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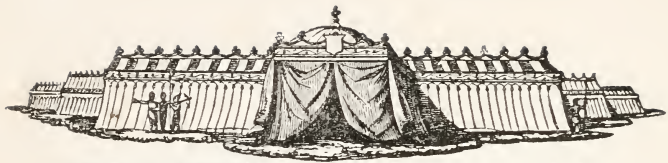


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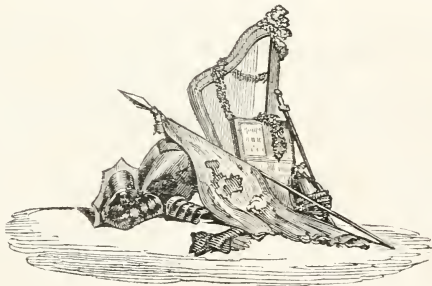






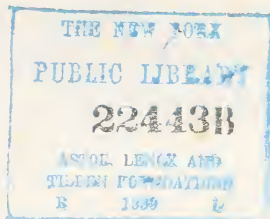


ROBERT RAMBLE'S  
STORIES  
SELECTED FROM THE  
HISTORY OF SPAIN.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following narratives are chiefly drawn from Mrs. Jamieson's Stories from Spanish History, and the historical works of Dr. Robertson. They contain much that is calculated to interest and instruct the youthful mind. A careful discrimination is made throughout between the narratives which rest on authentic historical documents, and those which are drawn from popular tradition. The intimate connexion between the history of Spain and that of the New World, in the period of discovery, adventure, and conquest, will, it is presumed, render this little volume an acceptable present for American children.



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## STORIES FROM SPANISH HISTORY.

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### 1. ANCIENT SPAIN.

SPAIN is a beautiful country in the south of Europe. In ancient times, the people of this delightful land were good-natured and hospitable, fond of splendour, and given to superstition. And that it is a lovely country, you may at once be satisfied, when I tell you, that majestic rivers and purling streams, lofty mountains and fertile valleys, enrich and variegates its four-and-twenty provinces. Here you might pull olives, oranges, apples, grapes, and figs; and travel many a mile through verdant fields, filled with herbs that scent the air with delicious fragrance. Nor would you

have to complain of the want of grain and vegetables, for these grow almost spontaneously; and gold and silver are found in the mountains. The horses are beautiful, and fleet of foot; the sheep famed for their wool, with which superfine cloths are made for coats; wolves, however, abound in the hills, and kill the sheep; and destructive little insects, called locusts, sometimes appear in such prodigious numbers that they darken the sky, as if a cloud were passing over the earth.

I told you the Spaniards were good-natured and hospitable; they are also indolent, and proud, and jealous; and if you were to ask a shepherd an hundred questions about his sheep, he would laconically answer you—"Here they were born, here they are fed, and here they will die."

Among the Spaniards are people called grandees and nobles, who live in much simplicity, except when they give entertainments; though they spend, at all times, large sums of money in rich liveries, numerous studs of mules, and domestics without number. They never put

away their servants; and so you may find children, fathers, grandfathers, and great grandfathers, to the number of three thousand, upon one estate.

Now, after this description of so fine a country, and people so inactive, need you wonder that, in ancient times, ambitious foreigners should desire to have possession of Spain? If you do, I do not. And I can tell you, in confirmation of my want of wonder at this, that several nations of antiquity invaded Spain, and treated the inhabitants very cruelly. Among these invaders were the Africans, under the command of Hannibal: and he was followed by the old Romans into Spain. The Romans were a cunning and persevering people of Italy, who, from being a mere handful of robbers, became a great nation, and conquered many countries; amongst others, Spain. And there was a place in Spain, called Saguntum, which was very much attached to the Romans; but Hannibal wanted to conquer the Saguntines. So, what does he do, but encamps before the city, with an army of fifteen thousand

men; and, after eight months' fighting and battling, this beautiful city was nearly all destroyed by fire. Almost all the Saguntines were killed.

After this, the Romans, by degrees, lost the favour of the Spaniards, and especially of one of their cities, called Numantia. Then Pompey, a Roman general, who commanded a large army, like the Duke of Wellington, in Spain, was determined to conquer the Numantians. Accordingly, he encamped before the city with all his forces; but, as he was not successful, he was recalled to Rome, and one Publius Cornelius Scipio was sent into Spain in his stead. This Scipio was a brave general, and he used to exercise his men in field-days and at grand reviews, and in real battles with the Numantians. At last, he dug a deep trench round the city, and built towers at various places along it; and along the river he placed so many Roman guards, that the poor people in the town could not get any provisions into it. Among the brave Numantians there were, however, expert divers, who, by means of their art, could furnish their

countrymen with supplies. These men used to swim under water past the Roman sentinels, and then rise like ducks, to take breath, and get provision for their countrymen. But at last, when the Numantians could hold out no longer, they made themselves tipsy with liquor, and rushed from the town, to conquer or die. Hundreds of them were slain, and the rest driven back into the city. Then they set fire to their houses, kindled a funeral pile in the market-place, into which they threw their wives and children, and finally crowned the horrid sacrifice by rushing into the blazing heap themselves.

A long while after this, and when the Roman empire was fast decaying, Spain was invaded by the Goths, a people from Scandinavia, in the north of Europe, who were very barbarous, but bold and active in war. These Goths had conquered the Romans; and one of their princes, called Adolphus, was married to the sister of the Roman emperor Honorius.

Honorius sent Adolphus into Spain, to rescue it from the dominion of other invaders, called

the Alani, the Suevi, and Vandals. A great many battles were fought, during a period of two hundred years, and many thousands of brave men killed each other to gratify the ambition of their princes. At last, one Wamba, a general, was chosen king of Spain; and, in order to keep the younger branches of the other royal family, that had been conquered, from ever coming to the throne, he caused their heads to be shaved. Any body whose head had been shaved could never, in those days, be a king. Yet Wamba himself at last got a good dose of opium one day, and, while he was asleep, they shaved his poll, so that he could not be a king any longer. I think I see him now wakening, and putting his hand up to his head, which must have felt very cold, and then flying into a great passion at those who deprived him of his crown, and compelled him to become a monk. He was a good king, however, and I dare say a better priest; for Heaven is more easily pleased with our good intentions, than mankind are with our best actions.

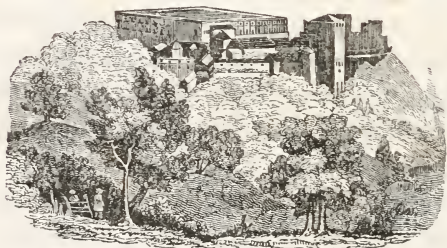


A revolution, or change, now took place in the laws of the people, and, with the revision of the laws, a new name was given to the inhabitants, who were henceforward called Spaniards.

A great many Jews had come into Spain; and the Christians wished to convert them, or make them change their religion. So they took the poor little children from the Jewish women, and taught them the duties and precepts of Christianity. This was very kind, but it was also very cruel; for though it was good to instruct the little folks in Christianity, it was hard to tear them away from the arms of their mothers, and thus destroy the natural affections of their heart.

Then the Jews, to be revenged on the Christians, carried on a long treaty with the Mahomedans, and encouraged them to come to Spain, which they said was a fine country, and they were tired of professing a faith which in their hearts they abhorred. For these wicked disbe-

lieving Jews professed to be Christians, while they were secretly using every means to get the Mahomedans engaged to murder the Christians. But they were excited to this by the treachery also of one Count Julian,—you shall read about all this in the next two stories.



The Alhambra.

## 2. THE SARACENS.

THE Mahomedans, or Saracens, were the soldiers of Mahomet; and Mahomet was an impostor, who made the people of Arabia believe that he was a prophet appointed by Heaven to instruct men in religion. Now here he was wrong; for the Bible contains the true religion, and Jesus Christ the only Saviour between God and man; therefore Mahomet was a false prophet. He had been clerk to a merchant; his master died; he married the widow, and came into the business. Then he went away to a desert place for a long time, in a fit of enthusiasm, and returned afterwards, pretending he had received a new Bible from an angel. So he commenced preacher; and a great many people liking his doctrine, he formed them into regiments, and put all to the sword who would not believe; or, if he did not do that, he made them pay a great deal of money for being al-

lowed to worship God as Christians or Jews. Do you think Mahomet could be a good man, when he did these wicked things, and kept three wives, and allowed all his followers to have as many wives as they liked?

The successors of Mahomet were called the Commanders of the Faithful. They were very enterprising soldiers, and conquered Africa. Then they sent some of their troops, who were now called Moors, and a good general, into Spain, to make converts by force rather than by persuasion. This general was called Tarik; and, upon his first landing, a poor woman approached him, fell at his feet, and embraced them, telling him at the same time, that Spain was destined to be conquered by a stranger, having a mole on his right shoulder, and having one arm shorter than the other. Tarik had a mole on his right shoulder, and one arm shorter than the other: and he used to put his soldiers in mind of the old woman's prophecy when they became dispirited. There was one Roderick, then king of Spain, and he affected to despise





this invasion ; but he was soon convinced of his folly. One of his kinsmen, who had been sent, with some select troops, to make head against the enemy, fled, and, returning to the monarch, revealed the magnitude of his danger. The royal standard was unfurled,—the Gothic king started from his throne, clenched his spear, and summoned his nobles to attend him to the field. An hundred thousand men assembled: the Moors were not twenty thousand men in all. Both armies met near Seville, and fought for three successive days. Roderick was, on the fourth day, reclining on a car of ivory, drawn by two stout white mules, his head encircled by a diadem of pearls, and his shoulders encumbered by a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery. Roderick's army was beaten, (*see the engraving on the opposite page,*) and he then mounted Orelia, the fleetest of his horses, and fled, and was never heard of more ; but his horse, poor animal ! and trappings, with the saddle, richly adorned with gold and emeralds, and his royal robe and belt, ornamented with gold, and gar-

nished with pearls, were found on the banks of the river Guadalquivir. Thus perished Roderick, the last of the Goths, about whom you shall read more in the next story.

The Moorish general, whose name was Musa, having been accused of dangerous and ambitious intentions, was summoned to Damascus, the capital of the Mahomedan empire, to answer the several charges preferred against him. But he refused to obey; and a messenger, in the name of the Commander of the Faithful, arrested him in his camp, and conveyed him to Damascus. His march was a triumph, for 400 Gothic nobles, 18,000 female slaves, and an immense quantity of gold and silver, preceded him, and attracted the admiring gaze of the inhabitants of all those countries through which he passed. While at Damascus, his son's head was sent to him, and being inhumanly asked if he knew it by the features?—"Yes," replied the unfortunate old man, "I know those features, and I imprecate the same, a juster fate, on the authors of my son's death."



Spain was now conquered by the victorious Saracens, or Moors.

A part of the old Spaniards and their families, who did not like to submit to the Moors, fled to the northern provinces, and erected a kingdom, called Asturias : their king was named Pelagius, and they were Christians.

The Moors were very successful ; and Abdoulrachman, the viceroy of the caliph Acham, threatened the total extinction of Christianity. He invaded France, and had a battle with Charles Martel, near Tours ; but his large army was defeated. Charles was called Martel, from the weighty strokes which he gave with his battle-axe or mallet.

Many battles were fought between the Christians and the Moors in Spain ; and the Prince of Navarre nobly defended his kingdom against the attacks of the Saracens. But I must here tell you something of the origin of the kingdom of Navarre.

When the Christians fled before the all-conquering Saracens, there was among them a holy

man, who had lived an exemplary and pious life, and who, by his wise counsels, had greatly contributed to the peace and harmony of his persecuted brethren. But man is mortal, and all must die. This hermit died, and his funeral was attended by all the Christians far and near. They felt his loss, for he was like a father among them; he used to settle their differences, when any disagreement happened between families; and whatever he advised they cheerfully did. Now this is exactly what a good king does; he is a father to his people. The people of Navarre, accordingly, finding how necessary it was to have some wise man at their head, on the death of the hermit, chose one Garcias Ximenes, to administer justice, and be their king. The hermit's cell was replaced by the royal palace.

There was another Moorish king, called Abdoulrachman III., who wanted to conquer Navarre. This Abdoulrachman was king of Andalusia, and lived at Cordova. In its immediate neighbourhood he built a most superb palace, called Zehra. The most skilful architects de-

signed it ; it was adorned in the most splendid style that can be imagined ; it contained a thousand columns of marble, of the most exquisite workmanship ; the roof was enriched with massy gold ; from the centre of the hall hung a pearl of immense value : in the gardens was a beautiful pavilion of white marble, the floor formed of plates of massy gold, inlaid with precious stones. In the middle of a lovely verdant lawn there stood a superb basin, of alabaster marble, which, to dazzle the eyes of the beholder, was filled with quicksilver instead of water. Yet the owner of this splendid and magnificent palace, surrounded by wealth, power, and fame, passed but fourteen days of his long life that he could pronounce really agreeable and perfectly happy.

When Abdoulrachman was dead, there arose a famous general among the Moors, called Almanzor the defender, who carried dismay throughout Spain : and the Christian princes joined together their forces to conquer Almanzor. Accordingly, they met on the plains of Osma, and fought till Almanzor's large and gallant army

was entirely defeated, and himself slain. You may judge how eager they were for the fight, when you learn that the Christians did not know, till next morning, that they had gained the victory; but then it was plain, for the Moors had fled from their camp, and left all their baggage behind them.

The Christians were, for a long time, overjoyed at their good fortune, and resolved to overturn the kingdom of Toledo, which had belonged to the Moors upwards of three hundred years. Toledo was a famous place for making swords, but it is more renowned for the daring acts of valour performed before its walls. There the rival knights of France, and Spain, and Italy, contended for the palm of victory, and many a gallant warrior fell, to rise no more.

Among the most conspicuous was Roderick Dias, called the *Cid Campeador*, or Lord of the Fields, of whom I shall tell you a long story by and bye. With his own private forces, he is said to have overthrown five Moorish kings, and compelled them to pay him tribute. The

Cid was the champion of his country's independence. The country round Toledo having been completely laid waste, the poor Moors were perishing of hunger before they surrendered.

Various was the success of the Moors, till the three kings of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre, joined their forces, to fight and conquer Mahommed el Nesir. The Moors were strongly encamped, and, in front of the emperor's tent, the bravest of his troops were placed. They were protected by strong iron chains, which, for a length of time, resisted the united efforts of the Spanish cavalry and infantry, who bore down with impetuosity against them. Indeed, the contest was so severe, and the efforts of the Christians king so fruitless, that Alphonso, king of Castile, began to relinquish all hopes of success. Animated by despair, he was on the point of rushing alone against the host of foes who opposed him, when he was prevented by the archbishop Roderick.

The Christians, encouraged by the daring valour of their king, renewed their endeavours,

and at length penetrated even to the tents of the Africans. Mahommed fled; and his swarming hosts, which almost covered the land, were nearly extirpated from its surface. The tent of the Moorish monarch, which was composed of crimson silk, was, by Alphonso's particular desire, given to the King of Arragon. Honour and success were the only rewards he coveted, and, having obtained these, his great soul left the more perishable spoils untouched.

After this, the kings of Castile and Navarre resolved once more to attack their common enemy, the Moors. Their joint forces marched, accordingly, to Cordova; and the environs of that beautiful city were covered with the Christian tents. The inhabitants, though pressed by famine within, and surrounded by enemies without, still bravely contended for independence. The Christian army had plenty of provisions; and Cordova at last surrendered. (*See the engraving on the opposite page.*) Then the standard of the cross was placed on the principal mosque, which was immediately consecrated,







and the father Lopez, a monk of Tetero, was appointed the first bishop.

The grand mosque of Cordova surpassed in splendour all the mosques of the East: it was six hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifty feet in breadth, and the roof was supported by one thousand and eighty-three columns of marble. The entrances were by twenty-four gates of bronze, fashioned with the most admirable workmanship; and the principal of these was covered with plates of gold. The top of the dome, which surmounted this magnificent edifice, was decorated with three golden balls, out of which appeared to shoot three exquisite pomegranates and fleurs de luce, of the same rich material. And, to add to the glories of this costly house of prayer, it was, during the night, illuminated by four thousand and seven hundred lamps, which annually consumed nearly twenty thousand pounds of oil; and sixty pounds of the wood of aloes, with the same quantity of ambergris, were used every year for perfumes. But Cordova was the mart of industry, and the

school of politeness, where genius and art were fostered by the munificence of its caliphs.

The fall of Cordova caused the greatest consternation among the Moors; for it was a splendid city, as you may remember, from the description you have read of the palace of Zehra; and they considered its capture as the prelude to more extensive losses. Nor were they mistaken in this; for, some time after, they lost Seville, one of the most opulent cities they possessed in all Spain. In the plains which surrounded it were an hundred thousand cottages and oil-mills, groves of citron and orange-trees, fields of corn, and luxuriant woodlands. The Christian camp resembled a fair; all kinds of provisions were sold in it, in regular rows of shops; and all manner of trades were carried on, as if it had been a town. Seville, after six months' siege, fell into the power of the Christians.

A long time after this, a very large army of Moors came over from Africa to Spain, and the Christian king fought them with his soldiers on

the banks of the river Salsado. The Moors were beaten, and the king of Spain, from among the spoils, sent one hundred Arabian horses to Pope Clement the Sixth, having a buckler and a scimitar hanging from the pommel of every saddle; twenty-four colours, the royal standard, and the very horse upon which Abn Hassan, the Moorish king, rode.

Now I dare say you have wondered how the Christians could be so anxious to kill all the Moors: and I am sure you will wonder the more at this, when I tell you that the Moors introduced into Spain the arts of poetry and music, and the sciences of geometry, astronomy, and medicine. They were the best architects and masons, and they cultivated the ground better than any farmers in those days. Their amusements were various, but partook mostly of the military genius, for they had tilts and tournaments; nor did the Christian knights refuse to break a lance at those festive scenes with the unbelieving Mussulmans. They dressed always very splendidly, and their horses were capari-

soned in the richest saddles and bridles, and cloths of gold and velvet.

But the Moors were mortal enemies of the Christians, who knew that, if they did not drive them entirely out of Spain, they would themselves be extirpated; for, if all the Saracens could be brought from Africa and India into Spain, the Christians would certainly be vanquished for ever. But you shall know more of the Moors by and bye.



Gibraltar.

### 3. RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

I HAVE already told you something about Roderick, the last of the Goths. I will now tell you a story about him, which is partly true, and partly romance. But I will not deceive you, by jumbling them together. In addition to what you already know of Roderick, I will here repeat some more truths, which you may find, when you grow a few years older, related in the history of Spain. And I will then mention some of the fables which the times of ignorance invented about Roderick. Thus you will learn to know what is history from what is romance.

About the year 701, there was a Gothic king of Spain, called Witiza: now this king was a great hypocrite; for, while his father, Egiza, lived, he pretended to be very virtuous, but, when he came to the throne, he showed a most cruel disposition: after putting out the eyes of

Theodofrid, a nobleman, he caused him to be murdered in prison ; and, soon afterwards, he killed the brother of this poor man, with a stroke of his club. Theodofrid had a son, called Roderick, who was so angry and so enraged at the cruel death of his father and uncle, that he made war against Witiza ; and the people were so tired of being governed by the hard-hearted Witiza, that they made the young Roderick king in his stead.

Roderick at first conducted himself very well ; but, after some little time, he fell into all sorts of wickedness ; and his nobles were very indignant with him for his conduct. Now you must listen attentively, while I tell you what followed. Witiza had left two sons, and one brother, called Orpas, who was archbishop of Toledo and Seville ; and these princes secretly incensed the public opinion, by all sorts of stories, against him. There was indeed no cause for making any, for I am sorry to say that Roderick was a very wicked man.

Count Julian, whom he had greatly injured,

had the command of a great many soldiers in Africa, and he joined with the Jews in inviting the Moors, or Saracens, to come into Spain, and conquer it. This was very wrong; for the gratification of revenge is sure to bring with it its own punishment; and so Count Julian found. Besides, think how wicked it was, to invite an enemy into his own country, and thus become a traitor! Think of the number of lives he sacrificed;—think of the misery he caused to thousands of his fellow-creatures; and his beautiful country all laid waste by fire, and the cities destroyed or pillaged, and the inhabitants cruelly slain, in protecting their wives and children! What does the man deserve, who could, for the sake of being revenged, bring such miseries on his countrymen?—But to go on with my story.

When Roderick heard that Count Julian had become traitor, he was very angry; but he was so surrounded by pomp and pleasure, that he appears to have paid no attention to the reports, which were on all sides repeated, of the

arrival of the Saracens; till, at length, he was told that his bravest generals had been defeated. He now resolved, when it was too late, to go and fight them himself: but, by this time, the Moors had advanced as far as Xeres, or Seville, which is situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir; and there Roderick engaged them. For three successive days the battle lasted, and the Christians had the advantage over the Mahomedan Moors; but, just at the time when Roderick thought he was sure of victory, the two sons of Witiza, and their uncle Orpas, joined Musa, the Moorish general. Roderick now gave himself up to despair; and, quitting his beautiful car of ivory, and throwing aside his royal robes, he fled, as I have told you, upon Orelia, one of his swiftest horses, and was never heard of more. His horse was found on the banks of the river; but the body of Roderick was never found, although all historians suppose he was drowned in this very river.

Now for the romance part I promised you. Many tales are told of this king, which, no



doubt, arose from some trifling circumstance, that the ignorance of those times magnified into such marvellous stories, that they are like fairy stories. I will tell you two of them; but I tell them you, that, if you should ever hear of them, you *may not believe* them.

There was a house at Toledo, called the enchanted house. Now you know that the very beginning is like a fairy story. Well, soon after Roderick came to the throne, the great people of Toledo came to him, and requested he would, like all his predecessors, come and affix his seal to the doors of this marvellous house. Then Roderick asked why he was to put his seals upon the doors? and the keepers of the house gave him the following account of the building of this enchanted house:—You have heard of Hercules, perhaps? Well, then, this Hercules is said to have conquered Spain, and to have built, among other curious places, this very house. “There are,” said one of the keepers, “four lions of metal under the foundation of the house: these lions are so large, that a man on

horseback on one side of the lions cannot see one which is on the other side." Now that is a lion fit to grace the halls of any enchanted castle in the world. The house is round, and rests solely upon these lions, as a foundation. The outside walls are composed of small stones, of different colours, but all so curiously joined, that they have the appearance of being one single piece, beautifully variegated with all sorts of colours. These walls were, in fact, adorned with pictures, representing battles, not painted, but formed of beautiful Mosaic work. Hercules left a command, that no one should ever open this house, to learn what was within it. But Roderick's curiosity was roused, and he resolved on opening the doors, instead of affixing another seal upon them. So he called all his bravest knights, and went to the house; and, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his nobles and knights, he commanded that the doors should be unlocked. This was no expeditious affair, for the locks were extremely numerous; but, at length, they were all undone, and the king

pushed the door open, and, attended by such of his companions as chose to accompany him, he entered an immense square hall, at the further end of which there was a superb bed. When they approached this bed, they discovered upon it the statue of an immense man, *armed at all points*, and one arm was stretched out, the hand of which contained a written scroll. And the king took this scroll from the statue, and read it; and it contained the following words: "Audacious one, thou who shalt read this writing, mark well what thou art, and how great evil, through thee, shall come to pass: for, even as Spain was peopled and conquered by me, so, by thee, it shall be depopulated and lost." The scroll went on, by saying, that the figure was once "Hercules the Strong;" and this very expression is a proof that it is all a fable; for, if it had been the statue of Hercules, he would have been wrapped in a lion's skin; for, in the time of Hercules, there was no armour, and yet this figure is said to have been "armed at all points." You see how necessary

it is, when people write stories, that they should know well what they are about. But to proceed with this wonderful adventure of Roderick.

After he had viewed this apartment for some time, he entered another, the four sides of which were of different colours, white, red, green, and black, all bright and lucid, and the apartment was illumined by many windows. This apartment contained nothing but a small pillar, about the height of a man, and there was a little door in the one side of it, over which there was an inscription, saying, that Hercules made this house in the year of Adam 306. Now that must have been before the Flood! another reason to prove the story a fable.

The king now opened the door, and then they saw a niche made in the pillar, which contained a coffer of silver, beautifully wrought and gilded, and set with precious stones. The lock was of mother-of-pearl, and there was engraven upon it, in Greek letters, an inscription, importing, that the king, in whose time this casket should be opened, should see wonders before his death.

The king's curiosity increased every moment, and, with a daring hand, he broke the lock, and all he found within the casket was a piece of linen, folded between two pieces of copper. When this linen was opened, it exhibited to the astonished spectators a picture, of a people wearing turbans, and holding banners in their hands, with their swords slung round their necks, and their bows behind them, as the saddle-bow.

Terror struck the king and his companions as they gazed, for in such a garb were the Moors arrayed, who were, at this very time, on the point of invading Spain. Over these figures was the following writing:—

“When this cloth shall be opened, and these figures seen, men, apparelled like them, shall conquer Spain, and be lords thereof.”

But the most marvellous part of the story is to come; for the king had no sooner left the house, and re-locked the doors, than an eagle was seen to fall from the sky, with a flaming brand in his beak, which it deposited on the house-top, and, fanning the flame with its wings,

it soon set fire to the enchanted building, and totally consumed it.

Thus ended the adventure of Roderick and the enchanted castle.

The next story of Roderick is this.—In place of closing his life with the fact of finding his horse Orelia on the banks of the Guadaleta, romance drags it out many a year, in marvellous deeds of penitence, and in aiding the prince Pelago, or Pelagius, in founding the kingdom Asturias. But what legend or fable relates is this:—Roderick, dressed in a peasant's garment, stole from the field of battle, like a thief, and fled all night, the sound of battle ringing in his ears, and sights of death before his eyes. Then, overcome by fatigue, he threw himself on the bare ground, and fell asleep; but his dreams were terrific; and, when the morning came, the realities of light and day brought no comfort. Wherever he went, the tidings of his defeat had gone before him. And he met old men, with feeble feet, leaving their defenceless homes, to seek for shelter in places that were fortified

with walls and battlements; and tottering babes, and widows, with their infants in their arms, hurried along. All, whom the sword had spared, filled the public way, in multitudes greater than were wont to grace a royal festival or a sacred pageant. The cripple plied his crutches; the mother fled, with her child of yesterday; and bed-ridden infirmity alone was left behind.

Poor Roderick turned aside, unable to endure this burden of the general woe. And, unknowing where he went, he hastened through the wild all that day; nor, when evening came, did he slacken his pace; but, for seven days, from morn to evening, he travelled with unslackened speed. In all his journey, he found the forests and the olive groves forsaken by the husbandmen; the dogs and foxes fed on the vintage, and the vines gave Roderick food also. On the eighth day, he came to a monastery, near Merida; but no vesper-bell tolled the hour of prayer. All the Monks had fled, in terror of the Moors, except one old man, who, because he had been brought up there from his boyish days, would

not leave the sacred spot, but waited before the altar, to lay down his life as a martyr to the vengeance of the merciless misbelievers.

This man's name was Romano, the legend says; and he received Roderick very kindly. Then the poor fallen king told Romano that he was Roderick, the Goth. All that night Romano prayed for Roderick, and, next day, they set out to avoid the Moors. Many a mile they journeyed, for three weeks. On the fourth week, they came to the sea-shore of Portugal. But I must tell you, also, that, when they fled, the monk and Roderick carried with them a venerable image of the Virgin Mary, and two relics, which had long been kept in an ivory coffer. Roderick carried the image, and Romano the coffer; and, for twenty and six days, the two companions travelled without touching at any inhabited place: and, after enduring many difficulties, in crossing mountains and fording rivers, they had sight of the ocean.

7 Here, between two great rocks which project out into the sea, they found a little cave, made



naturally in the cliff, and here they formed a hermitage, and lived many a year like brothers. At length, the monk died, and so did Roderick; for a Latin inscription was afterwards discovered in that cave, which said, *Here rests Roderick, the last king of the Goths.*

But, after all, Roderick was not the last of the Goths; for Pelagius, who is the ancient head of the kings of Spain, till the accession of the house of Bourbon to the throne of the country, was a Gothic prince, and cousin to Roderick: and all his people who were in Asturias, and those who founded the kingdom of Navarre, were either Visigoths, or mixed people, who reckoned among their numbers very few of the old Spaniards.

I will conclude this story by observing to you, that there have been several instances of princes whose death could never be ascertained with certainty at the period when history fixes it, any more than Roderick's. Thus James IV., of Scotland, is said to have perished at Flodden Field, but that is not certain. And there

was one Sebastian, a king of Portugal, who is reported to have been killed on the coast of Africa, in an attempt to replace on the throne one Muley Mahomet, who had been dethroned by Muley Moluc. Now, twenty years after this battle, a person appeared at Venice, calling himself Sebastian. Sebastian was known to have several wounds in particular parts of his body, and the person who appeared at Venice had twenty-five wounds on his body, and some of these corresponded exactly with those known to have been received by the real Sebastian. He was even recognised by a few of the Portuguese nobility. He revealed secrets which could only be known to the king; and, in fact, so clearly proved himself to be the man whose name he assumed, that the senate of Venice dared not to pronounce him an impostor. He afterwards retired to Florence, but was given up to the Duke of Lemos, who conveyed him to Spain, where he was tortured, to make him confess that he was an impostor, but all in vain. And, after every indignity had been heaped upon

him, he was shut up in a castle of Castile, and never heard of more. And this man was thus treated by Philip II., so late as the year 1557.

I could tell you a story as curious about one Demetrius, of Russia, who was in the same plight with Sebastian; but I have said enough, for we are relating Spanish, not Russian, stories for your amusement.



Seville.

#### 4. THE CID CAMPEADOR.

I HAVE already told you how brave a man Rodrigo of Bivar, the Cid, was. I will now tell you in history. Cid is an Arabic word, and means *lord*; Cid Campeador, lord of the fields; and he was so named from his love of the field of honour.

The Cid's father, Don Laynez, lived in Burgos, and once received a blow from the Count Don Gomez. Don Laynez was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance; and he retired to his home, to dwell there in solitude, and lament over his dishonour. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night, nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence, as if the breath of his shame would taint them. Rodrigo was yet but a youth; and the Count

was a mighty man in arms, one that gave his voice first at the Cortes, and was held to be the best in the war, and so powerful, that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Howbeit, all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo, when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice of heaven, and of man a fair field; and his father, seeing how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. The sword had been the sword of Mudarra in former times; and, when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's. And he went out and defied the count, and slew him, and smote off his head, and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and, pointing to the head, which hung to the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade his father look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite: the

tongue, quoth he, which insulted you, is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wronged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose, and embraced his son, and placed him at the table, saying, that he who had brought home that head, should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.

Then the daughter of Don Gomez went to the king, and told him, that Rodrigo had slain her father; and she prayed the king to command him to make atonement, by taking her to wife, for God's service, and that she might be enabled to grant him her hearty pardon. The king commanded Rodrigo to obey. Rodrigo begged it might be deferred one year. The damsel then insisted that he should fight a champion, whom she should choose. The king had no objection to this, but made it a condition that she should marry the conqueror. These were hard terms, but she agreed to comply with them. Rodrigo was the victor; and you may guess what followed.

Some time after this, the king of Castile died,

leaving three sons and one daughter. The Cid owed allegiance to the eldest son, Don Sancho. This one compelled his next brother to become a monk, and he shut the youngest up in prison. Then he marched for Zamora, a city which had been given, by their father, to his sister Urraca. One of the people of Zamora pretended to desert to Sancho; but he was an assassin, and killed the king, and fled back into Zamora. It was resolved, in the camp of the deceased monarch, that the town of Zamora should be impeached, for the treason committed, and for having received the traitor within her gates after the perpetration of the murder. The task of denouncing it devolved upon Diego Ordonez, a right good and noble warrior; for the Cid, who might otherwise have been expected to be foremost in the revenge of his master's death, had uniformly refused to bear arms against Donna Urraca, because they had been brought up together, and he remembered 'the days that were past.' Diego Ordonez came before the walls fully armed; and, having summoned to the bat-

lements Arias Gonzalo, who commanded the city for Urraca, he pronounced this celebrated impeachment, in the following words :

“The Castilians have lost their lord; the traitor Vellido slew him, being his vassal; and ye of Zamora have received Vellido, and harboured him within your walls. Now, therefore, I say that he is a traitor who hath a traitor with him, if he knoweth and consenteth unto the treason. And for this I impeach the people of Zamora, the great as well as the little, the living and the dead, they who now are, and they who are yet unborn; and I impeach the waters which they drink, and the garments which they put on; their bread and their wine, and the very stones in their walls. If there be any one in Zamora to gainsay what I have said, I will do battle with him, and, with God’s pleasure, conquer him; so that the infamy shall remain with you.”

In answer to this defiance, Gonzalo informed the champion, with great composure, that perhaps he was not aware of the law of arms in



the case of impeachment of a council, which provided that the accuser should contend, not with one only, but with five champions of the community successively; and his accusation was only held true, if he retired victorious from this unequal conquest. Ordonez, though somewhat disconcerted at this point of military law, which was confirmed by twelve alcaldes, chosen on each side, was under the necessity of maintaining his impeachment. Gonzalo, on the other hand, having first ascertained that none of the people of Zamora had been privy to the treason, very nobly resolved, that he and his four sons would fight in their behalf. With difficulty, he was prevailed upon, by the tears and entreaties of Urraca, to let his sons first try their fortune. One of them entered the lists, after his father had armed, instructed, and blessed him. The youth was slain in the conflict; and the victor calls aloud, "Don Ariás, send me another son, for this one will never fulfil your bidding." He then retired from the lists, to change his horse and arms, and to refresh him-

self with three sops of bread and a draught of wine, agreeably to the rules of combat. The second son of Gonzalo entered the lists, and was also slain. Ordonez then laid his hand on the bar, and exclaimed, "Send me another son, Don Arias, for I have conquered two, thanks be to God!" Rodrigo Arias, the eldest and strongest of the brethren, then encountered the challenger, and, in the exchange of two desperate blows, he received a mortal wound; while, at the same time, the horse of Ordonez, also wounded, ran out of the lists with his rider. This was a nice point of the *duello*; for, on the one hand, the challenger had combated and vanquished his enemy; on the other, he had himself, however involuntarily, been forced out of the lists, which was such a mark of absolute defeat, that even death was not held so strong. Thus Don Arias, at the expense of the lives of his three gallant sons, delivered from impeachment the people of Zamora, born and unborn, living and dead, past, present, and to come; together with their waters, their food, their gar-

ments, and the stones of their battlements. It would have been, no doubt, as easy, and rather more natural, to have delivered up the murderer, whose act both parties agreed in condemning; but it is the least fantastical part of the story, that he was suffered to elude all punishment, excepting that the history of the Cid assures us he could not escape it in hell, "where he is tormented with Dathan and Abiram, and with Judas, the traitor, for ever and ever."

Now, while this curious and melancholy affair was going on at Zamora, Alfonso, brother of Sancho, received intelligence of his brother's death, and he resolved on returning to Castile. So he very wisely told the Moorish monarch, Alimoyon, his intentions, and the Moorish king behaved very graciously to Alfonso, and permitted him to depart, telling him, at the same time, that, had he attempted to quit Toledo without his permission, he should have made him prisoner. It is always best, you know very well, to be fair and open in your conduct. Every body likes to be treated candidly and openly,

and the present instance is a proof of it; for, if Alfonso had been killed in making his escape privately, the Moorish king would have said, that his flight implied treachery and ingratitude, and that therefore he deserved to be punished.

When Alfonso arrived in Castile, the Cid, and many of the nobles, suspected him of having been privy to Don Sancho's murder; and he was obliged, with twelve of his nobles, to take an oath that he was innocent. And the Cid delivered the oath to the king Alfonso three distinct times, and the king changed colour, and was much displeased with the Cid, for the zeal and eagerness which he displayed upon this occasion; and, shortly after, he pretended that the Cid had made some incursions upon the peaceable Moors of Toledo; and, upon this frivolous pretence, he banished him. Now, if any thing could make one suspect the guilt of Alfonso, it would be this very circumstance; for guilt is always fearful, cowardly, and revengeful. If he were innocent, it did not signify how often he

took an oath in proof of it; if guilty, the fault rested with him, not with the Cid.

The Cid submitted patiently to this unjust sentence; and, as he was leaving the city, he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw the hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he prayed to God to assist him in conquering the Moors, who were the enemies of his country, that he might be able to provide for his family, and those friends who chose to follow him.

The king had given orders that no one should open his door to him in Burgos; and silent and sad he passed through the streets of the city; and, as he could find no friendship from man, he turned to the house of God, where he offered up his devotions, and then pitched his tents in the vicinity of the city. His silent and uncomplaining resignation under his present undeserved misfortune, is an example to us all; for we are too apt to complain and murmur under

those afflictions and punishments which are the just rewards of misdoings.

But I must tell you another anecdote of him, with which I am sure you will be pleased. When he left Burgos, he was greatly distressed for money, and his wife Ximena immediately began to take off her ornaments; among the rest, a beautiful garland, composed of precious stones, which had been given her by a Moorish king. Her two little daughters wept at seeing her deprived of her garland, supposing she would lament the loss as bitterly as they did. Their grief, at what they considered a distressing privation to their mother, affected the Cid, as it implied all that love which children should feel for their parents; and he desired the lady Ximena would keep her jewels. The children, delighted, clapped their little hands with joy, and then, climbing up his knees, kissed his cheek, and stroked his beard.

The Cid was, however, rather at a loss how to raise the money: at last, he sent for two Jews, and, showing them two red leather chests,

highly gilt, which were in fact filled with stones, he told them he wanted six hundred marks, and that these trunks contained all his treasure. The Jews believed him; and, moreover, they promised not to open the trunks for one whole year, so great was their opinion of his honour. Now, do not judge the Cid precipitately, but wait the event. Before the twelvemonth was expired, the Cid had acquired much wealth in the Moorish wars; and, like an honourable knight of the olden time, he sent a trusty servant to redeem the chests. The Jews were now anxious to know their contents, and asked the servant what they contained. The man was puzzled what to say, for he had been at the filling of them. So he put his wits to work; and, after many hums and haws, he said, pettishly, "The richest treasure in all the world—the Cid Campeador's honour." The Cid was charmed with this answer of his servant; and all the people held it as the wisest thing that had been said for many ages: and there was

not a place in all Burgos where they did not talk of the gentleness and loyalty of the Cid.

The Cid, thus furnished with munition and money, set forth against the Moors, (*see the Frontispiece*,) whom he beat in many battles, especially when he made himself master of the fair city of Valencia. The Moors had assembled round it in great numbers; but he did not mind this; for he led his wife and daughters up to the top of one of the turrets, and showed them all the Saracen army; and, when their hearts began to fail them, he cheered their sinking spirits with an exclamation—"The more Moors, the more gain!" Whereupon he sallied out, and utterly discomfited the enemy, making such mortality, that the blood ran from his wrist to the elbow.

He re-entered the town at the head of his knights, without his helmet; for, out of compliment to the ladies, he rode home bareheaded, and his wrinkled brow might be seen all covered with dust. In one hand he held his Arabian charger, in the other his sword; a page carried



his helmet: and great was the joy of Donna Ximena and her daughters, who were awaiting him, when they saw him riding in: and he stopped when he came to them, and said, "Great honour have I won for you, while you kept Valencia this day! God and the saints have sent us goodly gain upon your coming. Look! with a bloody sword, and a horse all sweat,—this is the way that we conquer the Moors."

The fame of the Cid's wealth soon brought suitors for his daughters: among these were Diego and Ferrando Gonzoles, two princes of Carrion, brothers, of high rank and great ancestry. And the Cid, at the request of King Alfonso, consented that his daughters should marry those noblemen. Accordingly, the Cid received them, with all honour, in Valencia, and bestowed on them many rich gifts, and especially his two choice swords, Colada and Tizona. But the infantes had no taste for killing Moors, which was the principal amusement at the court of the Campeador; and, although the Cid prudently disguised his knowledge of their coward-

ice, he could not save them from the derision of his military retainers. An unfortunate accident brought matters to a crisis. The Cid, it seems, kept a tame lion, which, one day, finding its den unbarred, walked into the hall of the palace, where the banquet was just ended. The lion had happily dined likewise; so he paced coolly towards the head of the table, where the Cid was asleep in his chair. His captains and knights crowded around him, for his defence; but his sons-in-law, believing that "there was not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion living," threw themselves, the one behind the Campeador's chair, the other into a wine-press, where he fell into the lees, and defiled himself. The Cid, awaking as the lion was close upon him, held up his hand, and said, "How's this?" and the lion standing still at his voice, he arose, and, taking him by the mane, led him back to his den, like a tame mastiff. But the infantes of Carrion, reading their disgrace in the ill-suppressed laughter of the attendants, adopted a suspicion that this strange scene had been con-

trived on purpose to put them to shame, and formed a cowardly scheme of revenge.

For this purpose, they craved the Cid's permission to return to their own country of Carrion, which he readily granted. On the road, they led their wives into a forest, where they stripped them, beat them with the girths of their horses, mangled them with their spurs, and left them for dead upon the spot. Here they were found, and brought back to Valencia; and the Cid, incensed at this deadly affront, demanded justice before the king and the cortes of Castile. The investigation was conducted with great form and solemnity. The Cid sent to the place of meeting an ivory throne, which he had won at Valencia, a right noble seat, and of subtle work, which gave rise to much invidious discussion among the Castilian nobles, until Alfonso decided that the Cid should occupy the ivory seat which he had won, like a good knight. He then shaped his demand of satisfaction from the infantes of Carrion into three counts. In the first place, he demanded restitution of the

two good swords, Colada and Tizona, which, being implements they had no great occasion for, were readily resigned. His second demand was for the treasures which he had bestowed on them with his daughters. The infantes, who had quarrelled with their wives, but not with their portions, resisted this strenuously, but were obliged to comply, by the sentence of the cortes, or parliament. This account being cleared with no small difficulty, the Cid, a third time, demanded justice; and, stating the injuries done to his daughters, insisted on personal satisfaction from the infantes. This was the hardest chapter of all: the infantes could only allege that they had unwarily married beneath their rank.

Then Count Don Garcia rose, and said, ‘Come away, infantes, and let us leave the Cid, sitting, like a bridegroom, in his ivory chair; he lets his beard grow, and thinks to frighten us with it!’ The Campeador put up his hand to his beard, and said, ‘What hast thou to do with my beard, count? Thanks be to God, it

is long, because it hath been kept for my pleasure; never son of woman hath taken me by it; never son of Moor or of Christian hath plucked it, as I did yours, in your castle of Cabra, count, when I took your castle of Cabra, and took you by your beard: there was not a boy of the host but had his pull at it. What I plucked then is not yet, methinks, grown even!

After a very stormy altercation, it is at last settled, that the infantes of Carrion, together with their uncle and abettor, should do battle against three of the Cid's knights. The infantes were defeated, and declared guilty of treason.

The Cid takes leave of the king, and returns to Valencia, where he bestows his daughters on the infantes of Arragon and Navarre, two princes of higher rank, and more inestimable qualities, than those whom he had punished.

At length, when far advanced in years, he is once more besieged, in his city of Valencia, by an immense army of Moors; and is warned, by a vision, that his end approaches, but that

God had granted him grace to defeat the Moors, even after his decease. Upon this intimation, the Cid prepares for death; and, calling for a precious balsam with which the soldan of Persia had presented him, he mingled it with rose-water, and tasted nothing else for seven days, during which, though he grew weaker and weaker, yet his countenance appeared even fairer and fresher than before. He then directed that his family and retainers should leave the city, after his death, taking with them his dead body, and return to Castile. Having settled his worldly affairs and ghostly concerns, this noble baron yielded up his soul, which was pure, and without spot, to God, in the year 1099, and the seventy-third of his life. The body, having been washed and embalmed, appeared, by virtue of the balsam on which he had lived, as fresh and fair as if alive.

When it was midnight, they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well; and the body sat so up-

right and well, that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose, of black and white, so cunningly painted, that no man, who saw them, would have thought but that they were greaves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put it on a surcoat, of green sandal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was so cunningly painted, that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck; and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtly, that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid had commanded him. And, when all this had been made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gates of Roseros, which is toward Castile. Pero Bermudez went first, with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights, who guarded it, all well ap-

pointed: and, after these, came all the baggage: then came the body of the Cid, with an hundred knights, all chosen men; and, behind them, Donna Ximena, with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And, by the time they were all gone out, it was broad day.

Betwixt surprise and miracle, the Moors were completely routed; and the Christians, having spoiled their camp, retired to Castile. But, when they proposed to put the body in a coffin, Ximena refused to consent, saying that, while his countenance remained so comely, her children and grand-children should behold the face of their father. At length, it was resolved to set him in his ivory chair, on the right-hand of the high altar, in the cathedral of Toledo, dressed in noble robes, which were regularly changed; and they placed, in his left hand, his sword Tizona, in its scabbard; and, in the right, the strings of his mantle. Ximena retired into the



neighbouring monastery ; and Gil Diaz, the Cid's secretary, devoted his life to attend upon her, and upon the good steed Bavieca. Meanwhile, the Cid continued, for seven years, to sit beside the altar. At the expiration of this period, a false Jew, who hid himself in the church, to have the pleasure of plucking that beard which never was insulted when its owner was living, occasioned the body to change its posture ; for the circumcised had no sooner advanced his unhallowed fingers to that noble beard, than the Cid, letting go the strings of his mantle, drew his sword a palm's breadth out of the sheath. The natural consequence of this was the conversion of the Jew. After this miracle, no one ventured to change his dress, or to attempt to sheathe the sword. At length, after sitting ten years in state, without alteration, the *nose* of the champion began to change colour. The Cid was removed to a vault before the altar, seated, as before, in his ivory chair, with his sword in his hand, and his shield and banner hung upon the walls.

Whether the ivory chair decayed faster than the Cid, we know not; but the body was taken from it, placed in a stone coffin, and, after some intermediate translations, finally interred in the chapel of the monastery of Cardena, where it remains to the present.



Cordova.

## 5. HENRY THE THIRD.

HENRY the Third was a remarkable king. For three years after he came to the throne, the Moors committed great ravages in Spain, and his nobles and the people were constantly at variance. But he resolved to remove the cause of the miseries which his people suffered; and you shall judge, from the following anecdote, whether he was likely to be successful.

When scarcely thirteen, he astonished his subjects, by telling the Archbishop of Toledo that he meant to assume the reins of government. His grace was surprised, but could not do otherwise than anoint Henry king of Spain. Then he caused justice to be done to his people by the nobles. And, that all his subjects might be readily distinguished, he compelled the Moors to wear a blue crescent on their left shoulder. He always liked the Jews, and was very anxious to comfort them. But I do not think he went

wisely to work with them. He ordered them to wear a piece of red cloth on their right shoulder, to distinguish them from the Christians.

When a boy, Henry was very fond of catching quails, and he used sometimes to stay at this sport long after all the family had dined. At length, his mother grew tired of waiting day after day upon Henry. And, when he came home one day, the dinner was over, and the dishes removed. "Where is my dinner?" said he. "There is none prepared for you," replied his mother. "None prepared!—I suppose I am not worth dinner. But why was it not dressed, and kept for me?"—"The truth is, my dear," replied his mother, "that I have neither dinner, nor credit to buy." Henry mused a few moments, and walked out; but soon returned, with a leg of mutton.

Everybody wondered where he had got the meat; but his servant said there was nothing to be wondered at,—the young prince had pledged his best coat with a Jew. Then the astonishment of the people was the greater;

and they made many comparisons, between his plain fare and the sumptuous entertainment given by the nobility.

Having, one day, heard that his old friend, the Archbishop of Toledo, was to give a grand feast, that evening, to a large party, Henry went there in disguise. When wine is in, wit is out: and it proved so here. The prelates and nobility, after they had well eaten and drunk of the good archbishop's feast, began to brag of their fortunes and pensions, allowed them by the government. Next day, Henry sent for twenty of the principal guests to come to his palace. They did so. Then he bade them send home their vassals or guards. This they did also. He then ordered them to be shown into a particular room in the palace; and he entered it after them, sword in hand, and reproached them with their extravagant dissolute lives, and ordered them immediately to be hanged. "For it is you," he cried, "that are the shame and ruin of my crown." They instantly fell at his feet, and implored his mercy. He spared their

lives, on condition that they should deliver up the towns they held, and refund the money which they owed to the crown. This good king, who was not more than twenty-seven years of age when he died, used to say, "that he feared the curses of his subjects more than the weapons of his enemies."



Palace of the Escorial.

## 6. FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

IN the reign of Henry IV., king of Spain, the Moors of Grenada, being completely subdued by that prince, were compelled to liberate six hundred Christian slaves; and they agreed, also, to pay an annual tribute of twelve thousand crowns of gold. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, who succeeded King Henry the Fourth, the Moors, having attacked Zahara, on a dark stormy night, took the town, and a great number of people were slain. This unjustifiable act of treachery, for the Moors and Christians were at peace at this time, greatly enraged the latter, as you may suppose; and Ferdinand marched against Grenada, demanding the tribute, which had not been regularly paid. Aboul Hassan, who was then king of Grenada, replied, that "the kings, who agreed to pay that tribute, have long since been dead; and, in the mint of Grenada, neither gold nor silver is now coined,

but, instead thereof, we make spears, and darts, and scimitars."

After many domestic miseries, the Moorish royal family began to see that all their attempts to resist Ferdinand were vain; and Aboul Abdallah resolved on resigning his kingdom to the Christian monarch. Accordingly, on the second of January, in the year 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella entered the city of Grenada in triumph. When they approached the palace of the Alhambra, they were met by the conquered Moorish king, who delivered to them the keys of the city, with the following impressive speech:—"We are your slaves, mighty king; we deliver up this city and kingdom to you, not doubting that you will treat us with clemency and moderation."

Ferdinand and his court received the Moorish monarch with every mark of kindness and respect; and the valley of Purchina, in Murcia, was bestowed upon him, as a place of residence. On his way thither, he turned to look back upon his former capital. The sun was shining



brightly on its golden domes and spires; and Aboul Abdallah, overcome by the poignancy of his feelings, burst into an agony of tears, and exclaimed, "Oh God omnipotent!" His mother, who was with him, reproved his grief thus:—"You do well to weep, as a child, for what you could not preserve as a man."

Grenada is situated on two hills, which slope, on the western side, into a vast and fertile plain; and between these two hills runs the Darro, a small but agreeable river. When Ferdinand conquered Grenada, it was surrounded by a double range of walls, that were strengthened and defended by a thousand and thirty towers, placed at regular distances; and, on the side next the plain, most formidable fortifications and batteries seemed to bid defiance to the Christians. But nothing could impede Ferdinand in his conquest: and the huts of mud and brick, which his troops reared, to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, gave rise to a town, called Santa Fé, or the Holy Faith, a name sufficiently indicative of the besiegers' zeal against the Moors.

Ferdinand had a minister, called Ximenes, a brave and honourable man, of whom I will now tell you a story. You must know, that this man was a cardinal, though the son of very poor parents; they were a noble family. Ximenes chose to be a priest; and had a great many good livings given to him; but, all at once, he relinquished them, and became a monk. In consequence of his great piety and sound judgment, he was appointed confessor to Queen Isabella; and he soon became archbishop of Toledo. Now, though he was compelled by his rank to wear very fine outside garments, and to have a grand house, and keep a very fine table, yet he always wore his coarse monkish frock under his archbishop's robes, and always partook of those things only which the monks of his order were permitted to taste. He was a very courageous man, as well as a very pious one; and, when the Castilian nobles thought to frighten him, and make him give up his power as regent or governor of Spain, till Charles the

First should arrive from Germany, he showed them he was not to be intimidated by their threats; for, leading them to a window, he pointed to a large body of troops—"Behold," said he, speaking very loud, "the powers which I have received from the king of Castile; and with these will I govern it, until the king, your master and mine, takes possession of the kingdom."

King Charles the First, of Spain, afterwards Emperor of Germany, or Charles the Fifth, did not deserve such a faithful servant; for, when he arrived in Spain, he deferred seeing him; and the poor old man, stung to the quick at his master's unkindness, and more so at receiving permission to retire from public life, sunk under these severe trials. When the cardinal had read the letter which contained his dismissal, he survived but a few hours his disgrace.

Once, when he went to his native village, he found many of his poor relations at the meanest

employments: one was making bread, and was ashamed to appear in her homely dress before him; but he reproved her vanity, by telling her, that her dress was becoming her employment, and he bade her take care, and not spoil the bread.



Genoa.

## 7. COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS is the name we give to the intrepid navigator who discovered America. His real name was Colon; but, to make it Latin, he was called Columbus. It was in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that Columbus discovered America; and the manner of the discovery was this:—

Before Columbus was born, Portuguese mariners had sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, in Italy, and a man of great nautical skill, conjectured that, as the earth was round, like an orange, a ship might sail round one part of it, as well as another. But those who had attempted to navigate the immense ocean, had sailed eastward, to where the sparkling sun arose. Now it appeared probable to Columbus, that, as the sun declined or set in the west, a ship might try to follow its course, till the

everlasting voice of the deep was lost on some hitherto unknown shore ; or, at all events, arrive at the place from whence the ship sailed. Do you understand this?

Accordingly, Columbus applied to several kings, as Harry the Seventh, of England, and the King of Portugal, to give him two or three ships, to sail westward, as it were, after the setting sun, and to explore the pathless ocean. But they listened not to the voice of genius, and their minds were too dull for the spirit of enterprise to receive the fostering encouragement of princely munificence. Columbus, therefore, applied to Ferdinand and Isabella, to fit him out a fleet, to sail to the East-Indies. After a good deal of delay, occasioned partly by their doubts as to the practicability of Columbus's project, and partly by the war they were engaged in with the Moors, they no sooner conquered Grenada, than they listened to the petition of the Genoese navigator, and a fleet was equipped, with which he was to explore the Atlantic Ocean. But, before Columbus and







his men embarked, they marched to a monastery, in solemn procession, where they confessed their sins, and received the Holy Sacrament; and, the next morning, August 3d, 1492, they set sail, (*see the engraving on the opposite page,*) in the presence of a numerous crowd of spectators, who supplicated Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage; an event, however, which they rather wished, than expected to be fulfilled.

Now he is at sea, steering, with a steady breeze, westward; but, after a month had expired in this course, the men began to grumble, and, from complaints, they proceeded to expostulate with their commander, urging the hopelessness of the enterprise, and that the only way to escape certain destruction would be to shape their course back to Europe. Some even proposed to throw Columbus overboard at once, as the most certain and expeditious mode of averting the danger with which they were threatened. Columbus exhausted all his arts of persuasion to allay their fears and raise expecta-

tions. By the force of his arguments they were, however, at length prevailed on to continue their course for a few days longer; but, no land appearing, nothing around them but the sea and the sky, both proclaiming, as in perpetual jubilee, the wonders of the Almighty, their hopes gave way to despair; and even the officers became clamorous to abandon the enterprise, and return home.

One day, therefore, they all assembled on the quarter-deck, and, with menaces, required Columbus to put the ships about, and steer homeward. Perplexed what to do, Columbus solemnly promised that, if they would only prosecute their voyage for three days longer, and did not then discover land, he would instantly give up the voyage westward, and return to Europe. The officers and men accepted this proposal, which Columbus had not made without due consideration; for, the soil brought up by the sounding-line,—the appearance of birds, that live partly on land and partly on water,—the branch of a tree, with fresh berries on it, taken up by

one of the ships,—the appearance of clouds round the setting sun,—the mildness of the air, and the variableness of the winds,—all convinced the dauntless Columbus that land was at no great distance.

Accordingly, on the 12th of October, land was observed! Glory to God was sung by all the crews, who threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, and implored his pardon for the trouble they had given him through their incredulity and ignorance. This was one of the Bahama Islands which they saw, and which is called Cat Island: and, after discovering Cuba and Hayti, he erected on this last a Spanish colony, and set sail for Europe. But he had well nigh perished, in two terrible tempests, as he returned.

In order, however, that the fruits of his discovery might not be lost to Spain, when destruction seemed to threaten his crazed ship, he retired to the cabin, wrote a history of his voyage, of the situation and riches of the country which he had discovered, and of the colony

that he had left: and, having sealed this letter, he addressed it to Ferdinand and Isabella; annexing, in their names, a promise of a thousand ducats to any person by whom it should be delivered. He then wrapped it up in an oil-cloth, which he enclosed in a large piece of bees'-wax, and put the whole into a cask, closely stopped up. This he threw into the sea, hoping that some fortunate accident might preserve this memorial of his discoveries.

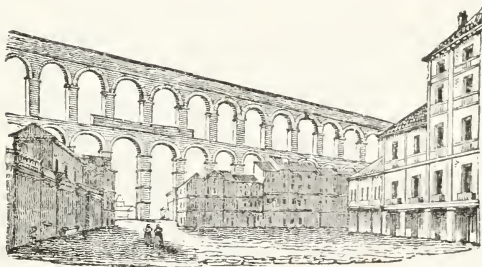
Providence, however, interposed:—the tempest ceased; and, after touching at the Azores, Columbus continued his voyage. But, on approaching the coast of Spain, he was attacked by another violent storm, which obliged him to take shelter in the Tagus. At length, after a singular train of adventures and perils, he arrived at Palos, on the 15th of March, 1493, seven months and eleven days after his setting sail from that port on his ever-memorable expedition. He landed amidst the congratulations and plaudits of the people, who accompanied him and his crew to the church, to return thanks

to Heaven, which had crowned with success an enterprise unparalleled in the annals of past ages. The court was then at Barcelona; and Ferdinand and Isabella were no sooner apprized of his arrival, than they were impatient to hear, from his own mouth, a detail of his adventures and discoveries. Columbus received, in terms the most respectful and flattering, an invitation to court; and, during his journey through Spain, the people everywhere crowded from the adjacent country, expressing their admiration and applause. His entrance into Barcelona was, by order of the sovereigns, conducted with a solemnity suitable to so extraordinary an event. The people, whom he had brought from the newly-discovered country, marched first, and, by their singular appearance and dress, astonished the spectators. After them were carried the ornaments of gold, fashioned by the rude art of the natives, with grains of gold, and dust of the same metal, found in the mountains and torrents. Next appeared the various commodities and curious productions of the torrid zone.

Columbus himself closed the procession; while the people gazed with admiration on the extraordinary man who had performed so wonderful achievements. His triumph, indeed, was more truly great than those of the Roman conquerors: they had desolated, he had explored, the globe; and, without the effusion of blood, or the exercise of cruelty, had annexed a new world to the crown of Castile. He was received in the most honourable manner by Ferdinand and Isabella; and, being placed in a chair, opposite to the throne, he related, in a composed and dignified manner, all the particulars of his voyage.

As soon as the narrative was ended, the king and queen, on their knees, returned thanks to the Almighty, for the discovery of those regions which promised so many and so great advantages to Spain. Every mark of royal favour was conferred on Columbus. But he was not long permitted to enjoy it without interruption. Ambitious and designing knaves conspired to

undermine this great man in the opinion of his sovereign; and, before he paid the debt of nature, the immortal Columbus was treated like a felon, put in prison, and in chains. However, he surmounted all his persecutions, and died respected and regretted.



Aqueduct of Segovia.

## 8. HEROISM.

DURING the reign of Charles the Fifth, the people of Spain had become very clamorous for their rights. The cities possessed many valuable privileges; and the genius of their internal government was such, that they would, in a great measure, have gone on without the sovereignty of Charles. He was emperor of Germany, as well as king of Spain; and one time, when he happened to be absent from Spain, visiting his people in Germany, the cities sent deputies to a general convention, held at Avila. These deputies bound themselves, by a solemn oath, to defend their privileges; and, assuming the title of the Holy Junta, they proceeded to deliberate concerning the national affairs. For the people of Spain have, in all times, been very independent, and enjoyed great liberty.

There was one Don Juan de Padilla, a general, the idol of his countrymen; the inclinations



of the soldiers, and the affections of the people, were united in his favour. Twenty thousand men were marshalled under the popular standard, and they wanted to fight against the royal army, but they had not the equipments necessary for war.

Now I am going to tell you how ingeniously the wife of Don Juan contrived to get money to equip them. Superior to scruples of superstition, and the fears of weak minds, she proposed to seize the rich ornaments of the Cathedral of Toledo; and the manner of executing this project showed the acuteness of her genius. But, to have taken away these ornaments would have been sacrilege, or robbery of the church. To avoid the imputation of this crime, which, in all countries is reckoned very heinous, she marched to the church in a solemn procession, and, after devoutly imploring the pardon of the saints, whose shrines the cause of her country compelled her to violate, she reconciled the minds of the people to her theft, and carried off the spoils of the sanctuary.

I have said, she called the enterprise in which she was engaged "the cause of her country;" it was the cause of the commons against the nobility and the king. There were, therefore, two armies, one commanded by Don Juan de Padilla, and the other by the Count de Haro. Padilla's army became disaffected from inaction, and the Count de Haro's beat it in battle.

Don Juan de Padilla was wounded, and taken prisoner, (*see the engraving on the opposite page,*) and, without even the form of a trial, led to execution. He viewed the approach of death with calm and dauntless composure, displaying a spirit superior to his fate; and exulting in the cause for which he was to die, he submitted to the stroke of the executioner with the fortitude of a hero and the resignation of a Christian.

The cities of Castile submitted to the nobility, on the death of Don Juan. Toledo alone, animated by the presence of his widow, braved the royal authority. The inhabitants admired the courage and abilities of this most luckless





lady; her misfortunes roused and kept alive their sympathies; the memory of her husband cherished a profound veneration for the widow, and she exercised over their minds the same authority which the immortal Don Juan was wont to exercise. But the affections of mankind resemble perfumes in groves of spices; they are most sensibly felt when moderately agitated, like the aromatic plants, which diffuse the greatest fragrance when the gentle zephyrs shake their leaves without violence.

And this was the authority which Donna Maria Padilla exercised over the minds of the people in Toledo. She marched through their streets, with her infant son, clad in deep mourning, preceded by a standard, on which was represented the manner of his father's execution. And this was the oratory with which she fanned the flame of freedom in the bosoms of her followers; she caused crucifixes, instead of colours, to be carried before her troops.

With this oratory, and with that authority, she kept up, during the space of six months,

the enthusiasm of the citizens, who defended the town with vigour, and routed the forces of the nobles in many sallies.

The clergy, at first, espoused her cause, and were mighty bold for the people, till Maria required them to contribute towards the contest. Then these hypocrites became her enemies; and, by their secret arts, they gradually diminished her influence. The priests were the spiritual guides of the people, who were on the point of abandoning poor Donna Maria. But, in this extremity, she retired, with a few determined followers, into the citadel, in which, with the most astonishing fortitude, she defended herself four months longer. And, when she could hold out no longer, she made her escape in disguise, and took refuge in Portugal. Her name is immortal in the page of history; and, to this day, the people of Toledo talk of the heroic exploits of Donna Maria Padilla.

## 9. THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

I SHALL now tell you a tale of one Cortez, a Spaniard, whom history describes as a bold bad man. After the discovery of the West India Islands, by Columbus, his deputy, Diego Velasquez, fitted out a fleet, to make more discoveries on the coast of America. This fleet was very successful in exploring the Mexican coast, and returned to Cuba, where Velasquez was, with presents of gold ornaments, of curious workmanship. The adventurers described the people they had visited as intelligent and warlike, inhabiting a country that was fertile and opulent: and Don Velasquez made immediate preparations for a conquest, which promised to gratify both his ambition and his avarice. Ferdinando Cortez, who had, in the most trying situations, displayed the most transcendent abilities, was chosen commander of the expedition, because his poverty was such, that Velasquez

did not look upon him as an object of jealousy.

The number of men he commanded amounted only to six hundred; five hundred were soldiers, one hundred were sailors and artificers. Only thirteen soldiers were armed with muskets, thirty-two were cross-bow men, and all the rest had swords and spears. The cavalry amounted only to a troop of sixteen horses, and their whole train of artillery to ten small cannon. Their standards bore a large cross, with an appropriate inscription; for religious enthusiasm was constantly united with the spirit of adventure, among the Spaniards in the New World:—That was the name they gave America. And with this feeble armament Cortez undertook the conquest of a country more extensive than the dominions of Spain.

As soon as Cortez arrived on the coast of Mexico, two chiefs, called Teutile and Pilpatoe, who commanded the province, begged to know his intentions in visiting the country of Montezuma, for that was the name of the great monarch



who governed Mexico at this time. Cortez assured them his intentions were friendly ; but he told a lie, as his future conduct will amply prove to you. He said he had matters of great importance to communicate to Montezuma, from the king of Spain, the greatest monarch of the East ; and required them to conduct him immediately into the presence of their sovereign.

The Mexican officers startled at this proposal, and tried to dissuade Cortez from his purpose, by presenting to him large gifts of cotton cloth, plumes of feathers, and ornaments of gold and silver, of exquisite workmanship and considerable value. These presents were mere baubles in the eyes of Cortez, who, impatient of becoming master of a country which appeared to abound with such precious productions, peremptorily insisted on being conducted to a personal interview with Montezuma.

During this dialogue, some painters, who accompanied the Mexican chiefs, delineated, on cotton cloth, figures of the ships, the horses, and the soldiers, of Cortez. The Spanish commander,

having understood from his interpreters, that this was the Indian way of writing, and that the pictures so drawn were, in fact, letters, about to be sent to Montezuma, resolved to render the scene still more striking. He therefore caused the trumpets to sound an alarm: the troops instantly seized their arms, formed in order of battle, and went through all the exercises of a fight; while the cannon, which were fired into the woods, made dreadful havoc among the trees.

The Mexicans were so amazed, when they heard the cannon roaring, and beheld the awful effects they produced, that some of them fell to the ground in fear, while others fled, terrified and confounded by these strange and wonderful engines, and the sight of men who seemed to be armed with supernatural powers.

All the ingenuity of the painters was now exercised, to represent, in proper colours, the wonderful objects which they had seen; and messengers were dispatched to Montezuma with the pictures or letters. There were regular posts established in Mexico at that time, though this refinement

was then totally unknown in the police of civilized Europe. In a few days, the messengers returned, with magnificent presents from Montezuma, among which were two large plates, of a circular form, one of massive gold, representing the sun, the other of pure silver, being the emblem of the moon.

The Spanish troops now anxiously wished for more gold and silver, and Cortez was not backward to gratify their avarice. He accordingly told the ambassadors, that he could not, without great disgrace, return to Spain, if he did not see Montezuma; and insisted upon his being conducted, without loss of time, into the presence of the emperor. His request was complied with.

Two causes contributed to the success of Cortez: one, the impression which the Spaniards had made, by the novelty of their appearance, on the mind of Montezuma, who was excessively embarrassed how to act; the other, a superstitious apprehension of impending calamity, which overwhelmed him with fear. The first was occasioned by an idea of the Mexicans, that the Spaniards

were not mortal beings: the second, by a tradition, which had long been current in the country, that a formidable race of invaders should come, from the regions towards the rising sun, to conquer and lay waste their fields.

Of all the nations of America, the Mexicans were the most prone to gloomy superstitions: they were deeply impressed with this terrific idea, which equally dismayed the monarch and his subjects, who suspected the Spaniards to be the instruments destined to bring about this dreaded revolution.

Montezuma, however, did not relish the positive way of Cortez, and sent him an order to depart instantly out of his dominions. Cortez declared, he would not quit the country till he had seen the king; whereupon all friendly intercourse ceased between the Spaniards and the Mexicans.

The Spanish camp was now filled, in its turn, with anxiety, lest Montezuma should march against it, and put all the adventurers to death. Cortez, in this extremity, showed himself equal to the danger; and inspiring his little band of war-

riors with his own sentiments, they shouted aloud that they would follow him to Mexico. Accordingly, he persuaded his men that their ships were useless, and if they broke them up, they would have additional strength from the sailors; and, if they were victorious, they could easily build others, to return to Spain. History furnishes no measure so bold as this: the ships were taken to pieces; six hundred dauntless men consented to be shut up in a hostile country, filled with numerous and unknown natives; every means of escape was cut off; every resource, but their own valour and perseverance, was annihilated with the destruction of the four ships that had conveyed them to the shores of Mexico.

On their march to the capital of Montezuma's dominions, Cortez had the satisfaction to learn, from the Indians, that the emperor was a tyrant, disliked by the petty chiefs he had subdued. But Cortez had not marched far, when he was attacked by a nation called the Tlascalans, whom, however, he beat in many battles, killing many thousands, without losing one Spaniard; and the

consequence was, that the Tlascalans acknowledged themselves vassals of the crown of Spain, and engaged to assist Cortez, with their whole force, in his operations against Mexico.

At Cholula, the chief sanctuary of the Mexican gods, Montezuma formed a plan to extirpate the audacious Spaniards; but it was discovered; and a horrible slaughter commenced: the priests were consumed in their temples, and six thousand of the Cholulans were killed, without the loss of a single Spaniard.

Every where received as beings of a celestial origin, sent to deliver the people from the tyranny of Montezuma, the Spaniards reached, at length, the summit of the mountains of Chalco, from whence the vast plain of Mexico opened to their view. The prospect was, perhaps, the most dazzling that adventurers ever beheld; fertile and cultivated fields stretched further than the eye could see; a lake, resembling the ocean in extent, encompassed with large towns, and the metropolis of the empire rising upon an island near the western side, like Venice in the Adriatic, struck

with astonishment the bold men who contemplated the stupendous and singular scenery before them.

Cortez advanced towards the city, notwithstanding frequent messengers from Montezuma arrived, to interdict his approach. At length, when near its walls, a thousand Mexicans, clothed in mantles of fine cotton, and adorned with plumes, announced the approach of Montezuma. His harbingers, two hundred in number, in an uniform dress, with large plumes of feathers, marched next, two and two, in profound silence, barefooted, with their eyes fixed on the ground. Then came a long train of chiefs, in the midst of whom appeared Montezuma, in a chair richly ornamented with gold, and feathers of various colours, borne on the shoulders of four of his principal attendants. Before him marched three officers, with golden rods, which they lifted up at certain intervals, and, at that signal, all the people bowed their heads.

Montezuma alighted from his chair, to receive the deceitful Cortez, who, on his part, dismounted

from his horse, and accosted the emperor, with profound reverence, after the European fashion. The king returned the salutation according to the Mexican etiquette, and then conducted the Spaniards to their quarters. This was hospitality: and the place assigned for the reception of the invaders was so spacious, that it accommodated both themselves and their allies, to the number of many thousands.

The Spaniards immediately set to work to fortify their residence: and, in the evening, the emperor returned, with presents of great value, not only for Cortez and his officers, but also for the privates. And now a long conference was held between them, in which Montezuma informed Cortez, that there was, among the Mexicans, a tradition, which declared, that their ancestors had originally come from a remote region, and, under the command of a great captain, had conquered the countries now forming their empire. The captain, who had conducted them hither, on returning to his own country, promised that, at some future period, his descendants should visit



them, and reform their constitution and laws. Montezuma also expressed his belief, that Cortez and his followers were the persons whose appearance had so long been expected ; and that he had accordingly received them, not as foreigners, but as his relations, of the same blood and parentage. This was a simple artifice on the part of Montezuma, who modelled the Mexican traditions and predictions, with a view to lull the Spaniards into a fatal security, and facilitate the execution of his plans for their destruction.

A skirmish had taken place at Vera Cruz, the place where Cortez landed, between a small garrison he had left there, and a body of Mexicans : one of the Spaniards was taken prisoner, and the natives tried their knives on his neck, when the unfortunate captive's head tumbled off, and it was carried in triumph through different cities, to convince the people that their invaders were not immortal. At last, it was brought into Mexico ; and, from that moment, Montezuma resolved to kill all the Spaniards.

Cortez, however, was a match for the Ameri-

can in artifice; for he contrived to make a prisoner of the emperor. The manner in which he captured him was this:—Cortez went to the palace, accompanied by five of his principal officers, and the same number of his boldest soldiers; at the same time, thirty chosen men followed, not in regular order, but straggling at some distance, so as not to excite suspicion; small parties were, besides, posted at proper intervals; and the rest of the troops were under arms in their quarters, prepared to sally forth on the first alarm.

Cortez and his attendants being admitted, as usual, to a private audience of the emperor, the Spanish commander accused Montezuma with being the cause of the Spaniard's death, whose head had been carried about in triumph. The king asserted his innocence; but Cortez declared, that it would be impossible to convince the Spanish troops of his pacific intentions, unless he would consent to fix his residence for some time in their quarters. Montezuma remonstrated. Cortez insisted on this being done, to do away all cause of suspicion. In the midst of this alter-

cation, Velasquez de Leon, one of the officers, exclaimed, "Why waste more time? let us either instantly seize him, or stab him to the heart." Montezuma understood not the speech of De Leon; but he could not be mistaken as to its meaning, for the Spaniard's countenance indicated revenge, and his voice breathed defiance. Poor king!—he abandoned himself to his fate; and, calling around him his courtiers, communicated to them his intention. Much as they disapproved, they dared not dispute his resolution, but carried him, in silent pomp, to the Spanish quarters. The people, by the way, seeing their emperor, whom they venerated as a god, going along as a prisoner, threatened the Spaniards with instant destruction. Montezuma, by Cortez' command, declared he went, of his own accord, to reside a short time among his new friends; and the Mexicans dispersed.

This was even a bolder act of Cortez than the destruction of his ships. With ten determined comrades, he seized the monarch of a great empire, in his own palace, and, in the face of mil-

lions of his people, carried him off as a prisoner. He even went farther than this; for, while Montezuma was in his custody, he, on one occasion, loaded him with chains, (*see the engraving on the opposite page.*)

The Mexicans soon demanded their king; and a battle ensued between them and the Spaniards. Montezuma was still a prisoner: and, one day, when the Spaniards were hard pressed, Cortez ordered him to be brought forward to the battlements, arrayed in his royal robes. Flights of arrows, and volleys of stones, were now poured upon the ramparts: Montezuma was hit by a stone, and fell: in a few days, he died of his wounds.

His brother was elected emperor in his stead; and the war was carried on with obstinate valour by both parties. Many were the battles fought; but the Spaniards were, at length, victorious; for they were joined by an hundred thousand Indians, who rejoiced in the death of Montezuma, the tyrant.

Quetlavaca, the brother of Montezuma, died of

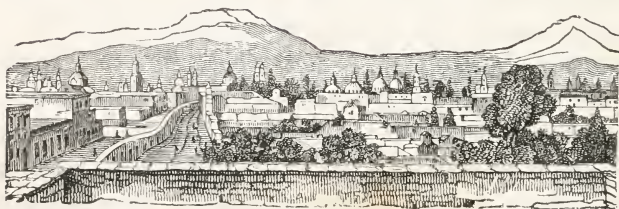




the small-pox, which the Spaniards introduced into America. Guatimozin, the nephew of the late emperors, was then chosen emperor: but, having been taken prisoner by Cortez, he was cruelly tortured, to compel him to reveal where his treasures were hid. With the emperor, his chief minister was also put on the rack; and, under the excruciating pain of this torture, he complained of his hard fate. Guatimozin reproved him thus:—"My friend, thinkest thou that I am on a bed of roses?" Even the cruel heart of Cortez was touched with this speech; and the monster had the humanity to hang the unfortunate Guatimozin, without the formality of a trial!

By these and other acts of cruelty, Cortez tarnished the lustre of his arms, and the glory of the Spanish name. He was both a robber and a murderer; for he took, by violence, the property of the Mexicans, and he killed them, by every and by all methods, till he conquered their country. The gold and silver of the Mexicans were their own, and, whoever took it from them, were thieves: they were at peace with the Spaniards,

who invaded their territory, and shot them in thousands, for no other reason but to acquire their wealth. In whatever light we view Cortez, he was a bold and a bad man. But Charles V. approved of his conduct. In the lives of Charles and Cortez, we see the saying verified—Like master, like man.



Mexico.



## 10. THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

I AM now about to relate to you a brief history of the conquest of Peru, by Pizarro. But I must first tell you how the Spaniards became acquainted with Peru. On the isthmus of Darien, which separates North from South America, one Vasco de Balboa established a small colony. An Indian cazique, or chief, told Balboa, that, at the distance of six suns, or six days' journey, there was another ocean, near which lived people who used dishes and furniture made of gold and silver. This was the first intimation that the Spaniards had of Peru.

It instantly occurred to the intrepid Balboa, that this was the ocean sought for by Columbus; and that, as it led to a country so rich, that country must be the East Indies; so very ignorant were the early Spaniards with respect to the geographical position of the countries on the face of the globe.

With two hundred followers, and one thousand Indians, to carry provisions, Balboa traversed the lofty mountains of Darien, its putrid swamps, and almost impenetrable forests. When they had penetrated a good way into the mountains, a powerful cazique appeared in a narrow pass, with a numerous body of his subjects to obstruct their progress. But men who had surmounted so many obstacles, despised the opposition of such feeble enemies. They attacked them with impetuosity, and, having dispersed them with much ease and great slaughter, continued their march. Though their guides had represented the breadth of the isthmus to be only a journey of six days, they had already spent twenty-five in forcing their way through the woods and mountains. Many of them were ready to sink under such uninterrupted fatigue in that sultry climate, several were taken ill of the dysentery, and other diseases frequent in that country, and all became impatient to reach the period of their labours and sufferings. At length, the Indians assured them, that, from the top of the next mountain, they





should discover the ocean which was the object of their wishes. When, with infinite toil, they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, and advanced alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country, and so honourable to himself. His followers, observing his transports of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exultation, and gratitude. They held on their course to the shore with great alacrity, when Balboa, advancing up to the middle in the waves, with his buckler and sword, took possession of that ocean in the name of the king his master, and vowed to defend it, with these arms, against all his enemies. (*See the engraving on the opposite page.*)

From the inhabitants of the country, he plundered all the gold and silver he could lay his

hands on. He then collected what information they could give him of Peru, re-crossed the mountains of Panama, and arrived at the settlement of Santa Maria, from whence he had set out, after an absence of four months. During this expedition, he acquired greater glory than any of the adventurers had reaped since the voyages of Columbus, and more treasures than the Spaniards had at any time obtained in their plunder of the New World.

Balboa soon fell a sacrifice to the avarice of his father-in-law, Pedrarias; and, after his death, the vast design of conquering Peru was, for a time, relinquished. At length, however, three persons undertook to become masters of it, taking upon themselves, at the same time, the entire expense of so great an enterprise.

These three persons were, Pizarro, a soldier of fortune; Almagro, a foundling, who had been trained in camps from his youth; and Hernando Luque, a priest and schoolmaster, who was rich in purse, and enterprising in genius. Almagro was sixty years old, Pizarro only three or four

years younger, and Luque was in the decline of life also! And these three private individuals undertook the conquest of the greatest empire on the face of the earth. Pizarro and Almagro were to conduct the enterprise, and Luque was to remain at Panama, to collect reinforcements, and superintend the common interest.

According to the plan of these adventurers, Pizarro set sail from Panama, in 1525, with only one vessel, and one hundred and twelve seamen and soldiers; and, after suffering incredible hardships, and losing many of his men, he was joined by Almagro, who had followed, with seventy adventurers, from Panama.

Both parties had undergone the same distresses, and had been exposed to similar dangers. Almagro had lost an eye, in a conflict with the natives of Terra Firma. And no sign of discovering the golden regions of which they were in search yet appeared. But no danger could intimidate these daring adventurers. At length, they reached Quito, and found a country more inviting than any that had yet been visited on the

Southern ocean, and inhabited by people clothed in garments of cotton, and adorned with trinkets of gold and silver.

The Spanish leaders saw at once the hazard of engaging, with their slender force, against people so civilized and so numerous. Almagro returned to Panama for reinforcements; but the governor would not allow any persons from the infant colony to join the standard of Almagro, and he even ordered Pizarro and his associates to return to Panama. Pizarro peremptorily refused to obey the governor's orders; but his followers were so disheartened by the calamities they had suffered, that all, except thirteen of the whole number, could not be prevailed on to adhere to his cause. With this small, but resolute, band, he kept possession of an island, called Gorgona, for five months, when, being joined by a few more adventurers from Panama, he crossed the equator, and landed at Tumbez, a place distinguished for its stately temple of the Inca. Here the Spaniards had the best means of form-



ing a correct idea of the opulence of the Peruvian empire.

The people were clad in cotton clothes; they had even their household utensils of gold and silver: but with the slender force which Pizarro commanded, he saw how impossible it would be to make himself master of dominions abounding in inexhaustible treasures. Pizarro was so illiterate, that he could not read; but he was a shrewd fellow, as you may perceive from this:—He maintained a friendly intercourse with the natives, from whom he procured some vessels of gold and silver, with various articles of curiosity, and two young men, whom he intended to have instructed in the Spanish language, that they might serve as interpreters.

He returned to Panama, after an absence of almost three years; during which time, he and his companions experienced a series of hardships, of which words can convey only an imperfect idea.

Finding he could not raise force sufficient at Panama to conquer Peru, Pizarro set sail for

Spain, repaired to court, and exhibited before Charles V. all the spoils he had acquired. The emperor immediately appointed him captain-general of the country he was about to conquer.

Cortez, the cruel Cortez, had, at this time, returned to Spain, loaded with plunder; and had been most graciously received by his sovereign; and, being willing to promote the views of an old companion, with whose talents and courage he was perfectly acquainted, he gave Pizarro as much money as enabled him to fit out three small vessels, with one hundred and forty-four infantry, and thirty-six horsemen.

With this handful of men, he set sail for Peru, while Almagro remained at Panama, to follow with such reinforcements as he should be able to muster. Pizarro, after a voyage of thirteen days, landed at the Bay of St. Matthew, an hundred miles north of Tumbez; and, without losing a single moment, he marched for the province of Coaque, (*see the engraving on the opposite page,*) the chief town of which he surprised, and seized





all the vessels of gold and silver, and other spoils of great value.

Part of this booty he sent to Almagro, to allure new adventurers; and, in a short time, he was joined by three officers and sixty men. With this force, and his former veterans, he erected the fort St. Michael, and prepared to invade Peru.

At the time he planned this daring enterprise, Peru was involved in a civil war. Two brothers, sons of Capac, the twelfth Inca, were contending for the empire. Capac had divided his dominions between his sons Atahualpa and Huescar; assigning Quito to one, and the rest of his territory to the other. Now Atahualpa, to whom Quito had been bequeathed, was not of the blood royal by both father and mother; but Huescar was descended of the pure blood royal, both by father and mother, from the Incas of Peru. These foolish young princes quarrelled and fought; and Atahualpa was victorious.

The Incas were considered the children of the sun; and Huescar, their legitimate descendant,

applied to Pizarro, to assist him in recovering the empire from the dominion of Atahualpa, the rebel and usurper. Pizarro saw the advantage which this quarrel would give him ; and, with sixty-two horsemen, and one hundred foot-soldiers, of whom only three carried muskets, and twenty cross-bows, he directed his steps towards Caxamalca, where Atahualpa was encamped.

Pizarro, following the example of the perfidious Cortez, pretended to come as ambassador from a powerful monarch, and declared, that he was advancing for the purpose of offering Atahualpa his aid against those who disputed his crown. But, amidst these professions of friendship, Pizarro formed a plan equally perfidious and daring : for, from the advantages which Cortez derived from the seizing Montezuma, he judged the consequences of having the Inca in his power ; and he resolved to invite that prince to an interview, in order to make himself master of his person.

Accordingly, he took possession of the grand square of Caxamalca, on one side of which was the Inca's palace, on the other the temple of the

sun; and the whole was surrounded by a rampart of earth. Then he invited the Inca to come to him; and the artless prince did come. But the profound respect of the Peruvian court struck the barbarous Spaniards with awe: yet, when they saw the profusion of gold which was displayed in the retinue of the Inca, they resolved on effecting their wicked purpose.

Pizarro divided his little army, so that it could kidnap the prince, and rout his followers. Atahualpa advanced to the interview in all the pomp of Peruvian magnificence; the whole camp was in motion; four hundred men, in uniform dresses, led the procession; the Inca, child of the sun, sat on a throne, adorned with plumes of feathers, and covered with plates of gold and silver, and enriched with precious stones. His principal courtiers were carried in a similar manner; and bands of singers and dancers accompanied the cavalcade.

When it advanced to the great square, the priest of the Spaniards, Father Valverdé, went forth, and, after discoursing to the Inca about

the doctrines of the Christian religion, of which the Peruvians knew nothing, he required Atahualpa to acknowledge the King of Spain as his master; and, in token of his submission, he commanded the proud Inca to embrace Christianity. Atahualpa, who knew nothing of the Bible, nor of Charles the Fifth, replied, "he could not understand how a foreign prince, who was not a child of the sun, could pretend to the dominions of the Incas; and, as to the changing of his religion, he begged time to consider the propriety of so important a measure." He then requested to know where Valverd  learned those things, of which the Peruvians were so ignorant? "In this book," answered the monk, reaching the Inca his Breviary. Atahualpa opened the Romish Prayer-book, turned the leaves, and put it to his ear—"This is silent," said he; "it tells me nothing." He then threw it down disdainfully on the ground. Valverd , running to his countrymen, cried, "To arms, Christians, to arms! the word of God is insulted."

A horrid scene instantly ensued; Pizarro gave



the signal of assault; the martial music struck up; the cannon and musketry commenced their fire; the horse made a furious charge, and the infantry rushed on sword in hand. The astonished Peruvians, unprepared for any attack, were dismayed by the destructive effects of the fire-arms, and the irresistible impression of the cavalry, and fled with consternation. This was the moment Pizarro had so long and so perseveringly wished. With a select band, he pushed forward, and seized the Inca, though numbers of his nobles resolutely defended the sacred person of their monarch. They fell victims to their loyalty; and the Inca was inhumanly carried off to the Spanish quarters, in the midst of four thousand of his slain subjects, while not a single follower of Pizarro was killed.

Father Valverdé was the instigator of this carnage; but he was the only minister of the gospel of peace who evinced a spirit of barbarity towards the Americans.

The spoils of the field were rich, beyond the avaricious conceptions of the Spaniards, and

served to stifle every sentiment of compunction in the hearts of the murderers; but they were hardly susceptible of any such impression; and humanity and candour condemn Pizarro's name to everlasting infamy.

Atahualpa, who now discovered the ruling passion of the Spaniards, proposed to Pizarro a ransom, which excited their astonishment. The room in which he was confined was twenty-two feet long, and sixteen feet wide; and he offered to fill it, as high as he could reach, with vessels of gold, if he might be set at liberty. The greedy Spaniards accepted the tempting offer; and Atahualpa sent messengers to different parts of his empire, to collect the stipulated treasure. The palaces of the Incas, and the temples of the sun, were stripped of their ornaments, to make up the monarch's ransom.

But, during this period, Almagro arrived from Panama, with a number of adventurers, equal to those Pizarro commanded; and, while the Spaniards were disputing about the division of the

plunder, the unfortunate Inca hastened his destruction.

Among the European arts, he most admired those of reading and writing; and, in order to discover whether they were natural or acquired talents, he requested one of the soldiers who guarded him to write the name of God on the nail of his thumb. The soldier complied; and Atahualpa showed it to several Spanish officers and soldiers, asking its meaning; and they all returned the same answer. At last, he showed it to Pizarro, who was obliged to acknowledge his ignorance. Atahualpa was then convinced that the knowledge of letters was an acquired talent; and, from that time, he considered Pizarro as a mean person, less instructed than many of his soldiers. Need we wonder that the Inca expressed his contempt of Pizarro on this discovery? Pizarro was mortified; and, to wreak his vengeance, he brought Atahualpa to a public trial, for being an idolater, and not giving to the Spaniards the whole of the royal treasures. The judges were Pizarro and Almagro. Now this

trial was all a farce ; for, in the first place, Atahualpa, though a worshipper of the sun, and an idolater, was not thereby guilty of a crime for which he deserved to suffer death as a murderer : and, as regards the unjust charge of his keeping back part of the royal treasures, these treasures were his own, and not the property of the Spaniards ; and he could not, without manifest injury to his country, give all its riches to these rapacious invaders.

His judges !—Who were they ? Robbers and murderers ; the very men who had killed eight thousand Peruvians, to plunder the remainder of their wealth ! Unfortunate Atahualpa ! He suffered death, and his people became the slaves of Spain.

Pizarro and Almagro were both the accusers and judges of Atahualpa. But it is established, by the laws of nations, that the same person cannot be both prosecutor and judge. It does not stand to reason that it should be so : and, therefore, when Pizarro and Almagro acted in this twofold capacity, they violated the first princi-

ciples of justice. But what could be expected from murderers, who made laws for their own justification ?

While the Peruvians were weakened by intestine discord, the Spaniards received large reinforcements of soldiers ; and Pizarro, at the head of five hundred men, advanced to Cuzco, the capital city of the empire, which he entered without opposition, and carried off an immense quantity of gold and silver.

Pizarro founded the city of Lima, and erected for himself a magnificent palace ; and Almagro, with five hundred men, undertook the conquest of Chili. The Spaniards of less note, who had declined military service, occupied themselves in cultivating the large estates which they had marked out as their property.

In the midst of this security, Manco Capac, whom the Peruvians acknowledged as Inca, erected the royal standard ; and all the warriors in Peru were soon in arms. The Spaniards suffered great losses in the battles that ensued ; but, Almagro coming to the assistance of Pizarro, Manco

Capac was defeated, and the Peruvian army dispersed. Then Almagro attacked Pizarro in his palace; and the illiterate, but crafty, conqueror of Peru was assassinated, in spite of all the defence he and his followers could make. His palaces were plundered by the Almagrians, who some time after, were vanquished by one Vaca de Castro; and their leader atoned for the murder of Atahualpa, by the loss of his head, at Cuzco.

Thus perished Pizarro and Almagro, the conquerors of Peru. Their lives were replete with crime, and their memories are execrated by all good men. The miser's love of gold is never quenched. What crimes will not men commit for gold!



Lima, the capital of Peru.

## 11. BOURBON, THE TRAITOR.

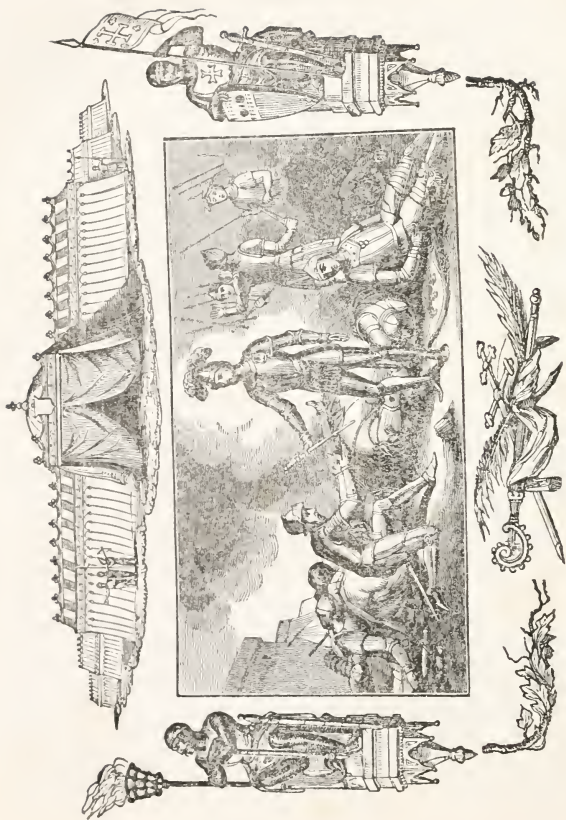
CHARLES the First, of Spain, was, as I have told you, both king of Spain and emperor of Germany, under the title of Charles the Fifth. Francis the First was king of France at the same time. Now Francis had a relation, called the Duke of Bourbon, a man of high spirit and great rank; but neither the king of France, nor his mother, Louisa of Savoy, treated him according to his deserts; but, on the contrary, the latter persecuted him very much. So, when Francis was going to make war upon Charles the Fifth in Italy, he was prevented going there in person, because he was told that the Duke of Bourbon would excite the French people to revolt from their allegiance to their king, and fight for Bourbon. When Francis, therefore, learned this, he was obliged to leave his army, and return to Paris: and Bourbon fled to Germany, where he was kindly received by Charles the Fifth, who

gave him the command of a large army, with which he entered Italy. Charles the Fifth was a bad king. Who else would trust a traitor?

After much hard fighting, Bourbon arrived before the city of Pavia, where he fought against his own king and countrymen, and he succeeded in taking Francis prisoner, although the king did not surrender personally to Bourbon himself. The circumstances attending Francis's capture were as follows:—Though wounded in several places, and thrown from his horse, which was killed under him, Francis defended himself on foot with an heroic courage. Many of his bravest officers gathering round him, and endeavouring to save his life at the expense of their own, fell at his feet. Among these was Bonivet, the author of this great calamity, who alone died unlamented. The king, exhausted with fatigue, and scarcely capable of further resistance, was left almost alone, exposed to the fury of some Spanish soldiers, strangers to his rank, and enraged at his obstinacy. At that moment came up Pomperant, a French gentle-







man, who had entered, together with Bourbon, into the emperor's service; and, placing himself by the side of the monarch against whom he had rebelled, assisted in protecting him from the violence of the soldiers; at the same time, beseeching him to surrender to Bourbon, who was not far distant. Imminent as the danger was which now surrounded Francis, he rejected, with indignation, the thoughts of an action which would have afforded such matter of triumph to his traitorous subject; and, calling for Launoy, who happened likewise to be near at hand, gave up his sword to him; which he, kneeling to kiss the king's hand, received with profound respect, and, taking his own sword from his side, presented it to him, saying, "That it did not become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of one of the emperor's subjects." (*See the engraving on the opposite page.*) Francis was soon afterwards sent into Spain.

Charles treated the king of France very unkindly; and what was most mortifying to the noble-minded French king, was the great respect shown to the traitor Bourbon.

Francis was confined in an old dismal castle, under the charge of a most severe jailor ; while Charles himself solicited one of his nobles, the Marquis de Villena, to lend his palace for a place of residence for Bourbon. The high-minded Castilian noble acquiesced in the request of his master, but, at the same time, he said, “he should burn down the palace, as soon as Bourbon had left it ; for,” added he, “the house which has been *polluted* by the presence of a traitor, is an unfit residence for a man of honour.” Was not that a noble speech ? and Charles himself must have admired it, too. It was, indeed, very unwise of Charles to countenance treason, because it was, in fact, encouraging his own subjects to rebel against himself. But he was so pleased with Bourbon, that he thought of marrying him to his sister, the dowager queen of Portugal ; and asked Francis to erect Dauphiné and Provence into a kingdom, and then confer it upon his former subject. Francis indignantly replied, that “it were better a king should die thus”—pointing, at the same time, a dagger to his breast.

Charles did not persist ; and a peace was established between them upon more honourable terms : but, a short time afterwards, they again went to war, and Bourbon once more commanded the Spanish and German troops for the King of Spain ; and, after much hard fighting, he arrived before the gates of Rome, which he promised his soldiers they should plunder. As if his treason to his king and country were not sufficient to blot his name for ever, he added the unmerciful permission to his soldiers to pillage and plunder the first city in the world, and barbarously to kill and ill-treat the unfortunate inhabitants.

His soldiers were eager for the attack : and Bourbon, in a high-flown speech, animated their courage, as he pointed to the walls of Rome. "The spoils of the imperial city shall be your's," said he ; and instantly he rushed to the assault.

Ah ! that morning, when he put on his superb suit of armour, and over it a robe of silver tissue, he little anticipated that, ere the sun should set, his armour would be stained, not with the blood of his enemies, but with his own.

He had no sooner planted a scaling-ladder, which he was eagerly preparing to ascend, than he was killed by a musket-ball, fired by Benevuto Cellino, a celebrated painter.

His troops, enraged at the loss of their leader, rushed furiously to the contest, and Rome fell a prey to their resistless arms; and, during three months, the lawless soldiery kept possession of it. See what misery one man's revenge can bring upon the world: for, like Count Julian, *revenge* was what excited Bourbon to revolt. And this example should teach kings, and men in power, to beware how they insult and irritate the feelings even of one individual; since history proves to us, by innumerable instances, how prone the human mind is, not only to sympathise with the oppressed, but even to redress their wrongs.



Cadiz.

## 12. ABDICATION AND RETIREMENT OF CHARLES V.

AFTER possessing greater power, and more extensive dominions than any other sovereign of his time, Charles V., at the age of 56, took the singular resolution of abdicating the crown in favour of his son Philip. After this, he retired, with a few attendants, into Spain; and the man whose ambition had so long disturbed all Europe, ended his days in the monastery of St. Justus, in Estremadura. When Charles entered this retreat, he formed such a plan of life for himself, as would have suited the condition of a private gentleman, of a moderate fortune. His table was neat, but plain; his domestics few; his intercourse with them familiar: all the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social ease and tranquillity which he courted, in order to soothe the remainder of his days. As the mild-

ness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at first, a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete satisfaction in this humble solitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. The ambitious thoughts and projects which had so long engrossed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind: far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned with all the contempt and indifference arising from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares.

Other amusements and other objects now occupied him. Sometimes he cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands; sometimes he rode out to the neighbouring wood on a little horse, the only one that he kept, attended by a



single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, which often happened, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his table, or he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming curious works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. With this view, he had engaged Turriano, one of the most ingenious artists of that age, to accompany him in his retreat. He laboured together with him in forming models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments with regard to their respective powers; and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind, at intervals, with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism, in fashioning puppets, which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of man, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who, behold-

ing movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turriano of being in compact with invisible powers. (*See the engraving on the opposite page.*) · He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise, as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion.

But in what manner soever Charles disposed of the rest of his time, he constantly reserved a considerable portion of it for religious exercises. He regularly attended divine service in the chapel of the monastery every morning and evening; he took great pleasure in reading books of devotion, particularly the works of St. Augustin and St. Bernard; and conversed much with his con-





fessor, and the prior of the monastery, on pious subjects. Thus did Charles pass the first year of his retreat, in a manner not unbecoming a man perfectly disengaged from the affairs of the present life, and standing on the confines of a future world; either in innocent amusements, which soothed his pains, and relieved a mind worn out with excessive application to business; or in devout occupations, which he deemed necessary in preparing for another state.

But about six months before his death, the gout, after a longer intermission than usual, returned, with a proportional increase of violence. His shattered constitution had not vigour enough remaining to withstand such a shock. It enfeebled his mind as much as his body; and, from this period, we hardly discover any traces of that sound and masculine understanding which distinguished Charles among his contemporaries. An illiberal and timid superstition depressed his spirit. He had no relish for amusements of any kind. He endeavoured to conform, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic aus-

terity. He desired no other society than that of monks, and was almost continually employed with them in chanting the hymns of the Missal. As an expiation for his sins, he gave himself the discipline in secret with such severity, that the whip of cords which he employed as the instrument of his punishment, was found, after his decease, tinged with his blood. Nor was he satisfied with these acts of mortification, which, however severe, were not unexampled. The timorous and distrustful solicitude which always accompanies superstition, still continued to disquiet him, and depreciating all the devout exercises in which he had hitherto been engaged, prompted him to aim at something extraordinary, at some new and singular act of piety that would display his zeal, and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither

in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form; and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impression which this image of death left on his mind, affected him so much, that the next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence; and he expired on the twenty-first of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days.

Since the death of Charles V., Spain has de-

clined from her prominent position in the politics of Europe. Her American empire has almost passed from her dominion, and its rich resources have been diverted from her coffers. She is at present a prey to the worst calamities that can attend upon long-continued civil discord; and her condition presents a melancholy contrast to the days of her former glory.



Madrid.

THE END.













