

"And the Cid sent for all his friends and his kinsmen and vassals, and told them how King Don Alfonso had banished him from the land, and asked of them who would follow him into banishment, and who would remain at home. Then Alvar Fañez, who was his cousin-german, came forward and said, Cid, we will all go with you, through desert and through peopled country, and never fail you. In your service will we spend our mules and horses, our wealth and our garments, and ever while we live be unto you loyal friends and vassals. And they all confirmed what Alvar Fañez had said; and the Cid thanked them for their love, and said that there might come a time in which he should guerdon them.

"And as he was about to depart he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw his 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 said, My enemies have done this. . . . God be praised for all things. And he turned toward the East and knelt and said, Holy Mary Mother, and all Saints, pray to God for me, that He may give me strength to destroy all the Pagans, and to win enough from them to requite my friends therewith, and all those who follow and help me. Then he called for Alvar Fañez and said unto him, Cousin, the poor have no part in the wrong which the king hath done us; see now that no wrong be done unto them along our road; and he called for his horse. And then an old woman who was standing at her door said, Go in a lucky minute, and make spoil of whatever you wish.

And with this proverb he rode on, saying, Friends, by God's good pleasure we shall return to Castile with great honour and great gain. And as they went out from Bivar they had a crow on their right hand, and when they came to Burgos they had a crow on the left.

"My Cid Ruydiez entered Burgos, having sixty streamers in his company. And men and women went forth to see him, and the men of Burgos and the women of Burgos were at their windows, weeping, so great was their sorrow; and they said with one accord, *Dios!* how good a vassal if he had but a good lord! and willingly would each have bade him come in, but no one dared so to do. For King Don Alfonso in his anger had sent letters to Burgos, saying that no man should give the Cid a lodging; and that whosoever disobeyed should lose all that he had, and moreover the eyes in his head. Great sorrow had these Christian folk at this, and they hid themselves when he came near them because they did not dare speak to him; and my Cid went to his Posada, and when he came to the door he found it fastened for fear of the king. And his people called out with a loud voice, but they within made no answer. And the Cid rode up to the door, and took his foot out of the stirrup, and gave it a kick, but the door did not open with it, for it was well secured; a little girl of nine years old then came out of one of the houses and said unto him, O Cid, the king hath forbidden us to receive you. We dare not open our doors to you, for we should lose our houses and all that we have, and the eyes in our head. Cid, our evil would not help

you, but God and all His saints be with you. And when she had said this she returned into the house. And when the Cid knew what the king had done he turned away from the door and rode up to St. Mary's, and there he alighted and knelt down, and prayed with all his heart; and then he mounted again and rode out of the town, and pitched his tent near Arlanzon, upon the Glera, that is to say, upon the sands. My Cid Ruydiez, he who in a happy hour first girt on his sword, took up his lodging upon the sands, because there was none who would receive him within his door. He had a good company round about him, and there he lodged as if he had been among the mountains. . . .

"The cocks were crowing amain, and the day began to break, when the good Campeador reached St. Pedro's. The Abbot Don Sisebuto was saying matins, and Doña Ximena (the Cid's wife) and five of her ladies of good lineage were with him, praying to God and St. Peter to help my Cid. And when he called at the gate and they knew his voice, *Dios!* what a joyful man was the Abbot Don Sisebuto! Out into the courtyard they went with torches and with tapers, and the Abbot gave thanks to God that he now beheld the face of my Cid. And the Cid told him all that had befallen him, and how he was a banished man; and he gave him fifty marks for himself, and a hundred for Doña Ximena and her children. Abbot, said he, I leave two little girls behind me, whom I commend to your care. Take you care of them and of my wife and of her ladies: when this money be gone, if it be not enough, supply them abundantly; for every mark

which you expend upon them I will give the monastery four. And the Abbot promised to do this with a right good will. Then Doña Ximena came up, and her daughters with her, each of them borne in arms, and she knelt down on both her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly, and she would have kissed his hand; and she said to him, Lo, now you are banished from the land by mischief-making men, and here am I with your daughters, who are little ones and of tender years, and we and you must be parted, even in your life-time. For the love of St. Mary tell me now what we shall do. And the Cid took the children in his arms, and held them to his heart and wept, for he dearly loved them. Please God and St. Mary, said he, I shall yet live to give these my daughters in marriage with my own hands, and to do you service yet, my honoured wife, whom I have ever loved even as my own soul.

“A great feast did they make that day in the monastery for the good Campeador, and the bells of St. Pedro's rung merrily. Meantime the tidings had gone through Castile how my Cid was banished from the land, and great was the sorrow of the people. Some left their houses to follow him, others forsook their honourable offices which they held. And that day a hundred and fifteen knights assembled at the bridge of Arlanzon, all in quest of my Cid; and there Martin Antolinez joined them, and they rode on together to St. Pedro's. And when he of Bivar knew what a goodly company were coming to join him, he rejoiced in his own strength, and rode out to meet them and greeted them full courteously; and they kissed his

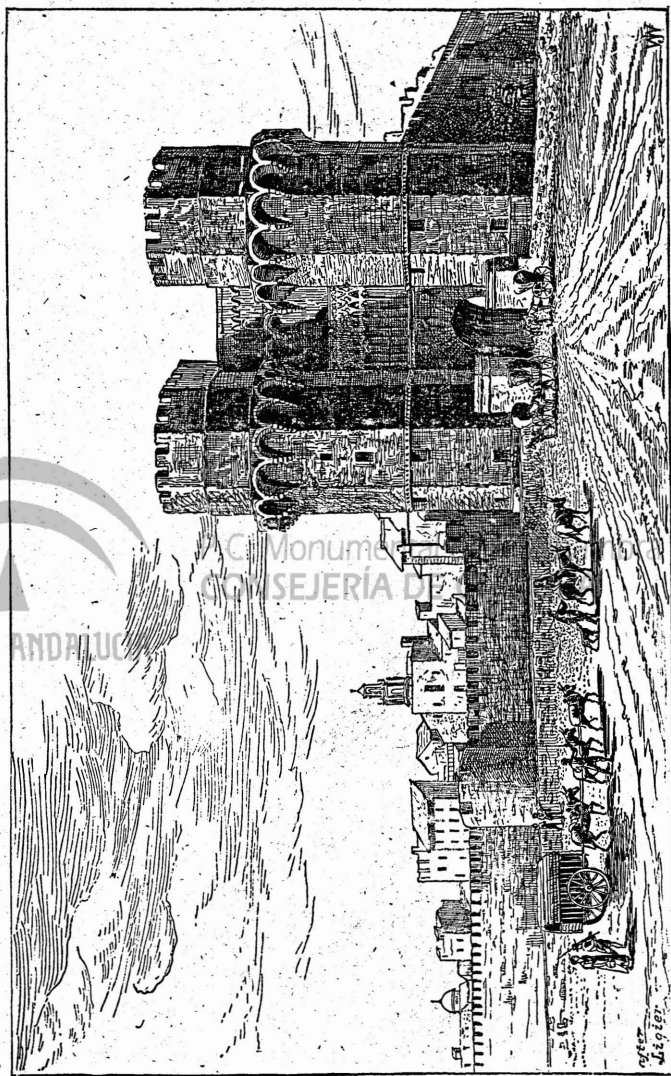
hand, and he said to them, I pray to God that I may one day requite ye well, because ye have forsaken your houses and your heritages for my sake, and I trust that I shall pay ye twofold. Six days of the term allotted were now gone, and three only remained: if after that time he should be found within the king's dominions, neither for gold nor for silver could he then escape. That day they feasted together, and when it was evening the Cid distributed among them all that he had, giving to each man according to what he was; and he told them that they must meet at mass after matins, and depart at that early hour. Before the cock crew they were ready, and the Abbot said the mass of the Holy Trinity, and when it was done they left the church and went to horse. And my Cid embraced Doña Ximena and his daughters, and blessed them; and the parting between them was like separating the nail from the quick flesh: and he wept and continued to look round after them. Then Alvar Fañez came up to him and said, Where is your courage, my Cid? In a good hour were you born of woman. Think of our road now; these sorrows will yet be turned into joy."

The Cid offered his services to the Moorish King of Zaragoza, the most powerful of the northern Moslem princes; and they were joyfully accepted. At the head of his own followers, who were the more devoted to him since they lived by the booty he procured them, he made a raid through Aragon, and so rapid was his riding that he harried a vast tract of country in five days, and was off before the Christians could sound the alarm. He led the Moors against the

Count of Barcelona, won a signal victory, and made the Count his ally. How the Cid and his merry men triumphed in the battle-field, let the *Chronicle* again relate:

“ Pero Bermudez could not bear this, but holding the banner in his hand, he cried, God help you, Cid Campeador; I shall put your banner in the middle of that main body; and you who are bound to stand by it—I shall see how you will succour it. And he began to prick forward. And the Campeador called unto him to stop as he loved him, but Pero Bermudez replied he would stop for nothing, and away he spurred and carried his banner into the middle of the great body of the Moors. And the Moors fell upon him that they might win the banner, and beset him on all sides, giving him many and great blows to beat him down; nevertheless, his arms were proof, and they could not pierce them, neither could they beat him down, nor force the banner from him, for he was a right brave man and a strong and a good horseman, and of great heart. And when the Cid saw him thus beset, he called to his people to move on and help him. Then placed they their shields before their hearts, and lowered their lances with the streamers thereon, and, bending forward, rode on. Three hundred lances were they, each with its pendant, and every man at the first charge slew his Moor. Smité them, knights, for the love of charity! cried the Campeador. I am Ruydiez, the Cid of Bivar! Many a shield was pierced that day, and many a false corselet was broken, and many a white streamer dyed with blood, and many a horse left without a rider,

The misbelievers called on Mahomet, and the Christians on Santiago, and the noise of the tambours and of the trumpets was so great that none could hear his neighbour. And my Cid and his company succoured Pero Bermudez, and they rode through the host of the Moors, slaying as they went, and they rode back again in like manner; thirteen hundred did they kill in this guise. If you would know who they were, who were the good men of that day, it behoves me to tell you, for though they are departed, it is not fitting that the names of those who have done well should die, nor would they who have done well themselves, or who hope so to do, think it right; for good men would not be so bound to do well if their good feats should be kept silent. There was my Cid, the good man in battle, who fought well upon his gilt saddle; and Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Martín Antolínez the Burgalese of prowess, and Muno Gustios, and Martín Muñoz who held Montemayor, and Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvadores, and Galin García the good one of Aragon, and Felez Muñoz the nephew of the Campeador. Wherever my Cid went, the Moors made a path before him, for he smote them down without mercy. And while the battle still continued, the Moors killed the horse of Alvar Fañez, and his lance was broken, and he fought bravely with his sword afoot. And my Cid, seeing him, came up to an Alguazil, who rode upon a good horse, and smote him with his sword under the right arm, so that he cut him through and through, and he gave the horse to Alvar Fañez, saying, Mount Minaya, for you are my right hand."



GATE OF SERRANO, VALENCIA.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

Monumento  
CONSEJERÍA DE

Generalife



The great feat of the Cid's career was the conquest of Valencia. By force of political troubles he came to occupy the position of protector of the Moorish King of Valencia in the name of the King of Zaragoza. His first entry was peaceful and unopposed :

"Then the Cid went to Valencia, and King Yahya received him full honourably, and made a covenant with him to give him weekly four thousand maravedis of silver, and he on his part was to reduce the castles to his obedience, so that they should pay the same rents unto him as had been paid unto the former kings of Valencia ; and that the Cid should protect him against all men, Moors or Christians, and should have his home in Valencia, and bring all his booty there to be sold, and that he should have his granaries there. This covenant was confirmed in writing, so that they were secure on one side and on the other. And my Cid sent to all those who held the castles, commanding them to pay their rents to the King of Valencia as they had done aforetime, and they all obeyed his command, every one striving to have his love."

From the vantage post of Valencia the Cid carried his triumphant arms against the neighbouring kingdoms. He "warred against Denia and against Xativa, and abode there all the winter, doing great hurt, insomuch that there did not remain a wall standing from Orihuela to Xativa, for he laid everything waste, and all his booty and his prisoners he sold in Valencia." On one of these expeditions, however, he lost his capital for a while. Alfonso, in 1089, has received him back to favour, given him castles, and

decreed that all the Cid's conquests should be his own property. In other words, he recognized the Cid as an almost independent prince. Almost immediately, however, the king became again suspicious of his powerful vassal, and seized the opportunity of the Cid's absence in the north to besiege his peculiar possession, the city of Valencia. When the Campeador heard this he was very wroth, and, by way of retaliation, carried fire and sword through Alfonso's districts of Najera and Calahorra, razed Logroño to the ground, and, in the words of the old Latin *Gesta*, "with terrible and impious despoilment he wasted and harried the land, and stripped it bare of its riches and seized them for himself." Alfonso hastily abandoned the siege of Valencia, and returned to defend his own country. But the Cid, having effected his purpose, came back another way, and found the gates of Valencia closed against him.

Then began that memorable siege of nine months, during which the people of Valencia suffered agonies of hunger and thirst, while the Cid maintained his remorseless leaguer round the walls. The besieged were reduced to the agonies of starvation, and those who rushed out, or were thrust forth as useless burdens by the townspeople, were massacred or sold into slavery by the Cid's soldiers. It is even said by the Moorish historians that the Cid had many of them burnt alive. The *Chronicle* pathetically records: "Now there was no food to be bought in the city, and the people were in the waves of death; and men were seen to drop and die in the streets." Thus wrote a poet of the devoted city:

"Valencia! Valencia! trouble is come upon thee, and thou art in the hour of death; and if peradventure thou shouldst escape, it will be a wonder to all that shall behold thee.

"But if ever God hath shown mercy to any place, let Him be pleased to show mercy unto thee; for thy name was joy, and all Moors delighted in thee and took their pleasure in thee.

"And if it should please God utterly to destroy thee now, it will be for thy great sins, and for the great presumption which thou hadst in thy pride.

"The four corner stones whereon thou art founded would meet together and lament for thee, if they could!

"Thy strong wall which is founded upon these four stones trembles, and is about to fall, and hath lost all its strength.

"Thy lofty and fair towers which were seen from far, and rejoiced the hearts of the people, . . . little by little they are falling.

"Thy white battlements which glittered afar off, have lost their truth with which they shone like the sunbeams.

"Thy noble river Guadalaviar, with all the other waters with which thou hast been served so well, have left their channel, and now they run where they should not.

"Thy water-courses, which were so clear and of such great profit to so many, for lack of cleansing are choked with mud.

"Thy pleasant gardens which were round about thee; . . . the ravenous wolf hath gnawn at the roots, and the trees can yield thee no fruit.

"Thy goodly fields, with so many and such fair flowers, wherein thy people were wont to take their pastime, are all dried up.

"Thy noble harbour, which was so great honour to thee, is deprived of all the nobleness which was wont to come into it for thy sake.

"The fire hath laid waste the lands of which thou wert called Mistress, and the great smoke thereof reacheth thee.

"There is no medicine for thy sore infirmity, and the physicians despair of healing thee.

"Valencia! Valencia! from a broken heart have I uttered all these things which I have said of thee.

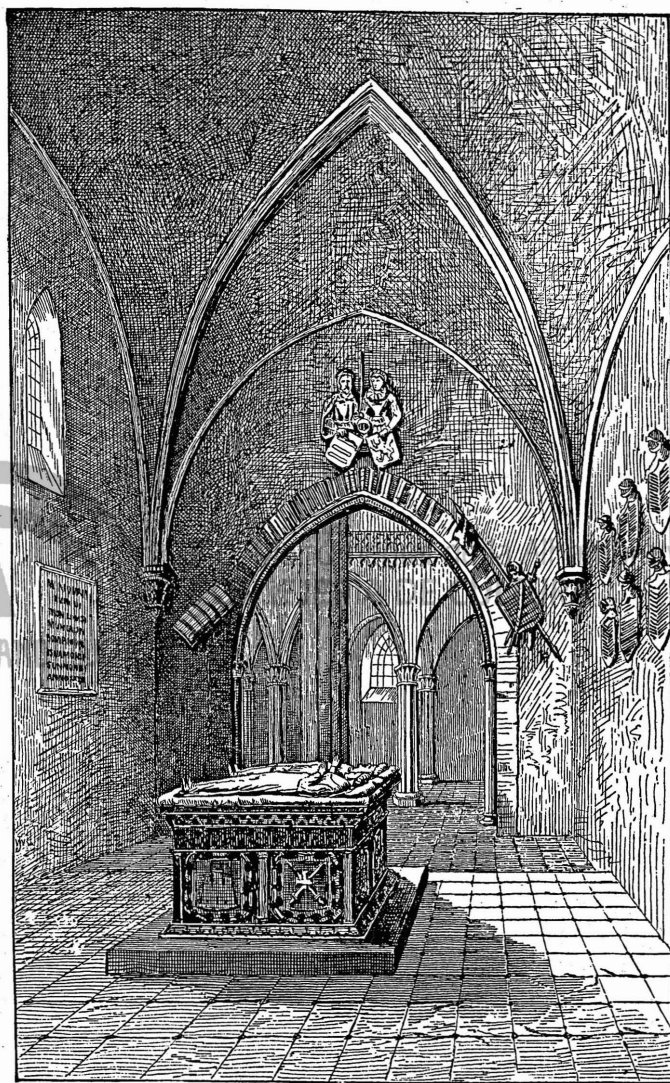
"And this grief would I keep unto myself that none should know it, if it were not needful that it should be known to all."

At last, in June, 1094, Valencia surrendered, and the Cid stood once more upon her towers and ramparts. He made hard conditions with the people, many of whom he sent away to the suburbs to make room for his Castilians. But if he was harsh and not quite honest in his dealings with the vanquished, his triumph was stained by no wholesale butchery. The people were sometimes ruined; but their lives, except their leader's, were safe. The Cid had now attained the summit of his power. He sent for his wife and daughters from the abbey, and established himself permanently as King of Valencia and suzerain of the country round about. The King of Aragon besought his alliance. He exacted heavy tribute from his neighbours; his revenue included 120,000 pieces of gold yearly from Valencia, 10,000 from the lord of

Albarracin, 10,000 from the heir of Alpuente, 6,000 from the Master of Murviedro, and so forth. He dreamed of reconquering all Andalusia. "One Roderick," he said, "lost Spain ; another shall recover it." When the Almoravides came against him, he put them to rout. The *Chronicle* tells the story :

"Day is gone, and night is come. At cock-crow they all assembled together in the Church of St. Pedro, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo sang mass, and they were shriven and assoyled and howselled. Great was the absolution which the bishop gave them : He who shall die, said he, fighting face forward, I will take his sins, and God shall have his soul. Then said he, A boon, Cid Don Rodrigo ; I have sung mass to you this morning : let me have the giving the first wounds in this battle ! and the Cid granted him this boon in the name of God. Then, being all ready, they went out through the gate which is called the Gate of the Snake, for the greatest power of the Moors was on that side, leaving good men to guard the gates. Alvar Fañez and his company were already gone forth, and had laid their ambush. Four thousand, lacking thirty, were they who went out with my Cid, with a good will, to attack fifty thousand. They went through all the narrow places and bad passes, and, leaving the ambush on the left, struck to the right hand, so as to get the Moors between them and the town. And the Cid put his battles in good array, and bade Pero Bermudez bear his banner. When the Moors saw this they were greatly amazed ; and they harnessed themselves in great haste, and came out of their tents. Then the Cid bade his banner move on,

and the Bishop Don Hieronymo pricked forward with his company, and laid on with such guise, that the hosts were soon mingled together. Then might you have seen many a horse running about the field with the saddle under his belly, and many a horseman in evil plight upon the ground. Great was the smiting and slaying in short time; but by reason that the Moors were so great a number, they bore hard upon the Christians, and were in the hour of overcoming them. And the Cid began to encourage them with a loud voice, shouting God and Santiago! And Alvar Fañez at this time issued out from ambush, and fell upon them, on the side which was nearest the sea; and the Moors thought that a great power had arrived to the Cid's succour, and they were dismayed, and began to fly. And the Cid and his people pursued, punishing them in a bad way. If we should wish to tell you how every one behaved himself in this battle, it is a thing which could not be done, for all did so well that no man can relate their feats. And the Cid Ruydiez did so well, and made such mortality among the Moors, that the blood ran from his wrist to his elbow! Great pleasure had he in his horse Bavieca that day, to find himself so well mounted. And in the pursuit he came up to King Yusuf, and smote him three times; but the king escaped from under the sword, for the horse of the Cid passed on in his course, and when he turned, the king being on a fleet horse, was far off, so that he might not be overtaken; and he got into a castle called Guyera, for so far did the Christians pursue them, smiting and slaying, and giving them no respite, so that hardly fifteen thousand escaped of fifty that they were."



TOMB OF THE CID AT SAN PEDRO DE CARDEÑA.

But the fortune of war is fickle. The troops of the Cid were defeated at last by the invaders; and the Campeador died of grief in July, 1099. They took his body and embalmed it, and kept vigil by its side; then, in the legend of the poets, they did as the Cid had bidden them: they set him upon his good horse Bavioca, and fastened the saddle well, so that he sat erect, with his countenance unchanged, his eyes bright and fair, and his beard flowing down his breast, and his trusty sword Tizona in his hand. No one would have known that he was dead. And they led Bavioca out of the city: Pero Bermudez in front with the banner of the Cid and five hundred knights to guard it, and Doña Ximena behind with her company and escort. Slowly they cut a path through the besiegers, and took the road to Castile, leaving the Moors in sore amazement at their strange departure: for they did not know that the Cid was dead. But the body of the hero was set in an ivory chair beside the great altar of San Pedro de Cardeña, under a canopy whereon were blazoned the arms of Castile and Leon, Navarre and Aragon, and of the Cid Campeador. Ten years the Cid sat upright beside the altar, his face still noble and comely, when the signs of death at last began to appear; so they buried him before the altar, where Doña Ximena already lay; and they left him in the vault, still upright in the ivory chair, still in his princely robes with the sword Tizona in his hand,—still the great Campeador whose dinted shield and banner of victory hung desolate over his tomb.

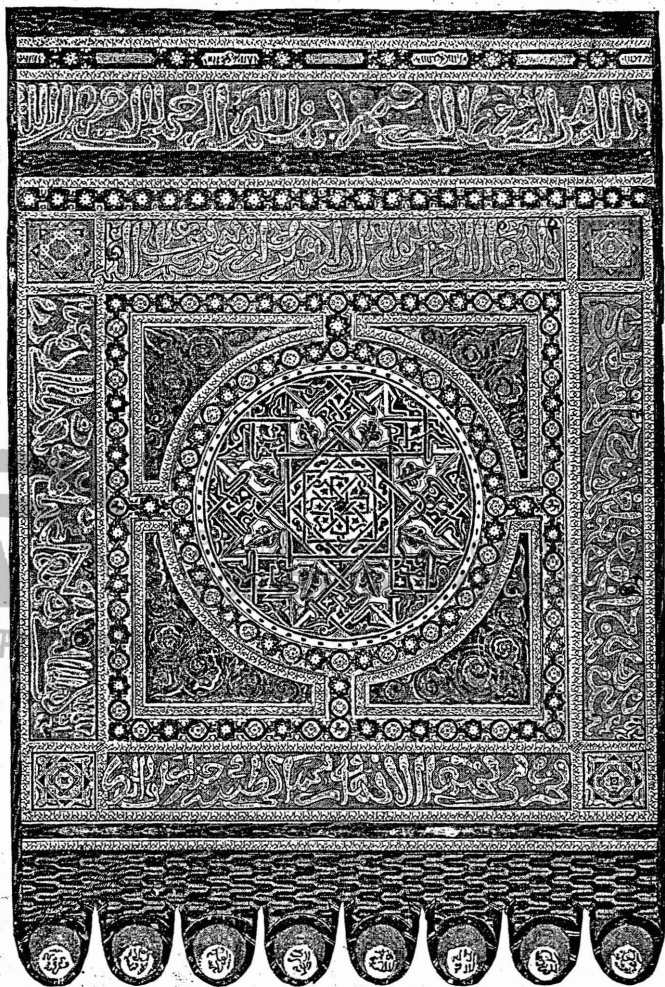




## XII.

### THE KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

WITH such soldiers as the Cid, and such kings as Fernando and Alfonso, the recovery of all Spain by the Christians was only a matter of time. Every nation, it appears, has its time of growth and its period of efflorescence, after which comes the age of decay. As Greece fell, as Rome fell, as every ancient kingdom the world has known has risen, triumphed, and fallen, so fell the Moors in Spain. Their time was now near at hand. They had been divided and undisciplined before the Almoravide annexation: they were not less so when their Berber masters had been expelled. But hardly had the Almoravides disappeared, when a new enemy came on the scene. The Almohades, or fanatical "Unitarians," who had overthrown the power of the Almoravides in Africa, resolved to imitate their vanquished predecessors by including Andalusia in their empire. The dissensions among the princes of the long-shattered kingdom of the Moors made the task an easy one. In 1145 the Almohades took Algeciras; in 1146 they occupied Seville and Malaga, and the next four years saw Cordova and the rest of southern Spain united under their sway. Some princes, indeed, held out for a while,



BANNER OF THE ALMOHADES.

but the hordes of African fanatics were too overpowering for any single chief to make a protracted stand against them.

The Almohades, however, had no thought of making Andalusia the centre of their government. They ruled it from Africa, and the consequence was that their hold upon Spain was weak. The disturbed provinces of Andalusia were not easily to be retained by princes who contented themselves with deputies sent from Morocco, and with an occasional expedition to repel the attacks of the Christians. When they came in force their efforts were generally crowned with success. They won a splendid victory over the Christians in 1195 at Alarcos, near Badajoz, where thousands of the enemy were slain, and immense spoils fell into the hands of the fanatics. But the fortune of war changed when, in 1212, the disastrous field of Las Navas decided the fate of the Almohades. Of 600,000 men, few escaped to tell the tale of slaughter. City after city fell into the hands of the Christians; and family dissensions among the foreigners, and the attacks of rival dynasties in Africa, enabled the chiefs of Andalusia, who had grown impatient of the spasmodic rule of their foreign masters, in 1235, to drive the Almohades out of the peninsula. An Arab chief, Ibn-Hūd, then made himself master of most of the south of Spain, and even of Ceuta in Africa; but he died in 1238, and the command of Andalusia now devolved upon the Beny-Nasr of Granada.

The kingdom of Granada was the last bulwark of the Moors in Spain. It was not much that was now

left to them. Between 1238 and 1260, Fernando III. of Castile and Jayme I. of Aragon conquered Valencia, Cordova, Seville, and Murcia; and the rule of the Moors was now restricted to the present province of Granada, *i.e.*, the country about the Sierra Nevada and the sea coast from Almeria to Gibraltar. Within this limit, however, their kingdom was destined to endure for another two centuries and a half. Though hemmed in on all sides, the Moors were well served by soldiers. The people of the conquered cities, the most valiant warriors of the vanquished Moslem states, came to place their swords at the disposal of the one remaining Mohammedan king. Fifty thousand Moors are recorded to have fled to his protection from Valencia, and three hundred thousand from Seville, Xeres, and Cadiz. Nevertheless, Granada was forced to become tributary to the Castilian crown. The founder of the dynasty of the Beny-Nasr, an Arab named Ibn-el-Ahmar, or the "Red man," because of his fair skin and hair, was a vigorous sovereign, but he could not withstand the power of the Christians, who now held nearly the whole of Spain. He paid homage and tribute to Fernando and his son Alfonso the Learned, not, however, without more than one struggle to free himself from their yoke; and from that time forward Granada with its surrounding territory was generally let alone by the Christian kings, who had enough to do to settle their already vast acquired territory and to do away with local pretenders. From time to time the Moors made war upon their Christian neighbours, but eventually they had to make up their minds to a secondary position.



SHIELD OF A KING OF GRANADA.

The sum of twelve thousand gold ducats was the tribute paid by Mohammed X., in 1463, as a condition of peace. During these two centuries the Moorish territory had suffered little diminution. Gibraltar had been lost and won and lost again; other places, notably Algeciras, had become part of the Christian dominions; but the general extent of the Moslem realm remained in the third quarter of the fifteenth century much what it had been in the first half of the thirteenth.

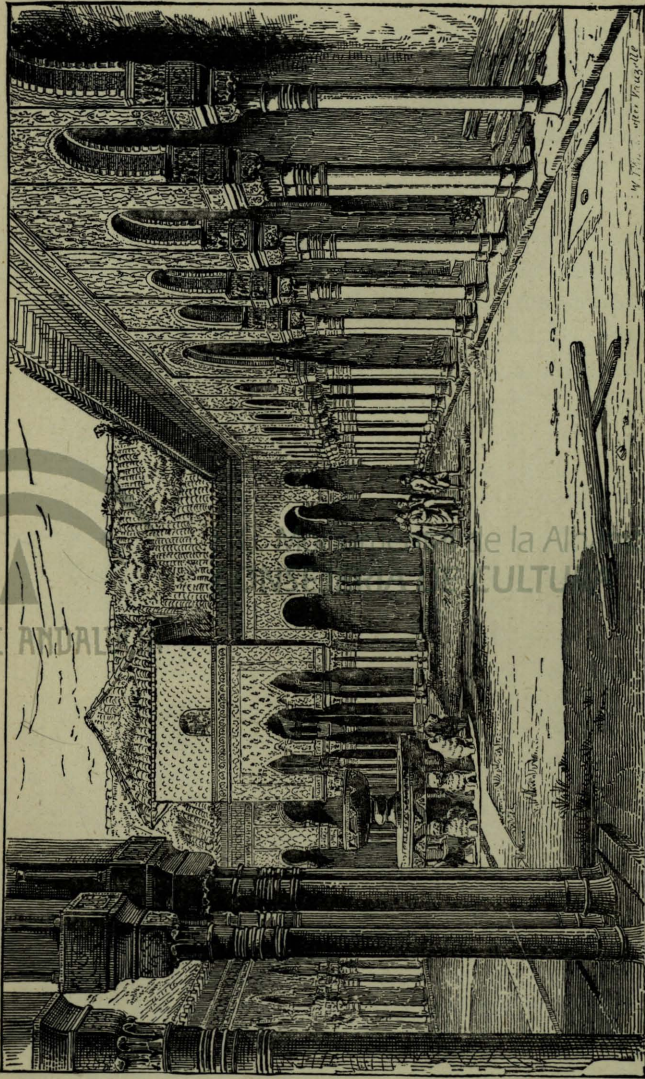
During this period of comparative tranquillity, Granada had taken the place of Cordova as the home of the arts and sciences. Its architects were renowned throughout Europe; they had built the marvellous "Red Palace," *Alhambra*, so called from the colour of the ferruginous soil on which it stands, and they had covered it with the splendid gold ornament and Arabesque mouldings which are still the wonder of artists of all countries.<sup>1</sup> Granada itself, with its two castles, was a pearl of price. It stands on the border of a rich plain, the famous "Vega," lying at the feet of the snowy "mountains of the moon," the Sierra Nevada. From the heights of the city, and still better from the Alhambra, which stands sentinel over the plain like the Acropolis of Athens, the eye ranges over this beautiful Vega, with its streams and vineyards, its orchards and orange groves. No city in Andalusia was more favoured in site or climate; the breezes

<sup>1</sup> The Alhambra was begun in the thirteenth century and completed in the fourteenth. Washington Irving, who visited it in 1829, in company with Prince Dolgorouki, has given an interesting account of his life there, which combines the romance and the history of the place.

from the snow mountains made the hottest summer tolerable, and the land was fertile beyond compare.

The site chosen by the Moors for their celebrated Red Palace is a terrace bounded by precipitous ravines, at the foot of which, to the north, flow the waters of the river Darro. Solid walls of stone covered with stucco, and strengthened at frequent intervals by towers, surround the terrace. The enclosed space is somewhat of the form of a lanceolate leaf lying on the table-land, with its greatest length (about half a mile) from east to west.

The visitor finds his way into the enclosure through a massive embattled tower of orange and red pierced by the Gate of Justice under which the khalifs, like the judges of the Hebrews, were wont to sit in judgment. Twenty-eight feet above the pavement, over the horseshoe arch, a cabalistic key and a gigantic hand are carved on two stones. Once inside the walls, the visitor finds himself in a square, on one side of which is an unfinished palace designed by Charles the Fifth. The corridor through which entrance is now gained to the Alhambra crosses an angle of this ruined structure and admits the visitor to the Court of the Myrtles, so called from the profusion of those shrubs which adorn its sides. A narrow passage ushers us into a court one hundred and forty feet long, and half as broad, flooded with sunlight and gay with gold-fish, which disport themselves in a long pond that fills the larger part of the space. Pillars and galleries adorn the sides and ends of the enclosure, and on the north the great square tower of Comares rises against the horizon. The



THE COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA.

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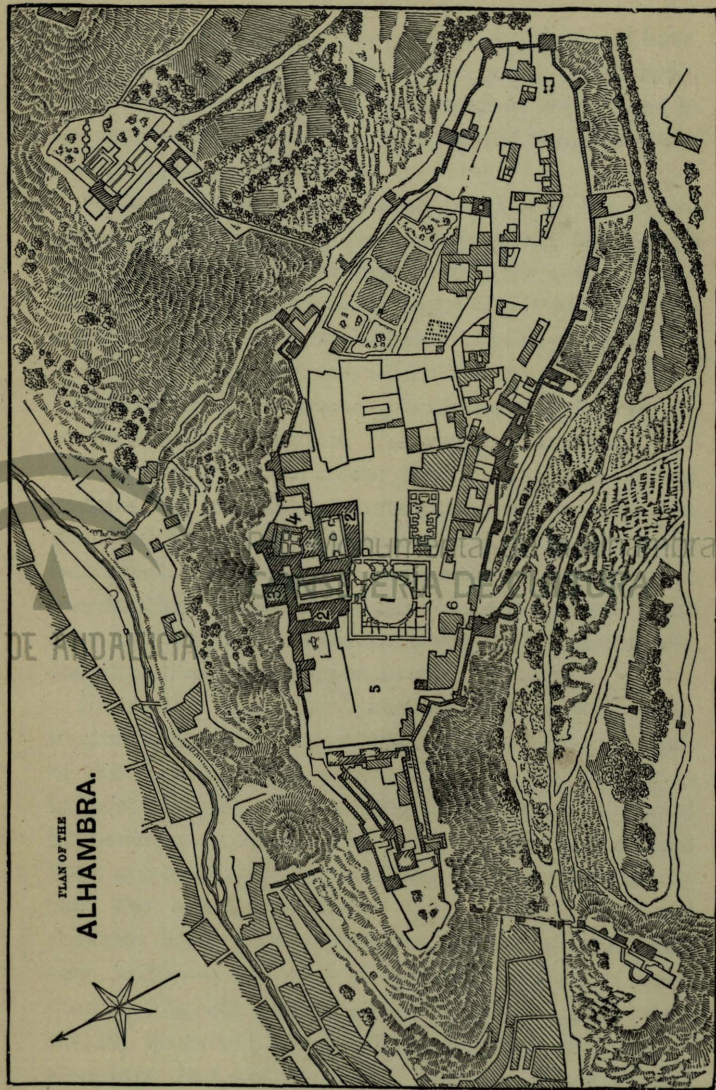


court is a place of peace ; the water scarcely makes a ripple as it gently oozes into the ample reservoir, and leaves it without a gurgle ; the multitudinous gold-fishes gleam and glitter in the profusion of sunshine ; no suggestion of the outer world penetrates the stillness.

All is calm, but it is not the dull, cold calm of ruin and death ; we can but feel a sense of companionship with the former masters of the palace and the grounds. We walk through the Barca, or boat-shaped antechamber, to the Hall of the Ambassadors, and imagine the khalif of the Omeyyads seated upon his throne at the end ; while we gaze up into the lofty dome and allow our eyes to wander about the great apartment as we admire the medallions, the graceful characters of the Arabic inscriptions, the delicate patterns of the plaster-work with which the walls are adorned ; the balconies, the white, blue, and gold of the cornice and ceiling ; the circles, crowns, and stars moulded to imitate the vault of heaven. We stop before the window looking over the Darro to think how Ayesha once let Boabdil down in a basket from it five centuries ago ; how Charles the Fifth said of the unfortunate Moor, " Ill-fated was the man who lost all this ! " We bring up before us the discoverer of America, as tradition paints him, pleading in this place with the good Isabella for gracious permission to add another jewel to her crown—the bright gem of a New World. We climb to the terraced roof of the tower, following the narrow windings of the steep stairway once trodden by fair lady and gallant prince as they hastened to the lofty battlement to watch the approach

of some army or anxiously to study the progress of a battle on the Vega. Our eyes search the broad expanse for that bridge of Pinos where Moor and Christian more than once fought for the mastery. We remember that it was at that spot that Isabella's messenger overtook the despairing Columbus, as he conveyed to him the queen's recall, when the mariner was plodding towards other realms to carry his bold proposition to other and, as he hoped, more gracious sovereigns. We care not that it is tradition only which fixes the spot; tradition and romance are a portion of the charm of the Alhambra.

In our search through the intricate plan of the pile, we find ourselves in the boudoir of the Sultana, the windows of which command the same prospect over the Vega, a scene to which distance lends its greatest charm. We are reminded on every side of the luxury of the olden time, when we see the apertures in the white marble floor near the entrance, through which perfumes arose from drugs, which tradition says were burned beneath the floor to make the air of the lady's apartment redolent with their sweet scents. We look down into the garden of the Lindaraja, upon which Irving also looked when he occupied those apartments which have become historic on his account. The garden itself is scarcely worthy of notice, for it is a little-cultivated court; but near by are the baths of the Sultans, with their delicate filigree work, intricate tracery, and brilliant mosaics. There is the fountain which ripples in gentle cadence, as if keeping time to the harmony that the musicians poured down from the balconies when the ladies of



PLAN OF THE  
**ALHAMBRA.**

1. Palace of Charles V.
2. Casa Real.
3. Tower of Comares.
4. Hall of Two Sisters.
5. Place of the Gnomons.
6. Gate of Justice.

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BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Generalife

the harim enjoyed the pleasures of the Oriental bath, or rested themselves upon cloth of gold. Each bath, cut from a single mass of white marble, was placed in its own vaulted chamber, and lighted through open-work of stars and roses.

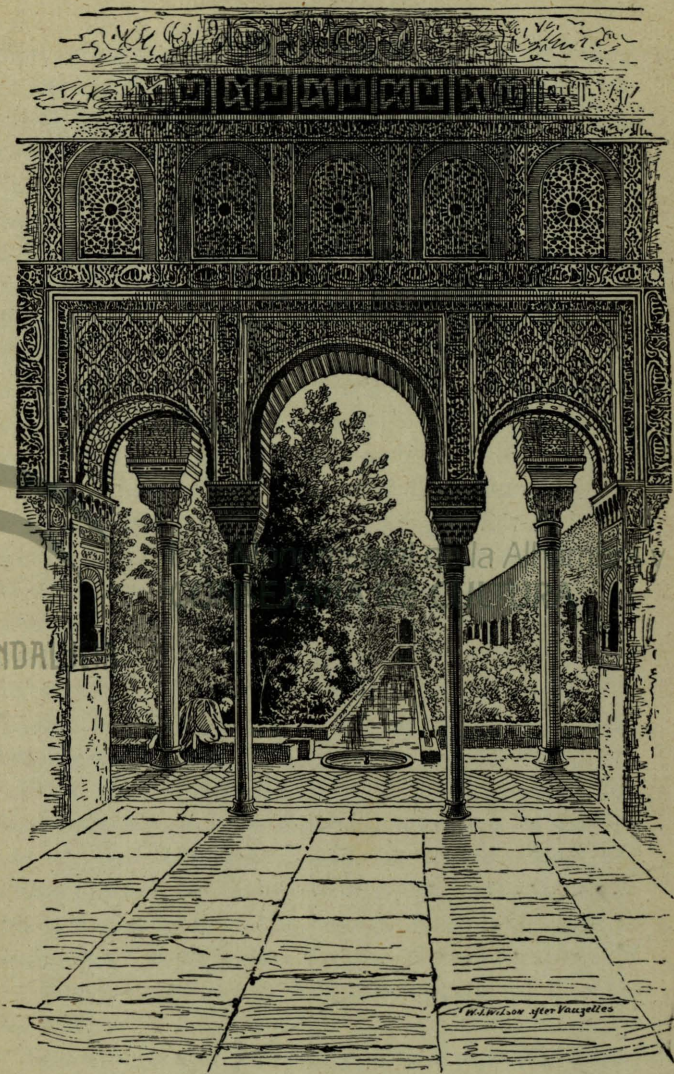
Perhaps the most celebrated portion of the entire palace is the Court of the Lions, which occupies a space somewhat smaller than that of the Court of the Myrtles. One hundred and twenty-eight white marble columns, arranged by threes and fours in symmetrical fashion, support galleries which rise to no very lofty height; but the extreme gracefulness and elegance of their varied capitals, the delicate traceries, the remnants of gold and colour, the raised orange-shaped cupolas, the graceful minarets, the innumerable arches, beautiful in their labyrinthine design, the empty basin into which the twelve stiff and unnatural "lions" once poured their constant streams of cooling waters, the alabaster reservoir, constitute a whole that poetry and romance have lauded even to extravagance.

From this beautiful court, through a door ornamented with rare designs, one is ushered into the Hall of the Abencerrages, named from the legend that in its precincts the chiefs of that family were beheaded by order of Boabdil. Convenient spots in the stone floor are exhibited to credulous visitors as evidences that the blood was there spilt. The sweet and peaceful light which enters the apartment by sixteen airy windows in the star-shaped stalactite roof, illuminating its arches ornamented in azure and scarlet, seem all inappropriate to such a scene of slaughter, and charity would lead us, if history did

not, to doubt that the stain should rest upon the memory of Boabdil.

Time would fail us to go through all the courts and halls of the comprehensive building, and we must make our way over the road that crosses the ravine of Los Molinos, bordered with figs and pistachios, laurels and roses, to the other palace, the Generalife, or "Garden of the Surveyor." This is the "Country House" of the greater palace, and, so far as the exterior of the building is concerned, presents the usual simplicity of Oriental structures. Here are the walls without windows, the terraces, the galleries, the arcades—all of which are in a state of ruin. The delicate arabesques are covered with thick layers of whitewash; the fine sculptures have disappeared, and the internal beauty of the edifice has long since departed; but the charm of the gardens and waters remains. A rapid stream runs through an artificial channel of marble the entire length of the enclosure under a series of arcades and leafy screens formed by curiously twisted yews, while cypresses and orange trees cast their cooling shadows upon the waters. Jets and fountains, rapid-flowing streams and placid ponds, little basins nestling under ancient bays, murmuring rivulets and winding courses reflecting the blue of the sky, are intermingled with the utmost perfection of skill, and the combination forms one of the most charming effects that can be imagined.

"Here," says Irving, "is everything to delight a southern voluptuary: fruits, flowers, fragrance, green arbours and myrtle hedges, delicate air and gushing water. Here I had an opportunity of witnessing



GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE, GRANADA.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

those scenes which painters are fond of depicting about southern palaces and gardens. It was the saint's day of the Count's daughter, and she had brought up several of her youthful companions from Granada to sport away a long summer's day among the breezy halls and bowers of the Moorish palace. A visit to the Generalife was the morning's entertainment. Here some of the gay companions dispersed themselves in groups about the green walks, the bright fountains, the flight of Italian steps, the noble terraces, and marble balustrades. Others, among whom I was one, took their seats in an open gallery or colonnade; commanding a vast prospect; with the Alhambra, the city, and the Vega far below, and the distant horizon of mountains—a dreamy world, all glimmering to the eye in summer sunshine. While thus seated, the all-pervading tinkling of the guitar and click on the castanets came stealing up the valley of the Darro, and half-way down the mountain we descried a festive party under the trees enjoying themselves in true Andalusian style; some lying on the grass, others dancing to the music."

From the ruined building one gains, perhaps, the most satisfactory view of the Alhambra, as its reddish line of half-demolished walls is traced along the undulations of the mountain on which it stands; while the white ridges of the Sierra Nevada furnish a magnificent background for the picture, and set off the heavy mass of the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth.

Two centuries of prosperity, with a powerful Christian State almost at bow-shot, were as much as the

Moors had any right to expect; and towards the third quarter of the fifteenth century there were signs that their knell was about to sound. The union of Aragon with Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella was the note of doom. Two such sovereigns could not long leave the Moors undisturbed in their corner of the peninsula. Muley Aly, generally known by his surname, Abu-l-Hasan (which the Spaniards change into Alboacen, and many English writers into Aben Hasan), who was of a fiery and warlike nature, resolved to be beforehand with their Catholic majesties in opening the game of war. He refused to pay the customary tribute, and when the ambassador of Ferdinand came to insist, he made answer: "Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who paid tribute are dead: our mint now coins nothing but sword-blades!" To make his meaning unmistakable, he proceeded to carry a raid into the lands of the Christians. Zahara was the spot he selected for attack. A gifted American author has told the story of the last wars of the Moors in his own eloquent style; and we must follow Washington Irving in relating the assault of Zahara.\*

"In the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and eighty one, and but a night or two after the festival of the most blessed Nativity, the inhabitants of Zahara were sunk in profound sleep; the very sentinel had deserted his post, and sought shelter from a tempest which had raged without for three nights in succession; for it appeared but little probable that an enemy would be abroad during such an uproar of

\* Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, chap. iv.



the elements. But evil spirits, work best during a storm. In the midst of the night an uproar rose within the walls of Zahara, more awful than the raging of the storm. A fearful alarm-cry, 'The Moor!' 'The Moor!' resounded through the streets, mingled with the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish, and the shout of victory. Muley Abu-l-Hasan, at the head of a powerful force, had hurried from Granada, and passed unobserved through the mountains in the obscurity of the tempest. While the storm pelted the sentinel from his post and howled around tower and battlement, the Moors had planted their scaling-ladders, and mounted securely into both town and castle. The garrison was unsuspecting of danger until battle and massacre burst forth within its very walls. It seemed to the affrighted inhabitants as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret. The war-cry resounded on every side, shout answering shout, above, below, on the battlements of the castle, in the streets of the town; the foe was in all parts, wrapped in obscurity, but acting in concert by the aid of preconcerted signals. Starting from sleep, the soldiers were intercepted and cut down as they rushed from their quarters; or, if they escaped, they knew not where to assemble, or where to strike. Whenever lights appeared, the flashing scimitar was at its deadly work; and all who attempted resistance fell beneath its edge. In a little while the struggle was at an end. Those who were not slain took refuge in the secret places of their houses, or gave themselves up as captives. The clash of arms ceased,

and the storm continued its howling, mingled with the occasional shout of the Moorish soldiery roaming in search of plunder. While the inhabitants were trembling for their fate, a trumpet resounded through the streets, summoning them all to assemble, unarmed, in the public square. Here they were surrounded by soldiery, and strictly guarded until daybreak. When the day dawned, it was piteous to behold this once prosperous community, which had lain down to rest in peaceful security, now crowded together without distinction of age, or rank, or sex, and almost without raiment, during the severity of a winter storm. The fierce Muley Abu-l-Hasan turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and ordered them to be conducted captives to Granada. Leaving a strong garrison in both town and castle, with orders to put them in a complete state of defence, he returned flushed with victory to his capital, entering it at the head of his troops, laden with spoil, and bearing in triumph the banners and pennons taken at Zahara. While preparations were making for jousts and other festivities in honour of this victory over the Christians, the captives of Zahara arrived—a wretched train of men, women, and children, worn out with fatigue and haggard with despair, and driven like cattle into the city gates by a detachment of Moorish soldiery.”

The civilized people of Granada were shocked at the cruelty of Abu-l-Hasan, and felt that this was the beginning of the end. “Woe to Granada!” they cried. “The hour of its desolation is at hand. The ruins of Zahara will fall upon our own heads!”

Retribution was not far off. The redoubtable

Marquess of Cadiz captured the castle of Alhama by surprise, and thus planted a Christian garrison in the heart of the Moslem territory, within a short distance of Granada itself. In vain did Muley Abu-I-Hasan invest the captured castle; the Christians within performed prodigies of valour in its defence, and held the place till their friends came to their support. *Ay de mi Alhama!* "Woe for my Alhama!" was the cry that arose in Granada; "Alhama is fallen; the key of Granada is in the hands of the infidels!" Byron has made every one familiar with the plaintive ballad which he mistranslated:

Paseábase el rey Moro  
 Por la ciudad de Granada,  
 Desde las puertas de Elvira  
 Hasta las de Bivarambla.  
 Ay de mi Alhama!

Henceforward, the castle proved a sore thorn in the side of the Moorish kings; for thence the brave Count of Tendillo harried the Vega and wrought infinite destruction. "It was a pleasing and refreshing sight," says the Jesuit chronicler<sup>1</sup> invented by Washington Irving, "to behold the pious knight and his followers returning from one of these crusades, leaving the rich land of the infidel in smoking desolation behind them: to behold the long line of mules and asses laden with the plunder of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Irving says of his "chronicler": "In constructing my chronicle, I adopted the fiction of a Spanish monk as a chronicler. Fray Antonio Agapida was intended as a personification of the monkish zealots who hovered about the sovereigns in their campaigns, marring the chivalry of the camp by the bigotry of the cloister, and chronicling in rapturous strains every act of intolerance towards the Moors." (Introduction to the revised edition of the *Conquest of Granada*, 1850.)

Gentiles, the hosts of captive Moors, men, women, and children; droves of sturdy beeves, lowing kine and bleating sheép—all winding up the steep acclivity to the gates of Alhama, pricked on by the Catholic soldiery. . . . It was an awful spectacle at night to behold the volumes of black smoke, mingled with lurid flames, that rose from the burning suburbs, and the women on the walls of the towns wringing their hands and shrieking at the desolation of their dwellings.”

Inflamed by their respective conquests, both sides busied themselves in raids such as these, with little result, save general devastation and exasperation. The Christians at last attempted a movement on a larger scale. They resolved to invade the province of Malaga, and, marshalling the forces of the south, led by the Marquess of Cadiz and other noted warriors, they set out upon their fateful march. “It was on a Wednesday<sup>2</sup> that the pranking army of high-mettled warriors issued forth from the ancient gates of Antequera. They marched all day and night, making their way secretly, as they supposed, through the passes of the mountains. As the tract of country they intended to maraud was far in the Moorish territories, near the coast of the Mediterranean, they did not arrive there till late in the following day. In passing through these stern and lofty mountains, their path was often along the bottom of a barranca, or deep rocky valley, with a scanty stream dashing along it, among the loose rocks and stones which it had broken and rolled

<sup>2</sup> Washington Irving: *Conquest of Granada*, chap. xii.

down in the time of its autumnal violence. Sometimes their road was a mere rambla, or dry bed of a torrent cut deep into the mountains and filled with their shattered fragments. These barrancas and rambas were overhung by immense cliffs and precipices, forming the lurking-places of ambushades during the wars between the Moors and Spaniards, as in after times they have become the favourite haunts of robbers to waylay the unfortunate traveller.

"As the sun went down, the cavaliers came to a lofty part of the mountains, commanding, to their right, a distant glimpse of a part of the fair Vega of Malaga, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and they hailed it with exultation, as a glimpse of the promised land. As the night closed in they reached the chain of little valleys and hamlets, locked up among those rocky heights, and known among the Moors by the name of Axarquia. Here their vaunting hopes were destined to meet the first disappointment. The inhabitants had heard of their approach; they had conveyed away their cattle and effects, and with their wives and children had taken refuge in the towers and fortresses of the mountains.

"Enraged at their disappointment, the troops set fire to the deserted houses, and pressed forward, hoping for better fortune as they advanced. Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and the other cavaliers in the van-guard, spread out their forces to lay waste the country, capturing a few lingering herds of cattle, with the Moorish peasants who were driving them to some place of safety.

"While this marauding party carried fire and sword

in the advance, and lit up the mountain cliffs with the flames of the hamlets, the Master of Santiago, who brought up the rear-guard, maintained strict order, keeping his knights together in martial array, ready for attack or defence should an enemy appear. The men-at-arms of the Holy Brotherhood attempted to roam in quest of booty ; but he called them back and rebuked them severely.

“ At last they came to a part of the mountain completely broken up by barrancas and ramblas, of vast depth, and shagged with rocks and precipices. It was impossible to maintain the order of march ; the horses had no room for action, and were scarcely manageable, having to scramble from rock to rock, and up and down frightful declivities, where there was scarce footing for a mountain goat. Passing by a burning village, the light of the flames revealed their perplexed situation. The Moors, who had taken refuge in a watch-tower on an impending height, shouted with exultation when they looked down upon these glistening cavaliers, struggling and stumbling among the rocks. Sallying forth from their tower, they took possession of the cliffs which overhung the ravine, and hurled darts and stones upon the enemy.

“ In this extremity the Master of Santiago despatched messengers in search of succour. The Marquess of Cadiz, like a loyal companion-in-arms, hastened to his aid with his cavalry. His approach checked the assaults of the enemy, and the master was at length enabled to extricate his troops from the defile. . . .

“ The Adalides, or guides, were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage. These, thinking to

conduct them by the most secure route, led them by a steep and rocky pass, difficult for the foot soldiers, but almost impracticable to the cavalry. It was overhung with precipices, from whence showers of stones and arrows were poured upon them, accompanied by savage yells, which appalled the stoutest heart. In some places they could pass but one at a time, and were often transpierced, horse and rider, by the Moorish darts, impeding the progress of their comrades by their dying struggles. The surrounding precipices were lit up by a thousand alarm fires; every crag and cliff had its flames, by the light of which they beheld their foes bounding from rock to rock, and looking more like fiends than mortal men. Either through terror and confusion, or through real ignorance of the country, their guides, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into their fatal recesses. The morning dawned upon them in a narrow rambla; its bottom formed of broken rocks, where once had raved along the mountain torrent; while above them beetled huge arid cliffs, over the brows of which they beheld the turbaned heads of their fierce and exulting foes. . . .

"All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves from the mountains. Columns of smoke rose from the heights where, in the preceding night, had blazed the alarm fire. The mountaineers assembled from every direction: they swarmed at every pass, getting in the advance of the Christians, and garrisoning the cliffs, like so many towers and battlements.

"Night closed again upon the Christians, when they

were shut up in a narrow valley traversed by a deep stream, and surrounded by precipices which seemed to reach the sky, and on which the alarm fires blazed and flared. Suddenly a new cry was heard resounding along the valley. Ez-Zagel! Ez-Zagel! echoed from cliff to cliff. 'What cry is that?' said the master of Santiago. 'It is the war-cry of Ez-Zagel, the Moorish general,' said an old Castilian soldier; 'he must be coming in person with the troops of Malaga.'

"The worthy Master turned to his knights: 'Let us die,' said he, 'making a road with our hearts, since we cannot with our swords. Let us scale the mountains, and sell our lives dearly, instead of staying here to be tamely butchered.'

"So saying, he turned his steed against the mountain, and spurred him up its flinty side. Horse and foot followed his example, eager, if they could not escape, to have at least a dying blow at the enemy. As they struggled up the height, a tremendous storm of darts and stones was showered upon them by the Moors. Sometimes a fragment of rock came bounding and thundering down, ploughing its way through the centre of their host. The foot soldiers, faint with weariness and hunger, or crippled by wounds, held by the tails and manes of their horses, to aid them in their ascent, while the horses, losing their footing among the loose stones, or receiving some sudden wound, tumbled down the steep declivity, steed, rider, and soldier rolling from crag to crag, until they were dashed to pieces in the valley. In this desperate struggle the Alferéz, or standard-bearer of the Master, with his standard was lost, as were many of his

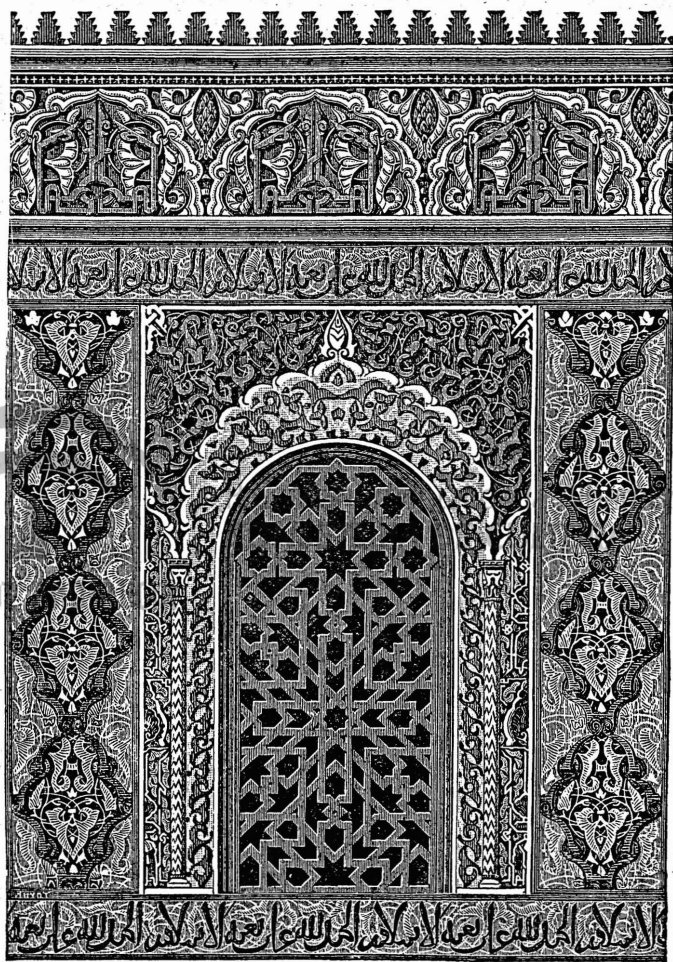


relations and dearest friends. At length he succeeded in attaining the crest of the mountain; but it was only to be plunged in new difficulties. A wilderness of rocks and rugged dells lay before him, beset by cruel foes. Having neither banner nor trumpet, by which to rally his troops, they wandered apart, each intent upon saving himself from the precipices of the mountains and the darts of the enemy. When the pious Master of Santiago beheld the scattered fragments of his late gallant force he could not restrain his grief. 'O God!' exclaimed he, 'great is Thy anger this day against Thy servants! Thou hast converted the cowardice of these infidels into desperate valour, and hast made peasants and boors victorious over armed men of battle!'

"He would fain have kept his foot soldiers and gathered them together, and have made head against the enemy; but those around him entreated him to think only of his personal safety. To remain was to perish without striking a blow; to escape was to preserve a life that might be devoted to vengeance on the Moors. The Master reluctantly yielded to their advice. 'O Lord of Hosts,' exclaimed he again, 'from Thy wrath do I fly, not from these infidels. They are but instruments in Thy hands to chastise us for our sins!' So saying, he sent the guides in advance, and, putting spurs to his horse, dashed through a defile of the mountain before the Moors could intercept him. The moment the Master put his horse to speed, his troops scattered in all directions: some endeavoured to follow his traces, but were confounded among the intricacies of the mountain.

They fled hither and thither, many perishing among the precipices, others being slain by the Moors, and others taken prisoners."

The horrors of that night among the mountains of Malaga were not speedily forgotten by the Christians. They burned for vengeance; and when "Boabdil" (properly Abu-Abdallah), the King of Granada, who had temporarily ousted his father from the sovereignty, sallied forth on a sweeping raid into the lands of the Christians, they took a signal revenge. Boabdil marched secretly by night; but his movements were not long undetected. Beacon fires blazed from the hill-tops, and the Count of Cabra, aroused by their flames, sounded the alarm, and assembled the chiefs of the district. They fell upon the Moors near Lucena, and, aided by the cover of the woods, made so skilful an attack, that the enemy turned. "Remember the mountains of Malaga!" was the ominous cry, as the Christian knights set spurs to their horses in pursuit of the Moslems: with shouts of St. James they dashed upon them, and the retreat became an utter rout. When the fugitives entered the gates of Granada a great wave of lamentation passed through the city: "Beautiful Granada, how is thy glory faded. The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger; no longer does the Bivarambla echo to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and tourney. Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy



A WINDOW IN THE ALHAMBRA.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

hills; the graceful dance of the Zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Beautiful Granada! why is the Alhambra so forlorn and desolate? The orange and myrtle still breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; the nightingale still sings within its groves; its marble halls are still refreshed with the splash of fountains and the gush of limpid rills! Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those halls. The light of the Alhambra is set for ever!"

Boabdil, indeed, had been made prisoner and was now a captive on his way to Cordova, while Ferdinand ravaged the Vega, and old Muley Abu-l-Hasan, who now returned to his kingdom, ground his teeth in impotent rage behind his stout ramparts.

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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA





### XIII.

#### THE FALL OF GRANADA.

THE capture of Boabdil by the Christian sovereigns was a fatal blow to the Moorish power. The loss of the prince himself was the smallest part of the misfortune. Boabdil, though he could show true Moorish courage in the battle-field, was a weak and vacillating man, and was perpetually oppressed by the conviction that destiny was against him. He was known as Ez-Zogoiby, "the Unlucky;" and he was ever lamenting his evil star, against which he felt it was useless to struggle. "Verily," he would exclaim, after every reverse, "it was written in the book of fate that I should be unlucky, and that the kingdom should come to an end under my rule!" Boabdil could easily be spared; but innocuous as he was in himself, he might become dangerous in the hands of a clever adversary; and events showed that Boabdil's subjection to Ferdinand contributed as much as any other cause to the overthrow of the Moorish power in Andalusia. The Catholic sovereigns received him with honour at Cordova, and, by friendly persuasion and arguments drawn from his own desperate situation and the strongly contrasted successes of the Christians, they induced him to become their instrument and vassal.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF  
GRANADA.

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BIBLIOTCA DE LA ALHAMBRA

As soon as they felt that they had completely mastered their tool, the politic king and queen suffered him to return to Granada, where his father, Abu-l-Hasan, once more held the fortress of the Alhambra. Favoured by his old supporters in the Albaycin quarter of the city, Boabdil managed to effect an entrance, and to seize the citadel or keep called Alcazaba, whence he carried on a guerilla warfare with his father in the opposite fort. The quarrel was further embittered by the rivalry between the wives of Abu-l-Hasan. Ayesha, the mother of Boabdil, was intensely jealous of a Christian lady, Zoraya, whom Abu-l-Hasan loved far beyond his other wives; and the chief courtiers took up the cause of either queen. Thus arose the celebrated antagonism between the Zegrís, a Berber tribe from Aragon, who supported Ayesha, and the Abencerrages, or Beny-Serrāj, an old Cordovan family, which ended in the celebrated massacre of the Abencerrages in the Palace of Alhambra, though whether Boabdil was the author of this butchery is still matter of doubt. Supported by the Zegrís, Boabdil for some time held his ground in the citadel. Old Abu-l-Hasan was too strong for him, however, and the son was soon compelled to take refuge at Almeria. Henceforward there were always two kings of Granada: Boabdil, on the one hand, always unlucky, whether in policy or battle, and despised by good Moors as the vassal of the common enemy; on the other, Abu-l-Hasan, or rather his brother Ez-Zaghal, "the Valiant," for the old king did not long survive the misfortunes which his son's rebellion had brought

upon the kingdom. He lost his sight, and soon afterwards died, not without suspicion of foul play.

In Ez-Zaghal we see the last great Moorish King of Andalusia. He was a gallant warrior, a firm ruler, and a resolute opponent of the Christians. Had he been untrammelled by his nephew, Granada might have remained in the hands of the Moors during his life, though nothing could have prevented the final triumph of the Christians. Instead of delaying that victory, however, the kings of Granada did their best to further and promote it by their internal disputes. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*: when the gods have decreed that a king must fall, they fill him first with folly. Such a suicidal mania now invaded the minds of the rulers of Granada: at a time when every man they could gather together was needed to repel the invasion of the Christians, they wasted their strength in ruinous struggles with each other, and one would even intercept the other's army when it was on the march against the common enemy. The people of Granada, divided into various factions, aided and abetted the jealousy of their sovereigns: always fickle and prone to any change, good or bad, the Granadinos loved nothing better than to set up and put down kings. So long as a ruler was fortunate in war, and brought back rich spoils from the territories of the "infidels," they were well pleased to submit to his sway; but the moment he failed, they shut the gates in his face and shouted, Long live the other!—who might be Boabdil or Ez-Zaghal, or any one else who happened for the moment to possess Granada's changeable affections.

While Boabdil the Unlucky was doing his best to





MOSQUE LAMP FROM GRANADA.



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BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

foil the efforts of his brave uncle Ez-Zaghal, the Christians were gradually narrowing the circle that they had drawn round the doomed kingdom. City after city fell into their hands. Alora and other forts were taken in 1484, with the aid of Ferdinand's heavy "lombards"—a new and destructive form of artillery. Coin, Cartama, Ronda, followed in the next year, not without some vigorous reprisals on the part of Ez-Zaghal, who caught the knights of Calatrava in an ambush, and effected a terrible slaughter. Still the course of Christian conquest steadily continued. Loxa fell in 1486, when an English Earl, Lord Scales, with a company of English archers, led the attack. Illora and Moclin succumbed; "the right eye of Granada is extinguished," cried the Moors in consternation; "the Catholic sovereigns have clipped the right wing of the Moorish vulture," was the Christian comment. The western part of the kingdom had, indeed, been absorbed by Ferdinand and his intrepid consort. The pomegranate (*granada*) was being devoured grain by grain. Ez-Zaghal became unpopular with the people, who could not brook disappointment, and they received Boabdil once more into their city. He found it hard work to maintain his foothold there against his uncle; but with the help of some troops furnished by the Christians he contrived to stand awhile at bay. Just then Ferdinand was laying siege to Velez, near Malaga, and the news roused the strongest feeling of indignation in Granada; for Malaga was the second city of the kingdom. Its site, shut in by mountains and the sea, its vineyards and orchards, gardens and pastures, and its fine de-