me the favor to present it to me.

As the history of the civil wars, and of the factions of the Zegries and Abencerrages is now concluded, we shall finish our account of the amours of Gazul and Lindaraxa, and relate what happened to Don Alonso de Aguilar, and in what manner he was slain by the Moors in the Sierra Bermeja. When Gazul was baptized, and had received many favors from king Ferdinand, he requested his permission to go to Saint Lucar, which being granted him, he immediately set forward on his journey, extremely anxious to see his mistress, and sent a page to her with the account of his arrival. Lindaraxa was at that time, through jealousy, greatly
c c
offended

offended with him, and refused to receive his page, at which Gazul was extremely hurt, and hearing there was to be a tilt of canes in Gelves, he resolved to leave St. Lucar, and to be present at it; but to avoid being tiresome by a repetition, we shall relate what passed in the words of the ballad:—

In the square of fair Saint Lucar,
 All in purple, white, and green,
 Pacing backward, pacing forward,
 Was the noble Gazul seen.

Wishing he to part for Gelves,
 And the tilt of canes to join.
 In the fête of the Alcayde's,
 For the peace the monarchs sign.

He lov'd a fair Abencerrage,
 The daughter of a gallant chief,
 Slain by Zegries and Gomeles,
 And the cruel king's belief.

Leave to take and hold sweet converse
 Still he paces to and fro,
 Turns his eyes towards the window,
 If she there her form might show.

An hour that seem'd long years was over,
 His fond hopes impatient grew ;
 When she came to the balcony,
 Short the years, and swift they flew.

He spurr'd his horse, he spurr'd him seeing
The sun that blaz'd all-glorious round,
Made him kneel, and, duteous bending,
In his name to kifs the ground.

In a voice confus'd and trembling,
“ Bleft,” he cry'd, “ with your dear sight,
“ Nothing ill can surely happen
“ To your true and loyal knight.

“ Obligation and my parents
“ Force me hence to go forlorn ;
“ Give me but a pledge of kindness,
“ That shall your Gazul adorn.”

Jealous was fair Lindaraxa,
She with jealous love expir'd,
Zayda, she believ'd, of Xeres,
Zayda, her Gazul admir'd.

Thus she answer'd, “ 'Tis for Zayda,
“ Not for me you truly burn,
“ If in war it happens to thee,
“ As I wish you'll ne'er return.

“ Ne'er return to fair Saint Lucar,
“ Gallant as you were before ;
“ To the eyes that fondly lov'd thee,
“ And the eyes that hate thee more.

- “ Would to Alla that your falsehood
“ In the tilt may find a foe
“ Who may treat you as you merit,
“ And not canes but lances throw!
- “ That beneath his robes of gala,
“ He may wear a coat of mail,
“ And if you should seek for vengeance,
“ You may in that vengeance fail!
- “ That your friends may not assist you,
“ But your adversaries wound,
“ And to serve the ladies entering
“ On men’s shoulders leave the ground!
- “ And that she may ne’er lament thee,
“ Who once listen’d to thy breath,
“ But with maledictions loading
“ Joy to hear thy fudden death!”

Gazul fancy’d she was jesting;
 (So might truth well understand)
Rising therefore on his stirrups
 Now he wish’d to kiss her hand.

- “ May those bitter maledictions
“ Fall, Signora,” he replies,
“ To revenge the wrong he does me,
“ On the Moor that me belies!

“ For

“ For my foul abhors false Zayda,
“ And its former love repents,
“ Curfes too the years I ferv'd her,
“ And its cruel wrongs refents.

“ Leaving me for one fo wretched,
“ Rich in fortune's gifts alone!——”
All this heard fair Lindaraxa,
Till her patience was quite flown.

At this moment with his horfes,
Came a page, and canes they bore,
All in gallant plumes and trappings,
Nothing could be fancy'd more.

He feiz'd his lance, he feiz'd it fiercely,
Mad to fee thefe things befall,
And broke it in a thousand pieces,
Riding furious at the wall.

Homeward then his steeds he order'd,
And their plumes and trappings gay,
Green and white he chang'd for murrey,
That in Gelves to difplay.

Lindaraxa could not be induced to listen to him ; she left the balcony in fuch wrath that she struck her hand againft the window, and rashly fhut it ; but at length reflecting on what she had done, she was forry for her behaviour, and the more fo, when she was informed that Gazul had returned home, and changed the colour of his livery. Sending for him, he found

her in the garden, and discoursing together, she at length consented to bestow her hand on him, and permitting him to go to Gelves to the tilt, she gave him many rich jewels to wear at the fête; and now follows the second ballad:—

Deck'd with jewels, love's bright pledges,
Lindaraxa's gifts divine,
Valiant Gazul parts for Gelves,
There the tilt of canes to join.

Four bright steeds his canes are bearing,
All in trappings rich and gay,
With a thousand golden cyphers
That Abencerrage say.

All in white, and green, and purple,
Was the noble Gazul seen;
Plumes the same, with one red feather,
These adorn his noble mien.

Fring'd his dress with gold and silver,
On the purple shone the gold;
On the green and white the silver;
All was glorious to behold.

In his shield's resplendent center,
He a bloody savage bears,
Herculean strength exerting,
A huge lion's jaws he tears.

Such the bold Abencerrages
For their grand devices fram'd,
Knights of valour, thro' Granada,
For their matchless prowefs fam'd.

From a warm and pure affection
To his fair one, this he bore ;
She the beauteous darling offspring
Of th' Abencerrage Moor.

On his shield this gallant motto,
“ Nought excels it,” did he bear ;
Thus equipp'd the noble Gazul
Enters Gelves' royal square.

Thrice ten valorous knights attend him,
For thus Gazul had desir'd,
All in one rich livery girded,
None who saw them but admir'd.

Every youth, except brave Gazul,
For devices chose the same,
He the added cyphers bearing
Of th' Abencerrage's name.

Now the full-breath'd hautboys founding,
To the sports they soon repair,
With such wond'rous skill contending,
That they seem'd like gods at war.

But the valiant Gazul's party
 Made their brave oppofer's yield,
Not a fingle cane they darted,
 But it cleft fome mighty fhield.

In the windows and balconies
 Shone a thoufand Moorifh fair,
All admiring noble Gazul,
 Lovely Zayda too was there.

Her of Xeres, call'd fair Zayda,
 Prefent at the royal fête,
Clad in murrey was the *maiden,
 Mourning thus her widow'd ftate.

Mourning thus her deftin'd husband,
 Whom the mighty Gazul flew :
Soon his perfon fhe difcovered
 By the mounting canes he threw.

On the paff events reflecting,
 When her Gazul was her flave,
Ere unto his curfed rival,
 She her hand fo rashly gave.

Ill did fhe reward his fervice,
 Ill his generous love repay ;
Now to keen remorse a victim,
 Lovely Zayda faints away.

When

* This expreffion will be explained in the fequel, Gazul having flain her husband on the very evening of his marriage.

When she felt her strength returning
Thus her frighted servant spoke ;
“ Tell me, my belov'd Signora,
“ What has caus'd this dreadful shock ?”

Faltering did fair Zayda answer,
In a voice confus'd and low ;
“ See you not yon great Alcides,
“ Who the canes so well can throw ?

“ Gazul is the blooming hero,
“ Of illustrious parents born ;
“ Six long years he did me homage,
“ I repaid his love with scorn.

“ Though he kill'd my destin'd husband,
“ Though indeed he pierc'd his breast,
“ I the crime alone occasion'd,
“ And I'd die to make him blest.

“ Would to Alla he now lov'd me !
“ But, alas ! his passion's o'er,
“ An Abencerrage holds him.
“ And for me he pants no more.”

Now the royal fêtes were ended,
Through the country so renown'd,
Gazul hastens to Saint Lucar,
With immortal honor crown'd.

All Gelves united in admiration of Gazul's gallantry, and many of the ladies were so captivated with his address in the tilt of canes, that they would gladly have numbered him among their suitors. Returning to Saint Lucar, he immediately went to pay his respects
to

De honor, y trofeos lleno,
Mas que el gran Marte lo ha fido,*
El valeroso Gazul
De Gelves havia venido.

Vinose para San Lucar,
Donde fue bien recibido
De su dama Lindaraxa,
De la qual es muy querido.

Estando ambos à dos,
En un jardin muy florido,
Con amorosos regalos,
Siendo cada qual servido

Lindaraxa aficionada,
Una guirnalda ha texido
De clavelinas, y rosas,
Y un alheli escogido.

Cercada de violetas
Flor que de amantes ha fido,
Se la puso en la cabeza
A Gazul, y assi le dixo :

* The second and fourth lines terminating altogether in *o*, is merely accidental.

to Lindaraxa, who was greatly delighted to see him, and anxiously enquired every particular that had happened to him in Gelves; which the enamoured youth with pleasure related, and here follows the third ballad, to which we annex a fac-simile of the Spanish:—

These

Full of trophies full of honor,
 More than Mars had ever won,
 Valiant Gazul came from Gelves,
 He was glory's fav'rite son.

Quick he hasten'd to Saint Lucar,
 Where he was receiv'd with joy,
 By his lady Lindaraxa,
 Who no longer play'd the coy.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
 In a garden full of flow'rs,
 And in amorous converse sweetly
 Pass'd the love-devoted hours.

Breathing fondness, then a garland
 Of the choicest flowers she wove;
 Pinks and roses, in the center
 Bloom'd a fine carnation-clove.

These with fragrant violets blending,
 Now she twin'd it round his head,
 And delighted with the office
 To her Gazul thus she said :

Nunca fuera Ganimedes
 De rostro tan escogido,
 Si el gran Jupiter te viera,
 El te llevara consigo.

Et fuerte Gazul la abraza,
 Diciendola con un rifo ;
 No pueda ser tan hermosa
 Lo que el Troyano ha escogido.

Por lo qual se perdio Troya,
 Y en fuego se havia encendido,
 Como tu, Señora mia,
 Vencedora de Cupido.

Si hermosa te parezco,
 Gazul casate conmigo,
 Pues que me diste la fee
 Que ferias mi marido.

These and many amorous dalliances pass between Lindaraxa and Gazul, when Lindaraxa having agreed to marry him, he asked her uncle's consent, who was her guardian. The uncle was highly pleased, as Gazul was both noble, rich, and valiant: and giving it, the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence; many Christians and Moorish gentlemen attending, and in particular all the Christian Gazules, Abencerrages, and Vanegas from Granada, Daraxa also, Lindaraxa's sister, with her husband Zulema, who was in high esteem with his Catholic majesty, were present. There was a bull-feast, a tilt of canes, and sports of the ring on
 the

“ Ne’er did Ganymed, believe me,
 “ Shine with beauty half so bright,
 “ If great Jupiter beheld thee,
 “ He would snatch thee from my fight.”

Round the waist he gently clasp’d her,
 Laughing with a smile so gay,
 “ Neither yet was half so lovely
 “ She the Trojan stole away.

“ Troy was lost and burnt to ashes,
 “ So I burn with amorous fire;
 “ Cupid’s self your charms have vanquish’d,
 “ Cupid god of soft desire.”

“ Lovely if I seem my Gazul,
 “ Take me, take me for thy bride,
 “ Our true faith shall ne’er be broken,
 “ Our fond hearts shall ne’er divide.”

The occasion, and the fêtes lasted two whole months, at the expiration of which time all the Granadine Cavaliers returned home in company with the bride and bridegroom, who went to kiss their majesties hands. Delighted to see them, their majesties ordered all the estate of Lindaraxa’s father to be restored, and given to Gazul. Lindaraxa, becoming a Christian, was baptized by the name of Jane, and Gazul himself was now called Don Peter Anzul.

To the history of Gazul belongs another ballad, but as the author did not thoroughly understand the story, it has not been placed at the beginning to which it relates,

relates, to avoid leading the reader into an error. The ballad begins, “ *When the foe of day appearing:” and mentions that Zayda, the daughter of the Alcayde of Xeres, was to be espoused to the Alcayde of Seville, which is certainly a chronological error, for Gazul, who slew the betrothed husband of Zayda, lived in the reign of their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, at which time the cities of Xeres and Seville had ceased to belong to the Moors, and were then in the possession of the Christians, as the verse in the first ballad of Saint Lucar clearly establishes, “The daughter of a gallant chief, slain by Zegries and Gomeles.” The truth is, that Zayda’s grandfather or great-grandfather was the Alcayde of Seville, at the time when Xeres was taken, and as the Christians only garrisoned the city and fortrefs, and did not deprive the Moors of their laws, their language, or religion, the families continued to reside in the city, as before the conquest, and it was the same with the inhabitants of the city of Seville. The rich Moor who was on the point of being married to Zayda, could not therefore be the Alcayde of Seville, but the grandson or great-grandson of the late Alcayde at the time of the conquest of the city. Gazul also paid his addresses to Zayda at the time the treaty of marriage was on foot with the Moor, but could not succeed,

* In the Original—“ Sale la estrella de Venus,” The greatest part of this ballad I have chosen, correcting the mistakes of the author, agreeable to the account given by the Spanish translator. And where, in other instances, two ballads have occurred on the same subjects, and nearly similar, I have selected the one which appeared to me the best. As this ballad broke off abruptly, I chose the latter part of its companion, which is lengthened to ten verses instead of four.

ſucceed, as her parents were reſolved to marry her to his rival, who was in ſome degree related to them, and who was alſo richer than Gazul; and though, in fact, Zayda ſecretly loved Gazul, ſhe would no longer favor his ſuit, as ſhe was unwilling to diſobey her parents.

One night, before the treaty was concluded, there was a ball at Zayda's houſe, at which Gazul was preſent, as the Moors were then at peace with the Chriſtians, and had the full liberty of viſiting their friends in the Chriſtian territories; Gazul and Zayda danced the Zambra together, and, in going through the figure, frequently joined hands. When the dance was over, Gazul was ſo enraptured with Zayda, that he could not forbear giving her a tender kiſs; at which the Sevillian Moor, furious as an angered lion, drew his ſcimitar, and was on the point of ſtriking Gazul, who placed himſelf in a poſture of defence, and would have handled him roughly, if their friends had not interferred, and quietted the Moor.

The aſſembly was thrown into confuſion, and Zayda's parents were ſo offended with Gazul that he was forbid the houſe; without deigning to make a reply, Gazul immediately withdrew in a moſt indignant paſſion, vowing the death of the betrothed Moor, and anxiously hoping for an opportunity to ſlay him. When Gazul heard the hour that was appointed for the nuptials, he armed himſelf completely, and mounting a powerful horſe, left Medina Sidonia for Xeres, and entering the city at the moment when Zayda and the Moor were leaving her father's houſe, attended by many Chriſtians and Moors, to go to the houſe of
her

her husband, where the ceremony was to be performed. Gazul burning with rage and jealousy, drew his scimitar, and attacking the Moor, left him dead at a single stroke. Astonished at the daring deed, the attendants were at a loss what to say or do; and the relations of the dead Moor and Zayda alone attacked Gazul, but he defended himself so valiantly, that he wounded several of them, and made his escape without receiving any injury; these events produced the following ballad, which, in point of order as to time, ought to have stood the first; and so it will be found to stand in the small volume the English translator is publishing of these ballads.

When the foe of day appearing
 Spreads his dusky mantle far,
 Beaming then in beauty glorious
 Sallies forth the evening star.

With it too from fair Sidonia
 Sallies an illustrious Moor,
 Rodomonte not more valiant;
 Over Xeres' plains he bore.

Where into the Spanish ocean
 Falls the Guadalete's stream,
 And the harbour of Saint Mary
 Takes its famous sacred name.

Though

Though he was of noble lineage,
In despair he mourns his fate,
His ungrateful lady leaves him,
Judging him of small estate.

And for this that night she marries,
An unseemly worthless Moor,
Grandson to the late Alcayde
Of Seville and Alcazor.

Much he mourns his hapless fortune,
Much so great a wrong he mourns ;
Xeres' echoing plain, responsive,
All his doleful plaint returns.

“ Zayda, Zayda,” (thus he rates her,
Madder than the stormy sea,
When it swallows up the vessels,)
“ Adamant is soft to thee !

“ How canst thou ungrateful fair one,
“ After causing all my pain,
“ Give my pledges to a rival,
“ And my former vows disdain ?

“ Is the peerless oak so hateful,
“ You, its noble stock deride,
“ And your beauteous tree leave naked,
“ Stripp'd of all its blooming pride ?

- “ Can you leave one poor tho’ noble,
“ Choofing one that’s rich tho’ poor,
“ Nought the foul’s high worth esteeming,
“ Wealth the gift of chance adore?
- “ Can you leave your faithful Gazul,
“ Six years service quite forego,
“ And accept vile Albunzayde,
“ One that you fo flightly know ?
- “ Alla grant that he may hate you,
“ But that you with love may burn,
“ And when he is absent languish,
“ Jealous of his flow return!
- “ That at table you may vex him,
“ And may loath him in your bed!
“ That nor night nor day bring comfort,
“ Smiling peace for ever fled!
- “ That nor in the fêtes nor Zambras,
“ He may your initials wear,
“ And the scarf your hands have wrought him,
“ May his eyes difdain to bear!
- “ May he take his miftrefs cypher,
“ Seeking to increafe your woes,
“ Ne’er permitting you to view him,
“ When the mounting cane he throws.

“ To the door and to the window,
“ May you be access deny'd :
“ And if you shou'd much abhor him,
“ Long may you remain his bride!

“ But if you shou'd highly love him,
“ May you soon behold him dead!
“ Not a greater malediction,
“ Falls upon the bridal bed.”

Thus, his hapless fate lamenting,
Gazul enters Xeres' gates,
Just at midnight, and discovers
All prepar'd for bridal fêtes.

From Granada's distant frontiers,
Here the youthful Moors convene ;
Blazing in the streets of Xeres,
Are ten thousand torches seen.

Lamps adorn the stately palace,
That like glittering suns appear,
And the richest robes of gala,
Shine in competition here.

In the midst walks lovely Zayda,
By the hand her spouse she leads,
On her heavenly beauties gazing,
He his amorous passion feeds.

When he saw them fast approaching,
Great was mighty Gazul's rage ;
Not so mad the furious lion,
Does the bloody combat wage.

But awhile his anger bridling,
He advances with his steed,
That no unforeseen disaster,
May prevent his purpos'd deed.

When the bridal train drew near him,
When he saw the joyful band,
And the bridegroom stand before him,
On his sword he laid his hand.

In a lofty voice exclaiming,
None but heard him that were nigh ;
“ Think not to enjoy fair Zayda,
“ Villain, sooner shalt thou die.

“ Yet esteem me not a traitor,
“ Since I tell thee my design,
“ Boldly draw thy shining sabre,
“ As thou seest me now draw mine.”

And with this he rudely struck him,
Quick the mighty falchion flew,
Nothing could oppose its fury,
But it pierc'd him thro' and thro'.

Thus.

Thus the wretched Albunzayde
 Fell beneath his powerful arm ;
 “ Kill him, kill him,” cry’d his parents,
 “ Kill the man that did this harm.”

’Twas in vain not one could wound him,
 Tho’ he fought an hoit alone,
 With his nimble steed escaping,
 After such fierce valour shewn.

There is no passion acts more forcibly on the human breast than jealousy ; history teems with the sad disasters it has occasioned, and with truth may they say who have experienced its effect, that it is a frantic madness ; the want of consideration in lovers often gives birth to this odious passion ; observe the conduct of Zayda of Xeres, who after six years of favor and friendship for Gazul, in an instant forgot him, and contracted herself to Albunzayde of Seville, only because he was the richest of the two ; regardless of Gazul’s valour and his birth, for he was descended from a noble family of high estimation, and allied to the first families in Granada, and she was also a gentleman of the strictest honor, and by no means poor, having an estate of more than thirty thousand doubloons ; but Albunzayde was the richest, and his riches preponderated with Zayda, and made her overlook all the superior excellencies of his rival. Evil betide riches, wanting them the worthiest, are despised like Gazul ! After six years service, Zayda could not be ignorant of his generous passion, but her love was imperfect and selfish, and deserved not the tender

name. Justly indeed is love painted naked, and thus he should ever be void of self interest, and lovers, disdainng every private consideration, should have but one soul, one will, and one unison. It is difficult to conceive that Zayda could have thus conducted herself towards Gazul, had she not been constrained by her parents, and so indeed it appears by the ballad of the tilt of canes in Gelves, when she confesses her passion for Gazul, and it may also from thence be gathered, she was to have been married against her inclination. This ballad fills up the blank in our history, as the amours of Gazul and Zayda happened in reality when Seville and Xeres belonged to the Christians. Seville was conquered by Ferdinand the third, and Xeres by Alonzo the eleventh. Zayda's parents greatly bewailed the death of their intended son in law, and Zayda ceased not to weep her loss the whole of the night, having no consolation left but in the hope that Gazul would renew his suit, and marry her. The next morning Alunzayde was interred with the greatest pomp, and his relations vowed to prosecute Gazul, even to death, in the courts of justice, not chusing to seek their revenge in combat.

When Gazul had accomplished his vow of vengeance, he rode in despair to Granada. In a few days after his arrival, a criminal suit was preferred against him, before the king, for the Moor of Seville's death; the king was extremely concerned, as he highly valued Gazul, but he could not refuse to do justice: uniting his exertions however to those of many of the noblest Cavaliers of the city, the matter was at length accommodated with the relations of the deceased, and

Gazul

Gazul was condemned to pay two thousand doubloons, and be freed from all further prosecution. At this time he cast his eyes on Lindaraxa, and began openly to pay her his addresses, on which account, Reduan and he fought the terrible battle before related, on the Vega. At Muza's instance however, Reduan dropped his suit, and Lindaraxa returned Gazul's affection, which ceased not with the death of the Abencerrages, among whom her father was slain: for her sake he left Granada, and went to St. Lucar, where the lovers freely enjoyed each others company; but at the time king Ferdinand laid siege to Granada, Gazul was sent for by his friends to be present at the treaty for the surrender of the city, and, while he was absent from Saint Lucar, some officious person related to Lindaraxa the story of his amours with Zayda, and the manner in which he slew her intended husband, hinting even that he was at the time gone to Xeres, and not to Granada, as he pretended, which greatly hurt Lindaraxa, and distracted her bosom with jealousy, that occasioned her receiving him so coolly on his return to Saint Lucar.

When Gazul discovered Lindaraxa's disposition was so changeable, he was exceedingly embarrassed, and not knowing why she rejected him, he sought the first opportunity of coming to an explanation, but she would not listen to him. At this time the tilt was held in Gelves, to which Gazul was invited: dressing himself very gallantly, as we have related, before his departure he was desirous to see her, and the interview occasioned the first of these ballads. At length an explanation took place to their mutual satisfaction, and

they were happily married in Granada, where they continued to reside. Zayda, when she found herself neglected, and heard that Gazul was married to Lindaraxa, abhorred him greatly; but it is reported, after some time she married a cousin of Gazul's, and that thus her resentment ceased.

Before we conclude our history, we shall mention the rebellion which broke out in the Alpujarras, not long after the conquest of Granada, when king Ferdinand summoning a council of his captains, addressed them in these terms:—"You know, friends, that it has pleased God to give us possession of this kingdom after many hard struggles; but fearless of our chastisement, some towns in the mountains have rebelled against our authority, and we must reduce them. Which of you is inclined to undertake the planting our royal standard again on the Alpujarras? I shall esteem it a high service, and will reward him with all possible honors.

The captains looked round on each other, none of them being over forward to accept the king's offer, as the enterprize was of the greatest difficulty. Don Alonso de Aguilar finding every one was silent, rose, and bending reverently to his majesty, exclaimed, "This enterprize I claim as mine, her majesty has already granted it." A general silence ensued, but the king was highly pleased, and ordered a thousand picked infantry, and five hundred horse, to be immediately at Don Alonso's command, considering this a sufficient force to subdue the rebels, and restore peace.

Don Alonso, accompanied by many of his friends, and a great number of gentlemen volunteers, left Granada,

nada, and began to ascend the mountains with his troops. The Moors hearing of his approach, prepared for their defence, and possessed themselves of the narrow passes to hinder his advance, and while Don Alonso was marching at the head of his troops, through a narrow defile, they attacked him with loud shouts, and rolled down huge stones and fragments of rocks upon him from the heights above, and a great slaughter ensued among his troops. The horse could not be brought to act in this situation, and as many of them were slain, they received orders to retreat. Don Alonso perceiving the destruction among his infantry, animated them to ascend the mountain; but his intrepidity availed him nothing, for the Moors continued to roll down vast rocks and stones, and destroyed the greatest part of the Christian troops. With a few soldiers only, and those mostly wounded, Don Alonso at length gained the summit of the mountains, where the fatigued Christians were so vigorously attacked by the Moors, that not one of them escaped from death. Don Alonso himself fell the last, after displaying the highest valour, and slaying above thirty Moors with his own hands. The horse, which effected their retreat, brought the news to king Ferdinand, who, with the whole court, was thrown into the greatest grief on the occasion.

Here follows a ballad which relates the history at large:

As king Ferdinand was seated
 With his lords and captains round,
 Captains brave that in Granada
 Were with glorious triumphs crown'd.

“ Is there here,” he cries, “ a hero,
“ Toil and danger never daunt,
“ Who upon the Alpujarras
“ Will again our standards plant?”

Silence reigns, and not a warrior
Dares accept the bold emprise,
Till the valiant Don Alonso
In these accents boldly cries ;

“ Mine the honor, Sire, I claim it
“ By our gracious queen’s consent,
“ To chastize the Moors rebellious
“ My keen sword is firmly bent.”

Pleasure fill’d the monarch’s bosom,
And the morning’s early ray,
Saw the great and gallant warrior
Don Alonso on his way.

By a thousand foot attended,
And five hundred horse beside,
Up the steep Nevada bending
Tow’rds the Moorish bands he hied.

When the Moors beheld the Christians
Firmly marching to the fight,
Hills and brakes entrench their squadrons,
Standing on the rocky height.

Soon

Soon the deadly fray commences
And the blood in torrents flows,
Hofts of hostile Moors affembl'd,
Hofts the Christian troops oppofe.

Ufelefs here the horfe to combat,
Down the mighty rocks defcend,
And with dreadful flughter crushing,
Heroes meet a cruel end.

Some alone, in terror flying,
To Granada back retreat,
But the foot with brave Alonfo
On a plain, half-routed, meet.

By the Moors opprefs'd and weary'd,
Few to ftand the fray remain,
And the fun by numbers vanquifh'd
Sees the valiant Christians flain.

Like a lion fights Alonfo,
Of his gallant troops bereft,
What, alas! avails his valour,
One alone to thoufands left?

Still the Moors prefs fiercely onward,
Not a moment's reft they leave,
In a thoufand places wounded,
He no more the fword can heave.

Faint with loss of blood and drooping
Down the mighty hero fell,
And his soul to God returning
Left its groffer earthly cell.

Eager still to wound his body
Many a spiteful lance is thrown,
Till to Oxicar they bear him,
To the Moors a wonder shewn.

E'en the Moorish women hasten
The fall'n hero's corse to view,
And rejoice to see him perish'd,
Whose strong arm such numbers flew.

A sad captive mourn'd to see him,
A sad Christian captive wept,
The brave warrior when an infant
At her breast she fondly kept.

“ Hark,” she cries, “ Alas! Alonso,
“ Thy sad nurse beholds thee dead!
“ Moors of these wild mountains flew thee,
“ And thy soul to heav'n is fled.”

In the three ballads on this subject, two of them nearly similar, there is this difference, that one relates the battle to have been fought in the Sierra Nevada, the other in the Sierra Bermeja; the reader may adopt which of the places he thinks fit, as it is likely ever to remain a doubt, both places being situated in the Alpujarras, though I rather incline to the latter opinion.

We

We now introduce the last ballad, and the second in this book of Doctor Percy's publishing, with the addition of the two last verses.

Gentle river, gentle river,
 Lo! thy streams are stain'd with gore,
 Many a brave and noble captain
 Floats upon thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
 All beside thy sands so bright,
 Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
 Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
 On thy fatal banks were slain,
 Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
 All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero brave Alonso
 Full of wounds and glory dy'd,
 There the fearless Urdiales
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
 Thro' the squadrons flow retires,
 Proud Seville, his native city,
 Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind a renegado

Loudly ſhouts, with taunting cry,

“ Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,

“ Doſt thou from the battle fly ?

“ Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian,

“ Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;

“ Oft I've in the liſts of glory

“ Seen thee win the prize of proof.

“ Well I know thy aged parents,

“ Well thy blooming bride I know;

“ Seven years I was thy captive,

“ Seven years of grief and woe.

“ May our prophet grant my wiſhes,

“ Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine!

“ Thou ſhalt drink that cup of forrow,

“ Which I drank when I was thine.”

Like a lion turns the warrior,

Back he ſends an angry glare;

Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,

Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,

Sent a deep and mortal wound;

Instant ſunk the renegado

Mute and lifeleſs on the ground.

With

With a thousand Moors surrounded
Bold Saavedra stands at bay,
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonso
Long resists the Paynim bands,
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Close entrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons,
Furious he repels their rage ;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles,
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

Count Urenna, badly wounded,
Slowly from the fight withdrew.
By a skilful guide conducted,
Who the rocky country knew.

But illustrious Don Alonso
Nobly won eternal fame.
Ages shall record his glory,
Ages shall revere his name.

Thus

Thus fell the noble Alonso de Aguilar, when their Catholic majesties, discovering the warlike resistance of the Moors who inhabited the mountains, did not choose to venture any more troops against them. The Moors of the mountain, however, finding themselves unable to exist independent of assistance from Granada, partly crossed over to Africa, and partly submitted to king Ferdinand, who received them with the greatest clemency. Such was the conclusion of the wars of Granada to the glory of our Lord.



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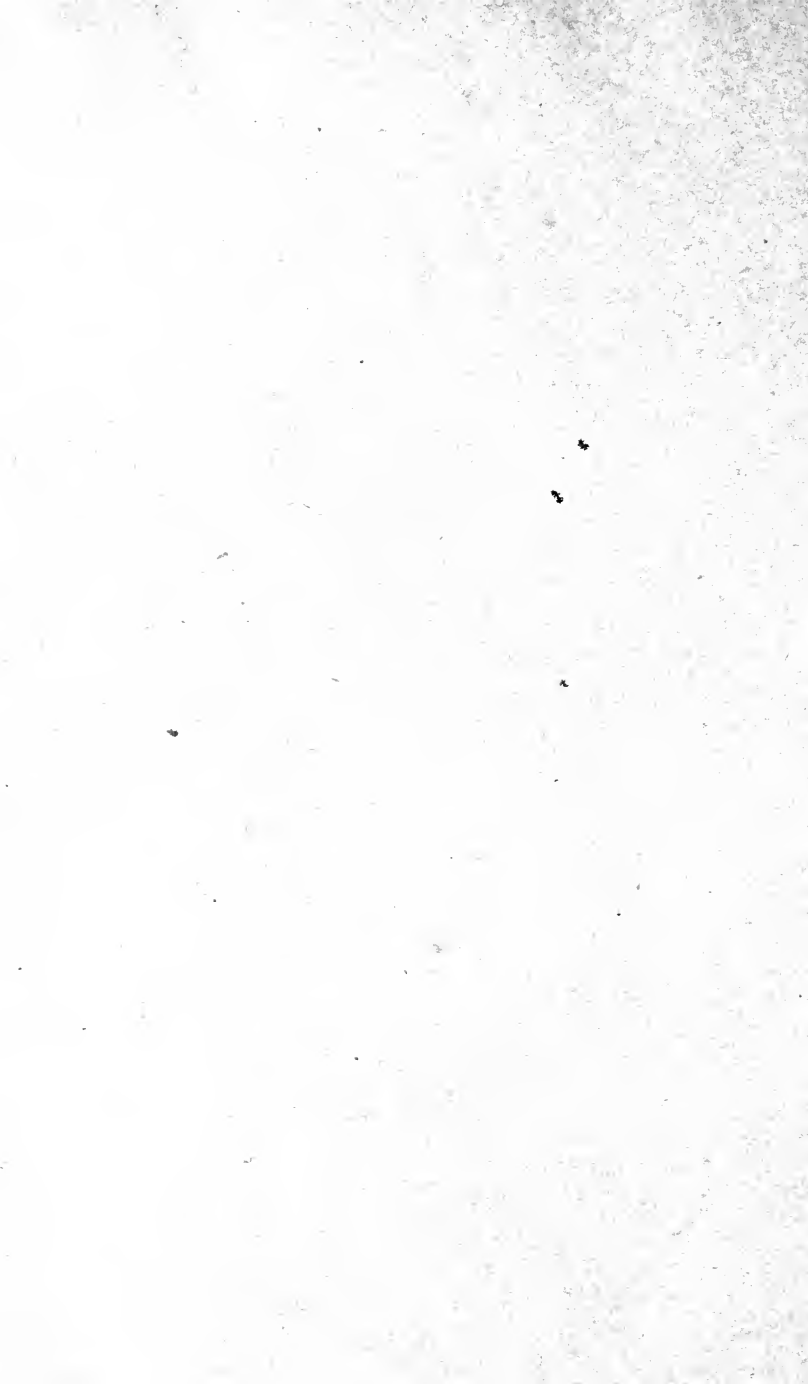
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