

21

FREE PUBLIC  
NOTTINGHAM  
ESTABLISHED 1891

M,DCC,XCII.

186-1527K.

186-1527K.

# CONTENTS

## OF THE SKETCH OF, &c.

### FIRST PERIOD.

*ORIGIN of the Moors. The Arabians. Birth of Mahomet. New conquests. Conquest of Spain by the Moors. Abderama attempts the conquest of France. He penetrates to the Loire. Civil wars in Spain.*

### SECOND PERIOD.

*THE Omniades lose the Caliphate. A prince of the family of the Ommiahs comes into Spain. Abderama first Caliph of the West. Reign of Abderama I. Religion and Festivals of the Moors. Reign of Haccham I. and of Abdelazis. Reign of Abderama II. The Fine Arts at Cordova. Reign of Abderama III. Embassy of the Greek Emperor. Cultivation of the Fine Arts at Cordova. Authority of fathers and old men. Instance of Haccham's justice. Reign of Haccham II.*

*Victories of Almanzor, Troubles at Cordova.  
End of the Caliphate.*

### THIRD PERIOD.

*STATE of Christian Spain. Kingdom of Toledo.  
Its end. Kingdom of Seville. The Almora-  
vides reign in Africa. French princes repair  
to Spain. End of the kingdom of Saragossa.  
The kingdom of Portugal founded. State of  
the Fine Arts among the Moors. Abenzoar.  
Averroes. Diffensions among the Christians.  
The Africans invade Spain. Battle of Toloza.  
Moorish Tactics. Mahomet returns to Af-  
rica. St Ferdinand and James I. Conquest  
of the Balearic Isles. The Arragonese attack  
Valentia.*

### FOURTH PERIOD.

*MAHOMET Alhamar becomes chief of the Moors.  
Extent and populace of the kingdom of Gre-  
nada. Reign of Mahomet I. Alhamar. He  
becomes the vassal of the king of Castile.  
Ferdinand III. besieges Seville. Capture of  
Seville. Revenues of the kings of Grenada.  
Military force. Moorish Cavalry. Diffen-  
sions*



# CONTENTS.



*sions in Castile. Reign of Mahomet II. El Fakih. Court of the Lions. The Generalif. Reign of Mahomet III. Troubles in Grenada. Reign of Mahomet IV. Reign of Ismael I. Reigns of Mahomet V. and Joseph I. Reigns of Mahomet VI. and Mahomet VII. Horrible crime of Peter the Cruel. State of Spain and of Europe. Mahomet VI. recovers the crown. Reign of Mahomet VIII. Abuhadjad. Sciences cultivated at Grenada. Character of the women of Grenada. Dress of the women, and of men. Customs of the Moors. Reign of Joseph II. Folly of the Grand-master of Alcantara. Reigns of Mahomet IX. and Joseph III. Troubles in Grenada. Reigns of Mahomet X. Mahomet XI. and Joseph IV. Mahomet XII. and Osmin. Reign of Ismael II. Reign of Mulei-Haffem. Ferdinand and Isabella, their characters. War declared. Capture of Alhama. Civil war among the Moors. Boabdil proclaimed king. Boabdil taken by the Spaniards. Boabdil set at liberty. The Moors destroy one another. Boabdil reigns alone, in Grenada. Ferdinand besieges Grenada. Isabella repairs to the camp. Isabella builds*

*builds a city. Grenada capitulates. Boabdil leaves Grenada. The Spaniards enter Grenada. Causes of the ruin of the Moors. Good qualities in the national character of the Moors. Revolts of the Moors. Their final expulsion.*

SKETCH

S K E T C H  
OF THE  
HISTORY OF THE MOORS  
IN S P A I N.



THE Moors of Spain are famous, but their history is little known. Their name suggests the remembrance of gallantry, politeness, the fine arts; and the fragments of their history, scattered through the works of Arabian and Spanish writers, relate nothing but the assassination of princes, dissensions, civil wars, and endless contests with their neighbours. Amid these dark scenes, striking instances of generosity, justice, and magnanimity sometimes occur. These are more interesting than those similar instances of heroism which occasionally appear in our own history; either from their retaining a cast of oriental originality; or perhaps, because, amidst the gloomy transactions of bar-

barism, a glorious deed, a noble saying, an elevated sentiment gain new lustre by contrast with the crimes with which they are intermingled.

It is not my intention to introduce here a history of the Moors. I mean only to review the principal revolutions of their power ; to draw a faithful sketch of the character and manners of a people whom I have attempted to delineate in the following work ; so that the reader may be enabled to distinguish between my fictions, and the truths on which they are founded. This seems to me the surest, perhaps the only means for rendering a book of mere amusement, less useless and frivolous than it naturally is.

The Spanish historians (1) whom I have carefully consulted, have not greatly aided my researches. In their anxiety to carry forward in one connected train, the history of the different monarchs of the Asturias, of Navarre, of Arragon, and of Castile ; they overlook the Moors, unless where their wars with the Christians force them into notice ; and hardly ever speak of the government,  
laws,

laws, or customs of the enemies of their faith. The Arabian writers, (2) whose works have been translated, throw as little light on these affairs. Fanaticism, and a vain national pride have led them to dwell ostentatiously on the victories of their nation; while they say nothing of their defeats, and thus pass, in silence, over whole lines of princes. Some of our own writers\* have collected into works of very considerable merit, the substance of what is told by the Spanish and Arabian historians, with the results of their own enquiries. I have sought my information from all these sources. For the manners of the Moorish Arabians of Andalusia, I have examined the Spanish Romances, the old Castilian Romances in verse (3), and some manuscript memoirs which I received from Madrid. It is after a long and careful study of these materials, that I attempt to illustrate the character of a people whose manners resemble those of no other nation; whose virtues,

A 2 vices,

\* D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*; Cardonne, in the *Histoire d'Afrique et d'Espagne*; M. Chenier, in his work intitled, *Recherches historiques sur les Maures*.

## 4 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

vices, and all their leading qualities were peculiarly their own; in whom were conjoined the valour, generosity, and courtesy of the gallant knighthood of Europe, with the extravagance, the impetuosity, the ardent passions of the natives of the East.

That I may the better observe the order of time, and detail my facts with the greater perspicuity; I shall divide this historical sketch into four grand Periods. The first shall begin with the Arabian conquests in Spain, and extend to the establishment of the royal family of the Ommiades at Cordova. The second shall comprehend the series of the reigns of these Caliphs of the West. In the third I shall relate what little is known concerning the several petty kingdoms that arose upon the ruins of the Caliphate of Cordova. The fourth shall include the history of the sovereigns of Grenada, and end with the total expulsion of the Moslems from Spain.

FIRST

## FIRST PERIOD.

---

### CONQUESTS OF THE ARABIANS OR MOORS,

From the end of the Sixth century (4) to  
the middle of the Eighth.

THE Moors are the inhabitants of that extensive district of Africa which is bounded, on the east side, by Egypt; northward, by the Mediterranean sea; on the west, by the great Ocean; and to the south, by the deserts of Barbary. The story of their origin, as of that of almost all other nations, is obscure and intermixed with fables. Only, it appears certain, that from the earliest times, there have been occasional emigrations out of Asia into Africa. The name, Moors,\* seems to hint as much. Besides, the historians† speak all of a Melec-Yafrik, king of Arabia the Happy, who, at the head of a tribe of Sabæans, made himself master of  
Libya,

\* *Moors*, Bochart derives from *mahurim*, a Hebrew word, signifying *people of the West*.

† Ibnialrabic, Procopius, Leo Africanus, Marmol, &c.

## 6 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

Libya, and gave it the name of Africa. The principal Moorish tribes pretend to be descendants from those Sabæans. To wave the discussion of facts of such antiquity; it is enough, that we know, with considerable certainty, the first Moors to have been Arabians. Hence it will no longer appear matter of surprise, that they have been, at all times, divided into tribes, have dwelt in tents, have wandered through the deserts, and have been, like their ancestors, fondly attached to an unconstrained, pastoral life.

They are known in ancient history by the names of Numidians, Gætulians, Massylians. Having been, by turns, subjects, enemies, and allies of the famous Carthage, they fell, with that republic, into subjection to the power of Rome. After various unsuccessful revolts, prompted by their restless, turbulent, and unsteady temper; they were subdued by the Vandals. A century after, they were J.C. 427.] reconquered by Belisarius. The Arabians, who triumphed over the Greeks, also subdued Mauritania. As the Moors, having then become Moslems, may be said to have



have been, ever since, confounded with the Arabians; it becomes here necessary to say a few words concerning this extraordinary people, who remained obscure for so many ages, and suddenly made themselves masters of the greater part of the earth.

The Arabians are undeniably one of the most ancient nations in the world. Perhaps they have, more steadily than any other people, retained their primitive character, their ancient manners, and their natural independence. From the most remote times, they have been divided into tribes, which have wandered through the country, or have settled in cities; have lived under the government of chiefs, at once their leaders in war, and their civil magistrates; and have never been subject to a foreign yoke. The Persians, Macedonians, and Romans were alike unsuccessful in their efforts to subdue them: their sceptres were still broken on the Nabathæan \* rocks. Proud of his descent, which he traces backward to the eldest Patriarchs, and of having still invincibly maintained his liberty,

\* Ancient name of the Arabians.

## 8 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

liberty; the Arab, amid his desarts, looks upon other nations as herds of slaves, casually driven together, to change masters. Brave, sober, indefatigable, inured from infancy to toils and hardships, fearing neither thirst, nor hunger, nor death; this people wanted only a leader to conduct them to the sovereignty of the world.

J. C. 569.] Mahomet appeared; and was endowed by nature, with every great quality. Mahomet possessed valour, wisdom, eloquence, a graceful figure, every accomplishment that can win affection, or command respect. Among the most enlightened nations, he would have been a great man; to an ignorant and fanatic people, he was naturally, and almost unavoidably a prophet.

Hitherto, the Arabian tribes, placed among Jewish, Christian, and idolatrous neighbours, had professed a superstitious medley of these several forms of religion, intermixed with that of the ancient Sabæans. They believed in genies, dæmons, forcery: they worshipped the stars, and sacrificed to idols. Mahomet after spending the first  
forty

forty-four years of his life in unnoticed retirement, in which he contrived the new doctrines that he wished to propagate; and after seducing or persuading the principal men\* of his own family, the most considerable in Arabia;—began suddenly to preach a new religion, hostile to all that were before known, and formed to kindle up the ardent genius of those people.

Children of Ismael, said he, I recall you to the religion which was professed by your father Abraham, by Noah, and by all the Patriarchs. There is but one God, who is the sovereign of the universe, and is called the **MERCIFUL**. Worship him only. Be charitable to orphans, to the poor, to slaves, to captives; be just towards all men: justice is the sister of piety. Pray, and give alms.

Your reward shall be, to dwell hereafter in the delicious gardens of Paradise, where limpid rivers flow, where you shall find mistresses ever beauteous, ever young, and ever alluring you to their embraces with increasing fondness. Fight with valour, against the

VOL. I.

B

incredulous

\* The Koreshites, keepers of the Caaba.

incredulous and the impious; fight, conquer, and compel them to embrace Islamism (5), or to pay you tribute. Every soldier who falls in battle, goes to the immediate enjoyment of the treasures of God. Cowardice cannot prolong the term of life. The moment at which every one of us must yield to the stroke of the angel of death, is written in the book of the Almighty.

These precepts, dictated in a language, rich, figurative, majestic, embellished with the allurements of verse, delivered from an angel, by a prophet, who was, at the same time, a warrior, a poet, a legislator; to a people who were, in their temper, the most ardent in the world, the most passionately fond of the marvellous, of pleasure, of valour, of poetry;—could not fail to be favourably heard. Mahomet gained many disciples; and their numbers were soon augmented by persecution. The prophet was driven by his enemies from his native city of Mecca, and forced to seek refuge in Medina. The date of his flight became the æra of his glory, and the Hegira of the Moslems.

From

From that instant, Islamism spread like a torrent, through Arabia, and into Ethiopia. In vain did some tribes of Jews and idolaters strive to defend their ancient form of worship; in vain did Mecca arm her soldiers against the destroyer of her gods. Mahomet, with sword in hand, dispersed their armies, took possession of their cities, often pardoned his vanquished opponents, and by his clemency, his abilities, his address, won the attachment of the people whom he conquered. A Legislator, a pontiff, the chief of all the tribes of Arabia, master of an invincible army, respected by the sovereigns of Asia, adored by a powerful nation, seconded by captains whom he had formed to heroism; ] with these advantages to ensure him success, he was preparing to march against Heraclius, when he died at Medina, of poison which had been given him by a Jewess of Khaibar (6).

His death checked neither the progress of his religion, nor the conquests of the Arabians. Abubeker, the Prophet's father-in-law, was nominated to succeed him, and took the

title of Caliph, which means simply *Successor*. In his reign, the Moslems penetrated into Syria, dispersed the troops of Heraclius, and took the city of Damascus; the siege of which has been rendered ever famous by the more than human exploits of the celebrated Khaled, who was surnamed the *sword of God* (7). Amid these important victories, Abubeker, to whom the immense booty taken from the enemy was faithfully sent, took, for his own private expence, only a trifling sum, amounting to somewhat more than half-a-crown in the day. Omar, who succeeded Abubeker, made Khaled march to Jerusalem. Jerusalem was taken; Syria and Palestine were subdued; the Turks and Persians begged for peace; Heraclius fled from Antioch; Asia trembled before Omar: and the Moslems, while terrible in war, still modest in victory, referred their success to God only; and retained, amidst the fairest, the richest, and the most delightful countries, and among the most corrupt of men, the austere frugality of their manners, the severity of their discipline, their respect for their original poverty.

verty. The meanest foldiers would instantly hold their hands, in the sack of a town, at the first order from their commander; and faithfully carried to him, whatever gold or silver they had taken in the pillage, to be deposited in the public treasury. Those captains who fought with such heroic valour, and treated monarchs with so much haughtiness, resigned, or resumed the command, without a murmur of discontent, at the slightest order from the Caliph; as he said the word, they became, by turns, generals, common soldiers, or ambassadors. Omar himself, the most powerful prince, the richest, and the greatest of the kings of Asia, was seen to repair to Jerusalem, riding on a red camel, and carrying under him a bag of barley and rice, with a skin full of water, and a wooden dish. With this equipage, he travelled through the territories of vanquished nations, who crowded to meet him, and begged him to grant them his blessing, and to judge their differences. He joined his army, preached to them simplicity, valour, modesty. He entered Jerusalem, pardoned

the

the Christians, preserved their churches from ruin; and then, again mounting his camel, returned to Medina, to pray with his people.

The Moslems march towards Egypt. Egypt is soon subdued. Alexandria is taken by Amru, one of Omar's greatest generals. Then perished that famous library which the learned have ever since continued to regret. The Arabians, although passionately fond of their own poetry, despised the books of other nations. Amru commanded the library of the Ptolmies to be burnt; and yet, the same Amru was famous for his verses: he loved and respected the celebrated John, the grammarian; and had it not been for the Caliph's express orders, would have presented him with this library. Amru accomplished an undertaking worthy of the most illustrious ages of Rome; the junction of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, by means of a navigable canal, to be filled from the waters of the Nile. This canal, of the greatest utility to Egypt, and most important in its influence on the commerce between Europe and Asia, was finished within a few months. The  
Turks



Turks have neglected it, till it has been choaked up.

Amru continued his progress through Africa; while the other Arabian captains crossed the Euphrates, and subdued Persia. But, Omar was now no more. His place was filled by Othman.

It was in the reign of this Caliph that the Arabians conquered Mauritania, expelled the feeble, timid Greeks, and met with no resistance, except from the warlike tribes of the Bereberes (8). These people, who led a free and pastoral life, who were the ancient inhabitants of Numidia, and who, even in our days, when confined to Mount Atlas, still maintain a sort of independence,—long withstood the conquerors of the Moors. A Moslem general, named Akbe, at last subdued them, and compelled them to receive his law and faith; then advancing towards the western limits of Africa, he penetrated to the shore of the ocean. There, glowing with the enthusiasm of heroism and of religion, he urged on his horse into the sea, drew his sabre, and cried, God of Mahomet! behold,

behold, that, did not this element oppose my progress, I should go in search of new nations, whom I might compel to adore thy name!

Hitherto the Moors, whether subjects of the Carthaginians, of the Romans, of the Vandals, or of the Greeks, had taken little concern in the interest of their masters. Wandering through the deserts; they were occupied with the care of their flocks; they paid arbitrary imposts; they suffered vexatious acts of oppression from their governors; they attempted from time to time, to break their fetters; and after repeated defeats, took refuge upon Mount Atlas, or hid themselves in the interior parts of the country. Their religion was a medley of christianity and idolatry; their manners, those of enslaved Nomades; gross, ignorant, miserable, depressed by despotism to a state of brutality, they were nearly such as they are at present, under the tyrants of Morocco.

The arrival of the Arabians produced a great change among them. Their descent from the same stock as their new conquerors, the

unity of their language, and the similar tone of their passions, contributed all to connect the vanquished in intimate union with the victors. A religion preached by a descendant of Ismael whom the Moors considered as their father, and the rapid victories of the half of Asia and Africa, seemed advancing, with hasty strides to the dominion of the Moslems, who, being already masters of world, made together a striking impression on the Moors, and restored to their character, all its native ardour and energy. They eagerly embraced the doctrines of Mahomet, joined the Arabians, determined to fight with them, and became, at once passionate votaries of Islamism, and of glory.

This union, which by blending the two nations together, redoubled their strength, suffered some transient disturbance from the revolt of the Bereberes who were still passionately fond of liberty. Caliph

J. C. 708. ]  
 Heg. 89. ] Valid I. then reigning, sent from Egypt, Moussa-ben-Nazir, a brave and skilful general, at the head of an hundred thousand men. Moussa defeated the Bereberes,

re-established tranquillity through Mauritania, won Tangier from the Spanish Goths; and being thus master of an immense tract of country, at the head of a powerful army, and lord of a people to whom war was become in a manner, one of the wants of nature,—Mouffa, from this moment, meditated the design of carrying his arms into Spain.

This fair kingdom, after being conquered alternately by the Romans and by the Carthaginians, had fallen a prey to the barbarians. The Alani, Suevi, and Vandals, known by the common name of Goths, had shared among them, its provinces. But Euric, one of their kings, had, about the end of the fifth century, united all Spain into one monarchy, and transmitted his dominions to his posterity.

The mildness of the climate co-operated with their prosperity and opulence to relax those conquerors to effeminacy; they contracted vices to which, in their barbarism, they had been strangers, and lost that martial spirit to which they had owed their success. The kings who succeeded Euric, being

ing sometimes Arians, sometimes Catholics, left their authority to be abused by the bishops; so that every successive reign was a series of new confusion. Rodrigo, the last of them, disgraced the throne by his vices. Every one knows the story, whether true or doubtful, of Count Julian's daughter, whom Rodrigo ravished. The fact is disputed: but, one thing certain is, that the licentious excesses of tyrants have almost always been either the cause or the pretence of their ruin.

It is certain that Count Julian, and his brother Oppas, archbishop of Toledo, who were both powerful among the Goths, favoured the irruption of the Moors. Tarik, (9) one of the greatest captains of the age, was sent by Moussa, at first with a few troops, with which he, notwithstanding, defeated a great army, opposed to him by Rodrigo: then, receiving reinforcements from Africa, he vanquished Rodrigo himself in the battle of Xeres, in his flight from which, the Gothic

J. C. 714. ] prince was slain. Tarik, availing  
Heg. 96. ] himself of this victory, penetra-

ted through Eſtramadura, Andaluſia, the Caſtiles, and took Toledo. He being ſoon joined by Mouſſa, who was now jealous of his lieutenant's glory ; thoſe two extraordinary men, dividing their troops into ſeveral bodies, accompliſhed in a few months, the conqueſt of all Spain.

Let it be obſerved, that thoſe Moors, who are repreſented by ſome hiſtorians, as barbarians thiſtling with inhuman rage for blood, left to the vanquiſhed people their religious worſhip, their churches, and their judges. They exacted only the ſame tribute which the Spaniards had paid to their own princes. Their ferocity was not terrible, for moſt of the towns were ſurrendered by capitulation ; the chriſtians united ſo cordially with their conquerors, that thoſe of Toledo took the name of *Muſarabians* ; and queen Egilone, widow of the late king, Rodrigo, was publicly married to Abdelazis, the ſon of Mouſſa, with the conſent of both nations.

Mouſſa, mortified at the ſucceſs of Tarik, became deſirous to rid himſelf of a lieutenant by whom his own glory was eclipsed.

He

He accused him to the Caliph. Valid recalled them both ; but without determining upon their mutual complaints and recriminations, detained them at his court, till they died in chagrin at seeing themselves forgotten.

Abdelazis, who had married Egilone, remained governor of Spain for a short time. Alahor who succeeded him, carried his arms into France, subdued Narbonne, and was preparing to urge his conquests farther ; when he learned, that Pelagius ; a prince of the royal line of the Goths, who had taken refuge on the mountains of Asturia, with an handful of soldiers,—dared to brave the conquerors of Spain, and had formed the gallant intention of shaking off their yoke. Alahor sent troops against him. Pelagius, having the advantage of the narrow passes among the hills, twice beat off the Moslems, recruited his little army, and made himself master of some castles. Thus reviving the courage of the christians which had sunk under their misfortunes, he shewed the astonished Spaniards, that the Moors were not invincible.

The

The success of these efforts of Pelagius induced the Caliph, Omar II. to recall Alahor. Elzemagh, his successor, supposed that the most effectual mean for checking revolt was, to make the people happy. He laboured to establish a regular police through Spain, fixed the rate of the taxes which had been hitherto arbitrary, and restrained the licence of the foldiers by assigning them stated pay. In his taste for the fine arts which were then cultivated among the Arabians, Elzemagh embellished Cordova, made it his capital and seat, invited men of learning to his Court, and composed, himself, a book containing a description of the cities, rivers, provinces, and harbours of Spain, of the mines of metal, and quarries of marble which were to be found in it; and of all the objects, in short, which it had, to draw the notice of science, or require the attention of government. Being little concerned about the motions of Pelagius, whose whole strength consisted in the possession of a few fortresses among inaccessible hills;—Elzemagh made no efforts to force *him* from his strong-holds: but actuated



tuated by that unhappy passion which has always prompted the rulers of Spain to extend their conquests on the side of France; he passed the Pyrenees, and was slain in a battle against Eudes, duke of Aquitaine.

J. C. 722.  
Hæg. 104.]

After the death of Elzemagh, which happened in the caliphate of Yezid II. (10) there was in the space of a few years, a rapid succession of several different governors of Spain \*. None of *their* actions is worthy of being here related. But, in their time, the brave Pelagius extended his little territory, advanced over the mountains of Leon, and made himself master of several places of strength. Thus did this hero, whose courage roused the Asturians and Cantabrians to vindicate their liberty, lay the first foundations of that powerful monarchy which was, in its turn, to produce warriors who should drive the Africans to the rocks of Atlas.

The

\* Ambeze, Azre, Jahiah, Ozman, Hazifa, Hicchem, Mehemet.

The Moors, still intent upon the conquest of new countries, neglected to oppose Pelagius. They were confident of reducing him easily under subjection, after they should have subdued France: and the conquest of France was the only passion which actuated the soul of the new governor, Abdalrahman, Hæg. 133.  
J. C. 731. or, as he has been named among us, Abderama. His glory, his valour, his talents, his boundless ambition made him look upon this as a conquest which he might easily accomplish. But he was destined there to meet a mightier than he.

Charles Martel, son of Pepin d'Heristal, and grandfather to Charlemagne, whose exploits exceeded his father's fame, and were not outdone by those of his grandson, was then Mayor of the palace, under the last prince of the first race; or, in truth, was rather sovereign of the Franks and the Germans. Eudes, duke of Aquitain, master of Guienne and Gascony, had long been at war with the French hero. Feeling himself an unequal opponent to Charles, he courted the alliance of a Moor named Munuze, governor of Catalonia,

talonia, and secretly an enemy to Abderama. These two vassals, being thus both dissatisfied with their Lords paramount, and afraid of them, entered into the strictest union between themselves. Overlooking the diversity of their religions, the Christian Duke, without hesitation, gave his daughter in marriage, to his Moslem ally. And, the princess Numeranca married Munuze, as queen Egilone had before espoused Abdelazis.

Abderama no sooner heard of this alliance, than he conceived upon what motives it had been formed. He instantly mustered his army, marched to Catalonia, and besieged Munuze, who attempted in vain to escape. Being pursued and overtaken, he fell by his own hand. His wife was taken captive, and conducted to the presence of the conqueror. Abderama perceiving her to be singularly beautiful, sent her in a present to Caliph Haccham, whose love she won; what a caprice of destiny, that a Gascon princess should adorn the seraglio of the sovereign of Damascus!

Not satisfied with having thus punished Munuze, Abderama passed the mountains, crossed Navarre, entered Guienne, besieged, and took the city of Bourdeaux. Eudes, at the head of an army, strove to stop his progress: Eudes was overthrown in a great battle. All yielded to the Moslem arms. Abderama pursued his route, ravaged Perigord, Saintonge, Poictou, advanced in triumph, through Touraine, nor halted till the banner of Charles Martel waved within his view.

Charles led on to meet him, the forces of France, of Austrasia, and of Burgundy, with his veteran bands who had often before followed him to victory. The Duke of Aquitaine was in his camp. Charles suffered concern for the common danger to predominate over the sense of his wrongs. The danger was awful and urgent. The fate of France, of Germany, of all Christendom was to be determined by the event of a battle. Abderama was a rival worthy of the son of Pepin: he had, like him, acquired confidence by a long series of successes, was followed by a numberless army, was attended by a train of old captains

## HISTORY OF THE MOORS.



captains who had often seen him triumph, and had long been inflamed with the desire of subjecting to yoke of the Arabians, the only remains of the old Roman Empire of which they were not yet masters.

The battle was obstinate and bloody. Abderama fell. His death determined the fate of his army. Historians assert, that, upon this occasion, more than three hundred thousand men were slain. This is surely an exaggerated account. But, it seems probable, that, as the invaders had penetrated into the middle of France, and were pursued after their defeat, they could hardly escape the sword of the victors, and the keen vengeance of those people whom they had terrified and scattered, as they advanced.

That memorable battle, of the particulars of which no account has been handed down to us, saved France from the yoke of the Arabians, and set a term to the progress of their greatness. Even after so great a misfortune, they again attempted to penetrate into France, and made themselves masters of Avignon. But, Charles Martel defeated them, a second time,

retook the city, deprived them of Narbonne, and finally ruined those hopes with which they had so long flattered themselves.

After the death of Abderama, was Spain distracted by the contests between two governors who had been successively named by the Caliphs\*. A third pretender came from Africa; and there arose also a fourth†. Factions multiplied; the different parties came often to blows; towns were taken and provinces laid waste. These events are differently related by historians; and could not be interesting in detail. The only important truth to be discerned among them, is, that, in proportion as the mildness of the climate, and the intermixture of the Spaniards with the Moors, softened the manners of the latter; new emigrations from Africa still undid the work of time, and renewed the primitive ferocity of the conquerors of Spain.

Those civil wars lasted nearly twenty years. The Christians in the recesses of Asturia lost not the occasion. Alphonso I. son-in-law and successor to Pelagius, pursued that hero's

\* Abdulmelek, Akhe. † Abulattar, Tévabe.

hero's career. He made himself master of a part of Galicia and of Leon, routed the troops that opposed him, won several places of strength, and began to establish a small power.

The Moors, amid their domestic quarrels, neglected to check the progress of Alphonso. One Joseph had, after various crimes and battles, triumphed over all his rivals, and established himself in the sovereignty at Cordova; when there happened a  
 J. C. 749. ]  
 Hæg. 134. ] memorable event in the East, which had a great influence on the affairs of Spain. Here begins the second period of the Moorish empire; which renders it necessary for us to look back for a few moments, on the history of the Caliphs.

END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

SECOND

During which the CALIPHS of the West were KINGS  
of CORDOVA.

From the middle of the eighth century to  
the eleventh.

WE have seen, with a rapid view, how the  
Arabians, under the three first Caliphs, Abu-  
beker, Omar, and Othman, conquered Syria,  
and Africa, yet still retained the primitive sim-  
plicity of their manners, remained obedient to  
the succeffor of the prophet, and continued to  
look with contempt, on wealth and luxury.  
But who of mankind could withstand the in-  
fluence of fuch a tide of prosperity? The vic-  
tors foon turned their arms upon one ano-  
ther. They forgot the virtues which had  
made them invincible, and with their own  
hands, tore afunder the empire which they  
had formed.

These misfortunes began with the affaffi-  
nation of Othman. Ali, the friend, the com-  
panion, and adopted fon of the prophet, was  
named



named his successor; Ali who was endeared to the Moslems by his exploits, the sweetness of his manners, and his marriage with Fatima, the only daughter of Mahomet. Moavias, governor of Syria, refused to acknowledge Ali as Caliph. By the advice of the politic Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, Moavias made himself to be proclaimed Caliph at Damascus. The Arabians were thus divided; those of Medina supported Ali; and those of Syria, Moavias. The former took the denomination of *Alides*; the latter called themselves *Ommiades*, after the grandfather of Moavias, whose name was Ommiah. Such was the origin of the famous schism which still divides the Turks from the Persians.

Ali conquered Moavias, but reaped not the fruits of his victory. He was soon after assassinated (1). His party was thus weakened. His children made some ineffectual efforts to recruit, and re-animate them. The Ommiades, amidst turbulence, rebellion, and civil war, continued at Damascus, in possession of the Caliphate. It was in the reign of Valid I. one of these princes, that the Arabians extended

extended their conquests, eastward, to the Ganges, and westward, to the Atlantic ocean. The Ommiades were, however, mostly, weak princes. But, their generals were men of ability; and the Moslem soldiers still continued to exert their ancient valour.

After the Ommiades had occupied the throne for the space of ninety-three years, Mervan II. (2) the last Caliph of the race, J. C. 752.  
Hæg. 134. was vanquished by Abdalla, of the race of the Abbassides, who were, as well as the Ommiades, near relations to Mahomet. Mervan lost his empire, and his life. Abul-Abbas, nephew to Abdalla, was chosen Caliph, and was the first of the dynasty of the Abbassides, so famous through the East, for their love of science, and for the names of Haroun Al Raschid, Almamon, and the Bar mecides (3). The Abbassides were Caliphs for five centuries. They were at length divested of their dignity, by the Tartars, sons to Gengis-Kan; after they had seen other Caliphs rise in Egypt; who were denominated *Fatimite*, because they pretended to be descendents from Fatima, the

the daughter of Mahomet. I am here anticipating the order of time; for Spain will soon be entirely unconnected with the East.

When the cruel Abdalla had placed his nephew Abul-Abbas on the throne of the Caliphs, he conceived the horrid design of exterminating all the Ommiades. Those princes were many. Among the Arabians to whom polygamy is allowed, and where a numerous offspring are regarded as a singular blessing from heaven; it is nowise unusual for one family to consist of some thousands of individuals. Abdalla despairing of his ability to extinguish the hostile race, dispersed as they were by their terrours, promised a general amnesty to all such of the Ommiades, as should repair to his presence. Those unhappy men trusted his oaths, and came to implore their pardon at his feet. The monster no sooner saw the poor victims gathered before him, than he made his soldiers encompass and butcher them before his eyes. After this scene of slaughter, Abdalla ordered the bloody corpses to be thrown together, and the pile to be covered over with

boards and Persian carpets; and upon this table had a sumptuous entertainment served up to his officers. One cannot help shuddering at the idea of such a mixture of cruelty and revelry (\*): but, facts like this, mark out most discriminately the character and manners of those conquerors.

One only of all the Ommiades escaped. His name was Abderama. He reached Egypt, and concealed himself in its deserts.

The Moors of Spain, still faithful to the Ommiades, although Joseph, their governor, had acknowledged the sovereign authority of the Abassides, no sooner understood, that there was in Africa, a representative of that illustrious race, than they secretly sent deputies to offer him their crown. Abderama must have foreseen what a struggle it would cost him: but the native greatness of his soul, invigorated as it had been by the discipline of adversity, prompted him to accept their offer without hesitation. He crossed the sea to Spain, won the hearts of his new subjects, collected an army, entered Seville, and

\* Marigny, *Histoire des Arabes*, Tome 3.

and soon marched forward to Cordova, the capital of the Moslem dominions.

Joseph, in name of the Abassides, met him with unsuccessful opposition. Joseph was overthrown; Cordova was taken; and several other cities shared the same fate. Abderama was acknowledged sovereign of Spain, and proclaimed Caliph of the West; and henceforward Spain thus detached from the great empire of the Arabians, formed alone, a powerful state.

J. C. 759. ] Abderama I. established the seat  
Hæg. 142. ] of his new caliphate at Cordova.

He did not long enjoy it in peace. Rebellion excited by the Abassides, wars with the kings of Leon, incursions of the French into Catalonia (4) kept Abderama incessantly active through his whole reign. His indefatigable valour triumphed over all his foes. He maintained himself with glory on his throne, merited the honourable appellation of *the Just*, and amidst troubles and dangers cherished and cultivated the arts. It was he who first established those schools at Cordova, to which youth repaired to study as-

tronomy, mathematics, medicine, and grammar. He composed verses himself, and was esteemed the most eloquent man of his age. He embellished and fortified his capital, formed for himself a stately palace, with delightful gardens, and began the building of the great mosque which travellers still survey with admiration. This monument of the magnificence of the Moslems of the west was finished by Caliph Haccham, son and successor to Abderama. It is said, that of this building, only the one-half has been preserved by the Spaniards: yet, is even this, six hundred feet long, by two hundred and fifty in breadth. Longitudinally, it has twenty nine naves; in the measurement of its breadth, nineteen. The roof is sustained upon more than three hundred columns of alabaster, jasper, and marble. It had formerly four and twenty brazen doors embossed with gold; And four thousand and seven hundred lamps every night, illuminated this magnificent edifice \*.

Here

\* Cardonne in his Hist. of Africa and Spain; Colmenar in his Delights of Spain; Du Peyron, in his Journey through Spain; and Swinburne in his Travels through Spain.

Here did the Caliphs of Cordova pray, on every Friday for their people; Friday being the day appropriated by the precepts of Mahomet, to the discharge of the offices of religion. Hither did all the Moslems of Spain resort in pilgrimage, as those of the East to the temple at Mecca. Here were celebrated, with the most pompous solemnities, the festivals of the great and the little *Bairam*, corresponding to the Jewish Passover; of the New Year; of *Miloud* or the anniversary of the birth of Mahomet. Each of these Festivals was prolonged for eight days. During this period, all labour was suspended; friends visited and made presents to one another; victims were sacrificed. Families forgot their dissensions, vowed inviolable concord, and indulged in all the pleasures permitted by the Law. All night, the city was illuminated; the streets were strewn with flowers; the walks, and public places resounded with the music of kettle-drums, theorbos, and hautboys. And to crown all, the rich now dealt out their alms with

with liberality ; and the blessings of the poor mingled with the songs of piety and joy.

Abderama having been educated in the East, first introduced into Spain a taste for these splendid festivities. As Caliph, he united in his person the supreme authority, as well ecclesiastical as civil, by which he regulated the celebration of the ceremonies, and made them to be performed with the same magnificence as at Damascus. Being an enemy to christianity, while there were many Christians among his subjects ; he did not persecute these, yet deprived the cities of their bishops, and the churches of their pastors. He encouraged marriages between the Moors and Spaniards, and did religion more harm by prudent toleration, than it could have suffered by the most rigorous cruelty of persecution. Under his reign, the successors of Pelagius\* who were still confined within the recesses of Asturia, and were already divided among themselves, submitted to the payment of the ignominious tribute of an hundred young women

\* Aurelio and Mauregat.



women. This was the only condition upon which they could obtain peace from Abderama. Thus, master of all Spain from Catalonia to the two seas, he died, after reigning

J. C. 788. ] thirty years in glory, and left  
Hæg. 172 ] the crown to his son Haccham,

the third of eleven children who were born to him.

After the death of Abderama, the empire of the Moors was, for a while, distracted by rebellion, and by wars between the new Caliph, and his brothers, uncles, and other princes of the blood-royal. Such wars were unavoidable in a despotic government in which even the order of the succession to the throne was regulated by no law. To be of the royal family was enough to justify any claims; and as almost all the Caliphs left a prodigious number of children; every one of the young princes was always ready to form a party, to establish himself in some city, to declare himself sovereign, and to take arms against the reigning Caliph. Hence the crowd of petty states that arose, and fluctuated, and fell, under each successive

five reign. Hence those numbers of kings, vanquished, deposed, and massacred, whose story renders the history of the Moors in Spain, so difficult to be reduced to order, and by its sameness, so tiresome to the reader.

Haccham, and after him, his son Abdela-  
zis-el-Haccham, maintained themselves on  
the throne against all opposition. The first  
of these princes completed the mosque which  
had been begun by Abderama, and carried  
his arms against France, into which his ge-  
nerals penetrated as far as Narbonne. The  
second was less fortunate, but contended,  
with various success, with the Spaniards, and  
with his own rebellious subjects. He died in  
J. C. 822. ] the midst of these troubles. His  
Hæg. 206. ] son Abderama succeeded him.

Abderama II. was a great prince ; and yet,  
in his reign, the Christians began to rise  
nearer to an equality with the power of the  
Moors. They took advantage of the dissen-  
sions among the Moslems. Alphonso the  
Chaste, king of the Asturias, a powerful and  
valiant monarch, had extended his domini-  
ons, and refused the customary tribute of an  
hundred

hundred young women. Ramiro, the successor of Alphonso, maintained the same independence, and several times defeated the Moslems. Navarre was erected into a kingdom. Aragon came likewise under the government of sovereigns of its own; and formed a civil constitution under which the rights of the people were respected (5). The governors of Catalonia, who had hitherto been subject to the kings of France, taking advantage of the weakness of Louis Le Debonnaire, made themselves independent. At last, all the north of Spain declared against the Moors; while the southern parts of it fell a prey to the Normans.

Abderama defended himself against all his adversaries, and by his military talents, merited the surname of *Elmouzaffer, or the Victorious*. Amidst wars, and the cares of government, he encouraged the fine arts, embellished his capital with a new mosque, and constructed a noble aqueduct, which, through leaden pipes distributed great abundance of water over all the city. He eagerly invited poets and philosophers to his

court, conversed often with them, and cultivated those talents in himself which he encouraged in others. The sensibility of his heart was susceptible of taste in all its perfection and variety. He drew from the East; that famous musician, Ali-Zeriab, who, being, by his munificent patronage, fixed in Spain, there instituted a school, the pupils of which became afterwards the delight of all Asia (6). Thus, in the reign of this Abderama, Cordova became the seat of Art, Science, and elegant pleasure. Moslem ferocity gave place to gallantry, in which the Caliph set an example: One anecdote which is told of him, proves remarkably the mildness and generosity of his nature.

One of his favourite female slaves presuming one day, to quarrel with her master; retired into her own apartment, and vowed, that she would see the door walled up, sooner than open it to the Caliph. The chief Eunuch shuddered at this language, which to him seemed blasphemy. He ran, and prostrating himself before the prince of the Faithful, repeated the words of the presumptuous slave.

Abderama.

Abderama smiled, and bade him raise before the door of the favourite's chamber, a wall of pieces of silver; promising not to pass this barrier, till it should be demolished by the charmer herself. History says, that, on the same night, the Caliph obtained free access to his pacified mistress\*.

This prince left, by his various wives, forty five sons, and forty one daughters.

J. C. 852. ] Mohammed, his eldest son, suc-  
Hæg. 238. ] ceeded him.

The reigns of Mohammed, and of his successors, Almouzir and Abdalla, extending through a period of sixty years, were one continued series of turbulence, civil war, and rebellions of the principal cities, whose governors sought to make themselves independent. Alphonso the Great, Prince of the Asturias, availed himself of these dissensions, and confirmed his own power. The Normans, on the other hand, again ravaged Andalusia. Toledo, although often chastised, yet still rebellious, had now sovereigns of its own. Saragossa followed the example. The

authority of the Caliphs sank into contempt. Their empire convulsed on all sides, seemed tottering to its fall, when Abderama III. nephew of Abdalla, ascended the throne of Cordova, and restored to it, for some time, all the lustre of majesty.

That prince, who bore a name dear to the Moslems, which seemed to afford a happy augury of his reign, assumed the title of *Emir al mumenim*, or *Prince of the True Believers* \*. He began his reign with victory. The rebels whom his predecessors could not reduce to submission, were defeated, the factions dispersed, and tranquillity and order restored. Being attacked, early in his reign, by the Christians, Abderama asked aid from the Moors of Africa, and maintained long wars with the kings of Leon, and the counts of Castile, who took from him Madrid, then an inconsiderable town. He was often routed, sometimes victorious, always great and formidable; his losses he knew how to repair, and to avail himself of his advantages. Distinguished  
equally

\* Which we have ridiculously transformed into *Miramolin*.

equally as a deep politician and a skilful captain, he sowed divisions among the Spanish Princes, carried his arms, twelve different times, into the centre of their dominions; and, creating to his people a naval force, made himself master of Seldjemesse and Ceuta, on the coast of Africa.

Although engaged in incessant wars, through his whole reign, and obliged to expend immense sums on his armies, his fleets, and the auxiliaries he purchased from Africa; yet did Abderama, display in his court a sumptuousness of luxury, and a parade of magnificence which we might think fabulous, if all the historians did not agree in the account of them. The Greek emperor, Constantine IX. son of Leo, wishing to oppose to the Abbassid Caliphs of Bagdad, an enemy able to resist them, sent an ambassador to Cordova, to form an alliance between him and Abderama. Abderama, pleased to see the Christians come from such a distance, to implore his protection, displayed, upon this occasion, all the pomp of an Asiatic court. He sent his servants to receive the  
ambassadors

ambassadors at Jaen. Troops of cavalry, superbly dressed, awaited them on the road to Cordova. A still more splendid shew of infantry lined the avenues to the palace. The courts were covered with the richest carpets of Persia and Egypt; and the walls hung with stuffs of gold. The Caliph was seated on a dazzling throne; and surrounded by his family, his viziers, and a crowd of courtiers, in a gallery in which he received them amid the full display of all his riches. The Hadjeb, a dignity among the Moors, corresponding to that of our old mayors of the palace,—introduced the ambassadors. Dazzled by such a profusion of splendour, they prostrated themselves before Abderama, and delivered to him the letter of Constantine, which was written upon a piece of blue parchment, and inclosed in a golden box. The Caliph signed the treaty, loaded the emperor's envoys with presents, and sent a numerous train to attend them to the walls of Constantinople.

This same Abderama, who was thus continually engaged in wars and political negotiations,



ciations, was, all his life, in love with one of his slaves, named *Zebra*\*. For her he founded a city within two miles of Cordova, and gave it the name of *Zebra*. That city, which does not now exist, stood immediately below some lofty hills, whence flowed several springs of pure, fresh water; which running, with a serpentine course, through the streets, diffused around an agreeable coolness, and formed *jetting* fountains in the public squares. The houses which were built all upon one plan, had flat forms above, and behind, gardens filled with groves of orange trees. On the principal gate appeared a statue of the favourite.

These beauties were, however, all mean, in comparison with the favourite's palace. Abderama, after entering into an alliance with the Greek Emperor, had asked him for his most skilful architects: and the sovereign of Constantinople, which was then the seat of the fine arts, immediately sent the architects required, and with them forty pillars of granite, the most beautiful that he could provide. Beside these stately columns, there were  
in

\* The name signifies *flower, ornament of the world*.

in this palace, twelve hundred more of marble of Spain or Italy. The walls of the *Salloon of the Caliphate* were covered over with ornaments of gold. Several figures of animals, of the same metal, poured water into an alabaſter baſon, over which hung the famous pearl which the Emperor Leo had preſented to the Caliph, as an invaluable treasure. The hiſtorians \* add, that in the pavilion in which the favourite uſed to paſs the evening with Abderama, the ceiling was overlaid with plates of gold and ſteel, and incruſted with precious ſtones; and amidſt the blaze of lamps reflected from an hundred cryſtal luſtres, a ſtream of quickſilver poured into an alabaſter baſon.

THEſE ſtorIEs are indeed hardly credible. They have the air of eaſtern tales; and I may be accuſed poſſibly of drawing the materials of my memoirs from the *Thouſand and One Nights*. But, every one of theſe facts, every particular in the above detail, is atteſted by the Arabian hiſtorians, is related by Mr Cardonne upon their

\* Novairi, *Hiſtoria Omniadarum*, &c. Mogrebi, *Hiſtor. Hiſpan.*

their authority, and confirmed, after a careful examination, by Mr Swinburne, an Englishman of great penetration, and who cannot be blamed for any excess of credulity. I acknowledge that those monuments, so sumptuous and stately, are like nothing with which we are now acquainted; and, that most men measuring out their faith in the proportion of their knowledge, believe very little. But, the accounts which we find in authors of credit \*, of the luxury and magnificence of the sovereigns of Asia, are, at least equally surprising: and I might ask, whether, if the Egyptian pyramids should chance to be overthrown by an earthquake, we would credit those historians who give us their just dimensions?

The writers from whom I have drawn my information, mention likewise the sums which it cost the Caliph to build this palace, and the town of Zehra. They amounted to three hundred thousand golden *Dinars* † in the year;

VOL. I.

G

and

\* Bernier, Thomas Roe, Mark Paul, Du Halde, &c.

† The *Dinar* may be valued nearly at £ 0-8-6. of our money.

and the works were hardly completed within twenty-five years.

To this enormous expence add what was necessarily laid out in the maintenance of a seraglio, in which were wives, concubines, slaves, eunuchs black and white, to the number of six thousand and three hundred souls. The officers of the Caliph's household, and the horses in the royal stalls were proportionately numerous. Twelve thousand gentlemen composed his guard. And, if we reflect, that Abderrama, as he was continually at war with the Spanish princes, was obliged to keep always on foot numerous armies, to equip a respectable naval force, often to hire mercenaries from Africa, and to construct fortifications on the frontiers of his dominions, upon which his enemies still hovered ;—We will find it difficult to conceive, how he could raise a revenue adequate to all these purposes. But, his resources were immense ; and the sovereign of Cordova was perhaps the richest and most powerful monarch in Europe (8).

He was master of Portugal, Andalusia, the kingdoms of Grenada, Murcia, Valentia, and the

the greatest part of New Castile;—the finest countries in Spain. These countries were then amazingly populous; and the Moors had carried agriculture to its highest point of perfection. Historians tell us, that there were on the banks of the Guadalquivir, twelve thousand villages; and that a traveller could not walk for a quarter of an hour through the country, without meeting with some hamlet. There were reckoned within the Caliph's dominions, eighty great cities, three hundred of the second order, with a vast number of inferior towns. Cordova, the capital, contained within its walls, two hundred thousand houses\*, and nine hundred public baths. How great the change since the expulsion of the Moors! But, it is easily accounted for. The Moors who conquered Spain, persecuted not the vanquished. The Spaniards, having conquered the Moors, persecuted, and at last expelled them.

The revenues of the Caliphs of Cordova are stated at twelve millions, and forty-five thousand Dinars of gold; a sum equal to

G 2

more

\* These houses never accommodated more than one family, each.

more than an hundred and thirty millions of French money. Beside this income received in specie, there were many taxes payable in the fruits of the earth; and among a nation of husbandmen, who were industrious, and possessed the most fertile territory in the world, that part of their opulence which consisted in the productions of the earth was absolutely inestimable. Mines of gold and silver which have been, from the earliest times, open in Spain, were another source of wealth to them. Trade, too, enriched both the people and the prince; and they prosecuted trade in various branches: silks, oil, sugar, cochineal, iron, wool then in high estimation, ambergrise, magnets, antimony, talc, marcassites, rock-crystal, sulphur, saffron, ginger, coral fished up on the coast of Andalusia, pearls from the shores of Catalonia, rubies from two mines, one at Malaga, the other at Beja,—were so many productions of their country, which they exported, either wrought or unwrought, to Africa, to Egypt, and to the regions of the East. The emperors of Constantinople who found it necessary to  
keep

keep up an alliance with the Caliphs of Cordova, favoured the trade of their subjects: and the extensive sea-coasts of the Spanish dominions, with the vicinity of Africa, Italy, and France, contributed also to raise it to an highly flourishing state.

The arts, which are the children of commerce, and repay their parent's care, gave additional lustre to the reign of Abderama. The palaces which he built, the gardens which he laid out, and the sumptuous festivities of his court attracted architects and other artists from all quarters. Cordova became the capital seat of industry, and the sanctuary of science. Geometry, astronomy, chemistry, medicine had here a famous school, which, a century afterwards, produced Averròes and Abenzoar. So celebrated were the Arabian poets, philosophers, and physicians, that Alphonso the Great, King of the Asturias, when he wished to intrust the tuition of his son, Ordogno, to men qualified to educate a prince, was obliged to overlook the difference of religion, and the inveterate hostility subsisting between  
the

the Christians and Moslems, and to invite to his court two Moorish preceptors. And, Sancho the Gross, one of the successors of Alphonso, and king of Leon, when attacked by a dropfy which he feared, might prove mortal, repaired, without hesitation, to Cordova, and put himself under the care of the physicians of Abderama, his enemy\*. Sancho was cured. This singular fact does honour equally to the skill of the Arabian physicians, to the generosity of the Caliph, and to the confidence of the Christian king.

Such was the state of Cordova in the reign of Abderama III. He occupied the throne more than fifty years. It was a period of glory. But, there can be perhaps no better proof of the superiority of the character of this prince, than a writing in his own hand, which was found among his papers, after his death. It is, as follows :

“ Fifty years have I been Caliph. Riches, honours, pleasures, all have I enjoyed as far as they are objects of enjoyment. The kings who are my rivals, esteem, dread, and envy me.

\* Mariana, Ferreras, Garibai, &c. *Hist. of Spain.*



me. All that man can desire, has been lavished on me by heaven. In so long a period of seeming felicity, I have numbered the days in which I have been *really* happy. They amount only to fourteen. Mortals, learn to estimate aright, the value of greatness, of the world, and of human life.”

J. C. 961. ] This monarch was succeeded  
Hæg. 35c. ] by his eldest son, Abul-Abbas  
el Haccham, who, like his father, took the  
title of *Emir al mumenim*.

The coronation of Haccham was celebrated with great pomp, in the city of Zehra. The new monarch exacted an oath of fidelity from the captains of the Scythian guard, a powerful and numerous body of foreign soldiers who had been formed by Abderama. The brothers and relatives of Haccham, the viziers, and the *badjeb*, their chief, the black and white eunuchs, the archers, and the Cuirassiers of the guard, all swore obedience to the monarch. The ceremony concluded with the funeral of Abderama, whose body was conveyed to Cordova, and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors.

Haccham,

Haccham, being of a less martial spirit than his father, but equally sagacious and able for government, enjoyed greater tranquillity. His was the reign of peace and justice. The victories and vigilance of Abderama had quashed rebellion. The Christian princes had forgotten their hostility to the Moors, in dissensions among themselves. The truce with Castile and Leon was only interrupted in the course of this reign. The Caliph, upon that occasion, took the command of the army himself, made a glorious campaign against the Spaniards, and took several of their cities. Through the rest of his reign, he employed himself solely in making his subjects happy, in cultivating science, in collecting a library, and in enforcing the laws. Those laws were few and simple.

It does not appear, that the Moors had any civil code distinct from their religious. Their jurisprudence consisted in the application of the principles in the Koran to particular cases. Those the caliph, as high-priest of their religion, might interpret, but durst not infringe. At least once a week, he



## HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

he gave public audience to the complaints of his subjects, examined the guilty, and before rising from his judgment seat, ordered them to instant punishment. Those whom he nominated governors of the cities and provinces, commanded the soldiery, received the public revenue, regulated the police, and were answerable for such events as happened under their government. Men skilled in the law, acted as public notaries, and gave a legal form to acts which related to property. When any person wished to raise against another an action at law, the *Cadis*, who were respected alike by the prince and the people, were the only competent judges. But, processes before them were never tedious: advocates and agents were unknown; there was no expence, and no chicane. The parties themselves pled, each his own cause; and the decrees of the Cadi were carried into instant execution.

Their criminal jurisprudence was as little complex. Its rule in almost all cases, was the *Lex talionis*, prescribed by the prophet. A murderer might indeed ransom his life

with money, from justice; but not unless the relations of the deceased gave their consent. The Caliph himself durst not, in a case of this nature, refuse the head of his guilty son, if it was pertinaciously demanded.

So simple a code would have been inadequate to its purposes. But, the supreme authority of parents over their children, and of husbands over their wives supplied the deficiency in the laws. The Arabians had still preserved that respect, that submission, that passive obedience of the family to its head which distinguished their ancient patriarchal manners. Every father had in his own household almost all the privileges of the Caliph: he judged without appeal, in disputes between his wives or his children; he inflicted severe punishments for the slightest faults, and might, in certain cases, punish even with death. Old age alone conferred this authority. An old man was a sacred object. His presence restrained disorder. The most impetuous youth modestly cast down his eyes, at meeting him, listened with patient respect to his lessons, and view-

ed his whole beard with the reverence due to the badge of magistracy.

This influence of manners, more powerful than laws, was long felt at Cordova. The sage Haccham did nothing to destroy it; as may be judged from the following fact.

A poor woman of Zehra possessed a small field, contiguous to the Caliph's gardens. Haccham wishing to build a pavilion in that field, asked the woman to sell it. She refused all his offers, and declared that she would never divest herself of the inheritance of her fathers. Haccham was, no doubt, informed of her obstinate rejection of his offers. The superintendent of the king's gardens, as the worthy minister of a despotic prince, took possession of the field by force, and the pavilion was built. The poor woman ran, in despair, to Cordova, and told her story to the Cadi Bechir, asking him, what she should do. The Cadi thought that the prince of the faithful had no more right than any other man, to possess himself illegally of another's property; and resolved to remind him of

this truth which the best princes may occasionally forget.

One day, as Haccham, with his court about him, sat in the elegant pavilion which had been built on the poor woman's field; he saw Bechir arrive on his ass, with an empty bag in his hands. The Caliph, in surprise, asked what he meant. Prince of the faithful, replied Bechir, I come to ask your permission to fill this bag with the earth which you now trample under your feet. To this Haccham readily consented. The Cadi filled his bag with earth. He then set it on an end, and approaching the Caliph, asked his assistance to put it upon his ass. Haccham being diverted with the request, went to lift the bag. But, finding that he could scarce move it, he laughed, as he let it fall, and complained of its enormous weight. Prince of the faithful, said Bechir, then, with an air of gravity to command respect, that bag, heavy as you find it, contains but a small portion of the field, of which you have illegally deprived one of your subjects; how then will you bear the weight of the whole field,

field, when you appear before the great judge of heaven and earth, under the burthen of this iniquity? Haccham struck with the reproof thus conveyed, ran up to embrace the Cadi, thanked him, acknowledged his fault, instantly restored to the poor woman the field of which he had deprived her, and at the same time, made her a present of the pavilion, with all its rich furniture.

A despotic prince capable of an action like this, is inferior only to the Cadi who urged him to it.

J. C. 976. ] Haccham died, after a reign  
Hæg. 366. ] of fifteen years; and was succeeded by his son Haccham.

This prince was a child when he ascended the throne; and may be said to have continued a child through his whole life. Both in his minority, and after he was advanced to maturity of age, a famous Moor, named Mahomet Almanzor, invested with the high office of *Hadjeb*, ruled the state with glory. Almanzor, who, with the abilities of a statesman, possessed the talents of a great captain, who was the most formidable, and fatal

fatal enemy that ever opposed the Christians, reigned for twenty six years, under the name of the indolent Haccham. He invaded Castile or the Asturia's two and fifty several times, J. C. 985. 996. 997.  
Hæg. 375. 387. 388.] took and sacked the cities of Barcelona and Leon, penetrated to Compostella, demolished the famous church of that place, and carried away its ornaments to Cordova, restored to the Arabians for a few moments their primary vigour and ancient energy, and made the feeble Caliph, his master, respectable through all Spain; while he, in the mean time slumbered amidst his women and his pleasures (9).

But this was the last lustre of the empire of the Ommiades. The kings of Leon, and Navarre, with the Count of Castile, united to oppose Almanzor. They joined battle not far from Medina-Celi; the fight was long, bloody, and doubtful. The Moors, terrified at their loss, fled, soon after the battle. Almanzor, whom fifty years of victory had taught to believe himself invincible, died of grief for this first defeat. With this  
great



great man ended the good fortune of the Arabians. From that day forward, the Spaniards continued to rise upon the ruins of their power.

The sons of Almanzor succeeded, one after another, to their illustrious father. They inherited not his abilities with his power. New factions arose. A relation of the Caliph's took arms, and made himself master of Haccham's person, but durst not put him to death. He, however, shut him up in prison, and spread a report that he was dead. The news was carried to Africa. A prince of the race of the Ommiades hastened into Spain, with a body of forces, on pretence of avenging Haccham's cause. The Count of Castile took part with him. The flames of civil war were kindled in Cordova. The blaze soon spread over all Spain; and then the Christian princes retook the cities of which Almanzor had deprived them. The feeble Haccham, a sport alike to both parties, was replaced on the throne, but soon after forced to save his life by renouncing it. A crowd

crowd of conspirators \* were, in turns proclaimed Caliphs, and hardly sooner proclaimed than deposed, stabbed, or poisoned. Almunder, one of the last representatives of the family of the Ommiades, dared to assert his rights amidst these broils and contests.—His friends set before him the danger to which he was exposing himself. If I shall reign but one day, said he, and on the next expire, I will not complain of my fate. His wishes were not gratified. He was slain before he could obtain the Caliphate. Other usurpers succeeded; but their reigns were still momentary. Jalmar-ben-Mohammed was

J. C. 1027. ] the last. With him terminated  
Hæg. 419. ] the empire of the Caliphs of the West, after it had been occupied for three centuries by princes of the family of the Om-miades. With them ended the power and splendour of Cordova. The governors of the different cities dependent upon the capital, seized the opportunity, and arrogated

to

\* Mahadi, Suleiman, Ali, Abderama IV. Casim, Jahiah, Haccham III. Mohammed, Abderama V. Jahiah II. Haccham IV. Jalman-ben-Mohammed.

to themselves sovereign power. Cordova was no longer the capital of a kingdom ; but only retained, by means of its august mosque its ecclesiastical dignity. The Moors, enfeebled as they were by dissensions, and divided among so many monarchs could no longer resist the Spaniards. The third period of their history exhibits them in their decline.

END OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

---

### THIRD PERIOD.

---

The Principal KINGDOMS which rose on the  
Ruins of the CALIPHATE.

From the beginning of the eleventh century  
to the middle of the thirteenth.

IN the beginning of the eleventh century, when the throne of Cordova was, every day stained with the blood of some new usurper; the governors of the principal cities began, as we have mentioned, to arrogate to them-

selves the dignity of kings. Toledo, Saragossa, Seville, Valentia, Lisbon, Huesca, as well as several other less considerable places, had, each its particular sovereign. The history of these many monarchs would be little less fatiguing to the reader than to the writer. For a period of two centuries, it presents nothing but one train of massacres, of the capture and re-capture of fortifications, of pillages, of seditions,—a few noble exploits, and a multitude of crimes. I shall pass rapidly over these two centuries of misfortune; and only mark the termination of each of the petty monarchies.

The Christians in Spain were, in the same period, nearly in a similar condition. The kings of Leon, Navarre, Castile, Aragon, although almost all relations, and sometimes brothers, did, nevertheless, often conspire against, and murder one another. Difference of religion hindered them not from joining the Moors against other Christians, or other Moors who were their enemies. Thus, in one battle between two parties of Moslems, a Count of Urgel, and

three

J. C. 1010. ] three Bishops of Catalonia were  
et Leg. ] numbered among the slain (1).

Alphonso V. king of Leon, gave his sister in marriage to Abdalla, king of Toledo, that he might thus gain his aid against Castile.

J. C. ] The sons of Sancho the Great fought  
1054. ] with one another for the inheritances assigned them by their father. The

J. C. ] children of the famous Ferdinand\*.  
1070. ] were robbed of their possessions by their brother Sancho. Another Sancho,

J. C. ] king of Navarre, was assassinated by  
1075. ] his brother †. Crimes became still

more numerous among both Christians and Moors; Spain was rent at once by civil, foreign, and domestic war; and the people, upon whom misfortunes still fall heaviest, paid with their lives and fortunes for the crimes and errors of their monarchs.

In this long series of melancholy events, it is pleasing to see a king of Toledo, named Almamon, and Benabad, king of Seville, receive into the protection of their respective courts, the one, young Alphonso, king  
I 2 of

\* Ferdinand I. of Castile. † Sancho IV. of Navarre.

of Leon, the other, the unfortunate Garcia, king of Castile. Sancho pursued the ruin of his brothers, as of his most inveterate enemies : and the Moorish monarchs, the natural enemies of all the Christians, received the two princes, as brothers. Almamon especially lavished the tenderest attentions on the unfortunate Alphonso. He endeavoured to gratify him, at Toledo, with every pleasure that could console him for the loss of his throne. He assigned him a liberal revenue, and treated him as a beloved son. The death of the barbarous Sancho soon left Alphonso, heir of Leon and Castile. The generous Almamon, who had then in his hands the sovereign of his enemies, conducted him to the frontier, loaded him with presents and caresses, and offered him the use of his troops and treasure. While this Almamon lived, Alphonso VI. continued mindful of his favours, maintained peace with him, aided him against the king of Seville ; and even shewed the same kindness to Haccham, son and successor to the good Almamon. But, Haccham, after a short reign,

reign, left the throne of Toledo to his younger brother Jahiah. This prince disobliging the Christians of whom there were considerable numbers in the city, they secretly requested Alphonso to come against him. The remembrance of Almamon's kindness held Alphonso, for a while in hesitation. Gratitude forbade him to listen to the counsels of ambition. At length, he encamped before Toledo. After a tedious and famous siege, in the course of which a number of French and

[I.C. 1085.  
Hæg. 478.] Navarrese warriors joined the arms of Alphonso, Toledo at last capitulated. The conqueror permitted Almamon's son to remove to Valentia, and there continue his reign. He swore to leave the Moors in free and peaceable possession of their mosques; but could not hinder the Christians from violating this promise, soon after it was made.

Such was the end of the kingdom of Toledo, and of its Moorish kings. This ancient capital of the Goths had been possessed by the Arabians for the space of three hundred and seventy-two years. Several other less considerable

## 70 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

derable cities soon afterwards, met the same fate. The kings of Aragon and Navarre, with the Counts of Barcelona were for ever harraſſing and beſieging the petty Moſlem princes who remained in the North of Spain. The kings of Caſtile and Leon gave thoſe of the South ſo much to do at home, that they could not aſſiſt their brethren. The Cid particularly, the famous Cid, with an invincible band whom his glory had attracted to his command, flew like lightening from one quarter of Spain; crowning the Chriſtians with triumph, fighting even for the Moors, when the Moors were divided among themſelves, and conſtantly aſſerting victory to the party whoſe cauſe he eſpouſed. This hero, the moſt eſtimable perhaps whom hiſtory celebrates, as his great ſoul was always pure, and to his military talents, he added the moral virtues; this ſimple Caſtilian knight, whoſe name gathered armies to aſſiſt his exploits, ſaw himſelf maſter of a number of cities, aided the king of Aragon to conquer Hueſca, and with the ſupport only of his  
own



J. C. 1094. ] own men at arms, subdued the  
 Hæg. 487 ] kingdom of Valentia. Although  
 equal in power to his sovereign, of whom  
 he had frequent reason to complain, being  
 envied, and persecuted by the jealousy of  
 his courtiers; yet he never for a moment  
 forgot, that he was the subject of the king  
 of Castile. Although driven into exile from  
 his court, and even out of his dominions,  
 he went, with his brave companions to as-  
 sail and conquer the Moors, and sent the  
 vanquished to do homage to the king who  
 had banished him. Being soon after re-  
 called by Alphonso, when he needed the  
 aid of his arm, the Cid left his conquests,  
 and without requiring satisfaction, returned  
 to defend his persecutors. In disgrace, he  
 was ever ready to forget every injury for  
 the sake of his king; to favour, to risk his  
 displeasure for the sake of truth (2).

While the Cid could fight for them, the  
 Christians had the advantage. But, before  
 his death, which happened in the year 1099,  
 the Moors of Andalusia changed their mas-  
 ters,

ters, and became, for a short period, more formidable than ever.

Since the fall of Toledo, Seville had continued to rise. The sovereigns of this city were at the same time possessors of the ancient Cordova, of Estremadura, and of a part of Portugal. Benabad, king of Seville, and one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, was the only enemy who could then disturb the peace of Castile. Alphonso VI. wished to form an alliance with this powerful Moor; he asked his daughter in marriage, obtained her, and for her dowry several places of strength. This extraordinary marriage which promised to be a bond of amity between the two nations, became afterwards a cause or pretext of new contests.

Africa, after being dismembered by the Fatimite Caliphs from the vast empire of the Caliphs of the East; and after belonging for three successive centuries, to conquerors more savage and sanguinary than the lions of its deserts (3); Africa was at last subjected to the family of the Almoravides, a powerful tribe, originally from Egypt. Joseph-

seph-ben-Teffefin, the second prince of this dynasty, was the founder of the empire and the city of Morocco. Joseph, being not destitute of abilities for war, proud of his power, and impatient to augment it, looked with an eye of desire upon the fertile regions of Spain which had been conquered, once before, by Africans.

Some historians alledge, that Alphonso VI. of Castile, and his father-in-law, Benabad, king of Seville, having conceived the idea of sharing all Spain between them, were foolishly guilty of the capital blunder of calling in the Moors from Africa, to aid them in accomplishing this great project. Other authors, upon grounds more plausible, relate, that the petty Moslem princes who were neighbours or tributaries to Benabad, in their alarm at his alliance with a Christian prince, solicited the support of the Almora-vides. However these things may be, Joseph certainly seized the opportunity to obey the impulse of his ambition. He crossed the sea

J. C. 1097.  
H2g. 490.]

with an army, went straight against Alphonso, and defeated

him in a pitched battle. Then turning his arms against Benabad, Joseph took Cordova, besieged Seville, and was preparing to storm its walls; when the virtuous Benabad, sacrificing his crown, and even his liberty, to save his subjects, delivered up himself and his family, to the number of an hundred children, to the discretion of the Almoravide prince. The barbarian put him in fetters, and dreading even the virtues which had endeared the good prince to his people, sent him to terminate his days in Africa, where his daughters were obliged to work with their own hands for a maintenance to their father and brothers. The unfortunate Benabad survived six years in confinement; regretting the loss of his throne only for the sake of his people; enduring life solely for his children's sake, and composing in his leisure, pieces of poetry, which have been preserved, in which he consoles his daughters, turns a retrospective view upon his past greatness, and holds out his own fate for a lesson to kings who trust to fortune\*.

Joseph.

\* Cardonne, *Histoire d'Afrique*.

Joseph, thus master of Seville and Cordova, proceeded, with rapidity, to subdue the other Moslem states. The Moors under a single monarch so powerful as Joseph, threatened to become again what they had been under their Caliphs. This the Spanish princes saw; and accordingly, suspending their mutual quarrels, they joined Alphonso against the Africans. It was at this time that the enthusiasm of religion and of glory prompted the warriors of Europe to go against the infidels. Raymond of Burgundy, and his relation Henry, two princes of the blood-royal of France, Raymond of St Giles, Count of Toulouse, with other knights, their vassals, crossed the Pyrenees, and joined the standard of the Castilian monarch. Joseph was forced to flee, and soon returned to Africa. Alphonso, in gratitude, married his daughters to the French princes who had aided him so seasonably. The eldest, Euraqua became the wife of Raymond of Burgundy, and bare him a son who afterwards inherited the crown of Castile. Theresa was given to Henry, and with her for dowry, all such lands

as he had conquered, or might conquer in Portugal. Hence arose the kingdom of Portugal. Elvira, married to Raymond, Count of Toulouse, accompanied him to the Holy Land, where his valour gained him dominions.

Invited by these examples, other Frenchmen came to aid the king of Aragon, Alphonso the Fighter, to make himself master of Saragossa, and ruin finally that ancient

J. C. III 8 ] kingdom of the Moors. Al-  
Hæg. 512. ] phonso I. king of Portugal, and

son to Henry of Burgundy, a prince renowned for valour, with the assistance of a fleet of Englishmen, Flemings, and Germans,

J. C. II 57. ] bound for the Holy Land, laid  
Hæg. 542. ] siege to Lisbon. He carried that

strongly fortified place by assault, and made it the capital of his new kingdom. In the mean time, the kings of Castile and Navarre extended their conquests in Andalusia. The Moors were every where worsted, and their towns surrendered, without any vigorous efforts being made by the Almoravides to support them. These princes were then taken up at home in making opposition to

new

new sectaries whose chief, Tomirut, on pretext of reforming the people to the purity of Mahometism, opened for himself a career by which he ascended the throne, and at last, after various contests, expelled the Almora-vides. The conquerors, having made themselves masters of Morocco and Fez, exterminated the whole of the vanquished royal family, as was usual in Africa, and founded the new dynasty of the Almohades.

Amid these dissensions, wars, and battles, the fine arts were still cultivated at Cordova. That city was now in its decline; and they no longer graced it with that splendour with which they had shone in the days of the Abderamas. But, the schools of philosophy, poetry, and medicine still subsisted: and those schools produced, in the twelfth century, some famous men, the most eminent among whom were the learned Abenzoar, and the celebrated Averroes. The former was skilled alike in medicine, pharmacy, and surgery, lived an hundred and thirty five years, and has left us some works which are held in great estimation. The latter was  
also

also a physician, but still more distinguished as a philosopher, a poet, a lawyer, a commentator, and gained a reputation which has been confirmed by time. The manner in which he divided his life suggests matter for reflection. In his youth he was addicted to pleasure, and passionately fond of poetry. In his maturer years, he burnt his verses, studied law, and discharged the functions of a judge. As he grew older, he resigned his place, and engaged in the study of medicine which he practised with great success. At last, philosophy came in the room of all his other pursuits; and he continued constant to it for the rest of his life. Averroes was the first who gave the Moors a relish for Greek literature. He translated the works of Aristotle into Arabic, and wrote a commentary upon them. He composed several other books upon subjects of philosophy, and medicine, and enjoyed the glory of at once enlightening and saving men (4).

While Africa, harrassed by the long war between the Almoravides and the Almohades, could make no effort to oppose the progress  
of



of the Spaniards; these latter continued to push on their conquests in Andalusia. If their princes had been less divided among themselves, and could have acted in concert, they might, even then, have expelled the Moslems out of all Spain. But, they were continually at variance; and no sooner did they at any time, gain a few towns, than they immediately began to contend for them with one another. The new kingdom of

J. C. 1178. ] Portugal, won by the valour of  
et Leg. ] Alphonso, was soon at war with

that of Leon. Aragon and Castile leagued together against Navarre. Sancho VIII. sovereign of this petty kingdom, was obliged to repair to Africa, to implore the succour of the Almohades, who being but newly established on the throne of Morocco, had not yet wholly reduced the the party of the Almoravides, and therefore, however willing, were not in a condition to assert their claims upon Spain. Yet, two Almohade kings, both Jacobs, repeatedly crossed the

J. C. 1184. ] sea with strong armies. Of these  
Hæg. 589. ] invaders, one was defeated by

the

the Portuguese, and survived not his defeat; the other, after some success against the Castilians, granted them a truce, and hastened  
 J. C. 1195. ] back to Morocco, to quell some  
 Hæg. 591. ] disturbances which had arisen in his absence. These fruitless victories and temporary efforts produced no effects good or bad on the condition of either Moslems or Christians. The vanquished, on either side, soon appeared again in the field, and treaties were forgotten. The kings of Morocco, although nominally sovereigns of Andalusia, had however but a precarious authority in that country which whenever they were at a distance, was always contested, and only acknowledged, when necessity forced the Andalusian Moors to court their protection.

At length Mahomet *el Nazir*, the fourth prince of the dynasty of the Almohades, cal-  
 J. C. 1211. ] led by the Spaniards, *the Green*,  
 Hæg. 608. ] from the colour of his turban, seeing himself in peaceable possession of the Moorish empire in Africa, resolved to muster all his forces, to transport them into  
 Spain,

Spain, and to recover the ancient conquests of Tarik and Moussa. The holy war was proclaimed; a multitude of warriors crowded to the standard of Mahomet, and sailed with him for Andalusia. Their numbers were almost doubled there, by the addition of the Spanish Moors whom hatred of the Christian name and the memory of their injuries moved to join the standards of their brethren. Mahomet assured them of victory, and promised to make them masters of all the countries which they had anciently possessed. Then, being impatient to come to action, he advanced towards Castile, at the head of this formidable army, which, by the accounts of historians, amounted to more than six hundred thousand men.

Alphonso the Noble, king of Castile, had received notice of the Emperor of Morocco's preparations, and implored the aid of the Christian princes of Europe. Pope Innocent III. proclaimed a crusade, and distributed indulgences with great liberality. Rodrigo, archbishop of Toledo, who had himself, travelled to Rome, to solicit the assistance of the

sovereign pontiff, on his way homewards, through France, preached the crusade to the people, and persuaded many knights to join the Christians of Spain, and fight against the Moslems. A general muster was held at Toledo, where there soon arrived more than sixty thousand Crusaders from Italy, and especially, from France, who joined the Castilians. Peter II. king of Aragon; the same who afterwards fell in the war against the Albigenes, brought his gallant army to their aid. Sancho VIII. king of Navarre, led his brave Navarrese, with equal readiness to their support. The Portuguese who had just lost their prince, sent their most valiant warriors. All Europe was in arms. Its fate was concerned in the issue of the contest. Never, since the days of king Rodrigo, had the Christians been in the same danger.

It was at the foot of the mountains of the *Sierra morena*, in a place called *las Navas de Tolosa*, that the three Spanish princes engaged the Moors. Mahomet had made himself master of the freights through which the Christians intended to pass. His purpose

was.

was either to force them to return backwards, by which they would be exposed to suffer from want of provisions, or to destroy them in the pass, if they should dare to meet him there. The kings were perplexed, and took counsel together. Alphonso was willing to join battle. Peter and Sancho were rather disposed to retire. A shepherd came, and shewed them a defile which was known to him. This proved the salvation of the army. The shepherd guided the kings, till the Spaniards made their way, through difficult paths, and over rocks and torrents, to the summit of the hills. There, shewing themselves suddenly to the astonished Moors, they spent two days in preparing for battle by prayer, confession, and communion. The kings set an example of religious fervour to their followers. The prelates, and other ecclesiastics who were numerous in the camp, after dispensing absolution to the pious warriors, prepared to mingle in the thickest of the fray.

On the third day, the 16th of July, in the year 1212, the army drew out in battle-ar-

ray, in three divisions, commanded by the three kings. Alphonso and his Castilians were in the centre, with the knights of St James, and of Calatrava; orders then newly instituted. Rodrigo, archbishop of Toledo, who was an eye-witness and is the historian of this day's events, had his place beside the king, with a great cross, the principal ensign of the army before him. Sancho and his Navarrese occupied the right wing. Peter, with the Arragonese, were on the left. The French Crusaders who had dwindled to a small number, by the desertion of many who were unable to bear the torrid heat of the climate, marched at the head of the troops, and were led on by Arnould, archbishop of Narbonne, and Thibaut Blazon, a lord of Poictou. In this order, the Christians descended towards the vale by which they were divided from their enemies.

The Moors, in their usual disorderly array, spread out their numbers upon all sides. An hundred thousand, excellent cavalry formed their principal force. The rest were infantry  
strangers

strangers to discipline, and ill-armed. Mahomet had placed himself on a hill from which he had a view of his whole army, within a palifade formed of iron chains, guarded by the flower of his warriors, standing around. Within this inclosure he appeared, with the Koran in one hand, his sabre in the other, and was seen by his whole army, while his bravest squadrons were posted round the sides of the hill.

The Castilians directed their first efforts against that eminence. They made an impression on the Moors at first; but, being in their turn repulsed, retreated in disorder, and were turning their backs. Alphonso, running here and there to rally them, said to the archbishop, who constantly accompanied him, with the great cross; *Here, archbishop, let us die.*—*No, Sire,* replied the prelate; *Here let us live and conquer.* At that instant, the brave canon who bore the cross, threw himself amid the thickest of the Moslems; the archbishop and the king followed: the Castilians rushed on, to save their prince and their standard. The kings of Aragon  
and

Navarre, by this time victorious in the wings, came now up to join in the attack upon the hill. The Moors were now pressed upon all sides; they stood firm; the Christians urged on. The Aragonesc, the Navarrese, and the Castilian, contended for the prize of valour. The brave king of Navarre, bursting forward, reached the inclosure, raised his arm, and broke down the iron palisade which protected the Moorish king (5). Mahomet fled before the Christians; the Moslems fell, in thousands, by their swords: and the archbishop of Toledo, with the other prelates, standing round the victorious kings, sang *Te Deum*, on the field of battle\*.

Thus was won the famous battle of Toloza the particulars of which I have related at some length, as well on account of its important consequences, as to give an idea of the tactics of the Moors, who knew no more artificial mode of fighting, than to mingle with the enemy, and to fight, each by himself,

till

\* Roderici Toletani, *De Rebus Hispanicis*, Lib. VIII. Cap. 9 and 10: Mariana, *Hist. d'Esp.* Lib. XI. Cap. 24: Garibai, *del Compend.* Lib. XI. Cap. 33: Cardonne, *Hist. d'Afrique*, Liv. IV: Ferreras, *Hist. d'Esp.* Part VI. p. 33. &c.



till the strongest, or the bravest remained masters of the ground. The Spaniards were little more skilled in the art of war; but their infantry at least were capable of attacking and making resistance in a body; whereas that of the Moslems could only act irregularly. But, their cavalry, being men of the first families, mounted upon fine horses which they had been taught to manage, from their infancy, pushed forward with the impetuosity of lightning, struck down with the lance or sabre, all who opposed them, fled with the same velocity, and then returning suddenly, often carried the victory. The Christians, being clad in steel, had, in this, the advantage over those horsemen, who have only the head and the breast protected by defensive armour. The partizans were almost naked, and carried no arms, but an indifferent pike. Hence it may be conceived, that in the fray of battle, and especially in a rout many of them must have perished; so that the numbers of the killed, stated by historians, are less improbable than they may, at first appear. It is asserted, for instance,

instance, that, at Toloza, the Christians killed two hundred thousand Moors, with the loss of only an hundred and fifteen of their own men. But, although we should not credit these assertions in all their extravagance; it is at least certain, that the Moslems suffered an immense loss, and that this important day, the anniversary of which is still celebrated at Toledo, with a solemn festival, left the Moorish emperors long hopeless of subduing Spain.

The consequences of the defeat at Toloza proved more unfortunate to the hapless Mahomet than to the Moors of Andalusia. They retiring into their towns, and still strengthened by the remains of the African army, continued to resist the Spanish kings who took but a few of their towns, and soon separated. Mahomet, despised, after this defeat, by his own subjects, and betrayed by his nearest relations, lost all his power in Spain, and saw the leaders among the Moors, again form petty states which they declared independent. The unfortunate king of Morocco,

J. C. 1213.  
Hæg. 610.] co was thus forced to return to Africa, and there soon died of vexation. With him fell the fortune of the Almohades. The princes of that family, who followed Mahomet in a rapid succession, lived in a series of troubles, and were all speedily dethroned. The empire of Morocco was divided; three new dynasties arose at Fez, at Tunis, and at Tremecen: and these three rival powers crowded battles, crimes, and cruelties upon one another, so that in this period the history of Africa exhibits nothing else.

In the mean time, some dissensions which arose in Castile, and the part which Aragon took in the wars of the Albigenes in France, afforded the Moors time to recover somewhat of their pristine vigour. They were still masters of Valentia, Murcia, Grenada, Andalusia, of a part of the Algarvas, and of the Balearic islands which were as yet but little known to the Christians on the continent. These dominions were shared among several sovereigns. The chief of them was Ben-houd, an able prince, and a great captain,

VOL. I. M descended

descended from the royal family of Saragossa; and a man who had, by his abilities and valour, subdued almost all the south-east of Spain. The most considerable, after him, were the kings of Seville and Valentia. The barbarian who reigned in Majorca, was merely the chief of a band of pirates who infested none but the Catalonians.

Such was the situation of the Moorish part of Spain, when two young heroes who had nearly at the same time ascended the two first thrones among the Christians, after pacifying the troubles which had arisen during their minority, turned all their force against the Moslems; and constantly emulous of each other's glory, although never interested rivals, they consecrated their lives to the purpose of fighting, conquering, and expelling those lasting enemies of their name and religion. One of those princes was James I. of Aragon, son to Peter who was slain at Muret. With the courage, the graceful form, and the active spirit of his father, he possessed a greater share of abilities, and enjoyed a happier fortune.

## HISTORY OF THE MOORS. 91

tune. The other was Ferdinand III. king of Castile and Leon, a brave and wise prince whom the church ranks among its saints, and whom history counts among its great men.

Ferdinand first invaded Andalusia. This king, nephew to Blanche of Castile, queen of France, cousin-german to St Louis (6), and much like the French hero in piety, in valour, and in giving good laws to his people, entered the territories of the Moslems, received the homage of several of their princes, who readily acknowledged themselves his vassals, and made himself master of many places, among which was Alhambra, whose inhabitants retired in terror, into Grenada, and settled in a quarter of the city which was named after their original country; a name since famous.

On the other side, James of Aragon embarked with an army, to attempt the conquest of the Balearic isles. Although opposed by contrary winds he however landed in Majorca. He defeated the Moors on the shore, marched onward, and laid siege to their capital. The gallant king, who in danger, used always to

precede his bravest captains and boldest soldiers, was on this occasion, the first to scale the walls, made himself master of this strong town, and drove out the Moslem king; thus adding another conquest to Aragon.

J.C 1229.  
Hæg. 627.]

James long meditated a more important conquest. Valentia, after the death of the Cid, had fallen again into the hands of the Moors. That kingdom distinguished by beauty and fertility which seem to bespeak, that nature delights to cover with fruits and flowers a land which men have watered with blood, belonged, at this time to Zeith, brother to that Mahomet whom the Christians had worsted at Toloza. A powerful faction, hostile to Zeith, wished to raise a prince named Zean to the throne. The two competitors made war upon each other. James took part with the weakest. On pretence of marching to the assistance of Zeith, the king of Aragon penetrated into the kingdom of Valentia, routed Zean several times, took his places of strength; and availing himself of his advantages with that active intrepidity

intrepidity which made James always so formidable, he beset his enemy's capital upon all sides.

J. C. 1234.  
Hæg. 627.]

Zean, thus pressed by the Aragonese, implored the aid of Benhoud, the most powerful of the princes of Andalusia. But, Benhoud had enough to do in making resistance to Ferdinand. The Castilians, under the conduct of that valiant prince, had made new progress, had made themselves masters of many cities, and had at last, laid siege to the ancient Cordova. Benhoud, often defeated, yet still formidable, and still adored by a people who regarded him as their last resource,—Benhoud had again mustered up an army; and, impatient to relieve Cordova and Valentia, was marching against the Aragonese, over whom he imagined that he might easily triumph, when one of his lieutenants cut him off by treason, and freed the Spanish princes of the only man who was capable of opposing their career.

The death of Benhoud unmanned the courage, and blasted the hopes of the inhabitants of Cordova, who had hitherto defended

fended themselves with equal constancy and valour. They proposed to capitulate. The Christians made a stern use of the rights of victory, and left the unfortunate Moilems nothing but their lives, and liberty to retire. A vast number of families, despoiled of their property, went weeping from that proud city which had been, for five hundred and twenty two years, the principal seat of their grandeur, their magnificence, their religion, and of the fine arts which they cultivated. Those poor exiles, as they fled, turned their eyes, in despair, upon those palaces, temples, and sumptuous gardens which had been embellished by the expence and labours of five centuries. The soldiers to whom they left them, ignorant of their value, chose rather to demolish than to inhabit them: and Ferdinand finding himself possessor of a deserted city, was obliged to allure thither by privileges the Spaniards, who yet murmured at leaving the barren rocks of Leon for the fairest country in nature, and for the palaces of the Caliphs. The great mosque of Abderama became a cathedral. Cordova became the seat  
of



of a bishop and canons ; but Cordova never after this, recovered the slightest vestige of its ancient grandeur.

It was not long till Valentia fell under the same yoke. Zean, being besieged by the intrepid James, had, at the same time, to combat, within the walls, with the faction of Zeith whom he had dethroned. The king of Tunis made an unsuccessful attempt to relieve Valentia with a fleet ; but at sight of James' vessels, the Moors fled. Thus abandoned by all, discouraged by the fate of Cordova, betrayed by his competitor's party, Zean offered to become the vassal of the Aragonese monarch, and to pay him tribute. James insisted inflexibly that Valentia should be surrendered. Fifty thousand Moslems, with their king, departed from it. They were permitted to carry with them their wealth. The Christian, faithful to his engagements, protected them from the avarice of his soldiers, who regretted the loss of so rich a booty.

After the fall of the two powerful kingdoms of Andalusia and Valentia, there appeared

peared little more to stop the progress of the Spanish conquests. Seville, the only city that now remained to the Moors, was already threatened by the victorious Ferdinand. But, at this very period, a new state arose, which retarded the ruin of the Moors, and for two centuries maintained great celebrity.

---

END OF THE THIRD PERIOD.

---

FOURTH PERIOD.

---

The KINGS of GRENADA.

From the middle of the thirteenth century, to the total expulsion of the Moors, in the seventeenth.

THE victories of the Spaniards, and especially the capture of Cordova had struck the Moors with consternation. This people, the native ardour of whose minds was deeply coloured with superstition, as they were easily intoxicated with hope, were equally liable to

be

be terrified to despondency, and when they saw the cross raised in triumph upon the High Mosque, they regarded their empire as fallen. Yet Seville, Grenada, Murcia, and the kingdom of the Algarvas still remained to the Moslems. They possessed all the sea-ports, and the whole sea-coast, in the south of Spain: The astonishing population of their territories, their opulence, their industry still afforded them immense resources. But, Cordova, the holy city, the western rival of Mecca,—Cordova was in the hands of the Christians; and the Moors thought themselves undone.

Yet there remained a man to renew their hopes: Mahomet Aboufaïd of the tribe of *Alhamar*, and a native of *Couffa*, a famous city on the coast of the Red Sea. Several historians who give him the name of Mahomet Alhamar, relate, that he was at first in the humble condition of a shepherd: after which he engaged in the military profession, and by his exploits, raised himself to the throne. This were nothing extraordinary among the Arabians, with whom none

but the posterity of the prophet, or of some royal family have any privileges of birth, or enjoy any degree of estimation which is not founded on their personal merit.

However this may be, Mahomet Alhamar being naturally endowed with extraordinary courage, re-animated the vanquished Moors, and assembled some troops in the town of Arjone. Knowing the character of the nation with whom he had to deal, he won to his interests a *Santon*,—a secular ecclesiastic in high veneration among the Moors,—who foretold to him, in public, that he would shortly be king. The people forthwith proclaimed him their sovereign; and several cities followed the example; Mahomet thus succeeded Benhoud, whose abilities he possessed: and knowing well of what consequence it would be to the Arabians to have a city to which they might transfer their veneration for Cordova; he founded a new kingdom, and chose Grenada for his capital, for the centre of the strength of his subjects, and the last asylum of their religion.

This

This city which has always been a powerful one, is supposed the ancient Illiberis of the Romans. It is seated on two hills, near the *Sierra nevada*, a chain of mountains, commonly covered with snow. The Darro runs through it: the Xenil washes its walls. On the summits of the two hills stand the two fortresses, the *Albayzin*, and the *Alhambra*. These were large enough to hold, each forty thousand men. The exiles from the city of Alhambra, as has been mentioned above, had given the name of their native place to the quarter of the town of Grenada in which they were established. The Moors who were driven out of Baica when it was taken by Ferdinand III. had in like manner, come to occupy the quarter of the Albayzin. To Grenada had also resorted various exiles from Valentia, Cordova, and other places out of which the Moslems were expelled. Having been gradually enlarged by such means, it was at this time a city more than three leagues in circumference: and its impregnable ramparts were defended by thirty thousand towers, and by a brave and nume-

rous people, so that its independence seemed to be secure\*.

Other advantages at the same time concurred to give Grenada the superiority to which it aspired. Its situation was amidst the fairest, and richest scenery in the world, in a country where nature pours forth her gifts in lavish abundance. Its famous *Vega*, the plain around it, is an area of thirty leagues in circumference, and nearly eight in breadth. Towards the north it is terminated by the mountains of Elvira and *Sierra nevada*: On the other sides, it is bounded by an amphitheatre of hills planted with olive trees, mulberry trees, vines, and citron trees. Five small rivers water this plain†, beside many rivulets which run with a meandering course through meads that are always green, forests of oaks, groves of orange-trees, fields of lint and corn, and orchards of sugar-canes. The ground requires

\* Garibai, *Compend. Hist.* Lib. XXXIX. Cap 3: Duperron, *Voyage d'Espagne*. Tome I. P. 157. &c: Swinburne, Letter XX: Colmenar, *Delices d'Espagne*, Tome V. P. 31, &c.

† The Darro, the Xenil, the Dilar, the Vagro, the Monachil.

quires little cultivation, to make it bear all these productions, so rich, so fair, so various ; it is ever in a state of vegetation, without resting in winter : in the torrid heats of summer, the winds blowing from the mountains refresh the air, and cherish the flowers which continue to blow through the year, among the fruits.

In this famous scene, which no splendour of description can embellish above nature, in these enchanted fields, where she seems to lavish all her stores in order to gratify the fondest wishes of the human heart,—there has more human blood been shed, than in any other part of the earth. There, during two centuries of incessant war, in which nation was matched against nation, city against city, man against man ;—no spot can be seen, upon which the harvests were not burnt, the trees cut down, the villages burnt to ashes, and Moorish and Christian corpses strewed all around.

Beside this *vega*, an inexhaustible treasury to Grenada, fourteen great cities, with more  
than

than a hundred small towns \*, and a prodigious number of villages belonged to this fair kingdom. It extended from Gibraltar which was not, till long after taken by the Christians, as far as to the town of Lorca, a space of eighty leagues. Its breadth was thirty leagues from Cambil to the sea. The mountains intersecting it, afforded gold, silver, garnets, amethysts, with various sorts of marble. Of these mountains, the Alpuxaras alone formed a province, and furnished the sovereigns of Grenada with treasures more precious than the produce of the richest mines, active, industrious, skilful husbandmen, and brave, hardy soldiers. The ports of Almeria, Malaga, and the Algeziras received the ships of Europe and Africa, and became the marts of the commerce of the two seas.

Such, at its commencement, was the kingdom of Grenada; and such did it long continue. Mahomet Alhamar, its founder, made some unsuccessful efforts to unite under the same dominion all the Moslems who remained

\* These are named by Garibai, L. XXXIX. Chap. 2.



remained in Spain. This was the only means for opposing a successful resistance to the Christians. But, the narrow territory of Murcia, and the Algarvas which were governed by princes of their own, and the great city of Seville refused to submit to Alhamar, and determined to remain independent states. This was the cause of their ruin, and they fell a prey to the Spaniards.

Alhamar distinguished the first years of his reign by victories. He gained some advantages over the troops of Ferdinand. But rebellion in Grenada, and disturbances which arose in all quarters of the new-formed empire obliged Mahomet to sign a dishonourable treaty of peace with the king of Castile. He did him homage for his crown, put into his hands the fortified place of Jaen, engaged to pay him tribute, and to assist him with auxiliary troops in any wars which he might undertake. On these conditions, Ferdinand acknowledged him king of Grenada, and even aided him to subdue his rebel subjects.

The active and politic Ferdinand had no sooner made peace with Grenada than he turned

ed his arms against Seville which he had long been desirous to conquer. This important city was not now under the government of kings, but formed a sort of republic which was ruled by military magistrates. Its situation near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, its trade, its population, its delightful climate, its fertile fields rendered it all together, one of the most flourishing cities in Spain. Ferdinand foreseeing a long resistance on the part of the Sevillians, began with making himself master of all the adjacent places. He then laid siege to Seville; stationing a fleet at the mouth of the river to block up the access by which aid might come to the besieged, from Africa.

The siege was long, and attended with much bloodshed. The Sevillians were many and brave. The king of the Algarvas, their ally incessantly harassed the besiegers. Although the Spaniards exerted wonderful valour in their assaults, and although provisions began to fail the townsmen; yet after a year's siege, the brave Moors still refused to surrender, till Ferdinand, in terms of  
the

the treaty between them, summoned the king of Grenada to join his standard. Alhamar could not avoid obedience; and accordingly he soon arrived with a gallant army. Seville now hopeless, surrendered to

J. C. 1248 ] the king of Castile; and the  
Hæg. 646. ] monarch of Grenada returned

into his own dominions with the humiliating glory of having contributed by his exploits to the ruin of his brethren of the same faith.

Ferdinand, with more piety than policy, drove the Moors from Seville. An hundred thousand of those unfortunate exiles sought refuge in Africa, or in the territories of Grenada. That kingdom then became the sole and last asylum of the Moslems of Spain. The narrow territory of Algarva soon after received the yoke of the Portuguese; and, Murcia which should not have separated itself from Grenada, fell a prey to the Castilians.

As long as Ferdinand lived, there arose nothing to interrupt the good understanding, which subsisted between him and Mahomet Alhamar. The latter, in this period of peace, established himself more firmly

upon his throne, and fortified himself against the Christians. Foreseeing that they would not long continue his friends, he put himself in a condition to make an obstinate defence. His territories were extensive, and his revenues considerable; his income it would indeed be difficult to estimate: as we are little acquainted with the Arabian money, and as the sources were various, out of which it was drawn. All the lands, for instance, paid to the sovereign a seventh part of their productions; the cattle were subject to the same impost. The royal domain consisted of a number of rich and cultivated farms; and as agriculture was carried to the highest pitch of perfection, and the natural fertility of the country was so great, the revenue arising from these sources must have been prodigious. This opulence was augmented by several dues payable to the sovereign upon sales, markets, and the passage of cattle of all sorts, from one place to another. There was a law constituting the monarch, heir to every Moslem who died without children, and assigning him a certain portion.

portion in all other inheritances. He at the same time possessed, as has been already mentioned, mines of gold, silver, and precious stones: and although the Moors were not exceedingly skilful in the art of working mines; yet, were gold and silver more plentiful in Grenada than in any other country in Europe. Its trade in the beautiful silks which it afforded, and in various other of its productions, the vicinity of the two seas, the active industry of its inhabitants, its astonishing population, the improved state of its agriculture, the sobriety natural to the inhabitants of Spain, as of other warm countries, and which enables the possessor of the ground to labour much while he consumes little;—the union of all these advantages must have conferred great power upon the Moors, while they supplied them with such astonishing resources\*.

Their forces, (I mean not in time of peace, for peace was what they very seldom enjoyed,) amounted nearly to an hundred thou-

O 2 sand

\* Garibai, *Compend. Hist. Lib. XXXIX. C. 4*: Abi Abdallah ben Alkahilbi Abfaneni, &c. *Manuscrit d'Escorial*, &c.

land men. This army, when circumstances required, they could easily double. The city of Grenada alone furnished fifty thousand warriors. Besides, against the Spaniards, every Moor was a soldier. The difference of religion rendered the wars between the two nations sacred; and between nations that were almost equally superstitious, the odium of religion, added to the rivalry of neighbourhood, constantly armed on both sides even the old men, and the children.

Beside those numbers of brave, but undisciplined troops, which hastened from their fields to the war, and at the end of the campaign, returned to the labours of husbandry, and cost the state no expence; the monarch maintained a considerable body of cavalry, who were distributed round the frontiers, especially upon the side of Murcia and Jaen, a country particularly exposed to the inroads of the Spaniards. Each soldier of that corps, had a small house, and a little field, which the king gave him for life, and which was sufficient for the maintenance of himself, of  
his

his family, and of his horse. This mode of paying the foldiers hindered them from being burthensome to the public treasury; it attached them to their country, and gave them an interest in the defence of their patrimony; which was always liable to be first ravaged, when they did not stop the career of the enemy. At a time when the art of war required not, as at present, the constant exercise of great bodies of foldiers acting together, this cavalry must have been a valuable force. Mounted upon Andalusian and African horses, the excellencies of which are well known; having been accustomed from infancy to the management of those swift-footed steeds, to take care of them, to fondle them, and to regard them as the companions of their lives; by these advantages did they gain that superiority which we still acknowledge the Moorish cavalry to possess.

These gallant squadrons, who in velocity were unequalled, who could, in an instant, charge in a body, disperse into troops, rally, flee, and return into the line of battle, whose  
voice,

voice, gestures, almost their very thoughts, were understood by their sagacious courfers, and who could, at full gallop, pick up a lance or sabre, if it happened to fall;—These constituted the principal military strength of the Moors. Their infantry were not valuable troops; and their towns being unskilfully fortified, with only walls and trenches, and defended by this infantry which were so little in estimation, could make no considerable resistance to the assaults of the Spaniards whose infantry were now beginning to be what they afterwards proved themselves in Italy under the great Gonsalvo.

After the death of St Ferdinand, Alphonso, the Sage (1), his son, ascended the throne. Alhamar's first care was to repair in person to Toledo, with a brilliant train of attendants, and renew with Alphonso that treaty of alliance, or rather of dependence by which he had been united with Ferdinand. The new king remitted to the Moor a part of the accustomed tribute. But, this peace was of short duration. The two nations went again to war, with almost equal advantages. I shall



shall relate one incident which does equal honour to the humanity of the Moors and the courage of the Spaniards. It was an action of Garcias Gomez, governor of the town of Xeres. Being besieged by the Grenadines, and his garrison almost all destroyed, he however refused to surrender; and standing on the ramparts, besmeared with blood, and pierced all over with arrows, sustained alone, the shocks of the assailants. The Moors unanimously agreed not to slay the hero. They used means to take him alive, in spite of himself, treated him with respect, healed his wounds, and sent him away with presents.

Alhamar could not hinder Alphonso from making himself master of the kingdom of Murcia; and to obtain peace, was  
 J. C. 1266.]  
 Hæg. 665.] forced to submit again to the payment of the tribute. The dissensions which arose, soon after, between the Castilian monarch and some of the grandees of his kingdom, gave the Grenadine hopes of repairing his losses. Alphonso's brother, and several lords of the first families in Castile

tile \*, being dissatisfied with their sovereign, retired to Grenada, and did Alhamar good service against two rebels from his authority, who had been protected by the Spaniards.

J. C. 1273. ] But, about this time Alhamar  
Hæg. 672. ] died, and left to his son Mahomet II. el Fakih, the throne which he had acquired and preserved by his talents.

The new king, who took the title of *Emir al mumenim*, followed the example of his father. He took advantage of the dissensions which prevailed at the court of Castile, and of the fruitless voyages which Alphonso, the Sage, took, to procure his election to the imperial throne (2). In his absence, Mahomet made a league with Jacob, king of Morocco, and of the race of the *Merinis*, who had vanquished, and succeeded the Almohades. He gave up to him the two strong places of Tariffe and Algeziras, in order to prevail with him, to come over into Spain.

J. C. 1275. ] Jacob accordingly came with an  
Hæg. 674. ] army. The two Moors, acting in concert, gained some advantages. But, the

\* The Lara's, Haro's, and Mendoza's.

the revolt of Sancho, Infant of Castile, against his father, Alphonso, soon divided the Moslem monarchs. Mahomet of Grenada took the part of the rebellious son. Alphonso, abandoned by his subjects, implored aid from the king of Morocco. Jacob again crossed the sea, with his troops. He met Alphonso at Zahra. At this famous interview, the Castilian would have yielded the place of honour to him who had come to his defence. It is yours, said Jacob, while you are unfortunate. I come to avenge the cause of fathers. I come to assist you in punishing an ungrateful wretch who, although indebted to you for life, would deprive you of your crown. When I shall have discharged this duty; when I see you great and happy; I will then dispute every thing with you, and become again your enemy.

Alphonso had not the magnanimity to confide in a prince who spoke this noble language. He escaped from his camp; and soon after died; disinheriting the unnatural Sancho, who, never-

J.C. 1384.  
Hæg. 683.]

#### 4 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

theless, reigned after him (3). New troubles again agitated Castile; and Mahomet, taking the opportunity, entered Andalusia. He gained some battles, made himself master of several places, and terminated a long and glorious reign in a career of victory. His son, Mahomet III. succeeded him.

This Mahomet, *Emir al mumenim*, whose principal, political actions I have related, was a generous patron of the Fine Arts. He allured them to his court; and poets, philosophers, and astronomers, made it famous. The Moors were still so much superior to the Spaniards in science, that Alphonso, the sage, king of Castile, whose astronomical tables, denominated the *Alphonfine Tables*, are in our hands, invited learned Arabians to his court, to assist him in constructing them. Grenada began to become another Cordova. Architecture especially made great progress in it. It was in the reign of Mahomet II. that the famous palace of the Alhambra was begun; of which a great part is still standing, is beheld with astonishment by travellers.

## HISTORY OF THE MOORS.



ers whom its name alone attracts to Grenada, and is a proof that the Moors had carried to high perfection, an art with which the Christians of Europe were then little acquainted, and which unites convenience with magnificence. The reader will perhaps pardon me for attempting a more particular account of this singular monument : It will throw light upon the manners and peculiar customs of the Moors.

The Alhambra was, as I have already mentioned, a vast fortress, built upon one of the two hills which are comprehended within the walls of Grenada. That hill which is insulated by the waters of the Xenil and the Darro, was likewise defended by a double range of walls. On its summit, which overlooks the whole city, and affords one of the finest prospects in the world, and in the middle of a platform shaded with trees, and refreshed with fountains, did Mahomet chuse to rear his palace.

Nothing that we know in architecture, can give us correct ideas of the architecture of the Moors. Their buildings were, exter-

nally, without order, proportion, or grace; it was on the interior parts that all their cares were lavished. There, indeed, they exhausted all the resources of taste, and magnificence, and strove to reconcile, in their apartments, all the accommodations of luxury, with the charms of rural nature. The walls of their saloons were inlaid with marble and the floors paved with a sort of porcelain; their beds were covered with rich gold and silver stuffs; the air was cooled by water gushing upwards from handsome pipes: the richest perfumes exhaling from precious vases, and aided by the native fragrance of myrtles, orange trees, and various flowers, shed around odours, the deliciousness of which overpowered the sense.

The stately palace of the Alhambra, still to be seen at Grenada, has no regular front. You approach it by a charming walk which is frequently broken by rivulets running with a serpentine course, among clumps of wood. The entrance into it is by a square tower which was formerly called *the gate of judgment*. A sacred inscription indicates, that

that the king used here to distribute justice, after the ancient practice of the Hebrews, and the other nations of the East. Several of the buildings which stood next in order after this, were demolished, and their materials employed in the construction of a magnificent palace for Charles V. which it does not fall in with my present design to describe. As we enter on the north side, into the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, it is as if one were suddenly transported into the fabled country of the fairies. The first court is a long square, surrounded with an arched gallery, the walls and floors of which are covered with mosaics, festoons, and arabesque figures, painted, gilt, and carved in stucco, and of admirable workmanship. These ornaments are covered over with passages from the Koran, or inscriptions like the following which may serve as a specimen of the figurative style of the Moors.

“ O Nazar, thou wast born on the throne,  
and like the star which leads in the day,  
shinest only with thy native lustre. Thine  
arm is our bulwark; thy justice, our sun. By  
thy

thy valour, thou subduest those who would give God partners in his dominion. Thy bount, makes all the children of thy people happy. The stars of heaven shed their lustre respectfully upon thee: the sun fondly illuminates thy paths. The cedar, monarch of the woods, bows his proud head before thee: and is exalted by thine hand.”

In the middle of this court, which is paved with white marble, is a long bason of running water, and of such depth, that a person may swim in it. On each side are borders of flowers, and alleys of orange trees. This place was called *Mesuar*, and served as a common bath to the servants of the palace.

We next enter the celebrated *court of the lions*. It is an hundred feet long, and fifty in breadth. The gallery which runs round it, is sustained by columns of white marble. The columns, which are arranged by two's, and sometimes by three's, are slender, and in a fantastic taste. Their grace and lightness however, please the astonished eye. The walls, and especially the roof of the gallery, are covered with gold, azure, and stucco,



co, wrought in arabesque, with a degree of care and delicacy which our most skilful modern workmen would find it no easy matter to imitate. Amidst artificial flowers, and a great variety of other decorations appear those favourite passages of the Koran which a good Moslem ought frequently to repeat. *God is great.—God only is the conqueror. There is no God, but God. The gaiety of heaven, the sweetest feelings of the heart, the delights of the soul to those who believe.* At each end of this long square is a charming cupola, fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, projecting towards the middle of the court, and like the rest, supported upon marble pillars; under the cupola's are *jets d'eau*. In the centre of the edifice, in the midst of a vast basin, is a capacious alabaster cup, six feet in diameter, borne up by twelve lions of white marble. This cup which is supposed to have been made after the model of the sea of brass in Solomon's temple, has above it, another smaller cup, out of which a stream of water used to pour, which falling from the one cup into the other, and from the

cups

cups into the great basin, formed a continued cascade which was additionally augmented by water gushing from the muzzles of the lions.

This fountain is, like all the rest, decorated with inscriptions; for the Arabians are fond of intermingling poetry with sculpture.

Their ideas seem to us far-fetched; and their expressions unnaturally swelling. But, we are such strangers to their manners, and to the genius of their language, that perhaps we have not a right to judge of them with severity. Besides, the verses which were made in France and Spain, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were not much better than the following, inscribed on the fountain of the Lions.

Say thou whose wondering eye these forms surveys;

Can aught but vital fire these forms improve?

Heaven save the prince who called ingenious art

To hew the marble with a hand divine!

Each nobler virtue warms his generous breast,

Each milder grace adorns his polished soul;

Fierce as these lions in the fields of fight,

And liberal as that flowing stream benign.

I shall

I shall not enter at such length, into the description of the other remains of the Alhambra. Some of these were halls of audience, or of justice. Others contained baths for the use of the king, the queen, and their children. Their bed-chamber is still to be seen; the beds stood in alcoves, near a fountain, and upon a raised flooring of porcelain. In the hall of music were four rows of elevated seats upon which the musicians were placed, while the whole court sat on a carpet, beside an alabaster basin. In the cabinet in which the queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble full of small holes, through which perfumes exhaled, that were kept constantly burning beneath. The doors and windows are disposed so as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft, yet lively light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air, too, are admitted, so as to renew, every instant, the delicious coolness of this apartment.

As we leave the Alhambra, we observe, on an adjacent hill, the famous garden of the

*Generalif*; a name which signifies the house of love. In this garden was a palace in which the kings of Grenada used to pass the Spring. It was in the same style of building as the Alhambra; and displayed equal magnificence. It has been demolished. But, what is still admirable of the *Generalif* is its picturesque situation, and the various charming points of view which it affords. Fountains, *jets d'eau*, and cascades appear upon all hands. The terraces are laid out in the form of an amphitheatre, are paved with fragments of mosaic work, and shaded with vast cypresses, and with old myrtles, which once lent their shade to the kings and queens of Grenada. In their days, flowery arbours, and forests of fruit-trees were intermingled with gloomy bowers, domes, and pavilions. At present, the *Generalif* retains none of its beauties, but such as could not be ravished from it; yet, of all places in the world, it still speaks the most to the eyes and to the heart\*.

It

\* Colmenar, *Delices d'Espagne*, Tome. V: Swinburne, Letter XXIII: Du Perron, *Voyage d'Espagne*, Tome I. &c.

It is painful to quit the Alhambra, and the Generalif, and return to the ravages, inroads, and bloody contests of the Moors and the Castilians. Mahomet, the J.C. 1302. Hæg. 703.] **third**, surnamed the *Blind*, had to contend, at once, with his own subjects and with the Castilians. Being obliged, in consequence of his blindness, to employ a prime minister, he chose to this important trust, Farady, his sister's husband, who possessed the abilities both of a statesman and a captain. He continued the war against the Christians, without disadvantage, till he closed it in an honourable peace. The courtiers jealous of the glory and good fortune of the favourite, conspired against the master. Rebellion was raised; and, as an additional calamity, Ferdinand IV. surnamed the Summoned (4), joined the king of Arragon in an attack upon the Grenadines. The Castilian took Gibraltar, and expelled the Moors. Of the unfortunate exiles who were retiring from the city, one old man perceiving Ferdinand, approached him, leaning on his staff.

Q 2

King

King of Castile, said he, what have I done to thee or thine? Thy great-grandfather, Ferdinand, drove me from my native city of Seville. I retired to Xeres, whence I was expelled by thy grandfather, Alphonso. I next betook myself to Tariffe (5); but was banished thence by thy father, Sancho. And now that I have come to seek a grave at the very extremity of Spain, upon the shore of Gibraltar, I am again pursued by *thy* fury. Whither shall I go, that I may be left by the Spaniards to die in peace?

Cross the sea, replied Ferdinand. And he gave orders to convey the old man over to Africa.

Thus conquered by the king of Arragon, hard pressed by the Castilians, and dreading the spirit of his own people, urged as they were to rebellion by the nobles; the king of Grenada, with his minister Farady, was obliged to submit to an ignominious peace. The storm soon thickened again. Mahomet Abenazar, brother to Mahomet the Blind, and Head of the conspiracy, seized the person of the  
unfortunate

unfortunate prince, put him to death, and reigned in his room. He was, however, soon driven from the throne by Farady, minister to the late monarch; who not daring to keep the crown to himself, placed it on the head of his son Ismael, nephew of Mahomet, the Blind, by his mother, who was sister to that monarch.

The royal family of Grenada was henceforth divided into two branches, which, while they subsisted, continued rivals and enemies. The first, denominated *Alhamar*, were descended in the male line from the first sovereign of this kingdom: the second, named *Farady*, were descended from him in the female line.

The Castilians, whose interest it was, to encourage these factions among the Moors, took part with Abenazar, when he was driven to take refuge in Guadix. The Infant, Don Pedro, uncle to the young king of Castile, Alphonso, surnamed the *Avenger*, came against Ismael, and frequently routed the Moors. Joining with another Infant, named Don Juan, he, with this assistance laid all waste with fire and sword, to the gates of Grenada.

Grenada. The Moslems durst not venture out to meet the Christians. But, when these last had loaded themselves with booty, and were returning to Castile; Ismael made his army pursue them; and they having soon overtaken the plunderers, fell, with impetuosity, upon their rear-guard. It was on J. C. 1318. ]  
Hæg. 719. ] the twenty-sixth of June, and at the hottest hour in the day. The two Infants made so great efforts and tried such a variety of movements, to turn their party upon the enemy, that they fell both down dead, from the effects of thirst and fatigue, without receiving a wound. The Spaniards being faint, could make no defence. They fled, lost their baggage, and left the body of one of the unfortunate Infants, to the insults of the enemy. Ismael had the body carried to Grenada, deposited it in a coffin covered with cloth of gold, and took an early opportunity of distinguishing it with every funeral honour, and restoring it to the Castilians\*.

The

\* The mountains near Grenada, where this action was fought, have, ever since been called *La Sierra de los infantes*.



The fruits of this victory were the capture of several cities, and an honourable truce. But Ismael lived not to enjoy his success. Being smitten with the charms of a young Spanish captive, who had fallen to the share of one of his officers, he took her from her lord by violence. Among the Moslems, an injury of this nature is always washed away with blood. The king was assassinated by this officer. His son Mahomet V. succeeded him on the throne.

The reigns of Mahomet V. and of his successor, Joseph I. who were both, in the same manner, assassinated in the palace, exhibit, for the space of thirty years, one continued series of devastation, seditions, and battles. Abil-Hassam, king of Morocco, of the dynasty of *Merini*, at the invitation of the Grenadines, landed in Spain, and joined Joseph with a vast body of troops. The kings of Castile and Portugal united and fought this great army upon the banks of the Salado, not far from the town of Tariffe. In this battle, which is not less famous than that of Toloza, there

fell

fell thousands of Moors. Abil-Haffam retired to hide his disgrace in Morocco. The strong place of Algeziras, the bulwark of Grenada, and the port by which it received its succours from Africa, was besieged by the Castilians. Several French, English, and Navarrese knights resorted to this siege at which the Moslems made use of cannons. It is on this occasion that cannons are first mentioned in history: for the battle of Creci in which the English are said to have had cannons, happened four years after this. To the Moors, then, we owe,—not the invention of gun-powder, which has been attributed to the Chinese; to Schwarts, a German Cordelier, to the English Roger Bacon; but the more terrible invention of artillery. It is at least certain, that the Moors were the first who cast cannons. But, these could not save Algeziras: and the unfortunate Joseph of Grenada, after being often defeated by the Christians, was, at last murdered by his own subjects.

It

It is remarkable that, among the Moors; there was no law regulating the succession to the crown. However; amid the conspiracies which still arose, one after another, none but a prince of the royal race was ever raised to the throne; although, since the time of Ismaël, the succession to the sovereignty of Grenada was shared by the families of *Alhamar*, and of *Farady*. The former being dispossessed by the latter, continued always to look upon them as usurpers. And hence the origin of so many troubles, conspiracies, and assassinations.

Joseph I. was succeeded by his uncle, Mahomet VI. a Farady prince, who received the surname of the *Old*, because he came to the throne, at an advanced age. An Alhamar prince, cousin to the new sovereign, and denominated Mahomet *the Red*, expelled

J. C. 1360. ] led the Farady from the throne,  
Hæg. 762. ] and occupied the regal seat, for some years, under the protection of the king of Arragon. Peter the Cruel, then king of Castile, espoused the cause of the dethroned Farady, supported him with an army, and

pressed so hard upon Mahomet the Red, that this prince saw no other resource for himself, but to repair to Seville, and submit to the discretion of Peter. He went thither, attended by his most faithful friends, and carrying with him a great quantity of treasure. He presented himself to Peter with noble confidence.

King of Castile, said he, much Moorish and Christian blood has been shed, on account of my quarrel with Farady. Thou protectest my competitor, and I am willing that thou shouldest judge between us. Examine my rights and his; and say which of us ought to reign. If it is Farady, I only ask to be conveyed safe to Africa; if myself, receive my homage for my dominions.

Peter the Cruel was astonished. He lavished honours on the Moorish king, and made him sit beside himself at a sumptuous feast. But, when he arose from the table, he was led to prison, then conducted, half-naked, through the whole city, mounted on an ass, and carried to a plain, called *la*

*Tablada*

*Tablada*, where seven and thirty persons of his *suite* were beheaded before his eyes. The base Peter, envying the executioners the pleasure of shedding blood, pierced the unfortunate king of Grenada with his own lance. Mahomet, as he expired, uttered only these words: O Peter, Peter, what an exploit this for a knight \*!

By a strange fatality, all the thrones of Spain were occupied, at this time by princes whose characters were stained with odious crimes. Peter the Cruel, the Nero of Castile, assassinated those kings who treated him with confidence, brought his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, to a premature death, and stained his hands daily with the blood of his subjects or neighbours. Peter VI. the Tiberius of Arragon, less furious, but as barbarous and more perfidious than the Castilian, deprived one of his brothers of his dominions †, commanded the death of the other ‡, and delivered over his old governor to the executioners.

R 2

tioners.

\* *Chronicas de los reios de Castilla*, Tome I.

† James, King of Majorca. ‡ James, Count of Urgel.

tioners\*. Peter I. king of Portugal, the lover of the celebrated Ines de Castro, infuriated, no doubt, by the cruelty which had been exercised on his mistress, tore out the hearts of the murderers of Ines, and made his sister, Mary, end her days by poison. The king of Navarre was that Charles the Bad, at whose very name the heart shudders. Spain was deluged with blood, and groaned under the yoke of these four tyrants. And, if the reader shall reflect, that France was at the same time afflicted with the disasters which followed the captivity of king John; that in England, the unfortunate reign of Richard II. was beginning; that Italy was a prey to the factions of the Guelphs and Gibbelines, and divided between two popes†; that in Germany two rival emperors contended for the Imperial throne‡; and that Tamerlane was ravaging Asia, from the country of the Usbecks, to the peninsula of India; he will see reason to allow that few periods in

\* Bernard Cabrera. † Urban VI. and Clement VII.

‡ Lewis of Bavaria, and Frederic the Handsome.

in the annals of the earth have been more disastrous than this.

Grenada, at least, recovered its tranquillity, after the crime of Peter the Cruel. Mahomet the Old, being thus freed of his competitor, resumed the crown without opposition, and was the only one of all the king of Castile's allies, who remained faithful to him, amidst all his crimes, till his death. But he could not support Peter on the throne. His bastard brother, Henry de

J. C. 1369. ] Transtamare, deprived him of  
Hæg. 771. ] his life and kingdom. Mahomet

made peace with the conqueror, continued to preserve it for several years, and left his dominions in a flourishing condition to his

J. C. 1379. ] son, Mahomet VIII. Abuhadjad,  
Hæg. 782. ] called by the Spanish historians, Mahomet Guadix.

This prince proved the best and wisest king that ever governed the Moors. Attentive solely to the happiness of his subjects, he laboured to maintain peace, the sweets of which they had so seldom tasted. For this end, he began with fortifying his towns,  
raising

raising an army, and forming an alliance with the king of Tunis, whose daughter, Cadija, he married. When thus prepared for war, he sent ambassadors to the king of Castile, to ask his friendship. Don Juan, son and successor to Henry of Trastamare, being at that time occupied in his contests with the Portuguese and the English, readily signed a treaty with the Moorish king. Having now no farther disturbance to dread from the Christians, he turned his cares to the encouragement of trade and agriculture; he lightened the burthen of the taxes, and by this expedient found his own wealth increased. Adored by his subjects whom he made happy, respected by the Christians whom he feared not, and possessing a lovely wife to whom he gave all his heart; he appropriated the rest of his time and treasures to the cultivation of the fine arts, poetry and architecture, and to the embellishing of his capital. He constructed various monuments at Grenada, and at Guadix, a city for which he had always a predilection; and



and made his court, the seat of genius and elegant manners.

The Moors had then universities and academies for medicine, painting and sculpture. Abuhadjad encouraged these professions with generous munificence. The greater number of the works of those Grenadine authors perished at the time of the conquest (7); yet, some have been saved, and are to be seen in the library of the Escorial. Most of these are treatises of grammar, of astrology which was then in very high estimation, and especially of theology, a science in which the Arabians have excelled \*. The subtlety of genius, and warmth of imagination distinguishing this people, are the qualities which naturally form great theologians. Their schools, I believe, were the first that introduced the taste for subtle questions and disputations which once conferred such high celebrity upon men whose names have since sunk into obscurity. The pretended secrets of the Cabbala, of alchymy, of judicial astrology, of the rod of divination; with all those

tales

\* See the *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispanica* of Caziri.

tales of witchcraft, magicians, and enchanters, which were once so common, have been all derived to us from the Arabians. They were always superstitious; and I am inclined to believe, that their residence in Spain, and long intercourse with the Spaniards, first impressed on the character of the latter, that love for the marvellous, and that cast of credulous piety which bears a resemblance to superstition, and which the philosopher reproachfully imputes to this lively, sentimental, sprightly nation whom nature has endowed with every noble quality.

A species of literature that was common among the Moors, and in which the Spaniards have imitated them, was, *novels*, and *romances*. The Arabians always were, and still are great story-tellers. In the deserts of Asia and Africa, and in the tents of the Bedouins, they gather together, every evening, to hear a love-story. The hearers listen in silence, and are often so interested as to weep for the misfortunes of the lovers. At Grenada, there joined to this natural taste for tales, a passion also for music and dancing.

The

The poets put into verse, tales of love or war: the musicians made airs for them; and they were sung by the Moorish youth. Hence those many Spanish romances, imitated from the Arabic \*, which with a simplicity, sometimes truly affecting, relate combats with the Christians, the quarrels of rivals, or conversations between lovers. Every thing is minutely described: their festivals, running at the ring; cane-plays†, and bull-fights, which they had adopted from the Spaniards: their arms consisting of a large scymetar, a small lance, a short coat of mail, and a light buckler of leather; their horses whose housings, trailing on the ground, were set, on the borders, with jewels: their devices which were almost always a heart pierced with arrows, a star guiding a ship, or the first letter of the beauty's name, whom they loved: their colours, too, each of which had its proper signification: the black and the yellow were expressive of sorrow; the green, of hope;

VOL. I.

S

blue

\* I have a collection of more than a thousand.

† These games are described in the second book of the following work.

138 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

blue of jealousy; violet, and flame-colour, of passionate love. The following little piece, which I have abbreviated, in the translating, will give a better idea of those romances, than any description of them can convey.

GANZUL AND ZELINDA;

A MOORISH ROMANCE.

ZELINDA, mov'd with jealous passion;  
Bade the man she lov'd, begone;  
Nor essay with soft expression,  
For his falsehood to atone.

The constant youth went drooping from her;  
Dear as life, he lov'd the maid,  
Dear, e'en as his spotless honour,  
By fear or falsehood ne'er betray'd.

Soon the tender fair relented,  
When she knew young GANZUL's truth;  
Soon her melting heart repented  
Of her harshness to the youth.

Thus love, with peevish, childish folly,  
Oft pouts and frowns, he knows not why;  
Then.

Then changing rage for melancholy,  
Hangs his head, and 'gins to cry.

'Twas told her, that her gallant lover,  
Cast from gay hope to drear despair,  
His crest with green no more would cover,  
But, now did sorrow's livery wear.

The lovely nymph soon fought the mourner,  
Sweetest favours in her hands;  
What colours chose she to adorn her?  
What, to bind anew love's bands?

The jealous blue she fondly twined  
With the purple, meed of love;  
White, wreath of innocence enshrined,  
With constant violet interwove.

These she bore to where in anguish,  
Ganzul, hopeless, mourn'd his fate;  
Hid in solitude, to languish,  
Under fair Zelinda's hate.

The maid, with timid, anxious fondness,  
'Neath a jasmine sat her down,  
And bade her faithful page, go, find him  
Whose constancy she came to crown.

The willing page flew swift to Ganzul ;  
 Scarce could Ganzul trust his tale :  
 He hastes, while in his trembling bosom,  
 Fear and hope, by turns, prevail.

Once more he sees his dear Zelinda ;  
 Blushes and smiles her love betray ;  
 Her hand presents love's mingled colours,  
 And tears the rueful black away.

Not a word could either utter,  
 So swell'd both hearts with joy and grief ;  
 Tenderest looks express'd their passion ;  
 In tears their feelings sought relief\*.

This refined and delicate gallantry, which made the Moors of Grenada famous through all Europe, forms a singular contrast, when viewed in comparison with the ferocity natural to all those of Africa. Those Moslems, who in battle, esteemed it a glorious proof of their address, if they could cut off with dexterity the heads of the slain, which they fixed to their saddles, and exposed bloody, upon the battlements of their towns, and the gates of their

\* *Romancero general*. Madrid edit. p. 4.

their palaces ; those turbulent wariours, who scorned to acquire the arts of peace, and were ever ready to revolt against their kings, to depose, and to assassinate them ;—were, yet, the tenderest, the most submissive, and the most passionate of lovers. Their wives, although little better than slaves, became, when they were beloved, queens and goddesses to those whose hearts they possessed. It was to please them that glory was pursued : To dazzle their eyes and opinions, life and fortune were wasted in emulous efforts to triumph in the lists, or on the field, and to sparkle at the feast. This singular union of mildness with cruelty, of delicacy with barbarism, this passion for the meed of valour and constancy,—can the Moors be supposed to have caught it by imitation, from the Spaniards ? or rather the Spaniards from the Moors ? I cannot determine. But, when I consider that the Arabians were distinguished by no such characteristic in their native seats in Asia ; and still less in Africa, in which they were naturalized by conquest ; and that, since their expulsion from Spain,

they

they have lost every vestige of the romantic and amiable manners of chivalry ;—I am inclined to think, that it was to the Spaniards they owed it. Before the invasion of the Moors, indeed, this generous gallantry adorned the court of the Gothic kings. After that æra, we see the princes and knights of Castile, Leon, and Navarre as much distinguished by their loves as by their valorous exploits. The name of the Cid alone recalls to the mind every idea of tenderness and courage. And, after the expulsion of the Moors, the Spaniards long maintained a reputation for gallantry much higher than that of the French; the seeds of which, though withered and gone among all other modern nations, are still alive in Spain.

However this may be ; the ladies of Grenada were worthy to be loved ; they were, and perhaps still are the most charming women in the world. An Arabian historian \* who wrote at Grenada, in the year 1378 of our

\* Abi Abdalla ben-Alkahilbi Absaneni ; *Histor. Gran.* an Arabic manuscript in the Escurial.



our æra, in the reign of Mahomet the Old, speaks thus of those lovely females.

“ They are all beautiful. But, their beauty which is, at first, striking, acquires still more effect, when we remark their handsome figure and graceful manners. They are above the middle size; and no where is an handsomer shape to be seen. Their long black hair hangs down to their heels. Their teeth adorn with the whiteness of alabaster, a mouth which ever wears a smile of kindness. Their liberal use of the most exquisite perfumes gives their skin a freshness and lustre which none of the other Moslem ladies possess. Their gait, their dance, and all their motions, have in them a graceful softness, a careless gaiety which gives the last advantage to all their other charms. Their conversation is lively and sprightly. Their understanding is acute; and the delicacy of their wit is often displayed in happy sallies, and in *bons mots*.

The dress of these women, like that of the ladies of Turkey and Persia, consisted of a long linen tunic bound with a girdle, a doliman

liman with strait sleeves, large wide drawers, and slippers of Morocco leather. The stuffs were all extremely fine, and commonly embroidered with gold and silver, and set with jewels. Their hair was bound in tresses, and floated on their shoulders. A small, but very rich bonnet on the head, sat under an embroidered veil which flowed down to the knees. The men were dressed nearly in the same manner; at their girdle hung their purse, their handkerchief, and their poignard; on the head they wore a white or coloured turban: over the doliman they wore, in summer, a white robe, loose and flowing, in winter, the *albornas*, or African mantle. The only change which they made on this dress when they went to war, was, by putting on a coat of mail, and assuming an helmet above the turban.

It was the custom for the inhabitants of Grenada to retire, every year, to delightful country-houses which were scattered thick about the city. Retired to these, pleasure was all their care; the enjoyments of the chace, music, and dancing filled up their  
 nights

nights and days: Their dances, and songs were in a style of wanton gaiety. If the contrarieties in the human character could move surprise; it might seem extraordinary that a people who could feel the passion of love in all its ardent extravagance, should have been deficient in modesty or delicacy. But, the Orientals are, in general, strangers to the refinement of modesty: their passion is rather impetuous than tender; they have more jealousy than delicacy: they can neither wait for, nor hide those pleasures which they seize by force.

These particulars have possibly been detailed at too great length; but, I have introduced them at a time when Grenada enjoyed peaceful tranquillity under the government of Abuhadjad. That good king, after occupying the throne for thirteen years, left his dominions in a flourishing state to his son Joseph, who succeeded him, without opposition.

Joseph II. followed his father's example, and was desirous of adhering to the truce which had been ratified with the Christians.

A hermit interrupted it. That fanatic persuaded the Grand-master of Alcantara, Martin de Barbuda, a Portuguese, that Heaven had made choice of him to expel the Moslems out of Spain; and, in the name of God, promised, that he should be victorious; over the Moors, and should take Grenada by assault, without losing a single soldier.

The Grand-master, satisfied of the certainty of this promise, immediately sent ambassadors to Joseph, to declare to him, in his name, that, as the religion of Mahomet was false and detestable; and that of Jesus Christ the only religion mankind ought to believe,—he, Martin Barbuda, defied the king of Grenada, to a combat of two hundred Moors against an hundred Christians, on condition that the nation of the vanquished should adopt the faith of the conquerors.

The reader may easily conceive what reception these ambassadors met with. Hardly could Joseph restrain his subjects from massacring them. Being driven away with every circumstance of contempt and disgrace, they returned to the Grand-master, who be-

ing surprised that he had received no answer, immediately mustered up a body of an hundred partizans, and three hundred gentlemen on horseback, and marched to conquer Grenada, with the prophetic hermit for his guide.

Henry III. king of Castile, who wished to maintain peace with the Moors, in the beginning of his reign, and at a time when his own dominions were not in a very tranquil state, was no sooner informed of the Grand-Master's intended expedition, than he sent him positive orders not to pass the frontiers of the two kingdoms. But, Barbuda replied, that he must obey the call of God, and proceeded on his march. The governors of the cities through which he passed, endeavoured, in vain, to stop him : while the people strove to do him every honour, and crowded eagerly to swell his train. By the time of his entering the enemy's territory, which, in his vain credulity he supposed his conquest, he had an army, six thousand strong. He assailed the first castle, and before it lost six men, and was himself wounded. Surprised above measure,

at seeing his own blood flow, and three of his foldiers fall, he called upon his hermit, and coolly asked what this could mean, after he had given his exprefs word, that not a man on their fide fhould fall. The hermit answered, that it was only of pitched battles he had meant to be underftood. Barbuda was fatisfied: and foon after, an army of fifty thoufand Moors appeared. Battle was instantly joined. The Grand-Mafter and his three hundred knights fell, after performing prodigies of valour: the remainder of his troops either fled, or were taken prifoners: and the filence of hiftorians refpecting the hermit affords room for fuppoſing, that he was not among the laſt to eſcape\*.

This mad expedition was followed by no rupture of the peace between the two nations. The king of Caſtile diſavowed the hoſtility of the Grand-Maſter: and Joſeph's reign went on in tranquillity and glory. But, he is ſaid to have been poiſoned by a magnificent

\* Ferreras, *Compend. hiſtor.* Tome VIII: Cardonne *Hiſt. Afrique*, Tome III. &c.

cent robe, sent him by ambassadors from the king of Fez, his secret enemy. Historians relate, that this robe, being impregnated with malignant poison, ended the life of the unfortunate Joseph amidst dreadful torments,

J. C. 1396.] in which his flesh was torn from  
Hæg. 799.] his bones, and which were of  
thirty days continuance.

at Mahomet IX. his second son, who had, even in his father's lifetime, attempted to raise disturbances in the kingdom, now usurped the crown, and shut up Joseph, his elder brother, in prison. Mahomet was endowed with valour, and some other military talents. Entering into an alliance with the king of Tunis, who sent his fleet to join the fleet of Grenada, he broke the truce with Castile, and gained, at the first, some advantages. But, the Infant, Don Ferdinand, uncle and tutor to the young king, John II. soon avenged the cause of the Spaniards.

J. C. 1408.] Mahomet IX. then died. Im-  
Hæg. 811.] mediately before his death, de-

siring to secure the crown to his son, he sent one of his principal officers to the pri-

son

son in which his brother Joseph was confined, with orders to strike off his head. The officer found Joseph playing a game at chess with an Iman. He sorrowfully informed him of the painful task which he came to execute. Joseph, unmoved, only asked time to finish his game. So slight a favour the officer could not refuse. In the mean time, another messenger came in with the news that Mahomet was dead, and Joseph proclaimed his successor on the throne.

This Joseph III. was a good king; and under his reign the people were happy. Instead of avenging himself on those factious subjects who had assisted Mahomet to usurp his rights, he lavished favours and employments upon them: he brought up his brother's sons with the same tenderness as if they had been his own: and when his counsellors blamed his lenity; *Permit me*, answered he, *to leave my enemies no excuse for having preferred my younger brother to me.*

This excellent prince was often obliged to take arms against the christians. He lost some cities. But, he preserved the respect  
and



and love of his subjects; and died, after  
 J.C. 1423. ] a reign of fifteen years, lamented  
 Hæg. 827. ] by his whole kingdom.

After his death, the state was distracted by intestine wars. Mahomet X. *Abenazar*, or the Left-handed was driven from the throne by Mahomet XI. *el Zugair*, or *the Little*, who reigned two years. The Abencerragoes (8), a tribe powerful in Grenada, then restored Mahomet the Left-handed. His competitor ended his days on the scaffold. The Spaniards came against the Moors, and laid all waste with fire and sword to the walls of their capital. The whole country was ravaged, the crops burnt up, and the villages destroyed. John II. who then reigned in Castile, to add to the calamities with which he had thus afflicted the Grenadines, the greater distress of a civil war, made one Joseph Alhamar to be proclaimed king of Grenada, who was grandson to that Mahomet the Red, so basely assassinated by Peter the Cruel, at Seville. All the malcontents joined Joseph Alhamar. The Zegrís, a famous tribe, enemies to the Abencerragoes, took part with the usurper.

Mahomet

Mahomet the Left-handed, was again driven from his capital ; and Joseph IV. occupied the throne for six months. At the end of this

J. C. 1432.  
Hæg. 836.] time, he died. Mahomet recovered **his** authority. After thirteen years of misfortune, he was deposed, a third

J. C. 1443.  
Hæg. 849.] time, seized, and shut up in prison by one of his nephews, Ma-

homet XII. Osmin, who was himself, shortly after dethroned by his own brother, Is-

J. C. 1455.  
Hæg. 857.] mael, and ended his days in the same prison in which his uncle

languished.

All these revolutions hindered not the Christian and Moorish governors who commanded on the frontiers from making frequent mutual inroads. Sometimes a small troop of cavalry or infantry would surprize a village, massacre the inhabitants, pillage the houses, carry away the cattle. Sometimes an army would suddenly appear in the plain, ravage the country, tear up the vines by the roots, cut down the trees, besiege and carry some place, and then retire with their booty. This mode of making war was the most destructive

destructive of all to the poor husbandman: and in the reign of Ismael II. the territory of Grenada had suffered so much, that he was obliged to seek nourishment from the forests for his capital; almost no produce being to be obtained from that vast and fertile *vega* which had been so often desolated by the Spaniards.

J. C. 1465.  
Hæg. 870.] Ismael II. left his crown to his son Mulei-Hassem, a brave, young prince, who taking advantage of the troubles in Castile, in the disastrous reign of Henry IV. denominated the Impotent, carried his arms to the very centre of Andalusia. His first successes, his talents, and his military ardour led the Moors to conceive hopes of recovering their ancient power. But, a great event happened, which put a period to their victories, and effected their total ruin.

Isabella of Castile, sister to Henry the Impotent, notwithstanding the opposition of J. C. 1469.  
Hæg. 874.] her brother, and other apparently insurmountable obstacles, married Ferdinand the Catholic, king of

Sicily, and presumptive heir of Arragon (9). This marriage, uniting the two most powerful monarchies in Spain, gave a mortal blow to the power of the Moors, who had hitherto kept their ground, only in consequence of the divisions among the Christians. Either of the two enemies who were now to act jointly against the Moors would have been able to overpower them. Ferdinand, a politician of ability and address, at once firm and yielding, prudent to a degree of distrustful suspicion, refined to duplicity, and possessed of the superior talent of seeing at a distance, and with a glance of the eye, all the various means by which his purposes might be obtained. Isabella, more noble and elevated in her sentiments, and endowed with more heroic courage, and with constancy which nothing could stagger, knew well how to prosecute any enterprise, and especially how to finish it. The character of the one gave new and more dignified energy to the mind of the other. The husband often acted the part of a weak, perfidious woman, negotiating to deceive: the wife

wife was, at all times, a great sovereign, advancing to battle and to victory.

When these two sovereigns had dispersed the factions in their dominions, vanquished their foreign enemies, reduced every internal trouble to tranquility, and gained the immense succession which was long disputed against them, they turned their whole exertions to the conquest and expulsion of the Moors. Beside the prodigious advantage which they derived from the union of their forces, Ferdinand and Isabella had some extraordinary men about them. The celebrated Ximenes, a cordelier, afterwards cardinal, was at the head of their councils: and that able minister *could*, as he himself said, *draw all Spain with his cord*. The civil wars had formed a crowd of warriors, and of able generals, the most distinguished of whom were the Count of Cabra, the Marquis of Guadix, and the famous Gonsalvo of Cordova, whom the voice of Europe and of general history continues to honour with the denomination of the Great Captain which was first conferred upon him by his country.

The public treasury, which had been exhausted by Henry's prodigalities, was soon filled by the severe oeconomy of Isabella, and by the bulls obtained from the Pope, upon the wealth of the church. The armies were numerous and practised in war: mutual emulation between the Castilians and the Arragonefe gave a new edge to their valour. Every thing concurred to forebode the fall of the last Moslem throne that remained in Spain.

Muley-Hasslem, by whom it was then occupied, viewed the coming danger without terrour. He first broke the truce, and seized Zahra. Ferdinand sent ambassadors to complain of the infraction of the  
J.C. 1481.  
Hæg. 881. peace, and at the same time, to demand the tribute which had been formerly paid by the kings of Grenada, to those of Castile. I know, replied Muley, that some of my predecessors have given you gold; but there has been no money coined in my reign: this is the only metal I can offer the Spaniards. So saying, he presented his lance.

Ferdinand's army soon marched towards Alhama, a place of great strength, near  
near

Grenada, with which it had been embellished by the Moorish kings. Alhama was surprised by the Christians, and the flames of war were kindled, never more to be extinguished between the two nations.

The successes were, at first, mutual. Muley had numerous forces, an ample treasury, and a large train of artillery. He might have long defended himself, had he not by one act of imprudence precipitated his own ruin.

Muley was married to a woman, named Aixa, of one of the first tribes in Grenada. He had, by her, a son named Boabdil, who was to succeed him on the throne. Becoming enamoured of a Christian slave who governed him at her pleasure, Muley repudiated his wife Aixa. This was a signal for civil war. The injured wife, in concert with her son, raised in rebellion her relations and friends, even to the one half of Grenada. Muley-Hassem was driven from his capital, and Boabdil took the title of king. The father and the son now contended in arms for a crown of which Ferdinand was about to deprive both.

## 158 HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

To add to these misfortunes, a brother  
J.C. 1383.  
Hæg. 888.] of Muley's, named Zagal, put  
himself at the head of some  
troops, and gained a considerable advantage over the Spaniards, in the defiles of Malaga. By this victory, Zagal won the love and esteem of the Moors; which made him conceive hopes of dethroning his brother and nephew. Thus was a third party created to rend the state. Boabdil trembled on the throne of Grenada; and desiring to perform some splendid action which might encourage his party who were now ready to abandon him, he marched out, at the head of a small army, to surprise Lucena, a town belonging to the Castilians. The unfortunate Boabdil was taken prisoner in this expedition. No Moorish monarch had ever before fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. Ferdinand treated him with all the respect due to misfortune, and sent him to Cordova.

Muley-Hassem seized the opportunity to resume the crown of which he had been deprived by a rebellious son. In spite of Zagal's



gal's party, he again entered the capital. But, he could make only a faint resistance to the progress of the Castilians, who were, on all hands, subduing cities, and advancing towards Grenada, where the unfortunate Moslems wasted their strength in combats among themselves. To inflame their contentions, the politic Ferdinand set Boabdil at liberty. He even formed an alliance with his captive, and engaged to aid him against his father, on the conditions, that Boabdil should pay him a tribute of twelve thousand pieces of gold, should acknowledge himself his vassal, and should yield certain places up to him. The base-spirited Boabdil agreed to all this; and with Ferdinand to support him, hastened to make war upon Muley.

The kingdom of Grenada became now a scene of carnage; Muley-Hasslem, Boabdil, and Zagal, pursuing each other, sword in hand, and contending for its wasted remains. The Spaniards, in the mean time, advanced from conquest to conquest, sometimes on pretence of succouring their ally Boabdil, sometimes claiming that prince's observance of his  
treaty.
treaty

treaty with them ; always inflaming the discord among the Moors, stripping all the three parties alike of their possessions ; but leaving to the vanquished the free exercise of their religion, with their laws and customs.

J. C. 1485.  
Hæg. 890.] Amid these troubles, calamities, and crimes, old Muley-Hassem died, of grief, or by hand of his brother. Ferdinand made himself master of all the western part of the kingdom. And Boabdil agreed to divide with Zagal, the little that remained of this desolate state. Grenada fell to Boabdil ; and Guadix and Almeria were ceded to Zagal. The war was nevertheless continued ; and Zagal despairing of his ability to retain what he had, sold his places to Ferdinand for an yearly pension. The treaty was signed ; and the Catholic sovereigns took possession of those towns. The traitor Zagal blushed  
J. C. 1490.  
Hæg. 896.] not to accept a post in the Christian army, and to bear arms against his own nephew.

At last, the Moslems had nought save the city of Grenada remaining. Boabdil still reigned

reigned there. The temper of this unhappy prince being soured by his misfortunes, he turned his rage against his own subjects, and ruled them tyrannically. The kings of Castile and Arragon, although in pretended alliance with this feeble monarch, sent to summon him to surrender his capital, according, as they said, to a secret treaty subsisting between them. Boabdil exclaimed against their perfidy. But, it was too late to complain: and he must now either fight or yield his throne. Ferdinand, at the head of sixty thousand men, the choice of the two kingdoms, laid siege to Grenada, on the 9th, of May, 1491.

This great city was, as I have related defended by strong ramparts, flanked by a thousand and thirty towers, and by a number of other works accumulated one upon another. Although deluged with blood by the civil wars, it still contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. All the surviving warriors who were attached to their country, their religion, and their laws, were assembled within its walls. Despair gave

them double energy. Under any other chief than Boabdil, this despair might have saved them. But, this king alike feeble and cruel, upon the slightest suspicion or information against them, destroyed his bravest warriors by the sword of the executioner. He was an object of hatred and contempt to the Grenadines, who had, in scorn, given him the name of *Zogoyli*, or *the Little King*. All the tribes in Grenada, especially the Abencerragoes were discontented and discouraged under his sway. The Alfaqis and Imams loudly predicted the final ruin of the Moorish empire: and nothing but their dread of the Spanish yoke could have made the people endure their prince, and sustain the siege.

Ferdinand's troops, on the other hand, flushed with their past success, and considering themselves as invincible, pushed on, in full confidence of conquest. They were led by chiefs whom they adored. Ponce de Leon, marquis of Cadiz, Henry of Guzman, duke of Medina Sidonia, Mendoza, Aguilar, Villena, Gonfalso of Cordova, and many other famous captains attended the victorious king.

Isabella, whose virtues commanded veneration, while his grace, and affability attracted love, had repaired to her husband's camp, with the Infant, the Infantas, and the most splendid court then in Europe. This great queen moderated the natural severity of her temper, according to circumstances. With the labours of war, she intermingled festivity and pleasure. Tournaments served as relaxations in the intervals of battle. Illuminations, dances, and games filled up the summer nights which are, in those climates so delightful. Isabella presided over them all. A word from her was a recompence; a look, enough to exalt her meanest soldier to a hero. Plenty reigned in the camp. Joy and hope animated every heart. The courage of the Grenadines was, in the mean time, chilled by mutual distrust, general consternation, and the certain prospect of famine.

Yet, was the siege protracted for nine months. Ferdinand made no attempt to storm a place so strongly fortified. After laying the environs waste, he waited patiently till Grenada should be reduced by famine;

satisfied with battering its ramparts, and repulsing the frequent sallies of the Moors, he engaged in no decisive action, but daily beset closer and closer an enemy that could not now escape out of his hands. An accident by night, set fire to Isabella's tents. The conflagration consumed the whole camp. Boabdil took no advantage of this circumstance. The queen resolved that, instead of their camp, the Spaniards should build a city \*, and thus shew the Moslems, that the siege was never to be raised. This idea, which was grand, extraordinary, and worthy of the genius of Isabella, was executed within four and twenty hours. The Spaniards settled in the new town, and encompassed it with walls. It is standing, and bears the name of *Santa Fe*, given it by the pious queen.

Sore pressed, at length, by famine, having been often defeated in the skirmishes which were incessantly fought before the walls, and abandoned by Africa, from which no efforts were

\* History of Ferdinand and Isabella. Mariana, Garibai, Ferreras, &c.

## HISTORY OF THE MOORS.



were made to save them, the Moors found themselves obliged to surrender. Gonfhalvo of Cordova was commissioned by the king to settle the articles of capitulation. The Grenadines, by these, agreed to acknowledge for their sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and their successors on the throne of Castile; to restore all the Christian prisoners without ransom; they were themselves to remain under the government of their own laws, to retain their customs, their judges, and one half of their mosques, and to be left to the free exercise of their religion; they were also allowed either to retain or dispose of their property, and retire to Africa or any other country, but were never to be forced into exile by the Castilians; Boabdil was to enjoy a fertile and extensive domain in the Alpuxaras of which he might dispose at his pleasure.

This was the capitulation; but it was ill observed by the Spaniards. Boabdil executed it, on his part, some days before the term agreed upon; he having learned, that his subjects stirred up by the Imams, were preparing

paring to break off the negociation, and to bury themselves under the ruins of their city. The hapless prince, upon this, hastily delivered up the Albayzin and the Alhambra. He then carried the keys J.C. 1492.  
Hæg. 898. to Ferdinand, and never more entered the city. Soon after, with his family and a few servants attending him, he took the way to the domain assigned him in lieu of his kingdom. On mount Padul, from which Grenada may be seen, he cast back a last look on the seat of his lost power; and tears flowed from his eyes. *Well mayest thou weep like a woman, my son,* said his mother, *Aixa, for the loss of that throne which thou couldst not defend like a man!* The fallen prince could not endure to live a subject in a country in which he had reigned; but passed over, soon after this into Africa; where he was slain in a fight.

Isabella and Ferdinand made their entrance into Grenada, on the 2d of January 1492, amidst the triumphant discharge of artillery, and having the streets lined by a double rank of soldiers. The town presented an aspect



of desolation. The Moors hid themselves in their houses, to conceal their tears and their despair from the conquerors. The royal pair went first to the high mosque which was transformed into a church, and there gave thanks to God for their success. While they discharged this pious duty, the Count of Tendilla, the new governor of Grenada, exalted the triumphant cross, the standard of Castile, and that of the order of St James upon the highest tower of the Alhambra.

Thus fell that famous city : thus terminated the power of the Moors in Spain, after it had lasted seven hundred and eighty two years, from the date of Tarik's conquest.

The principal causes which brought on their fall, may be traced in this short sketch. The first of those arose from their national character : that inconstant spirit, that love of novelty, that incessant restlessness which moved them to change their kings so often, multiplied factions among them, rent their empire with discord,—delivered them at last into the hands of their enemies, helpless, and wanting that strength which they had  
wasted

wasted in intestine broils. They had reason, too, to blame themselves for their taste for magnificence and sumptuous festivity, and for monuments the construction of which exhausted the public treasure ; while their unceasing wars hardly left the most fertile territory in the world time to renew those crops which were continually wasted by the Spaniards. Besides, they wanted laws, the only solid basis of a nation's prosperity ; and the despotism of their government, destructive as it was to all sentiments of patriotic attachment, disposed each individual to regard his virtue or intelligence as means merely of attaining personal importance, not as the patrimony of the state.

These defects in their national character and the structure of their government, so plainly dangerous, and which occasioned their ruin, were however compensated by some noble qualities which even the Christians acknowledged them to possess. Grave and temperate as the Spaniards, although less regulated by discipline, nor capable of the same dexterity in their military movements,

they

they, had commonly the advantage in an attack. Adversity never long depressed them; they regarded it as the will of heaven, and submitted without murmuring. Their tenet of predestination, no doubt, contributed to inspire them with this resignation. They were zealous observers of the law of Mahomet; and paid an exact obedience to the precept which enjoins the distribution of alms (10): they gave to the poor, not only bread, and money, but a part of their grain, their cattle, and all their goods. Whether in town or country, the sick were received, provided for, and attended to, with pious care. Hospitality, a virtue for which the Arabians have been always famous, flourished in Grenada. The people delighted to exercise it. Who can read, without feeling his heart melted, the story of that old man of Grenada of whom protection was implored by a stranger besprinkled with blood, and pursued by the officers of justice? The old man concealed him in his house. That instant, the guard came up, demanding the murtherer, and bringing to

the old man, the body of his son who had been slain by this man's hand. The unfortunate father would not, however, deliver up his guest; but when the guard were gone; *Leave my house, said he to the assassin, that I may pursue thee.*

Such were those famous Moors, with whom historians being little acquainted, have frequently calumniated them. After their defeat, many of them retired to Africa. Those who remained in Grenada were harraffed by persecution. The article in the late treaty which left them at liberty to profess their own faith, and practise their own modes of worship, was violated by the Spaniards. They were forced to abjure their faith, by vexations, threats, and by ungenerous arts of all sorts. Enraged at this breach of faith, they rose in rebellion. Their efforts were vain. Ferdinand marched against them in person, reduced the rebels, and with his sword in his hand, saw more than fifty thousand of those humbled Moors baptized.

The

The successors of Ferdinand, Charles V. but especially Philip II. renewed the persecution of the Moors\*. The inquisition was established at Grenada. Terroures, the scrutiny of informers, and a variety of punishments were employed for their conversion. Their infants were torn from their bosoms, to be brought up in the faith of a Saviour who ever detested violence, and preached peace. They were robbed of their property; and exposed to accusations upon the slightest shadow of pretence. Thus reduced to despair, they again took arms; and terrible was the vengeance which they exercised upon the Christian priests. The new king whom they chose, Mahomet-ben-Ommiah, who pretended to be of the blood of the Ommiades, fought several battles in the

Y 2

Alpuxaras,

\* The edicts of Charles V. renewed with additional severity by Philip II. reformed entirely the Moorish modes of life, directed them to adopt the Spanish dress and language, forbade their women to wear veils, forbade them to use their baths, or to practise their country dances, and ordered all their children, from five to fifteen years of age, to be registered and sent to the Catholic Schools, &c. *Recherches Historiques sur les Maures*, par M. Chenier, T. II. *Guerre de Grenada*, de D. Diego de Mendoza, Lib. I.

Alpuxaras, and withstood misfortune for two years. He was assassinated by his adherents. The same fate befel his successor. The Moors were forced to submit again to the Spanish yoke, which became more grievous in consequence of their revolt. At last J. C. 1609.] Philip III. finally expelled them from Spain; and the depopulation occasioned by that famous edict gave the Spanish monarchy a wound which still bleeds. More than an hundred and fifty thousand of those wretched exiles passed into France, where the good king Henry IV. saw them treated with humanity. A few others remaining, hid themselves among the hills of the Alpuxaras. But the greater number went over into Africa, where their unhappy descendants still drag out a wretched existence under the despotism of the Moorish kings; and pray their God, every Friday, to carry them back to Grenada.

NOTES  
TO THE  
SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE MOORS.

---

FIRST PERIOD.

(1) Page 2. The Spanish Historians, &c.

*MARIANA, Garibai, Ferreras, Zurita,* are historians of very considerable merit. The first especially, who had diligently studied the ancients, often writes with the ability and eloquence of a Livy. He seems to have looked upon that admirable historian as his model; and is not less fond than he, of prodigies. These authors, in their earnestness to promote the glory of their own nation, are sometimes unjust to others. They often forget that if the love of our country be one of the first of human virtues; the love of truth is, however the first duty of a writer.

(2)

(2) Page 3. The Arabian writers, &c.

Would one readily suppose that most of the Arabian historians should say nothing of the famous battle of Tours? *Hidjazi* only relates, that Charles, king of the French, seeing the Arabians in the middle of France, avoided fighting them, as he hoped, that they would be ruined by their own dissensions. "In fact, adds this historian, the Arabians of Damascus and Yemen, the Beberes, and the Modarites, quarrelled among themselves, made war on one another, and thus failed in the conquest of France." Cardonne, *History of Africa*, Tome I. P. 130.

This deficiency may have been occasioned by other and more powerful causes than national vanity. Many of their princes, and among others, those of the dynasty of the Almohades, who reigned in Africa, in the twelfth century, forbade, on pain of death, the writing of the annals of their reigns. Novairi relates, that one of those princes made this punishment to be inflicted on an author who had been guilty of the crime against which it was denounced. This egregious folly seems



seems an act of justice done by despotism upon itself.

(3) Page 3. In the Spanish romances, &c.

Romances of merit always delineate faithfully the manners of the people among whom the scene is laid. The romance of *Las Guerras civiles de Granada* by Ginez Perez de Hita which I believe to be a translation, or at least an imitation of an Arabic work, although tedious and fantastic in its structure, affords more information concerning the Moors, than all the Spanish historians. It has been of great use to me in the composition of this work; I made no scruple of adopting every thing in it that had any relation to my subject.

I have likewise found various particulars concerning the Grenadines in a vast collection of old Castilian romances, intitled *Romancero general*, which I have mentioned in the Sketch. But, my chief obligations are to that eminent Spanish scholar, Don Juan Pablo Forner\*; distinguished alike by his erudition

\* Fiscal to his Catholic majesty's audience at Seville.

rudition and his political abilities; who kindly directed me to the sources from which I might draw my materials, and communicated to me several memoirs. I am proud to make this public mention of my obligations to Don Pablo Forner, who has enlightened me by his information, and corrected me by his advice.

(4) Page 5. Since the end of the sixth century, &c.

I have taken the liberty to join always to the date of our æra, that of the Moslem Hegira. Some Spanish historians among whom is Garibai, differ from the Arabian writers, in respect to the years of the Hegira. I have preferred the Arabian Authority, and have adhered to the Chronology of Mr Cardonne, who himself several times assured me, that he had been at great pains in ascertaining it. Yet, I have sometimes ventured to correct him upon the authority of *Ferreras*. The Arabic proper names, either by the difficulty with which they are pronounced, or by our ignorance of Arabic orthography, differ much more

more than the dates in different authors. I have, in this case, always preferred the names which are the most generally used, and the least uncouth. The chronological table of Moorish kings, prefixed to my book, will serve to clear up whatever doubts may be entertained upon this head.

(5) Page 10. Compel them to embrace Islamism, &c.

The word *Islamism* is derived from *Eslam*, which means *Consecration to God*. This abstract of the principles of the Moslem religion, consists of phrases, taken, word for word, from the chapters of *the Cow*, *the Journey*, *Women*, *the Smoke*, *the Conversion*, and *the Table*, in the Koran. They are there blended with absurdities, and inconsistencies, and rendered perplexed by repetitions. But, the work often glows with genius; and its morality is pure and exalted. Mahomet never speaks in it, in his own person, but the angel Gabriel, revealing to him the word of God. The prophet listens and repeats. The angel carefully explains every particu-

lar, relating not only to religion, but also to legislation and police. Hence is the Koran a code both of sacred and of civil law to the Moslems. One half of the book is in verse; the other half in poetical prose. Mahomet was a great poet; a talent held in such estimation among the Arabians, that people used to assemble at Mecca, to judge of diverse poems which were fixed up on the walls of the Caaba. The victor in this poetic contest was crowned with great solemnity. When Mahomet put up the second chapter of the Koran, *Labid ebn rabia*, the most famous poet of that time, tore down a work which he had offered in competition with it, and confessed himself vanquished by the prophet.

Du Ryer, *Vie de Mahomet*; Savary, *Traduction du Koran*.

(6) Page 11. He died at Medina, of poison, &c.

Mahomet was not that monster of cruelty he has been represented to be. He often shewed mercy to the vanquished, and even forgave personal injuries. Caab, son to  
Zohair,

Zohair, who had been one of his bitterest enemies, and for whose head, a price had been offered, had the audacity to appear abruptly in the mosque of Medina, while Mahomet was there preaching to the people. Caab recited some verses which he had composed in the praise of the prophet. He heard them with high delight, embraced Caab, and taking off his mantle, put it upon the poet. The mantle was afterwards bought from Caab's family by a Caliph, for the sum of twenty thousand drachma's, and became the most valued ornament of the sovereigns of Asia, which they wore only at solemn festivals.

The last acts of Mahomet's life prove, that his mind was far from being deeply tinged with cruelty. On the evening before his death, he arose, repaired to the mosque, leaning on the arm of Ali, ascended the desk, prayed, and addressed the audience in these words: " Moslems, I am dying. None of you needs longer to fear me. If I have struck any of you; let him come hither, and return the blows upon my own back. If I

have robbed any of his property; let him repay himself from this purse. If I have insulted any man; let him now, in his turn, insult me. I submit myself to you: Do justice upon me." One man only stood forward, and demanded three drachmas. Mahomet paid his demand, and would have added interest. He then tenderly bade farewell to those brave citizens of Medina by whose valour he had been defended. He set his slaves at liberty, and gave orders for his funeral. And although he maintained to the last, the character of the prophet, asserting, even in his dying agonies, that he conversed with the prophet Gabriel; he nevertheless shewed kind and melting affection to his daughter Fatima, his favourite wife, Aiezha, and to Ali, and Omar, his disciples and friends. All in Arabia lamented him with deep sorrow, and assumed the garb of mourning upon his death. The people howled and rolled themselves in the dust. Fatima died of despair. The poison which put a period to the prophet's days had been given him, some years before, by a Jewess,  
named

named Zainab, whose brother had been slain by Ali. This vindictive woman poisoned a piece of roasted lamb which she served up to Mahomet. Hardly had Mahomet tasted the first mouthful of his meat when he spit it out, and cried, that it was poisoned. Yet, so violent was the poison, that, although thus hastily rejected, it continued to afflict him through all his subsequent life, and he died of its effects, four years afterwards, in the sixty third year of his age.

The inhabitants of the East continue to regard Mahomet with inconceivable respect and veneration. Their doctors assert that the world was made for him ; that the first thing God created, was light ; and this light became the substance of Mahomet's soul, &c. &c. Some maintain, that the Koran was uncreated ; others have embraced an opposite opinion. Hence a crowd of commentators, and of sects ; and hence religious wars which have deluged Asia with blood.

Marginéy, *Histoire des Arabes* : Savary, *Vie de Mahomet* : D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

(7) Page 12. Kaled, who was surnamed *the sword of God*, &c.

The martial exploits of this Kaled, related by the most authentic historians, resemble those of the heroes of romance. Being at first hostile to Mahomet, he vanquished the prophet in the battle of *Abed*, the only one in which he was ever worsted. Becoming afterwards a zealous Moslem, he subdued those who revolted, after the death of Mahomet, routed the armies of Heraclius, conquered Syria, Palestine, and a part of Persia. He was equally victorious, too, in many instances in which he challenged the generals of the enemy, to single combat. The following fact will illustrate his character. He besieged the city of Bosra. The Greek governor, Romanus, feigned as if he had been about to make a sally, and drew out his troops in battle-array, in front of the Moslem army. When the charge was beginning to be founded, he demanded a conference with Kaled. The two leaders met in the middle space between the armies. Romanus then told the Moslem, that he had determined



determined to surrender the city, and even to embrace Islamism ; but, was afraid, lest his foldiers, by whom he was not beloved, might make an attempt upon his life, and begged Kaled to save him from their vengeance.

The best means of all, replied Kaled, is, for you to engage me here in single combat. This proof of your courage will win you the esteem of your troops : and we may, after this, enter upon a treaty.

So saying, Kaled waited no reply, but drew his scymetar, and attacked the poor governor, who defended himself with a trembling hand. At each blow that Kaled gave him, Romanus still cried out ; Do you mean to kill me ? No, replied the Moslem ; it is all to do you honour ; the more blows you bear, so much the more esteem will you gain. He then left Romanus, all battered by his blows, and half-dead through fear ; soon took possession of the city ; and when he next saw the governor, asked him, how he did.

Marigney, *Histoire des Arabes*, Tome I.

(8) Page 15. The warlike tribes of the Bereberes, &c.

The Bereberes have given their name to that part of Africa which we call *Barbary*. They are, with great probability, supposed to be the descendents of those Arabians who, coming into Africa with Melek-Yafrik, were confounded with the ancient Numidians. Their language which differs considerably from that of the other African hordes, may be a corruption of the ancient Punic. This is Mr Chenier's opinion. The Bereberes still remain in the kingdom of Morocco, are divided into tribes, and roam upon the mountains. They have an aversion for the Moors, and never enter into an alliance with them. They own the emperor of Morocco for the head of their religion; but whenever they are dissatisfied with him, scorn his authority. Formidable as they are by their number, their courage, and their love of independence, they have been enabled to retain their ancient manners unaltered; and these I have described in the  
seventh

seventh book of my work, from *Leo Africanus*, *Marmol*, *M. Chenier*, &c.

(9) Page 19. Tarik, one of the greatest captains, &c.

Tarik landed first at mount Calpe, and took the town of Heraclea, to which the Arabians gave the name of *Djibbel Tarik*, by us corrupted into *Gibraltar*.

(10) Page 23. In the Caliphate of Yezid II. &c.

This Caliph, the ninth of the Ommiades, ended his days in a manner which, demands at least our pity. He was, one day, diverting himself with throwing grape-stones at his favourite female, *Hababah*, who received them in her mouth. Unfortunately, one of those grape-stones, for in Syria they are much larger than in Europe, stuck in Hababah's throat, and instantly choaked her. Yezid, in despair, would not permit the object of his love to be interred. He kept the corpse eight days in his chamber, without leaving it, a moment. At last, it became putrid, and he was obliged to part

from it, but died of grief, after ordering his body to be buried in the tomb of his dear Hababah.

Marigny, *Histoire des Arabes* : D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, &c.

---

## SECOND PERIOD.

(1) Page 31. Ali ——— was soon after assassinated, &c.

THREE *Karegites* (thus are denominated a sect of Moslems, who exceed their brethren in fanaticism) seeing the empire of the Arabians distracted by the quarrels of Ali, Moavias, and Amru, conceived, that they would do a thing agreeable in the sight of God, and restore peace to their country, in assassinating the three rivals at once. One of them, hastening to Damascus, wounded Moavias in the back; but, the wound proved not mortal. He who had engaged to slay Amru, stabbed, by mistake, one of his friends. The third cut off Ali, as he was entering the mosque; and the virtuous Caliph

## N O T E S.

liph was the only one against whom the enterprize succeeded.

Marigny, *Histoire des Arabes*, Tome II.

(2) Page 32. Mervan II. the last Caliph, of the race of the Ommiades, &c.

This Mervan was surnamed *Alhemar*, or *the Ass*, a surname highly honourable in the East, where this patient, indefatigable animal is held in great esteem. Ariosto has taken from the history of this Caliph, his affecting episode of Isabella of Galicia. Mervan, happening to be in Egypt, there fell in love with a Christian nun, and offered her violence. The chaste maid, to save her virtue, offered him an ointment which should render him invulnerable, proposing first to make trial of it upon herself. She then rubbed her neck with the ointment, and bade the Caliph strike. He struck off her head.

D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

(3) Page 32. The names of Haroun Alraschid, Almamon, and the Barmecides, &c.

Haroun *Al Raschid* or *the Just*, obtained great fame through the East; some part of

which, with his panegyrical surname, he undoubtedly owed to the gratitude of those men of letters whom he honoured with his protection. His victories and his love of science prove him to have been no ordinary character. But, his cruelty to the Barmecides has sullied the lustre of his great actions. That illustrious family, descendents from the ancient kings of Persia, had done the Caliphs the most signal services, and had gained the love and esteem of the whole empire. Giaffar Barmecide, esteemed the most virtuous of the Moslems, and the best writer of the age in which he lived, was vizier to Haroun. He conceived a violent passion for the fair Abassa, the Caliph's sister. The princess was equally in love with Giaffar ; and the caliph who entertained, at least a very jealous friendship for his sister, saw, with pain, their mutual tenderness. He however consented to their marriage ; but, with the caprice of an Oriental despot, required Giaffar to bind himself by oath, that he would never use the rights of a husband. The hapless vizier acquiesced to this condition ;

tion; but could not long observe his oath. It happened unluckily, that Abaffa who was eminent for her poetical abilities, addressed her husband, one day, in these verses, which have been preserved by the Arabian historian, Abu-Agelah.

Though maiden shame forbid me to reveal  
The tender passion, melts my soul away;  
Yet must I speak what love cannot conceal;  
Of thee I dream by night; for thee I sigh by day.

Soon as thine eye has these fond lines surveyed,  
Soon as their purport meets thy mutual heart,  
Destroy them, instant; lest, by these betrayed,  
Some tell-tale tongue, love's secret should impart.

Thou seest this billet blotted with my tears,  
But, canst not feel my heaving bosom sigh;  
Shall I not then o'ercome my virgin fears,  
And tell my husband, 'tis for him I die?

Giaffar read these lines, hastened to his lovely wife, and forgot his vow. Abaffa was obliged to use precautions to conceal her pregnancy from her brother. These succeeded.

ceeded. She was secretly delivered of a son, who was sent to be brought up at Mecca. Haroun went, some years afterwards, in pilgrimage to that city, and, by the treachery of a slave, came to the knowledge of all the circumstances of Giaffar's weakness. The cruel Haroun (which could hardly be believed, if it were not one of the best authenticated facts in the history of the East) made his sister to be thrown into a pit, beheaded Giaffar, and put to death, all the relations of the unfortunate Barmecide. His father, a venerable old man, adored by the whole empire, which he had long governed, met death with heroic firmness. Immediately before his death, he wrote these words to the Caliph.

‘ The accused goes first. The accuser must shortly follow. Both shall appear in the presence of a judge who cannot be deceived.’

The implacable Haroun carried the frenzy of his resentment so far as to forbid the names even, of the Barmecides to be mentioned. A Moslem, named Mundir, disdain-  
ing submission to this edict, pronoun-  
ced



ced their elogium publicly. The Caliph sent for him, and threatened to punish him. You may, indeed, silence me by death, replied Mundir; but not otherwise. Nor can you efface the gratitude of your whole empire to those virtuous ministers. Even the remains of the monuments, raised by a grateful people to their honour, although by you destroyed, will still speak their praise.

Haroun, affected by these words, ordered a golden bason to be given in a present to him who had the magnanimity to utter them. Mundir, receiving it, exclaimed; here is another favour which I owe to the Barmecides. Such was the famous Haroun who was honoured with the appellation of *Just*.

Almamon, his son, obtained no distinguishing surname, but was the most virtuous, the wisest, and the best of men. A saying of his, which has been recorded, afforded a pleasing proof of the benevolent complexion of his mind. His viziers urged him to put to death one of his relations, who had pretended to the honours of the Caliphate

Caliphate, and had risen in arms against him. To this Almamon would not consent, but replied, with tears in his eyes; Ah! did the world know with what pleasure I pardon; all who have ever offended me, would eagerly crowd into my presence, to confess their faults.

Under this prince, the Sciences and the Fine Arts rose to the most flourishing condition. His reign is their most splendid period among the Arabians.

Marigny, *Histoire des Arabes*; D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

(4) Page 35. Incurfions of the French into Catalonia, &c.

Historians are not agreed as to the time when Charlemagne entered Spain. It seems to have been in the reign of Abderama I. that this Emperor passed the Pyrenees, took Pampeluna, and Saragossa, and was defeated on his retreat, in the defiles of Roncevalle; a place famous in romance for the death of Orlando.

(5) Page

(5) Page 41. A government under which the rights of the people are respected, &c.

The old laws of Arragon, known by the name of *Fore de Sobrarbe* limited the power of the sovereign, and counterbalanced it by the authority of the *Ricos Hombres*, and of the magistrate denominated *Justiza*. The form of the oath by which the states of Arragon vowed allegiance to their sovereign, is universally known. *Nosque, &c.*

(6) Page 42. The celebrated school whose disciples, &c.

The school for music, founded at Cordova, by Ali-Zeriab, produced the famous Mouffali, whom the Orientals consider as their chief musician. Their music consisted not, like ours, in the concord of several different instruments; but simply in soft and tender airs which the musician sang, and accompanied his voice with his lute. Sometimes several voices and lutes joined to perform the same airs in unison. This music was, and still is sufficient for a people, who, being passionately fond of poetry, desire al-

ways to hear intelligibly the verses which are sung. Mouffali, the scholar of Ali-Zeriab, of Cordova, became, afterwards, by means of his genius for music, the favourite of Haroun Alrafchid. It is related, that the Caliph having quarrelled with one of his female favourites, named Mariah, became so melancholy, that his life was supposed to be in danger. Giaffar, the Barmecide, his first vizier, asked Abbas-ben-Ahnaf, to compose some verses upon the quarrel. Those verses were sung by Mouffali, in the presence of the Caliph who was so affected by the thoughts of the poet, and the notes of the musician, that he went instantly to kneel before his mistress, and to ask and grant pardon. Mariah, in gratitude, sent twenty thousand drachmas to Mouffali and the poet: Haroun gave them forty thousand.

Cardonne, *Histoire d'Afrique*, Liv. II.

(7) Page 47. The statue of the fair slave, &c. Mahomet, out of abhorrence for idolatry, has, in the Koran, forbidden his followers to use any imitative figure. But, this precept was

was never strictly observed. The Caliphs of the East had their image stamped upon their coins; as may be seen on such of them as are still preserved by the curious. On one side is the Caliph's head; on the other, his name and some passages from the Koran. In the palaces of Bagdad, Cordova, and Grenada, were various figures of animals, with many works of sculpture in marble, and in gold.

Cardonne, *Histoire d'Afrique*, Liv. II.

(8) Page 50. The richest king in Europe, &c.

Of this opulence we may judge, by a present which Abderama III. received from one of his subjects, Abdulmelek-ben-Cheid, who was raised to the dignity of First Vizier.

The following are the particulars, as enumerated by the Arabian historian, Ibn Kaledan; 400 pounds of virgin gold; ingots of silver, to the value of 400,000 sequins; 420 of aloes wood; 500 ounces of amber-grise; 300 ounces of camphire; 30 pieces of cloth of gold and silk; 10 martin skins from Korassan; 48 housings for horses, of cloth of gold

of Bagdad ; 4000 pounds of silk ; 30 Persian carpets ; 800 sets of steel armour for horses ; 1000 bucklers ; 10,000 arrows ; 15 Arabian horses for the Caliph ; 100 others for his officers ; 20 mules with saddles and trailing housings ; 40 boys, and 20 girls of singular beauty.

Cardonne, *Histoire d'Afrique*, Liv. II.

(9) Page 62. The feeble Caliph —— slumbered, &c.

Nearly about this time happened the famous adventure of the seven sons of Lara, so much celebrated by the authors of Spanish history and romance. Those youthful warriors were seven brothers, sons of Gonfalvo Gustos, who was nearly related to the first Counts of Castile, and Lords of Salas de Lara. The brother-in-law of Gonfalvo Gustos, whose name was Ruy Velasquez, prompted by the mischievous advice of his wife, Donna Lara, who alledged that she had cause of complaint against the youngest of the seven brothers, resolved to inflict severe vengeance upon the family. He began with  
sending

sending their father, Gonfalvo, on an embassy to the king of Cordova, with secret letters, in which he desired that prince to cut off this enemy to the Moslem name. This crime the Caliph scorned to commit; but contented himself with detaining Gonfalvo in confinement. In the mean time, the treacherous Velasquez, on pretence of an expedition against the Moors, led his seven nephews into an ambuscade, where being surrounded by the enemy, they fell, all, after performing the most wonderful exploits in circumstances, the account of which is extraordinarily affecting. The barbarous uncle sent the heads of the seven unfortunate youths to Cordova, and had them presented to the father in a golden plate, covered with a veil. The father, on removing the cover from the plate, fell to the ground in a swoon. The Caliph enraged at the baseness of Velasquez, set Gonfalvo at liberty. But Velasquez had power to protect him from the vengeance of Gonfalvo. He made some ineffectual attempts; but age impaired his vigour. He, with his wife,  
in

in solitary retirement, wept for the fate of their children; when an avenger came from a quarter from which they had no hopes.

Gonsalvo, while a prisoner at Cordova, had made successful love to the sister of the Moorish sovereign. This princess had, after his departure, born him a son, whom she named *Mudarra Gonsalvo*. At the age of fifteen, the youth being informed of his father's name, and of Gonsalvo's treacherous cruelty, resolved, with the gallantry of a hero, to avenge his murdered brothers. He left Cordova, challenged Velasquez, killed him, cut off his head, bore it to old Gonsalvo, and demanded to be acknowledged for his son, and to be instructed in Christianity. Gonsalvo's wife rejoiced to be called the mother of this brave bastard. Mudarra was solemnly adopted into Gonsalvo's family. The wife of Velasquez was stoned to death, and her body burnt. From this Mudarra Gonsalvo, the Manriquez of Lara, one of the most illustrious houses in Spain, deduce their descent.

Mariana, *Histoire d'Espagne*, Liv. VIII. Chap. 9. Garibai, *Compend. hist.* Tome I. Lib. 10.

THIRD



THIRD PERIOD.



(1) Page 67. Three bishops of Catalonia, &c.

THOSE three bishops, who fell fighting for the Moors in the battle of Albakara, in the year 1010, were Arnulph, bishop of Vic, Accio, bishop of Barcelona, and Otho, bishop of Girona.

Mariana; *Histoire d'Espagne*, Liv. VIII. Chap. 10.

(2) Page 72. Always ready, in his favour, &c.

*Rodrigo Diaz De Bivar*, furnamed the *Cid*, famous for his amour with Chimena, and his duel with Count Gormias, has been the subject of various poems and romances. Although we should refuse faith to the wonderful stories which romance has propagated concerning this hero; yet, is it certain, from the testimony of historians, that the *Cid* was not only the bravest knight of his age, but the most virtuous and generous of men. He had already signalized himself by his exploits, in the reign of Ferdinand I.

king

king of Castile. When, in the year 1050, Sancho II. son to that prince sought to deprive his sister Urraqua unjustly of the city of Zamora, the Cid boldly remonstrated against the injustice of the deed; representing it as a violation equally of the rights of consanguinity and the laws of honour. The haughty and passionate Sancho banished the Cid, but was, soon after, obliged to recall him. When, by the death of Sancho, who was treacherously slain before Zamora, the crown devolved to his brother, Alphonso VI. the Castilians required their new monarch to declare by a solemn oath, that he had no concern in his brother's death. None other durst propose this oath to the monarch; but the Cid made him swear it at the very altar before which he was crowned; intermingling with the appeal to God, the most dreadful imprecations upon perjurers. Alphonso never forgave him. The Cid was soon after sent into banishment, on pretence, that he had entered the territories of Almon, king of Toledo, with whom Alphonso was then at peace; and Rodrigo had indeed pursued

pursued some fugitives beyond the boundary between the two kingdoms. The time of this banishment turned out the most glorious period in the Cid's life. It was then he made his greatest conquest from the Moors, aided only by those brave knights whom his reputation had attracted to join his standard. Alphonso recalled him, and seemingly restored him to his favour; but, a monarch's favour could not be long preserved by a man of Rodrigo's open dignity of mind. Being again banished from the Court, he went upon the conquest of Valencia. Making himself master of that strong city, and of many other towns, with an extensive territory, he might have assumed sovereign honours: but he never would: continuing still the faithful subject of Alphonso, although Alphonso had often injured and offended him. The Cid died at Valencia, in 1099, full of years and of glory. He had only one son who was slain, young, in a single combat. His two daughters, Donna Elvira and Donna Sol married two princes of the house of Navarre; and through a long train of al-

liances, are among the ancestors of the Bourbons who now reign in France and Spain.

Mariana, *Histoire d'Espagne*, Liv. IX. and X: Garibai, *Compend. Histor.* Tome II. Lib. 2.

(3) Page 72. More ferocious, more sanguinary, &c.

The history of Africa exhibits one continued series of murders. These are always accompanied and diversified by circumstances of extreme atrocity. The reader shudders at the tale of every page. To judge of human nature from such bloody annals; one would be tempted to suppose man, the most cruel, ferocious, and mischievous of all savage animals. Among the monsters of inhumanity who have held a sceptre in Africa, an *Abu Isbak* of the race of the *Agblebites*, distinguished himself particularly by butchering first eight of his brothers, and after that, shedding with his own hand, the blood of his own children. This monster's mother, with difficulty, saved from his fury, sixteen female children that were born to him at different times by his numerous wives.

One day, as she was dining with him, she seized a moment when he seemed to regret his want of children, and, in trepidation, avowed to him, that she had saved sixteen of his daughters. The tyger's heart seemed softened; and he desired to see them. They came into his presence. Their tender age, and beauty, affected the savage Ishak. He carressed them, a long while. His mother, weeping for joy, retired to thank God for the change upon her son's heart. Within an hour, however, the eunuchs, by the king's orders, brought her the heads of the sixteen princesses.

I could relate many similar instances of the atrocious cruelty of the execrable Ishak, upon the authority of respectable historians. His reign was long; he was successful in all wars; and died, at last, of disease.

Cardonne, *Histoire d'Afrique*, Liv. III.

Time has not softened the sanguinary ferocity which seems to be a vice, peculiarly incident to the climate of Africa. In our days, Muley-Abdalla, father of *Sidi Mahomet*, the last king of Morocco, renewed those

scenes of horror. He was, one day, near to being drowned, crossing a river. One of his negroes ran to his assistance, and congratulated himself on his having the happiness to save his lord. Muley overhearing him, drew his sabre, and said; *Does the infidel imagine that God needed to employ him, in order to save the life of a Sherriffe!* So saying, he cut off his head.

This same Muley had an old confidential servant for whom he seemed to have a kindness. In an hour of open confidence, he begged this old servant to accept a present of two thousand ducats, and leave him; lest he might, one day or another, share the same fate from his master's hand, which had befallen so many others. The old man, embracing his knees, refused the two thousand ducats, and with great emotion, said, that he had rather die by his dear master's hand, than leave his service. Muley unwillingly agreed to retain him. Some days afterwards, without having any particular cause of provocation, but urged merely by that thirst for blood which used sometimes to rise to extraordinary

extraordinary rage; Muley shot his unfortunate favourite; telling him, at the same time, that he had better have accepted his offer.

*Recherches historiques sur les Maures*, par M. Chenier: T. III.

Such anecdotes, it is not pleasing to relate; but they mark the manners; and impress the mind with a horror for despotism, and and a love for the laws; sentiments which are never unprofitable.

(4) Page 78. And enjoyed the double glory, &c.

Averroes was one of the first families in Cordova. His translation of Aristotle was translated again into Latin; and was, for a long while, the only version we had, of that author. His other works, *De Natura Orbis*, *De Re Medica*, are still held in estimation among the learned. Averroes is justly regarded as the first of the Arabian Philosophers. The Arabians have not indeed many philosophers to boast of; although abundance of conquerors and prophets. His philosophy did him mischief. It inspired him

him with an indifference for his own and all other religions, by which he drew on himself the enmity of the priests and fanatics, and afforded an advantage against himself to those who envied his talents and fame. They accused him to the emperor of Morocco, as a heretic. Averroes was sentenced to do penance at the gate of the mosque, by exposing his face to be spitten upon by all the faithful who should go to pray for his conversion. He underwent the punishment, repeating these words; *Moriatur anima mea morte philosophorum.*

(5) Page 86. And breaks chains of iron, &c.

This king of Navarre was Sancho VIII. surnamed *the Brave*. It was in memory of those chains, broken by him, at the battle of Toloza, that he assumed, in addition to the former armorial bearing of Navarre, chains of gold on a field gulls.

(6) Page 91. Cousin-german to Saint Lewis, &c.

Blanche, mother to Saint Lewis, was daughter of Alphonso, the Noble, king of Castile.



Castile. She had a sister, Berengera, who was married to the king of Leon, and was mother to Ferdinand III. Several historians, and among others, Mariana and Garibai, maintain, that Blanche was elder than Berengera. Consequently, Lewis must have been rightful heir to the crown of Castile. France long held up this claim. Others say, that Berengera was the eldest. It is astonishing that, this point of history should never have been cleared up. But, it was natural that Ferdinand's rights should prevail, as they were supported by the affection of the Castilians.

---

#### FOURTH PERIOD.

(1) Page 110. Alphonso the Wise ——— ascended the throne, &c.

It was this Alphonso the Wise, who said jocularly, that if he had been of the council of heaven, when God created the world, he could have given his maker good advice. Historians have dealt severely with him for this folly of pleasantry. Alphonso the Wise was

was a great astronomer. His *Alphonſine Tables* have gained him high reputation. His collection of Laws, intituled *Las Partidas*, proves, that he was not leſs careful of the happineſs of his people, than attentive to his ſtudies. In that collection are theſe remarkable words, written by a king in the 13th century; *the tyrant tears the tree up by the root; a wiſe prince only prunes it.*

(2) Page 112. To procure his election to the imperial throne, &c.

Alphonſo the Wiſe was choſen Emperor in the year 1257; but he was then at too great a diſtance from Germany, and had his hands ſo full at home, that he could not avail himſelf of the rights he had acquired by that election. In 1273, he made a voyage to Lyons, where Pope Gregory X. then was, in order to plead his cauſe before that pontiff. The pope decided in favour of Rodolph of Hapſburgh, the founder of the houſe of Auſtria. Thus did the popes diſtribute crowns.

*Revolutions d'Eſpagne, Tome I. Liv. III.*

(3) Page

- (3) Page 114. Sancho ——— nevertheless reigned after him, &c.

This Sancho, furnamed *the Brave*, who carried arms against his father, and succeeded him on the throne; was only second son to Alphonso the Wise. The eldest, Ferdinand *de la Cerda*, a mild and virtuous prince died in the flower of his age, leaving two infant sons, who were born to him by his wife, Blanché, a daughter of Saint Lewis. To deprive these children of their rights, the ambitious Sancho made war upon his father. He succeeded in his dishonest purpose. But, the princes *de la Cerda*, being supported by France and Arragon, and gathering to them all the Malcontents in Castile, harrassed him with long and bloody civil wars.

Mariana, Tome I. Liv. 14: Garibai, Ferreras, &c.

- (4) Page 123. Ferdinand IV. furnamed The Summoned, &c.

Ferdinand IV. son and successor to Sancho the Brave, was yet in his childhood, when he mounted the throne. His minority was a period of civil turbulence. But, the ge-

nus and great qualities of Queen Maria, his mother, calmed the factions, and reduced all to tranquillity. He was denominated *the Summoned*; because, he having, in a fit of fury, ordered two brothers of the name of *Cauajal*, who were accused, but not convicted of an assassination, to be dashed headlong from a precipice; those brothers, with their dying breath, asserted their innocence, appealed to the laws of God, and *summoned* the furious Frederick to compare, within thirty days, before the judge of kings. Precisely at the end of those thirty days, Ferdinand who was then marching against the Moors, retired to sleep after dinner, and was found dead on his bed. The inhabitants of Spain attributed his sudden death to the extraordinary interference of divine justice. It would have been well, if his successors, especially Peter the Cruel, had been persuaded of this.

Mariana, T. I. Liv. 15. Chap. 11.

(5) Page

(5) Page 124. Retired within the walls of the Tariffe, &c.

After Sancho the Brave had made himself master of Tariffe, the Africans laid siege to it. During this siege, Alphonso of Guzman, the Spanish governor of the town, displayed an act of heroism worthy of the stern virtue of ancient Rome, but which only a parent's heart can estimate in all its value. In a sally of the besieged, Guzman's son was taken prisoner. The besiegers brought him before the walls, and threatened to put him immediately to death, unless the governor should surrender the town. Guzman made no reply, but threw out a poniard to those in whose hands his son was, and retired within the battlements. Within a few moments, he heard the Spaniards utter a loud and dolorous shout. He ran out, and asked the cause. He was told, that the Africans had killed his son. *God be praised!* said he, *I feared that the town was taken!*

*Revolutions d'Espagne, Tome I. Liv. 4.*

(6) Page 132. The celebrated Ines de Castro, &c.

Peter of Portugal's passion for Ines de Castro was so excessive, that it may perhaps serve to excuse the atrocious cruelties which he exercised on her murderers. They were three of the principal noblemen in his kingdom, named Gonzales, Pacheco, and Coello. They had stabbed her with their own hands, in the arms of her women. Peter, who was then, only prince of Portugal, seemed, from that moment, to have lost his reason; and the mild virtues by which he had been hitherto distinguished, were now converted into brutal ferocity. He took up arms against his own father, and wasted with fire and sword, the provinces in which the estates of the assassins were situate. As soon as he succeeded to the throne, he required Peter the Cruel, of Castile, to deliver up to him Gonzales and Coello, who had sought refuge in that prince's dominions. Pacheco had retired to France, and there died. Peter, when his enemies had thus fallen into his hands, inflicted on them the severest punishments

ments he could contrive. He made their hearts to be torn out of their bodies, while they were yet alive, and took a pleasure in being present himself at the horrid spectacle. After glutting his vengeance in this manner, the lover, in all the extravagance of love and grief, had the body of his dear Ines, taken up from the grave, arrayed the corpse in magnificent robes, set the crown on her livid and disfigured brow, proclaimed her, queen of Portugal, and obliged the grantees of his Court to do her homage.

*Histoire de Portugal*, par Lequien de la Neuville, Liv. II.

(7) Page 135. Most of the works of those Grenadine authors, &c.

After the taking of Grenada, Cardinal Ximenes burnt every copy of the Koran he could find. The soldiers, in their ignorance and superstition, imagined every thing in Arabic characters to be a copy of the Koran, and, in this idea, burnt a great variety of other works in prose and verse.

(8) Page

(8) Page 151. The Abencerragoes, a powerful tribe, &c.

The inhabitants of Grenada, and all the Moors, in general, were divided into tribes, consisting each, of all the descendents of the same family. Those tribes were more or less numerous, and in more or less estimation; but, they were never intermingled or divided. Each had its own chief, who was the representative in the male line of the founder of the family. In Grenada, there were two and thirty distinct tribes. The most famous were the *Abencerragoes*, the *Zegries*, of whom frequent mention will be made in the course of this work, the *Alabez*, the *Almorades*, the *Vanegas*, the *Gomeles*, the *Abidbars*, the *Ganzuls*, the *Abenamars*, the *Aliatars*, the *Reduans*, the *Al-doradins*, &c. These tribes were often at variance among themselves; and their mutual enmities were transmitted from father to son. Hence the frequency of their civil wars.

(9) Page



(9) Page 154. Isabella married Ferdinand, king of Sicily, &c.

The marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella was brought about in a singular manner. Isabella, after that she had been betrothed to Ferdinand's eldest brother, Don Carlos, prince of Viana, whose life and misfortunes are among the most interesting articles in the history of Spain; after that she had been promised to Pacheco, the Grand-master of Calatrava; and had been wooed by Alphonso, king of Portugal, by the Duke of Guienne brother to Lewis XI. of France, by the brother of King Edward of England:—Isabella, after all these circumstances, determined in favour of young Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Arragon; and at that time, king of Sicily. It was necessary to deceive Henry IV. king of Castile; who formally opposed the match. Carrillo, archbishop of Toledo, whose long life was spent in the bustle of faction and intrigue; took this charge upon him. He first carried off Isabella from the court of the king, her brother, and placed her in security at Valladolid. He then conducted

conducted to the same place, young Ferdinand, in disguise, and attended only by four gentlemen. The marriage-ceremony was immediately performed, in the simplest and most secret manner possible. The young couple who were to be one day proprietors of the riches of the New World, were, upon this occasion, obliged to borrow money from their servants, for defraying the trifling expence attending their nuptials. They soon after parted : and as soon as the king of Castile was informed of their marriage, a train of troubles, factions, and civil wars followed.

Isabella was somewhat elder than Ferdinand. She was small, but handsome. Her hair was very fair ; her eyes were of a dark hazel colour, and very animated ; her complexion was rather of an olive hue ; her whole countenance was pleasing and dignified. Ferdinand was of the middle stature ; his complexion was a dark brown ; his eyes black and animated ; his air grave and always calm. He was extremely sober, eat only two meals in the day, and drank only  
twice

twice at each meal. The moral characters of this illustrious pair may be found in every history.

*Revolutions d'Espagne*, Tome IV. Liv. 8: Mariana, *Hist. d'Espagne*, Tome II. Liv. 25: *Hist. de Ferdinand and d'Isabelle*, par M. L'Abbe Mignot, &c.

(10) Page 169. —distribution of alms, &c.

Alms-giving is one of the precepts which are most assiduously inculcated in the Mahometan religion. It is recommended by various parables, and by one, among others, which I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of repeating. "The supreme judge will, at the last day, bind upon him who has not given alms, a terrible serpent whose sting will incessantly wound the griping hand that was shut to the unfortunate."

*Religion de Mahomet*, &c. Relandus, *Lecon dixieme*.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



GONSALVO OF CORDOVA<sup>35</sup>

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

By M. FLORIAN.

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND ALSO THE  
ACADEMIES OF MADRID, FLORENCE, &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A S K E T C H O F

*THE HISTORY OF THE MOORS IN SPAIN.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH,

By MR HERON.

VOLUME SECOND.

---

P E R T H:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,

FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS, PERTH;  
AND SOLD BY A. GUTHRIE, N<sup>o</sup> 25, SOUTH-  
BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND THO. VERNOR,  
BIRCHIN-LANE, LONDON.

M,DCC,XCII.

CONSULTING OF CONDOVA

# THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

BY M. H. MORRIS

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND ALSO THE  
ACADEMIES OF MEDICAL, PHYSICAL, AND NATURAL SCIENCES

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A LETTER OF

INTRODUCTION BY THE MOORS OF SPAIN

IN THREE VOLUMES

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE EDITOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK FIRST.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*THE Subject introduced. Respectful address to the Spanish nation. Isabella and Ferdinand besiege Grenada. The people and the heroes who accompanied them. Characters of Ferdinand and Isabella. Portrait of GONSALVO. Gonsalvo sent ambassador to Fez. Gonsalvo falls in love with a fair unknown lady. Mutual friendship of Gonsalvo and Lara. The king of Fez deceives Gonsalvo. The hero makes the Moor sign terms of peace. Gonsalvo in danger. He is saved by an old captive. He makes his escape in a bark. The bark is broken by a tempest. Gonsalvo taken on board a ship. Whom he meets with, in that ship. Combat and victory of the hero. He is wounded. He arrives at Malaga.*



GONSALVO OF CORDOVA. the  
BOOK FIRST.

**Y**E chaste nymphs who bathe your flow-  
ing tresses in the limpid waters of the  
Guadalquivir ; who, beneath orange shades,  
cull the flowers which spring, in gay profu-  
sion, on the rich plains of Andalusia ; come,  
inspire my song, and teach me to celebrate  
the heroes who have trodden the banks which  
ye delight to adorn. Exhibit again to my  
view the bloody battles fought under the  
walls of Grenada, with the victories, the  
loves, and the misfortunes of Gonsalvo.  
Tell, also, how the courage of Isabella, and  
the prudence of Ferdinand delivered Spain,  
at last, from its ancient usurpers ; and how  
civil discord precipitated the ruin of the  
Moors. Adorn and animate the story with  
all the graceful delicacy of Pathos, and all  
that happy copiousness of imagination which,  
in so peculiar a manner, distinguish your for-

#### 4 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

fortunate country. Veil with your garlands the austere brow of truth. But, while ye address to tender hearts, a tale of soft joys and pains, such as they must, themselves, have experienced: remind, at the same time, all the sovereigns of the world, that justice and virtue are the best supporters of their thrones.

Ye generous SPANIARDS, brave and magnanimous nation; lovers whose tenderness and constancy afford the most exalted model of this amiable passion; invincible warriors, upon whose wide conquests the sun never sets; to you I consecrate the tale in which I have endeavoured to express the two sentiments that are dearest to your hearts, sacred honour and ardent love. Disdain not my homage; it is pure, sincere, and perhaps the first that has been offered to your nation by a stranger, a Frenchman, who rejoices, that Spain, once the rival, is now the friend of his country.

Isabella was mistress of Castille; Arragon was subject to Ferdinand. This royal pair, by their union in the happy bonds of wed-  
lock

lock had joined their crowns, without consolidating their dominions. They were both in the flower of their age, and being equally animated by a passionate love of glory, were moved alike with indignation to behold the finest districts of Spain still subject to the Moslems. Eight hundred years of war had not been sufficient to wrest from the children of Ismael, all the conquests of their ancestors. Although often vanquished, yet never entirely subdued; they still possessed those delightful shores which are washed by the African sea, from the pillars of Hercules to the tomb of the Scipios. Grenada was their capital; and the territories of Grenada alone, made Boabdil a powerful monarch.

But, the impetuous Boabdil had provoked the resentment of Isabella. By the violation of treaties, and by excursions into Andalusia, he had hastened the day of vengeance. The trump of war had been heard from the mouth of the Bætis to the source of the Ebro. All Spain was in commotion. Ferdinand, with his faithful Arragonefe, hastened to join the  
armies

## 6 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

armies of his queen. The fullen Catalonian, the impetuous Arragoneſe, the ſubtle Balearian followed upon his footſteps. The ruſtic Aſturians deſcended from their hills. Ancient Leon marſhalled its bands. The faithful Caſtilians flew to arms. The royal pair were ſoon maſters of moſt of the ſtrong places which oppoſed their progreſs to Grenada, and ſoon fat down before its walls.

Never had ſo many illuſtrious chiefs joined to aſſail a ſingle city. Never had ſo many heroes met in the ſame camp. Among theſe, the moſt eminent were the Mendozas, the Nugnez, and the Medinas: Guzman, the haughty Guzman, proud of his deſcent from kings: Aguilar, who believed virtue more ancient than nobility: Ferdinand Cortez, yet a ſtrippling, and now raiſing in war for the firſt time the arm that was to ſubdue Mexico: the amiable prince of Portugal, Alphonſo, ſon-in-law to Iſabella,—Alphonſo whoſe loſs was to be ſo long lamented by his unhappy ſpouſe deſtined to ſurvive him: and the invincible Lara, the ready protector of the oppreſſed,—Lara, dear to his country  
 whoſe

whose ornament he was, and dearer still to friendship of which he was a most illustrious pattern: the venerable Tellez who still glowed with youthful courage, although age had whitened over his hairs, and who had, for fifty years, conducted the unconquered band of the knights of Calatrava: with a crowd of other warriors, the flower, the pride of Spain, who all acknowledged the happy husband of Isabella for their chief, and had vowed to die or conquer with Ferdinand.

Ferdinand checked their valour, and sought to delay the assault. Skilled in the art of dividing, in order to conquer, of securing victory, before marching out to the battle; he had fomented those intestine dissensions by which Grenada was distracted; thus enfeebling a people whom he was shortly to attack. Ferdinand knew to conceal his counsels in impenetrable secrecy, to execute them silently, and by a long and circuitous progress, to attain his purposes. No obstacles could provoke him to impatience; for these were all foreseen by his prudence. The future could never surprize him; for

its uncertainty was still previously fixed by his sagacity. Active, patient, indefatigable, a rival to the bravest in the field, in council, unrivalled; his arm alone might have stayed the capricious flight of fortune, had she not been enchained by his genius.

The high-minded Isabella knew only to conquer. Affection to her people, and devout attachment to her religion prompted her to pursue the Moor, as the irreconcilable enemy of her nation and her faith. Honour bade her haste to the fight; and honour was her prudence: her great soul needs not to hide one sentiment it feels. Habituated to render an account to her God, of her most secret thoughts, she little fears the eye of man. Sustained by virtue, she moves on, with an open front. Generous, lofty in her sentiments, endowed with a feeling heart, rigid to herself, just to all, the pattern, and the idol of her subjects; her counsels are in the discharge of her duties, her strength in her native courage, and her hope in the most High.

Already

Already had the plains been ensanguined by the blood of these contending nations; already had the sun run half his annual course, since the commencement of the siege; yet, still the strength of Grenada stood unshaken. The besieged seemed, on the contrary to be animated with new force, since Gonsalvo, the greatest, the most intrepid, the doughtiest champion among the Spaniards, had left their camp: Gonsalvo who, although he had not yet attained his five and twentieth year, was, however, respectfully consulted by the old captains: Gonsalvo whose redoubtable arm was never raised against an antagonist, who could hold victory in suspense, and whose amiable virtues were adored even by the vanquished. Born in Cordova, and practised from infancy, in the incessant wars which Grenada waged with its neighbours; battle was his first joy, and the spoils of the Moors, his inheritance. From his earliest days, he had known to conquer and to please. Nature had lavished on him her best gifts. Clad in steel, and having his casque on his brow, his lofty stature,

## 10 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

ture, dignified air, strength more than human, and courage even exceeding his strength rendered him terrible in the fields of fight: when disarmed, his graceful beauty, his mild yet piercing eye, his features displaying a mixed expression of open goodness with noble elevation of mind, attracted and captivated every female heart. His rivals, jealous of him when he was at a distance, durst entertain no such presumptuous sentiments in his presence: their envy died in despair; and they could not help loving him. Gonsalvo was then the victim of the basest perfidy. Seid, king of Fez, had, at the solicitation of the Grenadines, threatened an invasion of the coast of Andalusia. The sovereigns of Spain, unwilling to turn back from the career of conquest on which they had entered, had asked peace from the African. Conditions were offered. But, Seid, informed by fame of the name of the great Gonsalvo, demanded, that he should repair, as ambassador, to his court; and refused to treat with any other than this renowned warrior. Isabella long hesitated. The fear



of a new enemy, and the persuasion, that her hero would return with quick dispatch, at length determined her. Gonsalvo having been long before instructed in the language and manners of the Arabians, was charged by his sovereigns with the care of securing their tranquillity on the side of Africa. A ship conveyed him to Fez, where the perfidious Seid, at the request of Boabdil, detained him under various pretences, deferred the final ratification of the treaty, and thus revived the hopes and the energy of Grenada.

Gonsalvo, incapable of distrust, yet impatient of these long delays, complained of an honour which confined his courage to inactivity. Nor, though passionately fond of glory, did his heart sigh for this alone. A more lively, but less fortunate passion occupied his whole soul; love, irresistible love had subdued his lofty mind: amidst alarm, and even in the bosom of the victory, the hero had yielded to the power of love.

A short time before the siege, Gonsalvo, victorious over the Moors, had appeared before their ramparts, triumphed over them

again, forced his way into the city, and carried death and terrour to the very middle of Grenada. All fell, or fled before him. A stream of blood marked the path he took. If the Castilians could have followed him, that day would have been the last to Boabdil and his empire. But, Zulema, sister to the king, and daughter to the virtuous Muley Hassem, who, from her infancy, surpassed all the beauties of Africa and Iberia, advancing from amidst the terrified multitude, stood aghast at sight of the carnage, and kneeled, trembling, upon the stair before the royal palace. With hands raised to heaven, and her countenance bathed in tears, she invoked, and sobbing implored him to remove that terrible warrior who urged on, with death and terrour in his train. That very instant, Gonsalvo appeared, with his sword in his hand, covered over with blood, hewing out his way, through the falling and flying herd. He runs, he flies, he sees the princess \* \* \* \* his sword is suspended, his hand stays its impetuous career. With motionless admiration, he gazes on  
those

those ravishing features which grief and terror seemed only to improve; those eyes whose dazzling azure, at once softened and inflamed the heart; that brow on which dignity appeared in union with timid modesty; and those long ebony tresses which half floated in disorder under her purple veil, while the other half which was moistened by her tears, hung down upon the marble. All the charms in which nature delights to array virtue, adorned the young Zulema. Such, or less lovely perhaps, appeared the tender-hearted Chimena, when she came to implore the justice of her king upon a hero whom she adored.

Gonsalvo received a sudden wound which was never to be healed; the soft poison of love was infused into his heart. He trembled, he sighed, he was inflamed. He felt an unextinguishable fire kindled through his whole soul. Forgetting Grenada, war, and the dangers to which he was exposed, he was about to alight from his horse, and to raise and encourage the trembling princess. But, the enemies rallying, poured thick upon

pon

pon him from all quarters. The sound of a thousand strokes upon his armour roused him from his amorous reveries. He recovered his presence of mind, and raised his arm to defend himself; but, his wonted ardour had forsaken him. He yields to the numbers that press upon him; he retires, with his eyes still gazing on Zulema, faintly repelling the attack of the assailants, and forgetting his glory and his life, only to cast a last glance upon her whom he could not endure to leave, and on whom his destiny was soon to depend. He at last retired, vanquished and subdued, out of that city through which he had advanced with the dreadful impetuosity of an irresistible conqueror.

From that day, the drooping Gonsalvo cherished a hopeless passion in gloomy bitterness of heart. He knew not the name of her whom he loved. He dreaded, that she might be the wife or mistress of some hero. And although his fears on this head should prove groundless, could he ever hope to please her,—he who was the most terrible enemy

nemy of her religion,—he who was the  
 scourge of Grenada,—and who had appear-  
 ed before her, with his sword, reeking from  
 the slaughter of her defenders? He had not  
 raised his vizor; so that she might have read  
 in his eyes, his love, and his deep sorrow  
 and regret for his exploits. Hardly durst  
 he indulge the hope of seeing her again.  
 But, her image is ever present to him: he bears  
 her about with him; in the hurry of battle,  
 or at rest in his tent, in the tumult of pub-  
 lic business, or in solitude he still sees her ado-  
 red image: he still beholds that heavenly beau-  
 ty, on her knees, before the palace, raising her  
 eyes and hands to heaven; he hears her sob-  
 bing voice; he distinguishes its soft accents,  
 and fancies himself sipping from her lips, the  
 tears which flowed over her countenance.

Happily for Gonsalvo, tender friendship  
 shared his griefs. To Lara, whose heart  
 glowed with the most generous sensi-  
 bility, Gonsalvo was dearer than life, and  
 dear as glory. Having been united since  
 their early infancy, having been brought up  
 in the same city, or rather in the same fields

they

they had learned to fight together, and had advanced with equal steps in the career of heroes. Never had either a sentiment which was not common to both. The concerns or wishes of either always affected his friend more than himself. They valued, each himself, by the virtues of his friend. If Lara ever felt pride, it was when he spoke of Gonsalvo; if ever Gonsalvo forgot his wonted modesty, it was when he related the exploits of his friend Lara. Their souls were ever impatient for mutual intercourse; and seemed to possess all their faculties, only when they were together. Till that happy moment nothing could affect either; and their most secret thoughts seemed a burthen from which, as above their separate strength, they hastened to relieve themselves by mutual communication. Thus two young poplars, shooting out from contiguous stems, meet, intermingle their branches, are supported, each by the other, grow up together, spread out one common shade, and tower above the adjacent wood.

Oh!

Oh! how did their tears flow, whenever they were obliged to part! how tenderly they bade each other farewell! They pressed one another to their breasts, parted, and returned to embrace again. Their hearts which had known no terror amid the thickest dangers, trembled, each for the smallest possibility of misfortune to the other. Gonsalvo intreated Lara not to run in the face of danger, in the absence of his brother; and Lara begged Gonsalvo to restrain the generous pride, natural to his heart, at the court of a perfidious and cruel king. They both entreated Isabella for leave to go together. But, the army needed the presence, at least, of one of the heroes. Gonsalvo was obliged to set sail alone. From that unfortunate hour, Lara's ardour became languid, and his courage nerveless; he felt himself alone in the midst of the camp. The sound of the trumpet no more roused his martial energy; he no longer desired to conquer, since his friend was not near, to enjoy his victory. Solitary, sad, and sullen, he avoided the presence of his sovereigns,

and the society of his companions ; he haunted sequestered scenes ; and climbed to the summits of the lofty hills, from which he might view the African sea. Over its bosom was Gonsalvo borne ; there, in circumstances still more to be regretted, sent in exile to a distance from his country, his friend, and his mistress, Gonsalvo fretfully sighed, counted the moments whose lapse he could not quicken, and deepened and inflamed in his heart, a wound which time could not cure.

Every thing he saw about him, served to increase his torments. In a barren, parched country, shaded only by a few straggling palms, he saw a nation of slaves subject to a ferocious despot. The poor African in vain waters with the sweat of his brow, the ungrateful furrow from which he requires bread for his family. Hardly has the yellow begun to clothe his fields, when clouds of locusts arrive, and in a single day, devour the promise of the year. If he escapes this terrible scourge, yet he cannot escape the viziers, and governors of the provinces, who, as they pass, by a rapid succession from the throne



throne to the scaffold, changing the crown for the bow-string, are eager to fatten themselves with the blood of the people, and to accumulate wealth with which they may purchase impunity. The sovereign of this band of tyrants sleeps, in the mean while, in base effeminacy, degrades himself below brutality by indulging in infamous pleasures, or remembers his sovereign authority only to order murderous executions. His most lawless desires, his most inhuman wishes, are no sooner expressed by his lips, than they become laws of the empire. His subjects, are doomed to misery, toil or die, at his bidding. Their fortunes, their wives, their lives are always his. At his nod, they are stripped of their property, or obliged to expose their necks to the sword of the executioner. In those barbarous regions, human blood is less costly than water which an angry sky denies them; and the monarch delights to exercise the executioner's trade.

Such was the court, in which the most humane and generous of men was forced to pass a period of which he would gladly have

abridged his life. In vain did he storm, and threaten, and carry his complaints to Seid himself, with boldness which, in such circumstances, was natural to him, and of which there is commonly a great want at courts. Seid afraid of the Spanish hero, withdrew from his presence, into the retirement of his seraglio. The viziers, habituated to craft and falsehood, soothed him by their homage, and deceived him by oaths which a candid mind could not avoid trusting. Thus was the invincible Gonsalvo, though resolute in fight, and though no rampart could stop his career, made the sport of base ministers, and the captive of a king whom he despised.

Already had the moon twice renewed her horns, since Gonsalvo landed on the African shore. Weary of their perjuries, he at length determines to force Seid to break through an offensive silence. Knowing the day on which the monarch was to repair to the mosque, he went unattended, to wait for him, on the way thither. No sooner did he see him appear, than he advanced through the guards, who, awed by his gait, his air, and

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.



and the stern dignity of his aspect, retired and made way for him. He went close up to Seid, holding in one hand, the treaty of peace, in the other his sword drawn :

King of Fez, cried he, in a loud tone of indignation, I offer you war or peace ; instantly chuse between them. An hundred thousand swords, all such as that which sparkles in your eyes, are ready, if I but say the word, to overwhelm your throne and your city in a deluge of blood. View them suspended over your head ; if you hesitate, they descend furiously upon it.

Seid struck mute by this address, turns his eyes upon the hero : but, he cannot bear his indignant glances, and droops his pale brow. His courtiers tremble ; his people flee ; his soldiers are ready to desert him. This king of slaves, confounded at the sight of a free man, signs the treaty. Gonsalvo, thus satisfied, leaves him, and goes to prepare for his departure.

But, the ministers of a despot too often instigate him to criminal acts. Seid's viziers, more enraged than he himself against

Gonsalvo ;

Gonsalvo, persuaded him to revenge the insult which had been offered him. Gonsalvo had braved his power, and deserved to die. By the punishment of the audacious stranger whose pride had offended the king, Grenada would be delivered, and Spain deprived of its best support. Policy and vengeance would be satisfied together. The utility of the hero's death rendered it just. Thus did those wicked counsellors persuade their master to assassination.

Already were all the ways by which it was possible for Gonsalvo to pass, secretly invested. Thousands seemed hardly equal to overpower the warrior. Fraud was added to force. A place was chosen for the attack: every avenue was barred up; and these preparations were carefully concealed. Those barbarians shewed more skill in disposing every thing for the accomplishment of the murder, than they had ever displayed in open combat against their enemies.

Night had spread her veil over the earth. Gonsalvo, a stranger to suspicion, was preparing to leave Fez by day-break. In the

mean time, retired in his palace, he quietly indulged in the pleasing hope of soon again embracing his friend, and pouring all his sorrows into his sympathetic bosom. The idea, too, of revisiting the scenes where dwelt his love, of penetrating perhaps once more into the city, of finding her again near the same palace, of defending her, of saving her life, and thus commanding her gratitude before acquainting her with his love:—all the chimeras which lovers fondly indulge, all the possibilities which they view as probable, were filling the fancy, and engrossing the thoughts of Gonsalvo, when he suddenly heard the sound of a guitar. The well-known sounds reminding the hero of his dear native land, won his attention. He listened, while a tremulous voice sang the following verses, in Castilian:

Warriours brave, and lovers tender,

Scorn not caution's friendly voice;

Hear what prudence kindly dictates;

So shall success crown your choice.

Of

Oft by the hand of coward treason,  
 Generous valour falls and dies :  
 Malice oft, and subtle falsehood,  
 Rob fair virtue of her prize.

'Mid these green palms, the winged songstresses  
 Charms the echoes of the grove ;  
 And, by genial spring inspired,  
 Gaily pours her notes of love.  
 Sweet she sings ; but, ah ! 'tis over ;  
 Sudden fate has stopt her tongue,  
 Yon kite rapacious, o'er her hov'ring,  
 Darted on her, while she sung.  
 Hast thou not seen the timid hunters  
 Flee before the forest's king ;  
 Till ensnar'd the generous lion  
 Fell amidst the trembling ring ?  
 Warriors brave, and lovers tender,  
 Scorn not caution's friendly voice ;  
 Hear what prudence kindly dictates ;  
 So shall success crown your choice.

Gonsalvo at hearing his native language,  
 and attentive to the meaning of words which  
 seemed

seemed to be addressed to himself, looked towards the extensive square which opened before his palace. He discovered by the light of the moon, an old man whose white beard hung down to his girdle, in the dress of a captive, dragging the chain of slavery, and retiring through the midst of a company of Moors who had gathered round, to hear his music.

The hero interested for the old man, went down into the square, came up with the captive, accosted him, and asked him, in Castilian, if he was not a native of Spain. I am a Spaniard, replied the slave. But, we are observed; I may not hold farther conversation with you. If Gonsalvo loves his country, and would save her from a direful disaster; let him instantly repair to the garden of palms.

Having spoken these words, the old man left him, and disappeared.

Gonsalvo stood motionless, and uncertain what resolution to take. He knew the Moor to be perfidious; he was alone, unarmed, and it was night. Should he follow a slave

unknown to him? Could the safety or ruin of Spain be in his hands? Yet, is this slave, an old man, a Spaniard, a victim of misfortune? This alone was enough to determine Gonsalvo. Mingling with the crowd, he proceeded to the garden of palm-trees, a desert and solitary place, although within the city.

The old man waited for him at the gate. No sooner had he perceived the hero, than he ran up, and fell at his feet.

O glory of my country, said he, panting with violent emotion; my master's gallant son, shall I then save your precious life? Ah! pardon my joy: permit my fond tears to fall on these victorious hands. Alas! you view me with cold surprise, while I am transported with joy at seeing you! You cannot know me; but, long have I loved you! I am Pedro, the old servant of the noble count, your father. I was, forty years, his servant. In an hundred battles have I followed him. I was present at your birth, my dear Gonsalvo; and have born you in those feeble arms; but you were in the cradle, when I



was taken prisoner by the Moors. By them I was sold to the king of Fez, whose slave I have been, these twenty years; and amidst all these days of sorrow, not one has passed in which Pedro has not wept over the remembrance of your father, or enquired after his worthy son, from the Spaniards who have been brought into these prisons. From them I have heard the story of your glory; and it has revived and supported my strength. I see you, at last, I see, and embrace the knees of Gonsalvo; I shall save him from death. I bless thee, O my God; this alone is more than an adequate compensation for all the evils I have suffered.

He then seized the hero's hand, and pressed it to his lips. Gonsalvo embraced him with tenderness, sighed over the remembrance of his father, and asked, what were the dangers to which Pedro believed him to be at this time exposed.

My lord, resumed the captive, I have it from their own mouths. Those monsters have betrayed their accursed secret to me. I was resting under a bush, from the labour

in the gardens to which I am condemned. The king, attended by his minister, stopped near the bush. Are you certain, said the monarch, that the Castilian dog cannot escape? By the prophet, I swear, he cannot, replied the bloody minded minister: a thousand blacks are already disposed on the two ways to Mamorra: the gates of Fez are guarded: none but his own servants can have access to his palace. The toils of death are about Gonsalvo. Yet a few moments, great king, and I shall cast his bloody head at your feet.

Trembling at these horrid words, but emboldened by my zeal, I resolved to save my hero. God himself has undoubtedly guided me through this hardy enterprize. In the few hours that remained I have provided for your flight. As I could not gain access to you, my song in our own dear language has drawn you out to me. The rest is in your hands, my lord. But, I demand, I conjure you in the name of your country, in the name of your august father, to forget for one day, but for one day, that fearless valour which could  
here

here only prove fatal to you. Trust to my fidelity, whatever I may propose to you ; no step can be improper by which you may escape these assassins. If you refuse to listen to my intreaties, if your courage urges you to meet certain death in circumstances in which your fall could not but be useless and injurious to your brethren ; begin here with shedding the few drops of blood which creep through my veins. You will thus spare me the cruel punishment which those barbarians will otherwise make me suffer, and the still more painful distress of surviving you.

The hero, encouraging him, vowed to follow his advice. The old man then led him into the depth of a retired grove. There he displayed before him a turban, a Moorish dress, and an African scymetar. Pardon, said he, pardon me for offering you this disguise ; but, by this only can you deceive the eyes of those dæmons who guard the gates. Surrounded as we are with enemies, and at the distance of three days journey from the sea, let us not think of seeking your ship. Your servants, whose  
persons

persons will be respected, as soon as you shall be found to have made your escape, will return in that vessel to Spain. For yourself, craft is necessary : and if your exalted mind looks upon craft with disdain ; know that I conduct you to Grenada, where you may shew Gonsalvo to both Moors and Castilians.

Even after hearing this promise, the hero hesitated. He was afraid of polluting his brow by covering it with a turban. He could not help thinking that he should be disgraced by disguising himself in the Moorish habit. Yet, being still urged by Pedro, knowing that every passage was barred up, and impatient to return to his country, he at last yielded with blushing reluctance. His long hair was concealed under the turban. He assumed the African robe, which however could not hide his martial air. He armed himself with the scymetar, after trying its temper, and relieving the captive of his chains, followed him out of the garden of palm-trees.

They proceeded, unknown and unobserved, to the gates of Fez, and passed through  
the

the midst of the guards. Then advancing with quickened steps, through the fields, they soon arrived on the banks of the river Subur. Gonsalvo found there a bark, moored among the reeds. The good Pedro loosened the cable: and he had previously fitted the little vessel with a strong sail, and furnished it with fresh water and provisions. A little money which he had gathered in twenty years of slavery, had enabled him to make these preparations. The old man made Gonsalvo enter this slender bark: then laid hold himself on the rudder and the oars by turns; and felt his vigour renewed, as he beheld the hero. A gentle breeze arose to aid his efforts. The bark moved swiftly over the waters. Within twelve hours, they reached the mouth of the river: They entered on the wide ocean. And as soon as they saw themselves at a distance from land, the captive, kneeling, gave thanks to the Almighty, and then throwing himself at his master's feet, wept over them, with tears of joy.

..... They

They soon reached the height of Elarraís, and the delicious fields where the Lixos once watered the famous gardens which were conquered by Hercules. Arzila, built by the Phœnicians, now arose to their eyes, and soon again disappeared from their view. They doubled cape Spartel, leaving on the right, the ancient Tingis, where rest the bones of Antæus, and crossing the strait, arrived by midnight, at the foot of mount Calpe.

The firmament was serene, and bestudded with stars. The moon shed her silver light over the waves, Gonsalvo, seated on the prow, first descried the coasts of Spain. At the sight, he sprang up, and could not command his joy. O my country! O Lara! cried he, I shall see you again! I shall again respire the same air which refreshes her whom I adore, among my brave companions, near my sovereigns, under the banners of Spain! Love, friendship, virtue, ye are kindled up, at once, in my heart, at sight of these shores!

As he spoke, the old man, with visible terror, pointed out to him the indications  
of

of an approaching storm. The stars had disappeared, the moon was robbed of her lustre, and her rays hardly pierced through the dusky veil which was spread before her. Accumulated masses of clouds, advancing from the south, brought thick darkness in their train. A light and rapid breeze skimmed the surface of the waves: impetuous winds followed: the blackness of night was spread over the deep; flashes of lightning, from time to time broke through the gloom; while hollow thunder was heard at a distance. The noise became louder and louder; the thunder approached nearer: the billows swelled, and were dashed on high: the struggling winds roared: and, in the tumult of the waves, the bark sometimes suspended on a mountain of foam, and sometimes plunged into the abyss, now met the clouds, and now touched the sand in the bottom of the deep.

Gonsalvo, calm amid the storm, is concerned only for the old man. He cheers and encourages him, talks of hopes which

He feels not, and presses him to his breast. Pedro thinks only of Gonsalvo, and weeps for him alone. O my master, said he, my efforts to save you are vain. All nature has conspired against a hero! Ah! if I might yet \* \* \* \* \*. We cannot be far from land. Take fast hold of me, my lord. I shall be able to swim to land. God will restore my former strength. I shall not die, I hope, till I have placed you safe upon the sand. I shall then die happy.

At this moment, the frail bark was dashed, with the velocity of an arrow, from the height of a surge, and after being driven by the impulse, over a wide tract, struck against a ship, which was, like it, buffeted about by the tempest; by the collision it was broken in pieces. Gonsalvo and Pedro drink the salt brine. But, keeping close together, they rise upon the billows, seize a floating cable, and by means of it, climb up, and enter the ship.

What a sight here met their eyes! By the glare of the lightning which continued with incessant flashes, Gonsalvo perceived a woman  
man



man bound to the mast. Her face was bathed in tears; and her dishevelled hair floated upon the wind. Surrounded by black foldiers who raised against her their drawn fwords, she could not lift up her hands which were confined by fetters that ill became them; but she raised her sobbing voice, and turning her head, and elevating her eyes, implored the Almighty, rather to finish her days amidst the waters; than to abandon her to the mercy of her ravishers.

At this voice, and these accents, which touched the heart of Gonsalvo, at sight of those features, irradiated by another flash of lightning, the hero, with astonishment and transport, recognized the mistress of his heart, whom he had seen at Grenada, and whose image was deeply impressed on his breast. Doubtful as yet of his happiness, he runs, he flies towards her, he is ready to fall at her feet. But, his rage restrains his joy. he draws his scymetar, breaks Zulema's chains, supports her, vows to avenge her, and with flashing eyes, menaces the ruffian troop around her.

The barbarians who had been, at first struck dumb by the sudden apparition, began to recover courage, muttered among themselves, and excited one another to resentment. Their chief, a savage Ethiopian, whose frightful head was covered with a white turban, sprang suddenly upon Gonsalvo, and wounded him with a poniard. The hero laid him dead by a single stroke. Cries were then heard. Soldiers and sailors joining, with blasphemy in their mouths, and with different weapons in their hands, poured all at once upon Gonsalvo, filling the air with their hideous shouts. So, on mount Caucasus, a flock of ravens, move croaking forward against an eagle, who alone braves their vain fury.

Standing against the topmast, and holding in one hand the princess, in the other his tremendous sword, the Castilian fearlessly awaited their assault. The first who advanced, were instantly laid dead at his feet ; but the rest crowded in, and supplied their place. Gonsalvo laid his blows thick upon them. His scymetar scattered around their arms

and

limbs. The blood streamed over the deck. The groans of the wounded, the cries of Zulema, the shouts of the assailants are intermingled together. Tumult, death, and terror are around the hero: and the lightning, the darkness, the roaring of the winds, and the rising noise of the thunder augment the horrors of this nocturnal carnage.

Gonsalvo, encompassed as he was, with enemies, could not ward off every blow. More concerned for Zulema than for himself, he exposed his own breast, in defending her. He received some deep wounds, and was still heedless of his own defence, when the faithful Pedro, fighting near his master, was directed by the princess, to release some prisoners who groaned in the lower parts of the vessel. The old man, unnoticed, ran down, and broke their chains. The captives then took arms, and hastened to aid Gonsalvo. Pedro returning, pressed close to his master, and placed himself before Zulema. The Castilian, now at liberty, sprung forward, like a lion just released from his chain. His strokes fell so thick, and

proved

proved so mortal, that he soon hewed down and dispersed the base herd of assassins, pursued them to the stern, and left them no choice between his sword and the billows. The captives seconded him, and the few survivors of the ruffian band were urged headlong into the waters. The hero, victorious, but almost dying, ran again over the ship, and finding no more enemies, returned to the princess, and attempted to speak, but fell at her feet, faint through loss of blood, and exhausted by his efforts in the combat.

But, the sea was now calm. The winds no longer agitated the billows, and the clouds had now unveiled the bright azure of the skies. Night, with the stars, fled away, and the impurpled east was inflamed with the irradiations of the rising day. The ship, although dismantled, still floated on the waters; but, her sails and rudder having been carried away, could not be moved forward before the winds.

Zulema, the good old man, and the captives who had been set at liberty, pressed round

round Gonfalvo, to recall him to life. Alas! their cares were unavailing. Gonfalvo still lay motionless among the victims who had fallen by his arm. A ghastly paleness had overspread his countenance. His head hung down on his bosom; and his eyes seemed to be closed in the sleep of death. Pedro, weeping, raised him up; and the captives kneeled to support him. The princess kneeling with them, clasped the hero's hands in her's. She tore off her linen veil, and with it bound his wounds, gazing at the same time, with looks of tenderness, upon the features of her unknown deliverer.

At length, after much pains taken about him, Gonfalvo again opened his eye-lids, but instantly closed them. He uttered a sigh. Pedro and Zulema transported, began to indulge faint hopes. A bed was prepared in all haste, and the dying hero laid upon it. Every attention was assiduouſly paid him, which anxious concern, gratitude, or friendship could suggest. Gonfalvo by degrees revived. He saw the princess near him, and attempted to speak to her, but could not.

It is you——It is you——were the only words he could utter. Zulema administered to him a reviving cordial, and spake to him tenderly. Then, as she greatly needed the refreshment of sleep, she retired, with the old man.

The captives who had been set at liberty, and whom Pedro discovered to be Bereberes\*, now took upon them the care of the ship. Of the rudder they found only some broken pieces remaining; the masts were without sails; and the waves were entering the vessel. But, Pedro, from the highest part of the deck, perceived land at a small distance, and pointing it out to Zulema, informed her, that they might go on shore.

Make haste, said the princess; if my eyes deceive me not, we are near to Malaga. Enter the road without fear. Here all is subject to me. I am sister to the king of Grenada, and daughter of Muley-Hassem. That palace, in the middle of the forest, is mine.

\* A people of Africa, in the vicinity of mount Atlas. See the *Historical Sketch, First Period*.

mine. There do I wish to entertain the hero to whom I owe my life, and to discharge the pleasing debt of gratitude. But satisfy my impatience? Who is this generous warrior? Is he a prince, or king of Africa? Ah! if I may trust the suggestions of my heart, he is the greatest of men.

The prudent old man, hearing these words, was alarmed at the idea of the danger to which he thought his master about to be exposed. He would have fled the hostile shore, where nothing but chains could await a Castilian, where the famous name of Gonsalvo would naturally provoke the vengeance of a people whom he had so often vanquished. But, the hero's necessity for immediate relief; the shattered condition of the ship, and the presence of the Bereberes, whom he had set at liberty, were so many circumstances which rendered it necessary for him to comply with Zulema's request. After some hesitation, and reflections concerning the reply which he should make to the princess; he answered, not without blushing at the imposition.

## 42 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA

You are not mistaken. The hero comes from Africa. The most honourable birth is but the least of his advantages. Jealous of the exploits of that crowd of warriors who distinguish themselves at the siege of Grenada, he hastens thither, to conquer or outdo them. His own vessel was dashed in pieces by the storm, when he saved himself by entering your's. You know the rest; and the sensibility of your own heart will undoubtedly tell you better than I can, what good offices you owe him.

He ceased speaking. Zulema sighed. She understood the stranger to be come to the aid of her country. She was pleased to find new reasons to prompt her gratitude to him. Her imagination carried her even farther; she believed that so brave a warrior might prove the saviour of Grenada, and might defend herself against all her foes. The exploits which he had performed for her, the few words he had said, the pressure of his hand upon her's, during that dreadful combat were all renewed on her memory, and awakened in her heart, a secret joy. She felt



a soft and pleasing emotion, the nature of which she could not yet well explain : and, without presuming to form any wish, conceived some fond hopes.

In the mean time, the shattered ship drew near, and anchored in the road. The people coming out to the harbour, knew the young princess, and saluted her with joyful acclamations, while the wounded hero went on shore. Zulema never left him ; and she sent instantly for two old men who were famous for their skill in the art of healing wounds. To them she intrusted the care of her deliverer, placed around him, the prisoners who had been delivered by his courage, and making him be borne by slaves, guided them, herself, to her solitary palace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

1

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
JANUARY 10, 1900  
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY  
FROM THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY  
SIR:  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.  
Very respectfully,  
J. H. COOPER, Dean of the Faculty

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK SECOND.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*TENDER sentiments of Zulema for Gonsalvo, whom she supposes an African prince. Relief administered to the hero. Zulema relates to him the origin of the troubles of Grenada. She describes that magnificent city, the enchanting country about it, the manners and gallantry of the Moors, and the reign of Muley-Hassem. Description of the Alhambra, and of the Generalif. Characters of the Abencerragoes and the Zegries. Diffensions between these two tribes. Muley-Hassem falls in love with a captive. Portrait of Almanzor and Boabdil. Marriage of Almanzor with Moraima. Festivals at Grenada. Moorish games. Treason of the Zegries. Boabdil proclaimed king. Fidelity of the Abencerragoes. Muley-Hassem resigns the crown to his son.*

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK SECOND.

OH! how delightful is it to the heart endowed with an elevation of sentiment, to be sweetly *compelled* to love that which it is naturally *inclined* to love! to gratify its virtue and tenderness together! Gratitude alone, that sentiment so fondly cherished in generous breasts, constitutes the felicity of the soul in which it glows. But, when the object of our gratitude wins upon us by other claims; when a benefactor is amiable; and a secret charm unites with the tender impression which his benefits have made: no happiness can equal that which these two sentiments give,—no enjoyment can be more exquisite than that which arises from the concurrence of a pure pleasure with a sacred duty.

This happiness Zulema now tasted. She had arrived with the hero, at her peaceful retreat. She had placed him in the best apartment

partment in her palace. Constantly busied about the stranger, and every moment questioning the two old men; she went herself to cull the simples which they prescribed; and with her own hands prepared them for his use. Gonsalvo was yet too faint to utter in words, the emotions of his soul. But, tears of joy ran down his cheeks. He inwardly rejoiced in his wounds, and secretly prayed, that, they might not, for a long while, be healed.

Already had his old physicians removed the first dressings. Zulema, in breathless suspense, fixing her eyes upon theirs, while fear and hope were painted on her brow, durst not urge them to speak. Yet was she most anxiously eager to know the condition of their patient. When they encouraged her hopes of the hero's recovery, she could no longer contain her joy. Presents, promises, and favours were earnestly lavished upon them. Deeply impressed with a sentiment which she fancied to be gratitude; she indulged, without reserve, in transports which

which it was no violation of modesty for her to avow.

Recovering through these tender cares, but still more through the happy influence of her presence whom he loved, Gonsalvo was at length able to speak to her. He viewed her with looks of tenderness; and raising towards her his trembling hands: O thou, said he, thou who savest my life; unless I may consecrate it to thee alone, ah! leave me; leave me to die.

He durst say no more. But, the princess understood his silence, blushed, and turned away her eyes. When she perceived her own confusion, she strove to conceal it. She smiled sweetly upon the hero, talked to him of his valour, named him her deliverer, and strove to recollect what she owed to him, in order to justify what she felt for him.

The good Pedro did not leave his master. He secretly informed him of the name and rank of her whom he had saved, of the place to which she had brought them, and of Zuléma's error in thinking him an African

prince. The hero disapproved of the well-meant deceit of Pedro. His soul could not endure a falsehood. He was ready to discover all. But, Pedro conjured and urged him, not to expose himself in his dying condition, to the fury of a hostile people whom Zulema would be unable to restrain. Gonsalvo although not to be intimidated by the consideration of the dangers which threatened his own life; was however persuaded to silence, by regard to the torments which a discovery of the truth might draw upon his old and faithful servant.

After the old men had, for several days, continued their cares; the princess began to acquaint Gonsalvo with the present state of Grenada, the troubles by which it was internally convulsed, and the crimes of king Boabdil. Seating her beside the hero's bed, whom she supposed to have been born far from Spain, she proposed to relate to him the story of the dissensions and misfortunes which she had unhappily witnessed. Gonsalvo, smiling, begged her to begin a narrative



tive in which she herself could not but be interested. The fair Moor immediately began.

You know not, said she, to what a pitch of greatness and of glory, the empire of the Arabians in Spain has been raised almost from its very origin. Vanquished by our brave ancestors, and hard pressed by their victorious arms, the Christians found no retreat but upon the rocks of Asturia. There they hid themselves for several centuries. But, misfortune invigorated their courage; while we were enervated by prosperity. Our kings became tyrants: while the kings of the Christians were heroes. They soon issued from their recesses, and presumed to attack their conquerors. Favoured by our intestine wars, under our different princes, they at length left to the ancient masters of Spain nothing but the territories of Grenada.

That famous capital stands at the foot of a range of snowy mountains, upon two rising hills, in the midst of an enchanting tract of level country. The Darro, whose rapid stream pours over golden sands, passes through the middle of the city. The Xenil

salutary waters restore health to the languishing flocks, washes its lofty walls. A delightful country lies around it on all sides; and, with little, or no cultivation produces copious crops, forests of orange-trees, olive-trees, intwisted with vines, palms intermingled with oaks. Inexhaustible quarries of marble, jasper, and alabaster, have adorned those superb palaces and stately edifices which are numerous through the city. Waters gushing from fountains in every variety of elegant form, refresh the air, and embellish those wide squares in which the warlike youth daily assemble to perform their exercises. Gardens exhibiting a flush of flowers, and constantly shaded with pomegranate-trees, myrtles, and cedars, render Grenada as well the most delightful, as the largest city in Spain.

There did all the strength, and all the power of the Moors seem to be combined: there arose the temple of our sciences and our arts. From the extremities of Asia, from the banks of the Nile, from the foot of mount Atlas, kings, warriors, and scholars resorted

resorted to Grenada, there to enlarge their minds by the acquisition of new knowledge, and to exalt their sentiments by contemplating the noblest patterns of science, of valour, and of virtue. Our frequent wars with a brave, loyal, and generous nation formed a mutual emulation between the Arabian and the Spaniard, in the pursuit of glory. Our Moorish youth, naturally inclined to love, had forgotten the barbarous maxims of the East, and from their enemies had learned that profound respect, that tender veneration, that unchanging constancy to the fair, which fill the heart of the Spanish lover, represent to him the beloved object, as the angel of his destiny, exalt him above himself, and form him to every virtue; which the hope of pleasing renders easy to him. Our women proud of their empire, sought to maintain by deserving it. Ennobled in their own eyes by the pure homage which was paid to their charms; they strove to render themselves worthy of the precious tribute so fondly offered to them. Incapable of a weak tenderness which would have ruined their happiness;

happiness; they were chaste, that they might be beloved; and faithful, that they might continue happy.

Such was that brilliant court, the charming recess of love, of the fine arts, and of politeness; when my father, Muley-Hasslem, while he was yet but a very young man, succeeded to the throne.

The young king, distinguished himself by every virtue, recommended the virtues successfully, by his example, to his subjects. Famous, even before, for his valour, he took the city of Jaen, and forced the proud Castilian to conclude a durable peace. His cares were, after this event, turned solely to the happiness of his people. The despotic form of our government, so inimical to the happiness of mankind, under the greater number of princes, was in my father's hands, singularly beneficial to the subjects. He taught his nobles, that they were subject to his justice, no less than the meanest of the people, and that it was the same for all. The husbandman who had hitherto been oppressed, now reaped the increase of the harvest.

vest in peace. Our green hills were covered with flocks. Trees and useful plants grew in thick abundance, on our plains. The earth, which is, in our climates, wonderfully fertile, poured forth her treasures, every where, in lavish profusion. And the kingdom of Grenada, thus favoured by nature, governed by a wise prince, cultivated by the assiduous hand of industry,—seemed one extensive garden, the fruits of which an innumerable family could scarcely consume.

My father, after providing for the happiness of his people, and enriching himself in the opulence of his subjects, sought next to recreate himself in the cultivation of the elegant arts, and to employ them to promote his own glory. Mosques inlaid with marble, and aqueducts constructed of granite, rose on all hands. The famous palace of the Alhambra, begun by the *Emir al mumentim*, was finished by Muley-Hassem : it is a monument of magnificence, exceeding even all that imagination can conceive. There thousands of alabaster columns sustain arched roofs of vast extent ; while the walls of porphyra sparkle

sparkle with azure, and with gold. There, waters, gushing up from their native sources, in the midst of the apartments, and cascades of liquid silver, flow into jasper channels, and wind round the galleries. The sweet odour of flowers intermingles with aromatic perfumes, which are kept constantly burning in subterraneous receptacles, and exhaling from the columns under which they are placed, richly embalm the air. The city, the enchanting banks of the two rivers, and the snowy mountains present to the astonished eye a wonderful variety of rich and beauteous landscapes. All that flatters the sense, all the subjects of pleasure, that art and nature, magnificence and taste can combine, are assembled in those treasuries of the masterpieces of art. Beside gliding waters, amid rich works of sculpture, and at the opening of rich prospects have been engraven upon slabs of porphyry, a variety of verses by our Arabian poets. In the porch of the wide hall in which the king administered justice, this inscription appeared on the door:

O conscious

O conscious guilt ! let terroure blanch thy cheek !

Heav'n's wrath, though slow, falls dreadful at the last:

Thou sorrowing orphan ! wipe thy tears away :

Here shalt thou meet a father's love and care.

At the entrance into the apartment in which the beauties of the court, and the heroes of our army used to assemble round their queen ; the following verses were inscribed in letters of gold.

Beauty here, and modesty,  
Mirth, and generous gallantry  
Meet with honour, glory, love,  
All that noble hearts approve.  
Here love with tender fondness glows,  
Yet no betraying weakness knows ;  
Here valour shines with polish'd grace,  
No frown of fierceness on his face ;  
The terrours of th' embattled field  
To smiles and winning softness yield.

This scene of delights stood in the midst of a garden yet more delightful, the simplicity of which formed a fine contrast to the sumptuous splendour of the palace. The famous garden of the Generaliss was celebra-

ted through Africa and Asia, and was an object of envy to the potent Caliphs of Bagdad and Cairo who tried, in vain, to equal it.

As one advances through this garden, nothing meets the eye; that can excite surprise. It displays none of those laboured exertions of art, those dazzling prodigies which please not so much as they astonish by the ideas which they convey of riches or of power. Here, on the contrary, nought appears, but images of those blessings which are enjoyed, without agitating the soul with admiration. Plantations of myrtles and orange trees intersect verdant plains which are watered by limpid streams. They are planted with such happy art, as to hide and display by turns, in distant perspective, pleasant villages, cultivated fields, snow-clad hills, and the palaces and monuments of Grenada. At each advancing step, the rising grounds offer to the view a rich intermixture of vines, wild olives, lilachs, and pomegranate trees mingling their fruits and flowers. Here a noisy cascade dashes from the summit of a rock; There a gentle rill, issues, with soft mur-

murs,



murs, from a thicket of roses. There in a sequestered grotto various springs of water are seen to bubble up: Here thousands of nightingales flutter about in a deep grove. Every quarter presents a diversity of aspect, a scene of new enjoyment: and at every step, some soft sentiment or pure pleasure is awakened to entertain the mind.

Amidst these beauteous and magnificent scenes, my father, Muley-Hassem long held a happy reign. But, the mutual hatred of two powerful tribes filled his days with bitterness, and at last reduced the empire to the brink of ruin.

You know, my lord, that our Moors, although united in a national body, still retain the patriarchal manners of our Arabian ancestors. Our families remain distinct. Each forms a tribe, more or less powerful in the number of its members, in wealth, and in slaves. All the individuals of the tribe look upon one another as brethren, mutually support one another, march out together to war, and know no separate fortune, interests, or resentments.

The most warlike, most illustrious, and most popular of these tribes are the Abencerragoes, descended from a race of ancient kings who once reigned in Yemen. They are exalted by their great qualities still more than by their high descent. Invincible in war, they are mild and merciful, after victory; their graceful manners and elegant talents are the delight and ornament of our court. They are respected by the proud Spaniards whose love they have won by their generous kindness and acts of favour to Christian captives. Their immense wealth has always been the patrimony of the poor. In battles, at tournaments, in every game of dexterity and skill, the prize of valour and address was still won by the Abencerragoes. Never was there a coward of this celebrated tribe: never an unfaithful friend, a fickle husband, or perfidious lover disgraced this illustrious family.

Their only rivals in greatness, in opulence, and perhaps in valour, are the too famous Zegris descendents from the monarchs of Fez. Whatever be my just resentment a-  
gainst

gainst that guilty tribe, I will not hide from you the lustre of those deeds by which they have distinguished themselves. Their invincible valour has, an hundred times carried fire and sword, with destroying fury through the territories of the Castilians : an hundred times have their victorious hands decorated our mosques with the standards of the enemy. But, rage, and a thirst for blood sullied the glory of these exploits. Never did a Zegri bring home a captive ; every man whom he mastered in the field, fell by his sabre : his ferocity was never softened by love or friendship. Proudly disdainful of those amiable qualities, those graces, those talents which are the delight of our court, they regard the gentleness of sensibility, as effeminate weakness. Haughty, fierce, and turbulent, they delight only in the fields of death, and know no joys, but those of battle and of victory : all other arts they despise.

They have been long animated with the most violent jealousy of the generous Abencerragoes. Often were these two valiant tribes on the point of deciding their differences

rences by arms. It was with difficulty that Muley-Haffem, exerting all his authority, maintained peace between them. But, their hatred was open; and all the principal families in Grenada had embraced one or the other party. The Almorades, the Alabez supported the cause of the Abencerragoes; while the Gomeles, and the Vanegas defended the Zegries. The other more obscure tribes had imitated this example. Division reigned through the court and the city. And my father was constantly in terrour of seeing Grenada deluged with blood.

The exalted and tender soul of Muley-Haffem, naturally determined him in respect to the party whom it became him to favour. His own virtues inclined him insensibly, and even involuntarily to the Abencerragoes. This preference, which he could not hide, furnished new fuel to the hatred of their enemies. This Muley saw; and to pacify the discontents of the Zegries by a signal mark of his favour, took a wife out of their tribe. Aixa, daughter of Almadan became queen of Grenada. But, Aixa had no quality to  
recommend

recommend her, except beauty : pride and an unfeeling heart, hereditary in her family, sullied the lustre of her charms. My father could not love, and was obliged to divorce her, after she had born him, an heir to his crown. That prince was the impotently passionate Boabdil, who now reigns over the Moors, and whose character I shall soon explain to you.

The king, having found marriage a state of unhappiness, would not again submit to its bonds. The love which he had long entertained for a Spanish captive, had rendered his heart unsusceptible of tender sentiments towards any other object. The fair Leonora had captivated his soul.—To the worship of her fathers, she remained faithfully attached, without hope or desire to become queen of the Moslems. It was not the power, but the personal qualities of Muley, that she loved. She would often weep with him for the evils to which his rank exposed him. She was his consolation amidst the tedium of royalty, the irksomeness of court-formality, and the emptiness of grandeur : she  
soothed

foothed those secret uneasinesses, and that devouring chagrin to which kings are condemned who have no friends.

The first fruit of their loves was the generous Almanzor, who, at present, defends Grenada, and of whose exploits the renown may perhaps have reached you.

Yes, answered Gonsalvo, earnestly, I know the valiant warrior. Who knows not, that the virtuous Almanzor is the best stay of your empire, the glory, the pattern of your court! Who knows not, that the young prince, so terrible in battle, commands even from his enemies, that admiration, that respect, and that lasting attachment, which, notwithstanding the opposition of war still unite great souls to one another? My heart feels for him sentiments of veneration. He is the only one among you, Moors, whom I desire to emulate; him would I equal: to surpass him is impossible.

The princess listened with high delight to the praises of a brother whom she loved and admired. She thanked Gonsalvo with a smile, and continued her story.

I was

I was the last pledge of the mutual love of the king and his Leonora. Never did tender mother more for a child than she for me. She suckled me with her own milk. She would intrust no one with the care of my early infancy. She presided alone over my education. My tears flow, when I think of those happy days which I passed in my mother's arms and under her eye. My brother, Almanzor, never left us. Being some years older than I, he explained to me those lessons which I could not, by myself, comprehend; and taught me all that he had learned himself. I received his instructions with gratitude. Even then I regarded him with that tender and confidential respect of which my heart has ever since retained the impression. Muley would often come to join our harmless sports. With us he forgot the uneasiness occasioned to him by Boabdil. The best of mothers was delighted, as if the heavens had been opened upon her, when the king whom she adored, visited her, in her retirement, and with a father's fondness, pressed his dear children in his arms.

Alas! those days were too happy to last. The Spaniard attacked our frontiers. My brother, at glory's call, left us, and hastened to the field of war. His valour, and splendid exploits could not console us for the want of his society. He returned always in triumph, and laid his laurels at his mother's feet. But, he was instantly gone again. I myself, being now obliged to appear at court, and to live amidst its bustle, regretted those peaceful days which had been blessed by parental and fraternal love. I had soon more painful subjects of regret, to prepare me for misfortune.

My mother was ravished from me. She expired, after long sufferings, in my arms. O my good and worthy mother! the loss of you still afflicts me with fresh sorrow: your last words still thrill my heart. Tenderest of mothers! look watchfully down upon me from the bliss of heaven! I have not swerved from the oaths which I vowed to you, on thy death bed; render me, in like manner, faithful to the duties which you taught me: and, Oh! into this breast, warm with the remembrance



remembrance of you, may those virtues descend, of which you set an illustrious example.

Zulema here paused : sobs interrupted her utterance. With her fair hands she strove to hide the tears that flowed over her countenance. Gonsalvo, whose emotions were little less violent than her's, gazed on her, with moistened eyes. He respected her grief too much, to interrupt her pious silence. At last the princess resumed her narrative, in a tremulous voice.

The king was inconsolable. Nothing but his attachment to my brother and me, could have given him strength of mind, to survive the loss of his Leonora. Almanzor was with the army. He returned in sorrow, to mingle his tears with those of a father who would no longer permit him to leave him. Boabdil, who had long been engaged in criminal machinations, took advantage of his absence, and won the hearts of the soldiers. Boabdil was formed to dazzle every eye. Graced by nature with every personal advantage, he displayed at the same time, that splendid valour which is peculiarly pleasing in a young prince,

prince, and distinguished himself by that prodigality which courtiers so lavishly praise. Why cannot I add, that Boabdil was adorned by other great qualities ! But, perfidious flatterers have corrupted his youth. Early perverted by their counsels, he knew no duties, except those of other men towards his rank. He thought himself above all laws, because he was above the punishments of law. He considered not, that the most terrible of all punishments, the hatred and contempt of the public, fall upon the great, who are exalted above the reach of the laws. He indulged his passions, till they became vicious. He soon lost the feeling of remorse, the last friend of the virtues, and from pleasure, proceeded to excess, from excess to guilt. Unhappy fate of young princes ; that the whole tenor of their life should always depend upon their choice of their first friends !

Yielding himself up, without reserve, to the Zegrís who longed to see a prince of their own blood upon the throne ; Boabdil prepared to repeat that criminal enterprize which has been too frequently tried among

us, the dethronement of a father by a son, the deposition of a prince by his subjects. He endeavoured to seduce the army to his interests; and none but the Abencerragoes offered any opposition to his impious designs. Those faithful soldiers warned Muley of what was going forwards. My father repaired instantly to the army, shewed himself to the soldiers, and by his presence, checked the rising sedition. But the evil was too deeply rooted. A small spark was soon to produce a mighty conflagration. The king, still suspicious of an unnatural son whom he durst not punish, concluded a peace with the Spaniards, and disconcerted the Zegrís by disbanding his army.

On his return to his capital, Muley hoped to calm the minds of the discontented, and to drive faction from his court, by offering a nobler scope to that restless impetuosity, that unsettling inconstancy by which the character of the Moors has been always distinguished. Feasts, tournaments, and games once frequent in Grenáda, were, by his orders, renewed. A prey to the sorrow which  
had

had settled on his heart, still weeping the loss of his dear Leonora, he himself could not well take part in those festivities. But, his wise purpose was, to provide employment for the martial youth, which might prevent the breaking out of civil war; the prospect of which was terrible to a benevolent and feeling heart like his.

My brother's marriage gave occasion for those festivities. The brave Almanzor had long loved with ardent passion, the fair Moraima, of the tribe of the Abencerragoes. Ah! who could have refused the homage of the most valiant and most virtuous of princes? The young Abencerrago consulted her mother, and intrusted to her, the secret of her heart. Her mother permitted her to avow her mutual passion to her lover. From that day, the young Moraima lived, and breathed only for the hero who was master of her soul. Never did the least suspicion, or the slightest quarrel arise to interrupt the constancy of their loves. Sure of one another, and deeply affected both with a passion which was founded on the most perfect mutual

tual esteem, certain that the universe would be destroyed, sooner than either of them change, they expected the day of their marriage with that soft impatience which serves only to give a relish to present happiness. They knew that they should be still happier; but, were already so, in pleasing hope. It was enough, that they saw each other daily, talked of their mutual fondness, and encouraged one another to the practice of new virtues. To them these pleasures were so sweet, that their pure and chaste souls could imagine none to surpass them.

The king determined to unite them in marriage, and to display all his magnificence at their wedding. Moraima, wearing a veil enriched with pearls, and a robe of cloth of gold, garnished with jewels, was conducted through the city, according to the custom of our nation, riding on a stately steed, and attended by a company of ladies. Players on musical instruments went before her. Behind followed a train of slaves, carrying in baskets ornamented with flowers of Persian tissue, Indian veils, rich dresses for the young

young bride. Thus did she repair to the mosque, where the Abencerragoes waited to receive her. Almanzor came, attended by my father, and followed by a brilliant and gallant train. He himself was distinguished above them all, by his stature, his figure, and that air of greatness and of goodness, which so expressively indicates the happy tranquillity enjoyed by an amiable and virtuous mind.

The imam invoked the prophet. The people answered with their prayers for the felicity of the young pair. They were then conducted, cymbals and drums founding as they proceeded, to the palace of the Alhambra. The most exquisite perfumes burnt round them, as they went. The fair Moraima was preceded by twelve young virgins arrayed in white: as many youths, crowned with roses, walked before Almanzor. Those youths and maidens strewed flowers before the newly wedded pair, and sung alternately these verses.

Hail wedded love! best boon of heav'n!

The truest bliss that mortals know  
In thee, to gild our fate, is giv'n,  
And charm away the sense of woe.

To youthful souls how dear thy sway!  
When with fond love the heart beats high,  
And Hymen's torch with purest ray  
Lights to the couch of nuptial joy.

Not smiling childhood's sportive hours,  
The charm, steals o'er the stripling's heart,  
Or wine's, or wit's bewitching pow'rs,  
Can genuine joys like thine impart.

Oh! may the kind, connubial vows,  
By which this happy pair are join'd,  
Fondly rever'd while life allows,  
Long, long in flow'ry bands them bind.

And from their virtuous loves arise  
Young heroes brave, and maidens fair!  
Heroes who valour's meed shall prize,  
Maids, love's and honour's fav'rite care!

74 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

Blest pair ! may all your offspring shine !

With all their parents' virtues grac'd ;

Bold are the lion's gen'rous line,

And the young turtle true, and chaste.

Muley-Hassem had appointed for the next day, a running at the ring, and a cane-play, the favourite diversions of our nation \*. All our warriors prepared to engage in them : all lavished every expence, in order to distinguish themselves by splendid armour, and handsome steeds. The young beauties of the court, trembling for the success of their lovers, eagerly sent them knots, ribbands, and devices. Several maids made a first avowal of their love ; sacrificing their own pride ; that they might animate the courage of the favoured youths.

Hardly had the sun begun to gild the summits of the palaces of Grenada, when the people of the city, with a crowd of strangers who had come to witness the festivities of this

\* This cane-play, here described, is still the favourite diversion of the Mamalukes of Egypt. See *Savary's* and *Nolney's Travels*.



this happy occasion, went to fill the seats which had been raised in the square of Vivar-rambla. In the middle of that wide circuit, in which twenty thousand warriors might easily be ranged in battle-array, stood a splendid palm-tree, a master-piece of sculpture, and a wonder of sumptuous magnificence. Its trunk was of brass, its foliage of gold. A bar of silver upon one of its long leaves, bent it down with its weight, and remaining in equipoise, sustained the ring which was to be the victor's prize. When this ring was carried away, the ingenuity of the artizan had contrived, that another should start from the point of the column, and present itself to the contenders. At the foot of the palm was a space, inclosed for the judges, and for the musicians who were, by the sound of their instruments, to announce the victory. For the king, his family, and his court were balconies, covered with precious stuffs, and having magnificent canopies, raised over them. A thousand windows, decorated with garlands, and occupied by the fairest of our young Moorish dames, formed

a superb and beauteous spectacle, all around the square.

Already had the judges taken their places: already was Muley arrived, in all the becoming pomp of majesty, and leading by the hand Moraima, who was resplendent with diamonds. The people, secretly seduced by the perfidious Zegris, did not receive their monarch with the wonted expressions of joy and affection. Muley felt the mortification; and tears filled his eyes. He turned to my brother who followed with me, and said; My son, I have lived too long; I am no longer beloved. We caught his hands, and pressed them with tenderness. He sat down between us. His court were around him; the balconies were filled; and the sound of trumpets answering each other from the four barriers of the square, announced the appearance of the combatants.

They entered by different sides, in four bands. The Abencerragoes composed the first. Robed in blue tunics, embroidered with silver and pearls, mounted on white steeds, whose harnesses were garnished over  
with

with sapphires, they wore, on their turbans a plume of blue feathers, blue being the favourite colour of the Abencerragoes, and on their bucklers a lion chained by a shepherdess, with these words for the device, *Gentle yet terrible*, expressive of the character of their tribe. They were all in the flower of their age, beauteous, bright, and animated by hope, and by that noble pride which is softened by politeness, while it confers on it a graceful dignity. They advanced under the conduct of Aben-Hamet, of Aben-Hamet for whose misfortunes your tears must shortly flow, but all whose care then was, to conquer before Zoraida.

The Zegries came next. Their tunics were green, and embroidered with gold. A black plume, for black is the ill-boding colour of their family, was displayed upon their turbans. Long housings, enriched with emeralds, covered the backs of their black steeds. With haughty heads, and lowering eyes, they followed the serene Ali, the formidable chief of their tribe; who, by forty years of victory, had gained the surname of  
the

the *Sword of God*; and who, as well as all his companions, bears on his broad buckler, a scymetar dropping blood, with these words, *Behold my law!*

The Alabez and the Gomeles formed the two last bands. The Alabez, wearing robes of carnation, embroidered with silver, rode on dun horses, and wore the turban of the Abencerragoes. The Gomeles, again, being connected with the Zegries, wore tunics of purple and gold, and rode on bay horses, while the black plume waved on their turbans.

These four troops came, one after another, to salute the king, then performed some evolutions, and fell back to the four sides of the square.

Prince Boabdil then appeared, riding on an African steed, that seemed to breathe fire from his nostrils. At sight of him, the people shouted for joy. Boabdil, passing the the Abencerragoes with an air of contempt, went to take his place among the Zegries who received him with eager respect. Ali would have yielded to him the command of the

the troop ; but this the prince refused. The king then ordered the judges to distribute equal lances to those who chose to contend for the prize.

Each of the troops was to name twelve out of their number, to run at the rings together. If only one was wanting, the right of running again was lost. A superb egret of diamonds was the prize reserved for the conqueror. Other less considerable presents were intended to gratify and soothe the vanquished.

The signal was given ; and the first who advanced, was the charming Aben-Hamet. He sprang forward, with the rapidity of an arrow, from the blue squadron. He carried off the first ring. Ali Zegri would have ravished from him the second ; but was prevented by Boabdil. Moved by his hatred of Aben Hamet, he flies forward, misses the ring, breaks his lance in a fury, and then retires to hide his shame among the Zegries. Ali next presented himself, and carried away the second. Aben-Hamet, with the velocity of lightning, won the third. The fourth

is on the lance of Ali. The square resounded with applausive shouts. The Abencerrago darts forth again. But, his spear touches the column, and drives the ring into the air. Aben-Hamet, with incredible dexterity, intercepts it on his spear, before it can fall to the ground. The spectators burst out into transports of applause. Ali durst not again enter the lists. The Zegries, the Gomeles, and the Alabez follow, but without success. Even the most fortunate gain not more than five rings. Aben-Hamet has carried off twenty. The noise of a thousand drums announces his victory. The judges declare, that he has won the prize. He receives it, on his knees, from Moraima's hand, and runs to lay it at Zoraida's feet: her heart had beat, during the contest, with anxious vows for his success.

The four companies next prepare for the cane-play. Arming themselves with light and slender reeds, they run against one another, break them on their bucklers, toss them into the air, and take them again without alighting. Managing with graceful dexterity,

terity, their steeds swifter than the eagle, they attack, flee, return, form, disperse, halt, rally on a sudden, and all with such rapidity, as to elude the astonished eyes of the spectators, which cannot follow their movements.

Thus, in the sea of Almeria, are companies of dolphins seen to cut the liquid plain, to mingle and entwine themselves together in their turnings and windings, to pursue, without overtaking each other, and to bound all at once above the waters.

But, dark treason was yet to pollute their festivities with blood. The treacherous Zegries wore coats of mail under their gold-embroidered garments. Amid the gay confusion of the games, several of them changed their reeds for lances. Aben-Hamet was first wounded. Seeing his own blood flow, he uttered a cry of rage and sprung, with his sabre in his hand, upon the the Zegry by whom he was hurt. Him he instantly flew among the warriors of his own tribe, who all drew their scymetars. The Abencerragoes flew to aid their chief. The

Alabez declared for them : the Gomeles for the Zegries. The four troops charged each other, all with equal fury. The names of Traitor, and Perfidious wretch were eagerly pronounced by all. Blood streamed over the square. The affrighted people fled. Hatred, death, and vengeance were satiated with carnage.

The king, the judges, and my brother strove, in vain, to pacify them. The voice of Almanzor was not recognized ; and the authority of Muley was slighted. The judges were trampled under foot. The hapless Abencerragoes whose swords could make no impression on the armour of their enemies, soon found that they were treacherously ensnared. They ran towards the barriers, to take their helmets. But, the Zegries pursued, pressed upon them, and slew numbers in the narrow passage. On that bloody day, the valiant family of the Abencerragoes might have been exterminated, if my brother who was in compleat armour, had not suddenly appeared in the square, and by meeting the assault of the conquerors, favoured



voured the escape of the Abencerragoes. The Zegries, retiring by a different passage spread through the several quarters of the city; crying, To arms! To arms! Long live our king Boabdil! Muley-Hasslem's reign is expired. The people, bribed by them, soon augmented the numbers of the rebel band. All Grenada rose in instant insurrection. The doors of the houses were shut. An hundred thousand lances glared in the street; terrific screams resounded through the air: Boabdil, amidst the Zegries, kindled up the flame of rebellion. He was proclaimed king by the factious insurgents, and proceeded instantly to the Alhambra, followed by an innumerable troop.

Muley-Hasslem had retired to this palace, where he remained, with hardly any about him, but his family. We pressed him in our feeble arms, and strove to encourage him, while terrour took away our strength and power of speech. The good king had no fears for himself, but was concerned solely for his subjects. For them only did he weep, and implore the Almighty. O Allah!

## 84 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

cried he, lifting up his trembling hands, break my sceptre in pieces, but save my people; pardon their fury; they are deceived and led unwittingly astray. Punish them not, O God of goodness!

Almanzor was, in the mean time, preparing for our defence. He mustered up the guards, armed the slaves, shut the gates of the Alhambra, placed archers upon all the towers, and appeared himself upon the platform, leaning upon that lance at which the Zegries trembled.

He soon saw his brave Abencerragoes approach, clad in bright steel, and transported with indignant rage. The Almorades, the Alabez, and the other tribes who remained true to their allegiance, came, at the same time, to die in defence of their king; and disdaining to await the enemy within the walls of the palace, placed themselves before the gates. Almanzor flew into the midst of them. A thousand shouts were raised at sight of the hero. Another peal replied to those: and the Zegries, the Vanegas, and the Gome-

les

les appeared, with Boabdil at their head, and followed by a furious, undisciplined throng.

At sight of Almanzor, they stopped. Tumultuous noise was succeeded by a deep silence. They durst not instantly presume to raise their hands against the hero of Grenada, the object of their high admiration. But, at the renewed instigation of Boabdil, they closed their ranks, and lowered their lances. The trumpets were beginning to sound on both sides, the dreadful signal, when the gates of the Alhambra were suddenly opened; and Muley-Hasslem, with the crown and the sceptre in his hands, advanced between the two armies.

Stay your hands, cried he. Draw not down on yourselves the wrath of heaven by embroiling your hands, brethren as you are, in each other's blood. Spare those lives which will be more wisely exposed against the Spaniards. Abencerragoes, Zegries, beware of forging chains to bind your own hands; forget your fatal discords; reserve your valour to be displayed against the common enemy. You are offended, you say; am not

not I also offended? Learn from me, what sort of revenge you ought to pursue.

People of Grenada! you are weary of my reign. From this instant, it is at an end. You have removed from me your affection; and I will not retain your crown. Come, Boabdil, receive it from me. Take the sceptre you desire; you may perhaps find it too heavy. Come hither, my son, cease to gaze with astonishment, and come hither. View these hoary hairs. Thinkest thou, that for the sake of reigning during the few days I have yet to live, I would expose my people to death? Ah! Boabdil, Boabdil, thou hast never known my heart. Often hast thou wrung it with anguish. But, thy father forgives thee all: only make thy new subjects happy: may thy justice and beneficence never give them cause to repent of what they this day do for thee!

The venerable old man, as he said these words, presented the crown and sceptre to his son. Boabdil, struck with confusion, stood motionless, and with downcast eyes. He durst not look his father in the face, nor  
advance

advance a step towards him. Muley preventing him, placed on his blushing brow, that diadem which was the object of his guilty wishes. Then, turning to the two parties who remained in speechless amazement: Abencerragoes, said he, salute the king of Grenada; and you, Zegries, swear to a peace with your generous enemies.

At these words, the people, in a transport of joy, exclaimed: Long live king Boabdil, Long live the Abencerragoes, the Zegries, and Muley-Hassem! Boabdil was conducted, in pomp, to the palace of the Alhambra. My father, attended by Almanzor, Moraima, and me, retired to the Albayzin, the ancient abode of the first Moorish kings of Grenada.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK THIRD.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*ZULEMA relates what changes happened at Grenada in the reign of Boabdil. Corrupted manners of the Court and the King. Loves of Aben-Hamet and Zoraida. Captivity of Ibrahim. Aben-Hamet goes to rescue him. Boabdil becomes Aben-Hamet's rival. He opposes the marriage of the two lovers. He sends Aben-Hamet against the Spaniards. Aben-Hamet conquered by Gonsalvo. The Spanish hero penerates into Grenada. The laws condemn Aben-Hamet to death. Zoraida, to save him, marries king Boabdil. Almanzor conducts Aben-Hamet to a distance from Grenada. Aben-Hamet deceives him, and returns. He finds Zoraida in the Generalif. Conversation between the two lovers. Four Zegries discover them together, and inform the King. Rage of Boabdil. Death of Aben-Hamet. Massacre of the Abencerragoes. An infant saves the tribe. A combat in the palace. The Abencerragoes leave Grenada.*



---

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK THIRD.

THE greatest, the happiest of monarchs, he whom victory and fortune have loaded with their favours, he who assembles round his throne all the splendour, and all the enjoyments of glory, yet wants that purest felicity, which is the dearest to a feeling heart,—the certainty of being beloved. The homage lavishly paid to him, the praises with which he is loaded,—even the fidelity of which he is assured, have all an eye to a reward. It is not to his person, but to his rank, that interest addresses her vows. The thought of this is, at any time, enough to embitter his enjoyments. A well founded suspicion intermingles with the milder sentiments of his heart. It is his misfortune that, as he can pay for every thing, he may never safely flatter himself, that there is aught disinterestedly bestowed upon him.

But, Muley descending from the throne, and hiding himself again among the common ranks of men, thus regained the noblest, the most precious right of humanity, that of finding friends. His numerous courtiers disappeared; the Abencerragoes alone remained attached to him. That virtuous tribe still regarded him as their king: and paid him greater respect in proportion to the diminution of his power. Almanzor, his young wife, and I emulously concurred to soften the fate of the old and degraded monarch by every tender care. Pleased to consecrate our days to duties so delightful to our hearts, we presumed not to complain of a crime which had rendered us happy, by uniting us in domestic society with the best of fathers. If we regretted his loss of his crown, it was, for the sake of his people, and of himself: if he ever sighed for the want, it was on account of his subjects and his children.

Meanwhile, the new king of Grenada changed its aspect. The old viziers were dismissed, and young courtiers entrusted with  
their

their offices. The leaders of the army, who had grown hoary amidst the perils and contentions of war, saw their toils and wounds repaid with exile. Boys, known only for their vices, or the unmerited favour of the monarch, were raised to command old soldiers who had been comrades with their fathers. That ancient discipline, which had been the parent of valour and of victory, was in a moment forgotten. The army was now a crowd of mercenaries, strangers to order, bold against their commanders, but cowardly before the enemy. Our frontiers, hardly known to governors who resided at court, were surprised and invaded by the vigilance of the Spaniards. And, to crown our misfortunes, at this fatal period, heaven raised up against us that terrible enemy of the Moors, that unconquered Castilian whose name has undoubtedly reached your remote regions, the proud Gonsalvo of Cordova.

His exploits, his rapid success could not awaken Boabdil out of his ignominious lethargy. Led, every day, more and more astray by the guilty Zegrís, the monarch was  
now

now wholly absorbed in those tumultuous pleasures which flatterers crowd around a sovereign, to hinder him from hearing the cries of an oppressed people. To the magnificent games and public festivals instituted by Muley-Hassem, had succeeded, under the young king, mysterious assemblies, effeminate dances, and prolonged festivities, from which modesty and temperance were banished. Tender, respectful love was now a subject of raillery. The gallantry of Grenada, famous among all nations, was debased to low licentiousness.

Amidst these vices, ominous of our misfortunes, a passion which seemed to have been, long since extinguished by resistance, suddenly resumed its influence on the impetuous soul of Boabdil. The object of this unhappy passion was the fair Zoraida, daughter to old Ibrahim.

Zoraida was of Africa. From her earliest infancy, she had been tried in misfortune. She lost her mother when in the cradle. Her father, who had been first minister to the king of Tremezen, saw his unfortunate mas-

ter dethroned, was himself proscribed, and stripped of all his property; after which, he, with his daughter, had made their escape, and come to implore the pity of Muley-Hafsem. My father received him at his court, gave him the government of the important city of Jaen, and resolved to educate Zoraida in the palace.

She was just rising from infancy. Her opening charms soon inflamed the hearts of our young warriors. Aben-Hamet, the amiable chief of the Abencerragoes, who won the prize on the day when the disloyalty of the Zegries broke forth, who was then young as Zoraida, no sooner knew her, than he chose and adopted her for his sister. Only beside her could he be happy. A thousand times did he repeat his vows to love her with unchanging constancy. The young African maid answered his love with mutual promises; and ingeniously avowed that she could love none but him. Delightful privilege of that happy age, when frankness and candour are not yet reprobated as weakness and folly!

When

When Zoraida advanced to the age of fifteen, she became more reserved. Aben-Hamet was then more timid. He no longer presumed, as formerly, to go, every hour, to her apartment. He lost even the confidence to talk to her of friendship. But, he was now more deeply than ever captivated with her charms, and under the influence of a first love, which in generous, virtuous souls, ever glows, with a flame singularly pure and ardent, he continually followed, waited upon, and sought for her. In the palace, at the mosque, in the garden of the Generalif, he was constantly near her. He could not leave her sight. Absent from her, existence was a burthen to him. When together, they would bashfully remain with downcast eyes; a blush of modesty suffused either brow; their tongues stammered out a few soft words, without order or coherence; and both seemed deprived of that captivating wit which they displayed at other times with the most graceful facility.

At this period did Gonsalvo enter our territories with an army, and appear suddenly

denly before Jaen, where old Ibrahim held the command. Jaen was taken by assault, after a long and vigorous defence. The father of Zoraida was made prisoner.

His daughter, all bathed in tears, fell before the king, and embracing his knees, Restore, said she, restore to me my father, and take from me all that your indulgent kindness has lavished on my youth. Wither the author of my days, I shall be content in a cottage. Or, if Gonsalvo is inflexible, at least obtain permission for me to share my father's bondage, and dedicate my life to the service of him to whom I owe it.

Muley, affected by her grief, promised to write to Gonsalvo, and swore that the first article of peace should be the liberation of Ibrahim. He consoled his disconsolate daughter; and redoubled his kindness and care to render her condition happy.

But, Aben-Hamet who witnessed her tears, and felt his heart throb with sympathetic anguish at each pearly drop he saw her shed, —resolved to wipe away the sorrows of his love. Fearing, that, in the uncertainty of

a peace, Ibrahim might be long retained in captivity, and not being yet of an age to make any disposition of the immense property which he possessed, he left the court, and went to find Gonsalvo. Addressing him with the generous confidence of youth and love :

Magnanimous warrior! said he, I am chief of the Abencerragoes. My tender age has not yet permitted me to try my valour against yours. That happy day will come, I hope. You know the nobility of my family; and may well conceive, that their wealth will be eagerly lavished for my ransom. The brave Ibrahim is destitute of fortune: accept me instead of the old man: restore that unfortunate father to his daughter, who has nought but her tears to offer you, and instead of him receive the richest youth of Grenada.

Having thus said, he was silent. Gonsalvo was moved. Abencerrago, said he, thou shalt not be my captive. I desire thine esteem, not thy riches. Return to Grenada with Ibrahim. To thy virtue I grant his liberty.



liberty. And, if so slight a favour moves thy gratitude, meet me not in battle.

Oh! how was Zoraida overjoyed, when Aben-Hamet returning presented to her the parent whom she adored! Scarcely believing the reality of her happiness, she threw herself upon the old man's neck, and sobbing deeply, pressed him to her bosom. Ibrahim impatiently told; how much he owed to the Abencerrago; and joining the hands of the young lovers, swore by Allah, that, within a few days, they should be inseparably united.

The gallant generosity of Aben-Hamet was universally talked of, through Grenada. His courage was honoured with the highest praises; and all were interested for the success of his love. The magnanimity of Gonsalvo was highly admired, and I must confess, my lord, that although this haughty Spaniard be the scourge of my country, although his invincible arm has been an hundred times dyed in my brothers' blood; yet his noble frankness in war, and his gentle clemency after the fight make him revered by our nation. Every warrior knows his

courage, and every captive his humanity. The Abencerragoes, in honour to his virtues, delivered up twelve christian prisoners, chose out twelve African courfers, and sent these to the Castilian hero, as a faint testimony of their gratitude.

Muley-Hasslem had expressed his approbation of the marriage of Aben-Hamet and his mistress. He determined, that it should follow speedily after the nuptials of Almanzor. But, the impotently passionate Boabdil fell in love with Zoraida. Supposing that she would be dazzled by his rank, he presumed to offer her his hand. Without violating the respect due to the heir-apparent of the crown, the daughter of Ibrahim rejected his vows. She thought herself forgotten by a heart so little formed for love, at the time when my father lost his crown. The first use that Boabdil made of his usurped power, was to forbid old Ibrahim to chuse Aben-Hamet for his son-in-law.

Ibrahim, in despair at the prohibition, would at least try to soothe and soften the monarch. He went with the fond Aben-Hamet,

Hamet, to cast himself at his feet. He demanded, as the only reward of his loyalty, and of his long services, permission to testify his gratitude; that, at the age of eighty, he might not, for the first time, be wanting to the obligations of honour. Boabdil would not listen to him. Aben-Hamet who silently awaited the sentence of his life or death, raised Ibrahim in an emotion of sudden fury, and fixing on the king, his keen eyes:

Zoraida, said he, is mine by her father's will, by her own, by all the rights of love and friendship. These are my titles to her person. What can be your motives for withholding what I have earned by my services?

I am not to give you an account of my purposes, replied the monarch in a tone of fierce indignation: my subjects can merit nothing, unless what my bounty bestows.

Boabdil, cried Aben-Hamet, thy subjects learned from the Zegries to dethrone a just monarch: dread, lest the Abencerragoes teach them to punish a tyrant.

The king seized his scymetar.—Ibrahim again cast himself at his feet. Me, me must  
you

you strike, said he ; I gave him my daughter. While I have life, Zoraida shall be for my deliverer. End my days, Boabdil, that my faith may remain unviolated.

The old man then bared his bosom, which was covered over with scars, and presented it to the monarch's sword. Those who stood around them, and even the Zegries themselves, expressed compassion. Aben-Hamet, with his poniard in his hand, stood ready to defend his father. The monarch, with lowering, downcast eyes, seemed to meditate, what resolution he should take. He dreaded the Abencerragoes. He feared, that a deed of barbarity might overthrow his tottering throne. But, having been long inured in the arts of perfidy, he delayed his crime, only that he might, with the better certainty perpetrate it.

At last, composing his countenance, and pretending to repress just resentment ; Ibrahim, said he, your virtues have restored my clemency. In respect to them, do I pardon the imprudence of Aben-Hamet. As to your daughter, so high a reward cannot be  
merited

merited by a single act of courage. I shall myself offer her lover a new occasion to prove, how well he deserves her. Jaen, which Gonsalvo has reduced, is a key to my dominions: let Aben-Hamet recover it, and Zoraida shall be the reward of his valour.

The Abencerrago uttered an exclamation of joy, and cast himself at Boabdil's feet. O king of Grenada, you arm me with invincible vigour. All the blood I have to shed in your service, cannot be more than an adequate expiation for the rash words I have uttered.

The monarch raised him with dissimulated kindness, proclaimed Aben-Hamet his general, and determined, that the army should within three days, set out for Jaen.

In these three days, which to the impatient ardour of the lover and the warrior were so many ages, the brave and tender Aben-Hamet prepared his steeds and his arms. Ibrahim resolved to accompany him. Old Ibrahim counted it an honour to serve under the young warrior. My brother was to follow them. The Abencerragoes made ready.

ready. The young lover, in a transport of joy, ran to throw himself at Zoraida's feet, and begged her to decorate his lance with a ribband from the veil which she wore. Zoraida sought to conceal the melancholy by which she was overpowered. She gave him a white scarf, on which were their names embroidered by her hand, and inwrought together, with the charming words, *for ever*, marking their inseparable union. Zoraida weeping, adorned him with this rich scarf. She dared not intreat him to be careful of his life; but she begged her lover to watch over her father's safety, and secretly asked her father to restrain her lover's ardent courage.

The hour for their departure came. The army was drawn out in battle-array. The Abencerragoes occupied the right wing: the Zegries were on the left. Aben-Hamet soon appeared, wearing under his blue tunic, a cuirass which had been fabricated in Fez, and upon it the scarf received from Zoraida. On his turban, which was cased in steel, he wore the plume, the ensign of his family. By his side hung a scymetar rich with diamonds.

monds. In his right hand he held a Moorish lance, armed at both ends with pointed steel. He rode on a white steed whose mane flowed graceful on the ground. He viewed his army with looks highly animated by love and courage, gave to Almanzor the command of the right wing, intrusted the left to Ibrahim's prudence, and prepared to give the last signal.

The king then appeared, bearing in his hands the standard of the empire. That sacred ensign, which displayed a pomegranate of rubies on a golden field, was never brought from its repository in the mosque, unless on the most important occasions. Boabdil delivered it into the hands of Aben-Hamet.

Abencerrago, said he, prove thyself worthy of my confidence, and think of the duties imposed upon thee by the presence of this sacred standard.

Aben-Hamet, impassioned as he was, seized the ensign with an eager hand, and vowed to die sooner than forsake it. He called the brave Octair, the most valiant of his

brothers, and gave him the sacred standard. Octair, proud of the honour, took his place beside the general, whom he was never after to quit; and the trumpets sounded a march.

Alas! Aben-Hamet hastened unconsciously to ruin. The Zegries, in concert with the perfidious king, had prepared the net of destruction, to entangle him. The standard of Grenada ensured the success of their treachery. Our laws condemn to death, every general who returns from the fields of war, without bringing back this sacred pledge of our glory\*. It was in the cruel hope that this standard might be lost, Boabdil had intrusted it to his rival.

Aben-Hamet's soul was wholly engrossed with the hope of obtaining Zoraida. He marched in triumph, at the head of his gallant army. He could not restrain his transports; and agreeably to the custom of our nation, when they go out to battle, he sung these:

\* This law existed among the first Arabians. At the battle of *Mouta*, Jaffar made incredible efforts to save the standard of Mahomet. Savary, *Vie de Mahomet*, page 151.



these martial strains to the music of cymbals  
and other instruments.

Hark! the trumpet's voice alarms,  
Gallant warriors, clad in arms;  
As love, let valour fire each breast;  
By valour's deeds shall love be blest.

Happy! when, by our souls ador'd,  
Her radiance on the warrior's sword  
Fair vict'ry beams: but, happier far!  
When love rewards the toils of war.

Oft has the fond and constant youth  
Met flighting scorn, for love and truth,  
But, still to valour, beauty's kind;  
Beauty was valour's prize design'd.  
Who conquers in th' embattled field,  
To him shall beauty fondly yield.

Unfollied honour, generous love,  
Whom our impassioned hearts adore!

Oh! let our arms successful prove,  
Or let us, glorious, fall amid the battle's roar!

But,

But, the Zegries had secretly given notice to Gonsalvo. The hero was in Jaen, with his friend Lara, his faithful friend, Lara, the most famous, after Gonsalvo, of the Castilian warriors, and whose valour has been little less fatal to my country than that of the hero of Cordova.

Although their troops were not numerous, yet did not the two heroes wait within the city to receive the Moors, but advanced to meet them. By a skilful manœuvre, they found means to attack our army suddenly, before they had even entered our territories. Our soldiers thus surprised, were struck with a panic. Aben-Hamet strove in vain to restore their courage. He ran forward, fought, called upon Gonsalvo, even stopped the hero in his career, for a few moments, and wounded him. But, Gonsalvo, with a more powerful arm, laid him low on the dust. Then turning upon Octair, he cut away, by a single stroke, the hand which held the sacred standard. Octair seized it in the other. But this was, in like manner, cut off by Gonsalvo. Yet, with the stumps the faithful Octair still held

held the sacred ensign, and pressed it to his breast. Upon this, he received a fatal wound; and the terrible Castilian took up the standard.

Almanzor, at the head of the Abencerragoes, strove to recover it. But, Lara, who had by this time driven the Zegries in flight before him, returned to surround them. The combat was now merely a massacre. Ibrahim, bathed in his own blood, died, invoking the name of his dear Zoraida. Almanzor was sorely wounded, and could hardly stand upon the field. The Abencerragoes, betrayed and abandoned by the whole army, fell, and bled, without asking quarter, or receding a step from the body of the dying Aben-Hamet.

Gonsalvo, who regarded them with admiration, first held his hand. He commanded the Spaniards to open, and suffer them to pass: thus facilitating the retreat of enemies whom he esteemed, whom he desired not to massacre, but to conquer. Almanzor took up the bleeding body of Aben-Hamet, and he was carried off amidst his brethren

brethren who retired, without flight, disorder, or fear, Almanzor still turning upon the conqueror that front which had been often crowned with victory.

Already had the Zegries who first arrived, spread through Grenada, the news of their defeat. Their wives and mothers, with trembling anxiety, awaited, at the gates, the return of the Abencerragoes. Zoraida chiefly, Zoraida asked earnestly for her father and her lover, from all who returned from the battle. She saw the valiant family reduced to a scanty pittance, who, besmeared with blood, and covered over with wounds, bore in their arms, the dying Aben-Hamet. At sight of him in this condition, she uttered a shriek, ran forward, and flung herself upon Almanzor. My father! my father! Have I lost all in this day of horror? Almanzor answered with his tears. Zoraida cast her eyes wildly around, seeking for Ibrahim. She fixed them on the pale face of her lover, viewed Almanzor, as he stood mute, and understanding his silence  
but

but too well, fell down motionless, among the feet of the horses.

She received immediate assistance, and was carried from the place. Almanzor repaired to the Alhambra, to give notice to the guilty king, of the dangers which threatened Grenada. The Abencerragoes, with tears, and amidst general lamentations, conveyed the unfortunate Aben-Hamet to his house.

His wounds were examined. They were numerous and severe. There was yet reason to hope, however, that he might be saved from death. The bleeding of his wounds was stayed, and they were anointed with that precious balsam which we receive from Arabia. Aben-Hamet revived. But, hardly had he recovered the use of his feelings, when pushing away those who stood around him; I am vanquished! cried he, I am vanquished! I have lost her! I have for ever lost her!——

So saying, he tore off the bandages from his wounds; his blood again flowed; and

he

he sank back into that state of insensibility from which he had just revived.

Zoraida alarmed us equally in the palace. In all the depression of the deepest distress, which rendered her incapable of weeping, she gazed wildly upon us, repeating incessantly the names of Ibrahim and Aben-Hamet, and casting her eyes, at times upon the ground, as she pronounced those much-loved names. To this seeming tranquillity, there suddenly succeeded horrible screams, and convulsive motions. An ardent fever soon seized her. In the delirium with which it was attended, she imagined herself transported to the midst of a scene of battle, there avenging the death of her father, and defending the life of her betrothed lord. Every care and every remedy proved inefficacious; and her life was despaired of.

While every family was thus overwhelmed with distress, the victorious Gonsalvo appeared before the walls of Grenada. My brother who had foreseen his approach, my brother our only hope, called our warriors to arms. Boabdil himself, with the Zegries  
marched

marched out to meet the Spaniards. Almanzor, with the Abencerragoes, repulsed Lara from our walls. But, the king, pressed by Gonsalvo, fled before the hero, and made a precipitate retreat into the city. The intrepid Castilian pursued. Although deserted by his followers, he urged onward, and penetrated to the Alhambra. I saw him, my lord, I saw him; his image is still present with me, and makes me shrink for terror. Ah! may you, valiant as you are, never meet him in the fields of fight. Alone, in the midst of our capital, braving a multitude of enemies; overthrowing all that opposed his career, he advanced within a very small distance of me. There, observing, no doubt, that none of his own soldiers was near, he stopped, stood motionless, and then slowly retreated. He seemed thoughtless of defending himself, and gazed, as he retired, with an eager eye, on those scenes which should have been his conquest.

After this alarm was over, we returned to those tender cares, which the condition of the unfortunate lovers demanded. Aben-

Hamet and Zoraida called on death in vain. Their youth and vigour overcame the effects of their distress. The hope of seeing each other again, and the necessity they felt for weeping together, still attached them to life, and enabled them to surmount the sense of their ills.

Boabdil had impatiently awaited their recovery. He repaired, alone, to the apartments of Zoraida. His crime was unknown to the unfortunate maid; and she received him, without horror. The perfidious prince paid, in her presence, a tribute of tears to the memory of Ibrahim, and bestowed lavish praises on his courage. Having for some days feigned a sympathy in the sorrows of his daughter, he then talked of honouring the ashes of the hapless old man by a public testimony of esteem and gratitude. He offered an honourable marriage, as the only means by which he could acquit himself towards Ibrahim.

My Lord, replied Zoraida, too unhappy to be capable of dissimulation, my heart merits no such honourable marriage. This heart



## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA. 1115

heart can love but once ; and it loves Aben-Hamet. If my father's services, if the blood he has shed for you, are of any value in your eyes, if you desire to offer consolation to his shade, fulfil his last wishes ; unite his daughter to him whom Ibrahim chose for his son-in-law. In heaven where he now inhabits, will he know your generous deed, and rejoice that, he has lavished his life for a king who deigns to become a parent to his child.

Boabdil could no longer restrain his rage. Zoraida, cried he, you insult my ill-fated love. Aben-Hamet can no longer aspire to your hand ; our laws consign him to death. Nor can I save him ; although you may.

He then left her, with an air of gloomy indignation. Too well informed that the Abencerrago was beginning to recover strength, he immediately set guards over him, and named old men to sit as judges, and try him for the loss of the sacred standard.

The law sentenced him to death. Aben-Hamet having lost the sacred standard of the

empire, must inevitably die. The judges wept, as they signed their sentence : and the king carried it to Zoraida.

Chuse, said he, presenting it to her, instantly chuse : no delay can be granted. Aben-Hamet must perish ; or you ascend the throne. The altar and the scaffold are ready.

Thunderstruck by these words, Zoraida could make no answer. Her first thought was to snatch a poniard, and deliver herself by a stroke from the dreadful fate that threatened her. But the death of Aben-Hamet would follow her's ; and the certainty of this stayed her purpose. She had no farther hopes of soothing the soul of the savage despot. She hesitates ; she trembles. Boabdil urges her to answer. Impatient of her silence, he calls for the head of his rival. Stay, cried Zoraida, stay ; I sacrifice myself for him ; Take my hand, and let us go to the mosque. Oh ! my father ! such would be your command.

She spoke. The inflexible monarch led her, forthwith, to the mosque. All was prepared for the melancholy ceremony. Zoraida,

raida, pale and languid, appeared amidst a blinded people who offered up their prayers for their new queen, and wished her a long duration of the happiness which she was about to enjoy. In a faint voice she pronounced the vows which sealed the misery of her fate. A thousand acclamations answered, as she spoke; her sighs of sorrow were not heard, amidst the joyous shouts of musical instruments. That day of grief was celebrated with the most sumptuous and splendid festivity.

The king was, however, faithful to his promise. Next day after the inauspicious marriage, he declared, that the youth of Aben-Hamet, his valour, and the merits of his family required an alleviation of the severe sentence pronounced by the judges; and that, as he desired to reconcile his inviolable respect for the laws, with the regard due to the Abencerragoes, he would substitute banishment instead of the punishment of death to which the judges had doomed their chief.

At

At this none could murmur. It seemed mercy in the monarch. Base flatterers loudly applauded this treacherous clemency.

Almanzor, whose piercing eye saw through the shocking mystery of these transactions, sought to prevent the first effects of Aben-Hamet's despair. He repaired to the prison where he lay, and pressing him to his breast; My friend, said he, you shall yet live; the king has only banished you from Grenada: but Zoraida——Zoraida——She is no more! cried Aben-Hamet. She were then less to be pitied. Know the dreadful truth; summon up all your fortitude; consider that, if you sink under your grief, Zoraida cannot survive the shock: she is the wife of Boabdil.

As he said thus, he again pressed the unfortunate Abencerrago to his heart. He strove to hinder him from making any violent attempt upon his own life. But, Aben-Hamet swooned away in his arms. My brother took advantage of his situation; took him up, and conveying him to a chariot which he had made ready, endeavoured to recall him

him to life, and conducted him to one of his castles at a small distance from Grenada.

There, the generous Almanzor, keeping his eyes closely fixed upon his young friend, tried to read, in his features, the secret sentiments of his soul. He offered no topics of consolation; but silently attended, examined, and watched over him, as one whose reason was too much perturbed, to be trusted with the care of himself. Aben-Hamet remained in gloomy silence. His head hung down upon his breast. Not a tear dropped from his eyes. His eye-brows were contracted, and his forehead wrinkled. His teeth were pressed together with gnashing force. He turned away his eyes from the view of Almanzor, whose presence was oppressive to him, and unfavourable to his designs.

Thus passed three days; my brother never leaving him for an instant, nor yet venturing to offer him any of the weak consolations which friendship had to suggest against such overpowering, afflictive ills. At last,

last, Aben-Hamet thus broke through their silence:

Almanzor, said he, with an air of calmness, cease to dread the effects of my grief. I know the soul of —— she who has merited so much of my love; I know her; it was to save my life, she took the resolution —— He paused, raised his eyes to heaven, made an effort to restrain his feelings; and with a smile of bitterness, thus went on: she has been much mistaken——No matter; I forgive her. My resolution is irrevocably taken. I shall put an eternal barrier between her and me. I will go hence to regions where the misfortunes of Grenada, or the accursed name of Boabdil shall never more be sounded in my ear. To-morrow shall I sail for Africa. In its deserts may I find the solitude congenial to misfortune: their lions will shew more pity than our tyrants. You will deign to conduct me to the port of Almeria: this is the last service which I would exact from your friendship. I dare not speak to you of my gratitude; you cannot doubt it; and you think not of it.

My

My brother was deceived by these words. He believed the fortitude of Aben-Hamet superior to his misfortunes. He encouraged him in his purpose. And on the same day, they set out together for Almeria, where several ships bound for Tunis, were awaiting a fair wind. Aben-Hamet seemed now calm. The name of Zoraida escaped not from his lips. Still pensive, but gentle, he communicated his last will to Almanzor, prescribed the division to be made of his property, and the rewards to be bestowed on his slaves. In the country which I am going to inhabit, said he, I shall have no need of wealth. What I carry with me, will be sufficient for my use; and my relations and servants will think of me, the oftener, when they enjoy comforts bestowed by my favour. The brave Almanzor will not forget me. His present kindness convinces me of this. But, I blame myself for detaining him from his family and his wife. Muley-Hassem, and Zulema expect you: Moraima sighs for you; return to them, my respectable friend; return to the enjoyment of the rare felicity of

being the husband of your best beloved : she surely needs your presence. The winds may retard us longer ; our last farewell will not be the less painful for being deferred. Besides, I must accustom myself to the want of all that I hold dear.

Almanzor wept, as he heard him ; but Aben-Hamet shed no tears. He again urged my brother to leave him. My brother, who could not endure the pain of absence from his Moraima, yielded to his entreaties. He bade him adieu, embraced him, and promised to attend to the execution of his last wishes. Then, with a heart wrung with anguish, yet without uneasiness as to the life of the Abencerrago, he hastened back to us.

Aben-Hamet had long impatiently desired his departure. No sooner saw he himself at liberty, than he prepared the dreadful purpose which he had been resolving in his heart. He assumed the garb of a slave. An Asiatic turban disguised his countenance which was, before, disfigured by sorrow. He armed himself with a poniard, left Almeria, and returned straight to Grenada.

He



## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.



He arrived, and proceeded to the Alhambra. He wandered through the wide courts of that immense edifice, found his way into the Generalif, and advanced with rash steps to the apartment of the queen.

Night had begun to spread its shades on the earth. Zoraida was alone in the garden, and was weeping for her Aben-Hamet, by a rose-bush. She had heard nothing of his fate, and had not presumed to mention his name, since her unhappy marriage. But, every evening, she came to weep by that rose-bush, where, in happier times, she had often sitten with her lover. There, while she was alone with her fond recollections, her sorrow, and her love, she fancied, that she once more saw the dear object whose image was impressed on her heart. All that Aben-Hamet had done for her, every word he had said to her, every thing even to the least smile, or the slightest concomitant circumstance, crowded upon her remembrance. She felt her misfortunes less severe for the few moments of this reverie. But, she soon

recollected her real condition, and shed tears of bitter sorrow.

The queen was suddenly surprised to see a slave come up to her. She viewed, and recollected him. She was ready to lift up a shriek of amazement. But, the thought of Aben-Hamet's danger, and her own, with the sudden and afflictive remembrance of what she had been, and what she now was, restrained her voice. Aben-Hamet, said she softly, is it you, Aben-Hamet?—Yes, it is I who have lost you, interrupted the Aben-cerrago, I who cannot live without you, I whose wretched life you have rescued by the most unfortunate of all sacrifices, and who am come to give up the cruel present your pity has made me.

At these words he drew out a poniard, and raised his arm to strike it into his own breast. Zoraida eagerly interposing, seized the poniard. Ungrateful man, said she, ungrateful that thou art, thinkest thou, that I am not already, but too unhappy! Have I not done enough in condemning myself for thy sake, to the most severe of all punishments?

ments? Thy life must have perished by the sword of the executioner; an infamous hand must have cut short thy days; had not Zoraida——

Ah! would to God, cried Aben-Hamet, would to God, that all the torments Boabdil can invent had rather drained, drop by drop, this blood which boils in my veins! I should have blessed my sorrows, they would have had charms for me, I should have died in extasy, thinking with myself, that thou wert still faithful, repeating at every pang, that I carried thy love with me to the grave. Ah! what couldest thou hope from thy weakness?——Didst thou imagine, that I would drag out days of misery which could not be thine? That the pleasure of escaping death would extinguish my love, that passionate, ardent love, which has, from my tenderest years, warmed and swelled my heart, which was to me the life of life, and to which I owed all the virtues I possessed? No, Zoraida, thou art mistaken; thou hast not retarded my death, but hast rendered it more painful. I wished to make thee witness

ness

ness it, that thou might thus expiate thy crime against love, and that I might, with my last sigh forgive thee, that I might tell, and even swear to thee, that, losing the right to love thee, I have lost power to live.

Hear me, answered Zoraida, I fear death no more than thou : and could I have seen and have spoken to thee, but for one moment, I would have given thee this poinard, and would have said ; Let us die together ; begin with piercing this heart in which our mutual vows are so deeply engraven, and by a second stroke deliver thyself from the ignominy which awaits thee. But, before Boabdil, I was between the tyrant and thy scaffold. The barbarian had already ordered thy head to be brought him ; the slave was on his way \* \* \* \* Aben-Hamet, thou, hadst thou been in my room, wouldest have done what I did. I have only another word to say to thee. Honour forbids me to see thee : honour is all that now remains to me, and it I will never forfeit. It commands me to love thee no more ; this God refuses me strength to obey. But, if thou renounce  
life,

life, if thou dare to violate that existence which, alas! has cost me so dear; I swear by thyself, and by my father, that this hand which was promised to thee, shall punish my weak heart for a sacrifice so painful, the purpose of which is defeated by thy cruelty, and which becomes an act of treachery, if it cannot save my lover.

Zoraida then gave him back his poniard. Aben-Hamet had not strength to receive it from her. He gazed on her, and then cast himself at her feet.

Angel of heaven, cried he, how wonderful thy power over me! one word, but one word from thy mouth, a glance of thine eye, the sound of thy voice overturns my purposes, and in an instant, changes my thoughts, and renews my existence. I will live, since it is thy pleasure; I will suffer, and will drag out an unfortunate life, while it is thy will, that I must remain unhappy. I shall never see thee more; ah! I know thee, I love thee too well to hope, or desire to see thee again. But, pity my distress; it is for the last time I ask thy pity. Say, Zoraida,

only

only say, that Aben-Hamet is still dear to thee, that he will ever hold a place in thy heart, that neither time, nor any other power shall ever efface that first delightful passion which once occupied thy soul. If thou desirest me to repeat it, I will live; yes, I swear to thee, I will be careful of my life; my days shall no longer be odious or horrible to me. The idea, the certainty that I am beloved by thee must tranquillize my despair.

At these words, he grasped the hand of Zoraida, but immediately dropped it. The unhappy lady turned away her head, and strove to hide her tears. Go, said she; Aben-Hamet, begone from this place of horror. Think of thy vow; and without requiring a vain confession which duty forbids me to make, see, remember this rose-bush. —Hither does Zoraida come, every evening, to weep.

As she spoke these words, she thought, that she heard a rustling behind the rose-bush. She rose up, affrighted, and making Aben-Hamet retire, escaped quickly herself, and glided with a soft pace, to her apartment.

She

She went upon a balcony which commanded a view of the Generalif. There, trembling, hardly breathing, she looked around, by the light of the moon, and listened with an attentive ear. All was silent through the gardens. Her alarm thus calmed, she fixed her eyes on her dear rose-tree, which she distinguished at a distance, and gave herself up to the melancholy reflections which it suggested.

But, the rustling noise she had heard, when in the garden, was the forerunner of a train of misfortunes. While, beside his Zoraida, the imprudent Abencerrago forgot the dangers that surrounded him, four Zegries had come behind the harbour which concealed them. Distinguishing the voice of Aben-Hamet, they stopped, looked through the foliage, and saw him who was the object of their hatred, whose ruin they had sworn, on his knees before the queen, before the wife of Boabdil. Surprised at the sight, yet overjoyed, they meditated the perpetration of the most horrible of crimes. In their fury, they went instantly to find the monarch.

King of Grenada, said Mofarix, forgive thy faithful subjects for bringing tidings which must afflict thy soul. Thy crown, thy life, and thine honour are in danger. The Abencerragoes have conspired. Aben-Hamet, recalled by them, has already seen his guilty brothers. We ourselves have just seen the traitor, by a rose-bush, in the Generalif, and on his knees before thy guilty queen. In his hands glared the poniard which he has destined to pierce his sovereign's heart.

At these words, Boabdil stood aghast, as if he had been thunderstruck. His surprise was soon succeeded by a terrible transport of rage. They shall perish all, cried he; not one of the odious race shall be left alive; and my perfidious spouse shall die with them.

Avenge thyself, replied Mofarix; but, let prudence direct thy revenge. Otherwise, Grenada is in arms; and the friends of the Abencerragoes will defend them against thy wrath. Follow an advice which is dictated by zealous loyalty: Let thy Guards arrest Aben-Hamet in the Generalif. Meanwhile;  
let.



Let each of the Abencerragoes be brought hither by a secret order, and as they enter the Alhambra, let their heads be cut off.

Boabdil adopted this execrable counsel. His guards soon traced the gardens; and the king's messengers speedily summoned the Abencerragoes to the palace. The Zegries repaired thither in arms. The avenues of the Generalif were lined with soldiers. Executioners were placed in the court of lions, with swords in their hands, to receive Aben-Hamet, and his brothers of the tribe.

The unfortunate Aben-Hamet, more concerned for Zoraida than for himself, was retiring in tears, among the dark arbours, when the king's guards discovered and seized him. He attempted to defend himself, but was overpowered: in spite of his efforts, they bound him in chains, and dragged him into the presence of the monarch.

Traitor, said Boabdil, in words which rage rendered almost inarticulate, here shalt thou suffer for thy perfidious treason, and thy guilty loves. The infamous Zoraida shall shortly follow thee: shortly shall you

two be reunited, agreeably to your wishes ; in the regions of the damned, you will have leisure to judge, whether I know how to inflict punishment on the guilty.

Tyrant, replied the Abencerrago, death was the only favour I desired from thee. Come, satisfy thy thirst with my blood, and satiate thy savage eyes with the contemplation of a spectacle worthy of them. But, Zoraida is innocent ; I swear, she is, in the face of heaven ; in the presence of that God, before whom I am hastening to appear more immediately : never did the chaste——

Ere he could add more, his head fell by the sabre, and rebounded thrice from the marble pavement, still murmuring the name of Zoraida.

Gonsalvo here uttered a cry of horror. Ah ! my lord, continued the princess, this was merely the prelude to what the fury of Boabdil was hurrying him to perpetrate. Hardly had Aben-Hamet expired, when the Abencerragoes came in, from different quarters, without distrust. They were introduced, one by one, into the fatal court of lions.

lions. As soon as they entered, they were seized, and dragged to the edge of the alabaster basin. There, without deigning to speak to them of a which of which they were accused, without even mentioning that they were condemned to die, the executioner cut off their heads, while their blood dyed the waters of that fountain which has acquired celebrity from the circumstances of this massacre \*.

My lips refuse to utter the remainder of this horrid narrative. Horreur chills my senses at the recollection of such crimes. Great God! to what a pitch of depravity and guilt are kings liable to be hurried by rage and evil counsels! Boabdil, my lord, Boabdil, the son of my virtuous father, thus feasted his eyes with the massacre of thirty six young heroes, the hope and strength of Grenada, who had been prodigal of their blood in defending his capital, and who were *not* guilty

\* This base treachery of king Boabdil, and the massacre of the Abencerragoes are still told as authentic facts at Grenada. The stains of the blood of the Abencerragoes are still shewn on the edge of the fountain of Lions. *Du Perron, Savinburne, &c. Voyage d'Espagne.*

guilty no otherwise, than as being brothers to Aben-Hamet.

The whole of this noble family must have perished on that night of horrors,—had it not been for a child, a weak infant, that was educated by the cares of Yezid. That child was never to leave his master; he therefore followed him to the palace. Taking advantage of the darkness and confusion in which guilt eagerly veils itself, he entered, and advanced with Yezid into the court of lions. Hardly had he seen the blood with which it was besprinkled, when he saw his master slain. Seized with terrour, he repressed his cries; he ran hastily out, weeping, wild with fear, and imagining himself already overtaken by the sword of the executioner. He ran precipitately, and took refuge among a company of Abencerragoes who were repairing to the palace, in obedience to the summons of the king.

Approach not, cried he, brothers of Yezid, approach not. My master Yezid, my dear master—they have murdered him before my eyes—See, I am besprinkled with his

his blood——The king, the Zegries, and the executioners await you by the edge of the fountain. More than thirty of your brothers lie dead at their feet——Approach not, good Abencerragoes; they have slain my master Yezid.

The Abencerragoes were struck with surprise, and interrogated this faithful witness. Through his cries and tears, they discovered the treachery which had planned their ruin. Hastening instantly therefore, to their brothers who were coming in from all quarters, they warned them of their danger, assembled, took arms, and in the first violence of grief, returned with fire-brands in their hands, to reduce the Alhambra to ashes.

The outer gates were burst open, and the guards cut in pieces. Like furious tygers, bereft of their young, the Abencerragoes urged forwards and entered the fatal court.

——What a spectacle here met their eyes! Six and thirty of their brethren lay dead upon the marble pavement. The king, and the Zegries appeared amidst the executioners, calling for new victims. The heads

of

of their unfortunate brothers were heaped together in the basin, and dashed about amidst blood and foam, by the fluctuations of the waters!

The Abencerragoes at first gazed on each other in motionless, speechless horror, and then with a sudden yell poured upon Boabdil. The Zegries interposed before the monarch. Superior in numbers, and not inferior in valour, the Zegries slew, and were slain. The alarm spread through the city. The Gomeles, who were friendly to the Zegries, called up the people, to aid their king. Thirty thousand Moors rose in arms. They saw their monarch hard pressed by the potent family of the Abencerragoes. His crime they knew not; they therefore interfered in his defence, and joined the Zegries.

The hapless Abencerragoes were unable to withstand so many assailants. Notwithstanding the exploits which they performed, and the valour which they exerted, they were, after a long contest, forced to quit the palace. Covered with wounds, faint by loss of blood, and pursued by conquerors whose numbers

were

were continually augmented, they were thus driven out of the city ; and detesting an ungrateful country which could thus treat its most resolute defenders, that instant determined to leave it, and vowed never more to return.

Thus we lost that valiant tribe. Thus did that night of horrors, branding Grenada with lasting dishonour, perhaps prepare its captivity and final ruin. But, the implacable Boabdil thought only of his revenge. His wife still lived ; and his fury was yet to be wreaked upon her. I need to refresh my exhausted strength, before I can continue my narrative. I shall therefore leave you to your rest, during the few remaining hours of the day.

Zulema here paused, and notwithstanding Gonsalvo's intreaties, deferred till next day, the story of the queen's misfortunes ; which she then resumed in these words.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF THE

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...



GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK FOURTH.

## ARGUMENT.

*ZULEMA continues her narrative. The queen appears before the people. The four Zegries accuse her. She is condemned to perish in the flames, unless some warrior appear to vindicate her innocence. Dreadful condition of Zoraida. Her conversation with Ines. She writes to Gonsalvo. Answer of Lara. Magnanimity of Almanzor. Piety, and tenderness of the queen. She is led out to punishment. She expects her defenders. Arrival of four Turks. Combat of the Turks and the Zegries. The queen is justified. She refuses to return with Boabdil. She leaves Grenada. The Spaniards approach the city. Muley-Hamet attempts to conciliate the minds of the Abencerragoes. Answer of that tribe. Africa sends succour to the Grenadines. Portrait of Alamar. He falls in love with Zulema, and asks her in marriage. Flight of the princess. She is taken by the Africans, and delivered by Gonsalvo. End of Zulema's narrative.*

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

BOOK FOURTH.

UNHAPPY indeed she who to a cruel duty sacrificed that pleasing sentiment which was the hope and support of her life! After a sacrifice so painful, she supposed that time might, at length aid her weakness, or perhaps soothe the sense of her ills. Vain illusion! To her, time stopped at the period of her misfortunes. If, amid the tumult of the world, she ever sought to divert for a moment the sense of her distress; all that she saw, served only to embitter her sorrows. The sight of a happy pair calls forth her tears a-new: when she beheld a mother caress her children, her heart was convulsed with deep sobbing. When in the stillness of solitude, she renewed her efforts to tear away the dart which rankled in her soul; her efforts were still vain, and the wound was enlarged. In solitude, all the past rush-

ed

ed back upon her mind. Virtue afforded her only resource. Yet, even virtue was inimical to her peace ; it was virtue that still endeared to her the beloved object whom she regretted ; and virtue chode her, at the same time, for the violation of her earliest vows.

Such were the mournful reflexions which occupied the mind of Zoraida, at that very moment when the Zegries dared to accuse her to Boabdil. Ignorant of the misfortunes which were prepared around her, she was alone on the balcony overlooking the Generalif, and was thinking with herself that Aben-Hamet had time for flight ; she thanked heaven that it was so ; and as she could not withdraw her eyes from gazing on that rose-bush which had so often witnessed their innocent conversation, she addressed it in these words :

Sweet rose-tree, witness of our infant loves,

By whose fair side our mutual vows were paid,

Bright didst thou bloom amid these fairy groves,

When the dear youth I met beneath thy shade.

Sweet

Sweet blush'd thy roses, call'd by his fond hand ;  
 How pleas'd we shower'd fresh moisture o'er thy head !  
 Now, but my tears, nought bids thy shade expand ;  
 And all thy bloom and verdure now are fled,

Fair shrub, I see thee, with'ring, die away ;  
 Like thee, O might I steal from sorrow's pow'r,  
 Escape from weary life with swift decay,  
 And weep no more the weight of ev'ry ling'ring hour !

As she ended speaking, she heard a noise at a distance, and saw her slave Ines running up to her. Ines, a young Spanish captive, had been long attached to Zoraida, was the confident of her secret sorrows, and the most affectionate friend she had at court.

There is a massacre in the Alhambra, said Ines, in a tremulous voice. The Abencer-ragoes have taken arms, assaulted the palace, and set it on fire. I was rushing to the scene of bloodshed ; but, your apartments are beset with guards. None can go out, or come in. With what new misfortunes are we threatened ? Ah ! my dear mistress, I shall, at least, perish with you.

She

She spoke, and the noise rose louder. They heard the shock of contending warriors, the cries of the Abencerragoes, and the shouts of their enemies. The queen, pale, chilled, and almost lifeless, sank into the arms of Ines; her strength and the power of speech had left her; she could only shudder and weep. Thus passed she the night; and when with the return of day, tranquillity seemed to be restored, Boabdil's guards appeared before Zoraida. Their captain brought an order from the king, requiring her to appear immediately before the assembled people.

Alarmed, and in terror, she interrogated the messenger concerning the cause of his message. He maintained a stern silence. The queen immediately obeyed the order. Wrapping herself in a veil, and leaning on her dear Ines, she followed the soldiers with trembling steps.

As she passed among the people, their hearts were melted by the sight. She advanced in search of the king, whom she found among the Zegries. Then, lifting her

her veil, she, in a timid voice, asked her barbarous husband, for what crime she was to be punished.

That thou shalt know, replied Boabdil in a frightening tone: and then turning to the people who listened with attention:

Moslems, cried he, in this memorable night, you have supposed, that your exertions were only to save my life, but you have saved the state. Know the perfidious purposes of those base Abencerragoes whom you have expelled from our walls. They had leagued themselves by an ignominious treaty with the Spaniards; and had promised them my head. You saw them assail me in my palace; after piercing my heart, their next purpose was to spread conflagration through Grenada.

Your country owes its safety to you; your king desires that by you his honour may be vindicated. Aben-Hamet, ungrateful wretch, whom my clemency spared, was the assassin chosen by my brethren to take away my life. My guilty wife was an accomplice with him.

This same night, was she surprised in the Generalif, with Aben-Hamet. I cannot speak my shame. Moslems, before you do I accuse Zoraida. You must avenge the outrage which she has committed against religion, our laws, and your monarch.

He here stopped. Zoraida remained mute, being overpowered with surprise and horror. The people, by a long murmur, testified their doubts of the truth of the tale. Then Mofariz, Ali, Sahal, and Moctader, the bravest of the Zegries stood forward. They all four declared that they had seen the queen in the arms of Aben-Hamet, beneath a rose-tree, in the Generalif. They all four affirmed this with an oath, and drawing their scymetars, vowed that with these they would maintain the truth of what they had told. Zoraida heard them, looked upon them with indignation, raised her eyes to heaven, and fell lifeless to the ground.

She received immediate aid and was conveyed to the palace. Ten judges were instantly named. The king ordered the head of Aben-Hamet, the poniard found in his bosom,



bosom, and the garb in which he was disguised to be laid before the judges. So many concurring circumstances of suspicion, with the assault on the palace, the flight of the Abencerragoes, and the testimony of the brave Zegries, convinced or overawed the people. The judges, pressed by the law, by the witnesses, by the proofs of guilt which appeared, at last pronounced the terrible sentence which banished the Abencerragoes for ever out of Grenada; and condemned the queen to perish in the flames, unless warriors should, within three days appear to espouse her cause, and triumph over her accusers.

The palace of the Albayzin, in which my father dwelled, with his family, is on the top of a rising hill, at some distance from the Alhambra. We were late in receiving notice of so many unfortunate accidents. Almanzor, when he heard the news, blamed himself for the death of Aben-Hamet, hastened to the prison of the queen, and demanded an interview with her. Boabdil, whose order was necessary to his admission,

durst not refuse Almanzor. Muley-Haffem, Moraima, and I followed after my brother. We arrived just as the unfortunate Zoraida was informed of the sentence pronounced by her judges and the death of Aben-Hamet.

No, my lord, I will not attempt to describe to you the horrors of her condition. Stretched upon the pavement, her eyes staring wild, and her hair dishevelled, she uttered hollow cries, and inarticulate sounds, in which there was nothing of the human voice. Her hands, her feet, and her whole body were agitated in the most dreadful manner. Her features seemed to be entirely changed. Her faithful Ines sat weeping beside her, supported on her bosom that discoloured countenance, covered it with kisses, and with tears, and endeavoured to hold her hands, which were however too violently agitated by the convulsions for her to retain them. We ran hastily up to her. She hardly knew us. Without answering to our addresses, or rejecting our embraces, she suffered us to lay her on a sofa, where we pressed

fed around her and supported her in our arms. The venerable Muley held the fair face of Zoraida upon his white hairs. Almanzor stood with his hands clasped together, and gazed on her in silence, remaining in one attitude, motionless and pensive.

This day passed all away before she could understand us. Her slave asked us to leave her to rest. My brother resolved to accomplish the generous purpose which he had conceived, left us, and went to the fatal court of the lions, to take up the bloody remains of the Abencerragoes. He caused them to be removed from the city into a sequestered vale, where he performed their obsequies, and concealed the tomb of Aben-Hamet within a thicket of trees.

While he discharged these mournful offices, Muley-Hassem returned with the sage Moraima, to his palace. Notwithstanding the urgency with which Ines pressed me to begone, I remained with Zoraida, and would not leave her, for one moment. Ines then threw herself at my feet.

“I am at your feet, O you

O you, said she, with a transport of which I did not then know the cause,—you who seem to take so lively an interest in the melancholy fate of my mistress, who will, no doubt, join your cares with mine, to save her life,—swear to me by all that is dear to you, that you will not betray the secret which I am going to confide to your fidelity.

I raised her, and assured her of my secrecy. She then took my hand, joined it to the hand of the queen, and pressed both to her heart.

Hear me, said she, and may you approve that with which, methinks, heaven inspires me! Zoraida has only two days left to provide four warriors for the vindication of her honour. Her base accusers are the terror of Grenada, and the favourites of the king. No Moor dares fight them. The bravest would dread the wrath of Boabdil as much as the prowess of these adversaries. Zoraida must perish, if we look only to Grenadines for aid.

I am a Spaniard, and a Christian. I know the heroes of my nation. I know particularly

larly that Gonsalvo, at whose very name your armies tremble, and whose virtues and humanity perhaps surpass his valour. Let the queen write to Gonsalvo, attest heaven to witness the justice of her cause, and commit it to his care. You will soon see Gonsalvo arrive. Either alone or accompanied by other heroes, will you see him triumph, and vindicate the life and honour of my abused mistress.

Thus spoke the amiable Ines. Zoraida hardly heard her. Leave me to die, said she; I desire, I ask for death. I have been the occasion of the death of the most virtuous and most tender of men; Aben-Hamet has died for me: I desire, I am determined to follow him; I ought——

You ought to save your fame, interrupted the young captive; you ought to descend to the grave pure and spotless as you have lived. Would you, that your memory should be tarnished by the imputation of a crime? Would you have your last moments clouded by infamy, and your tombstone inscribed with the abhorred word,  
Adultery?

Adultery? Daughter of Ibrahim, your life is your own, but your honour God's, and you owe an account of it to men. Let them acknowledge, proclaim, and respect your innocence: then may you die.

Struck with these words which were uttered in an elevated tone, the queen embraced her slave and adopted her advice. The fear of dishonour revived her wasted vigour. She considered, with me, the bold project of Ines. We weighed the difficulties attending it. War was declared. Isabella and Ferdinand were approaching to besiege us. Gonsalvo could not, without exposing himself to extreme danger, appear within the walls of Grenada. His single arm, terrible, as it might be, was not equal to a contest with four Zegries. Three companions were necessary to him; and the fear of offending their sovereigns would keep back all the Castilians. Even after these reflexions, and although hopeless of success, the queen still adhered to the proposal of Ines. The moments were precious. She wrote to Gonsalvo, as follows:

“ You

"You are the enemy of the Moors. I am their unfortunate queen, and I must implore your aid. I have been condemned to death. I call the God whom I adore, and him whom you adore, to witness that I am guiltless. Within two days am I doomed to expire in the flames. I can escape this fate only by the victory of four warriors, over four the bravest of the Zegries. I have chosen Gonsalvo for my defender. If that hero, for the first time, refuse his aid to innocence, I shall conclude that heaven has destined me to death and shame, and shall submit, without repining.

"ZORAIDA, queen of Grenada."

When this letter was sealed, I went to the prisons, purchased the liberty of a Spanish captive; and only asked him in return, to bear it to Gonsalvo. I redoubled his zeal in the service, by acquainting him with the importance of the message, and directing him what to say, that he might interest the Castilian. That same night, I conducted him to the gates of the city, where a steed

of my brother's, by my orders, awaited him. I saw him take the way to the Christian camp, and then returned.

More calm, but still in great anxiety, I returned to the queen, and gave her an account of what I had done. She embraced me, and wept. Her young slave consoled her, and caressing her tenderly, strove to encourage her fortitude. She calculated an hundred times, the space of time necessary for the journey of the courier, and of Gonsalvo: and confident, that no obstacle would detain the hero, assured us, that, we should see him in Grenada on the morning of the third day.

Mean while the faithful Spaniard reached the camp by the morning. He called loudly on Gonsalvo. But, to his extreme grief, Gonsalvo was gone. Gonsalvo had been sent ambassador to Fez, and was now conveyed over the African main. The Spaniard wept; and complained loudly to heaven. A soldier pitying his distress, advised him to address himself to the brave and generous Lara, companion and brother in arms to the hero  
whom



whom he fought. Our messenger ran straight to that captain's tent. He obtained a secret interview, communicated to him what he had been directed to say to Gonsalvo, and gave him the letter, which he carried to that hero.

Lara, without hesitation, opened it. As he read, his features glowed, his brow was flushed, his eyes were inflamed. Friend, said he, return instantly to the queen; say to her, that Gonsalvo is absent, but that there is another Gonsalvo behind. To-morrow will I be in Grenada with three of my companions. My friend, at his departure, bequeathed to me the care of doing all the good, that his absence should render it impossible for himself to do; and were he here, if he could envy me any thing, it would be the pleasure of defending the oppressed.

At this part of Zulema's narrative, the hero, greatly moved, uttered a cry of admiration. Tears flowed down his cheeks; those were tears of friendship. Gonsalvo then excused his emotions to the princess, and Zulema readily forgave what appeared so amiable a proof of the hero's sensibility.

Our messenger, continued she, instantly returned with the answer of Lara. Be comforted, cried Ines; your accusers are overthrown. Lara is almost equal to Gonsalvo. Lara, were he not his affectionate friend, might rival his glory. To-morrow, to-morrow, my noble mistress, your innocence shall be gloriously vindicated. To-morrow shall the blood of the Abencerragoes be avenged.

She said, and fondly indulged in the most pleasing transports. She kissed the queen's hands; and hastened to relate all the exploits, and all the illustrious deeds of arms by which the heroes of her nation had signalized themselves. The hope which swelled her heart communicated itself to Zoraida. Her tears ceased to flow. Her soul was calmed, and for a moment felt returning serenity; a faint, and transient joy sparkled in her eyes.

Next day was the day for the combat. All the city were in tears for Zoraida; but no warrior durst undertake her defence. Since the departure of the Abencerragoes,  
the

the unfortunate were left helpless. Almanzor waited on us before the morning.

Queen of Grenada, said he, the fatal day is come. Notwithstanding my anxious assiduity, I can find none to defend you. I blush for my country. Nevertheless, it remains for me to do what I can. I alone will oppose the four Zegries. I may, without other aid, be able to save you, if as my heart believes, the God of heaven takes care of innocence. Come, O queen, and declare that you intrust the defence of your cause to me. And, you, my sister, if I fall, to you I recommend Muley-Hasslem and Moraima.

At these words which were uttered with the calm magnanimity of a great soul, intent upon the discharge of an ordinary duty, Zoraida pressed the hands of my magnanimous brother: O most generous of men, said she, sighing deeply, this proof of heroism and benevolence is what I had expected from you. But, I were deserving of my fate, if, to save my own wretched life, I should expose to danger the stay of Grenada, the only son of Muley-Hasslem, the fond husband

band of Moraima, the hero whose virtues may even disarm the Almighty's wrath, ready to pour destruction on this guilty city. No, my lord, no, my worthy protector; I have sought the aid of warriors, who after their victory may brave Boabdil's resentment: their aid is promised, and they will arrive. I demand, I conjure you by that affecting sympathy which you testify, with my misfortunes, by that love of justice which ever guided your actions, to watch, with your own friends, and with mine, if any yet remain to me, over the welfare of my defenders; let them have nothing to fear from artifice; let honour preside over the combat. Pardon my suspicions, my lord; Zoraida has reason to dread the Zegries.

Almanzor looked upon me with surprise; but respecting the queen's secret, did not interrogate her upon her choice. He promised to keep the lists, and to be, himself, judge of the field, and ran instantly to make the proper preparations.

Zoraida, then, as the time for the decision of her fate was fast approaching, recollected

lected herself for a few moments. Prostrate before the Almighty, she offered up a fervent prayer, implored his favour upon her defenders, and disposed herself with resignation, to appear in his immediate presence, if such were his will. Soon rising, with an air of tranquillity, she came to thank me for my care of her, talked of her gratitude, and expressed her wishes, that I might live happier than she.

While I wiped away my tears, she turned to her faithful slave, and presenting her with a casket which contained her jewels: My best friend, said she, receive, before Zulema, your freedom, which I thus bestow, and these mournful presents, the only remains of my fatal grandeur. Accept these, dear Ines, as the last pledge of my tenderness, as the only favours your queen has to bestow. If heaven has decreed my death, these will remind you of Zoraida. They may afford you a quiet competency in your country where you will sometimes think of me. Let me intreat you to moderate your sorrow. I reserve no power over you, but  
that

that of commanding you to survive me, and of requesting you to remember, that to your fond affection, and friendly assiduity am I indebted for the happiest enjoyments of my life.

As she said these words, she embraced Ines. Ines falling at her feet, pressed her knees, thrust away the casket, and wept over her mistress. I thought myself obliged to separate them; I put an end to a scene of too much tenderness which might have exhausted the strength which they would have farther occasion to exert. Zoraida understood my purpose. She gave me a look of approbation, tore herself with difficulty from the arms of Ines, and went to assume a dress of mourning.

A veil of crape covered her countenance; a long black mantle flowed over the rest of her person. Ines and I resolving to attend her to the scene of the combat, assumed the same garb of woe, and waited in silence, till the guards should come to conduct us.

They came, preceded by the judges. The queen received them with respect, without affecting

affecting a degree of assurance which might have had the air of pride, or testifying that humiliation which becomes only a criminal. She followed them in a car which they had brought to convey her. I was seated beside her. Ines placed herself at her feet. Six couriers, with their harness and housings of a mourning colour, drew us slowly to the square, which was already crowded with people.

In that square was an area marked out for the combat, and inclosed with barriers; a scaffold hung with black, stood near: at a small distance appeared a funeral pile. At this sight, the trembling queen had almost fainted away in my arms; but, being supported by Ines, and summoning up all her strength, she went upon the scaffold, where seats covered with black had been set for us. She seated herself, holding me by the hand, and begging me in a low voice not to forsake her. I could make no reply; tears repressed my voice. I kept my place by her side; and Ines sat down at her feet.

The judges read the sentence. A noise of trumpets was heard, and immediately appeared the terrible Ali, Mofarix, Sahal, and Moctader, mounted on gallant steeds, and invested with glittering arms. They advanced through the crowd, looking sternly around them, as they came forwards. But, when they appeared in the presence of the queen, they either turned away or cast down their eyes. Zoraida, as she viewed them, clung closer to me. The four Zegries entered the lists. My brother then came forward, wearing a bright cuirass, and followed by a troop of Alabez in arms. He immediately closed the barrier; and was proclaimed guard of the field.

The Imams, the people, and the judges observed a profound silence. Amid that numerous crowd, none dared to make himself heard. All stood motionless in their places, having their eyes fixed on Zoraida, the Zegries, and the funeral-pile; all expected, and earnestly wished to see some warriors come to the defence of her whom they pitied, yet deserted. The queen counted the  
moments,



moments, and often turned her head towards the Spanish gate. When none appeared, she looked upon Ines, and sighed. Ines, pale, watchful, and trembling, began to fear that some misfortune might have detained the brave Lara. Time passed away; hour after hour was counted. As the lapse of each was announced, the judges still rose, advanced to the different sides of the square, and in a loud voice called for the champions of the accused queen. They returned and seated themselves in the middle of the square. Their demand was five times repeated; but still no answer was returned. Almanzor viewed me with looks of anxious dread. He went, returned, and walked hither and thither, in extreme agitation; his steed was brought to him, and he called soon after, for his lance. Thrice he seized the barrier, to open it and enter himself, thrice again he stopped, listened, and with his eyes signified to me, that the sun was fast verging to the horizon.

At last, after the fifth hour was expired, at the corner of the square, opposite to the

Spanish gate, a noise of horses was heard, and the people shouted. The crowd made way. Four warriors entered, in a Turkish dress, armed in the fashion of Asia, and mounted on stately couriers, which they urged on at full speed. One of them seemed to be just entering the first stage of youth; the other two were in the flower of their age: and the last appearing by the whiteness of his mustachios to have completed a length of years, bore an immense buckler, the weight of which he seemed not to feel. They stopped before Zoraida, and saluted her with respect. He who seemed their chief, sprung nimbly to the ground, and in the Turkish language, asked permission of the judges to speak to the queen. Almanzor, who attentively observed him, asked him to express himself in the Arabic language. The warrior did so; and my brother, by the order of the judges, conducted him to the scaffold. The stranger then kneeling before Zoraida, addressed her in the following words:

Queen,

Queen, we are subjects of the invincible monarch who reigns in Stambol\*. We were going to Tunis, with orders from his Highness. A tempest cast us upon these shores, where we have learned from the voice of fame, that oppressed by calumny, you were about to perish by an unhappy death. Accept the aid which heaven sends you, deign to intrust your cause to us. Our blood, shed for you, will perhaps prove to the citizens of Grenada, that the natives of Asia know to fall or conquer in the cause of virtue.

As he said these words, which were uttered in a loud voice, and heard with applause, the eastern warrior bowed to the ground, crossed his hands upon his breast, and dropped at the queen's feet, the letter which she had written to Gonsalvo. Ines eagerly took up the paper, instantly recognized it, and in transports which she could scarce hide, said softly to her mistress; It is Lara; they are our friends. Lara heard her, and with a glance of his eye, satisfied the queen, that  
it

\* The Turkish name of Constantinople.

it was he. She, dissembling her secret joy, thus replied :

Yes, I accept you for my defenders ; I regard you as sent by God ; and I call on that avenging God to end my life this moment, if she whom you defend be a criminal.

At these words, the warrior arose. My brother led him back, and the barrier was opened. The Turk, mounting his steed, brandished his lance with a terrible air. With his three companions, he then entered the lists, and Almanzor closed the barrier.

Those four brave knights were the invincible Lara, young Fernand Cortez, the worthy pupil of Gonsalvo, the valiant Aguilar, that hero's father, and the venerable Tellez, grand-master of Calatrava. Lara had chosen these for the associates of his enterprize. All the four, dreading a prohibition from Ferdinand, had left the camp, without his knowledge. By the advice of Tellez, they had assumed the disguise of the Turkish garb ; lest, in a hostile city, they might be detained prisoners of war. The time necessary for these preparations, and the length

of way which they had to travel in coming by Murcia, had occasioned their late arrival.

No sooner were the eight warriors together in the lists, than they began to view each other with looks of keen examination, and to single out, each his adversary. Lara placed himself before Ali, whom he thought the most formidable of the four Moors; old Tellez singled out Mofarix, the detestable author of the conspiracy; Aguilar opposed Sahal; and young Cortez, Moctader. The signal was immediately given; and the combatants rushed together.

At the first shock, none of them was thrown from his horse; only Cortez's steed received a mortal wound. Cortez felt him stagger under him, and dexterously threw himself to the ground. Covered with his buckler, and having his sword in his hand, he awaited the return of his enemy, who availed himself of his good fortune, and turned to trample the young Christian under foot. Cortez nimbly avoided the rencounter, and plunged his weapon in the flank of his adversary's steed. Moctader fell; he  
sprang

sprang instantly up; but Cortez had, by this time, wounded him; at sight of his own blood, the Zegry's fury rose to an extraordinary pitch. The young Spaniard, being the weaker of the two, receded from his blows, and pretended to flee, till Moctader, fatigued and exhausted by the pursuit, afforded him no difficult victory.

In the mean time, the brave Aguilar had divided the head of Sahal. He stood calmly beside his victim, and turned his eyes upon his companions. He saw the venerable Tellez, enfeebled by two large wounds, and sore pressed by Mofarix, who raised his sabre to strike him. Aguilar uttered a loud cry; Mofarix turned round in surprise, Tellez seized the moment, and with his scymetar, struck Mofarix under the arm. The Zegry fell. The old man rushed upon him, wounded him again, disarmed him, and left him with some faint remains of life.

At the same instant, Cortez, being pursued, stopped before Moctader, raised his sword, and wounded him in the belly with a blow, which closed his eyes in endless sleep.

But,

But, the doughty Ali combatted the magnanimous Lara, with greater equality. Their first strokes broke in pieces the armour of the two heroes. The wounds which they mutually received inflamed their rage. On their swift courfers, they could not come into close combat; they therefore leaped to the ground together, and assailed each other with redoubled fury. Victory still hung doubtful; the people kept a profound silence: Zoraida, Ines, and I viewed the scene with agonizing terrour. But, Ali's courage seemed to be unnerved at the sight of his fallen companions. Lara pushed on with rising ardour. He was enraged with himself, when he saw his companions victorious before him. Parrying, therefore, with his sword, the blows aimed at his head, he drew his poniard with his left hand, seized his antagonist, pressed him in his nervous arms; twice plunged his sword into his side, and threw him on the ground.

The ring resounded with shouts of joy. The queen swooned away in our arms. We recalled her to life; while the brave Alman-

zor ran to embrace the four conquerors, and asked them to retire to his palace.

Prince, said the old Teliez, shewing him the expiring Mofarix, let this Zegry be carried before the judges. He may perhaps be touched with remorse, and confess his crime, by which the truth will be illustrated. Mofarix heard what was said, and opened his eyes. The judges then drew near to him.

I have deserved my fate, said Mofarix; Zoraida was innocent. Aben-Hamet fought only to put a voluntary end to his life at her feet. In their unfortunate interview there was nothing criminal. God of heaven forgive me! and may the Zegries learn from this awful example——

Relentless death here stopped his tongue. The judges made his dying confession public.

The four conquerors, mean while, prepared to depart immediately. Notwithstanding their wounds and the intreaties of Almanzor, they went to salute the queen, who could express her gratitude only with tears. Covered with blood, and crowned with glory, admired and blessed by the people, they returned.



returned by the road by which they had come. Almanzor and the Alabez accompanied them to the gates. Thence the four Spaniards hastened to the deep forest, in which they had left their attendants.

Boabdil, when informed of the issue of the combat, and of the late confession of the Zegry, repaired speedily to the scene. He ascended the scaffold, where Zoraida yet remained. At sight of him, she shuddered, turned away her eyes, and sank into our arms. Boabdil, kneeling before her, asked her pardon for the outrages to which she had been exposed, vowed to repair them by treating her with lasting respect, and intreated her to return to the Alhambra, to reign over his people, and himself.

At these words, indignation restored to Zoraida her wonted vigour. Darest thou make such a proposal? said she. Ah! I take God and this people to witness, that thou gavest me up to shame, and didst condemn me to death. Heaven has vindicated my innocence; I have no longer shame to fear: but, if I must return to thy bed, or deliver my-

self to the executioner, my choice is made; let this pile be lighted up; I renounce the ungrateful benefit which I owe to strangers. Grenadines, either throw me into the flames, or rescue me from this tyrant.

She spoke, and a shout declared that she should be free, and that the marriage-ties between her and Boabdil were broken. The judges and Imams advancing, declared to Boabdil, that Zoraida, although rescued from punishment, was nevertheless dead to her husband. The monster was silent. He durst not irritate his subjects. He feared to violate those laws openly, which had so often cast a veil over his crimes. Obligated thus, for the first time, to repress his resentment, he retired to hide in the Alhambra his rage for the disappointment, not his remorse.

Zoraida, knowing this, prepared to leave Grenada that very hour. Almanzor gave her his chariot. Almanzor and the Alabez attended her to Carthama, a city in which the unfortunate brethren of Aben-Hamet had sought refuge. After confiding her to  
their

their cares, Almanzor returned with haste to join us; and we learned that the Spaniards were within two miles of our walls.

The common danger extinguished our jealousies and resentments. The Alabez and the Almorades forgot their wrongs, and joined the Zegries. The tribes were all reconciled to one another, and swore to Boabdil, that they would die for their country. My brother was named general, and prepared to make a desperate defence. The venerable Muley, concerned solely for the salvation of the empire, ran to embrace the knees of his son, and supplicated him to repair the injustice done to the Abencerragoes and recall them to the defence of the city.

Boabdil, out of fear, consented. Ambassadors were appointed to make excuses to the brave tribe, to bear them presents from the king, and to invite them back to the possession of their property, their places, and their rank. My father chose to be one of the ambassadors, himself. He departed, arrived at Carthama, assembled the noble family, who received him with the most pleasing

sing demonstrations of love and joy. Muley condescended to use the most submissive intreaties for the service of Boabdil. He complained of the unfortunate condition of kings, who are ever surrounded with flatterers and deceivers, excused the inexperienced youth of his son, spoke of the danger which threatened religion, the laws, the existence of their country, and, in favour of an undutiful child, exerted all that eloquence which is breathed from the soul, and which is the only art that virtue allows herself to employ.

When he had ended his discourse, Zeir, the new chief of the Abencerragoes, consulted his brethren, and then answered in their name, as follows :

King of Grenada,—for we can acknowledge none but you for our sovereign,—we have given you the most sensible proof of our respect, the only one which it can be painful for us to give : we have heard you to an end. Hear us in our turn. We are ready to die for religion and for you. But, if there were one Abencerrago base enough to forgive

forgive Boabdil, we would instantly sacrifice him to our just resentment. Boabdil—— Great God! at the very name our fury rises above all restraint. Muley, name him no more: remind us not that thou hast the misfortune to be father to such a monster.

But, tyrants pass away, while our country remains. That country is in danger. We will defend it, at the peril of our lives. Carthama is ours. This place we will preserve impregnable. Here we will live independent; and we shall often sally forth to combat the enemy before our walls, and to lavish our blood in defence of the base assassins who plotted against our lives. Muley, ask no more. The Abencerragoes will never again enter Grenada, while it is polluted by the presence of Boabdil.

Thus spoke Zeir. His brethren applauded what he said, and refused, with expressions of horror, the presents which were offered them. They ordered the ambassadors to leave their city. Muley they would have retained among them. But, he excused himself from yielding to their kind persuasions,

sions, and returned to the guilty monarch; with the answer of the indignant tribe. I enquired concerning Zoraida; and was concerned to learn, that she was no longer in Carthama, but had, within these few days, disappeared with Ines.

I lamented and wept for her fate. Alas! my own was soon to be equally deplorable.

Boabdil had long since sent to ask aid from Africa. The erratic tribes of the Bereberes, a pastoral people at the foot of mount Atlas, sent six thousand men, under the command of young Ismael, and his wife, Zora; a happy pair, whose manners, mild and pure, their mutual fondness, and affecting harmony might serve as a pattern to all mankind. They were followed by prince Alamar who was already famous through Ethiopia for his strength and valour, and who hastened with ten thousand blacks to the defence of our walls. Boabdil received him as a tutelary deity, and lavished on him caresses, and vows of gratitude. The conformity of their characters soon united them in confidential friendship.

I was

I was unfortunate enough to please the fierce Alamar. Incapable of that tender respect and delicate timidity by which the charm of love is insensibly communicated from breast to breast, the proud African soon declared his desires to me. Alamar was not a man to whom such audacity could be pardoned. His eyes wild and glaring, his gigantic form, and his footy features could inspire none but sentiments of terrour. I shuddered to hear his tale of love; and his sanguinary valour, with his contempt of heaven, and of the powers of earth had already impressed my soul with an insurmountable aversion for him. I replied with the dignity becoming my birth, and the sentiments of my heart; yet took care not to offend the ally of my country, and the trusty friend of Boabdil.

It was then that queen Isabella, after uniting her army with that of Ferdinand, came to pitch her camp before our walls, and announced to us by her heralds that she had sworn to die or conquer Grenada. Boabdil answered only by sending the African prince to attack her camp. Alamar

spread terrour to the very tents of the queen, hewed down all who attempted to stay his progress, made a dreadful massacre among the Christians, and returned in triumph to ask my hand from Boabdil as the reward of his success. Boabdil joyfully consented. He himself brought the African prince to my father's palace, declared to the unfortunate Muley, that he had disposed of his daughter, and informed him, that I must next day become the wife of prince Alamar.

My father had no authority to defend me. Almanzor was on the Alpuxaras, levying soldiers. Thus destitute of support, with no resource but tears which with tyrants can avail nothing, my only hopes were in my own fortitude. My circumstances gave me the resolute determination of despair.

I went in quest of young Zora, that brave amazon who had come with the Bereberes to the defence of my country. At her first arrival, I had felt for Zora those involuntary sentiments of friendship which virtue always commands. She knew and pitied my misfortunes. She hated Alamar. I  
without



without hesitation confided my sorrows to her sympathizing kindness. I asked her aid. The amiable stranger provided for my escape, and gave me thirty of her brave Numidians to attend me, to defend me from violence, to fall rather than forsake me. Assured of their fidelity, Zora secretly opened to me, the gate which was guarded by her. I escaped from Grenada, with my guard escorting me, but without knowing whither to flee. The city of the Abencerragoes was the safest place of retreat. But, their chief Zeir, and two of his brothers had felt a passion for me; I would not intrust myself even to virtuous lovers. I supposed, that in the vicinity of Malaga, in the lonely palace which my father Muley-Hassem had formerly given me, I might hide my life from the search of Alamar, till I could inform my brother of the violence offered to my heart. I directed my steps hither with my attendants, travelling only by night, for fear of surprize, and praying heaven to save me from the pursuit of my enemies.

My prayers were fruitless. I had hardly reached the shore, when I was furrounded by a party of Alamar's troops. My brave Bereberes resisted and defended me. But, they were overpowered by numbers, and all slain or made captives. The chief of those dreadful Blacks seized me in a dying condition, and carried me on board a ship which lay at a small distance. He came on board himself, with his captives, and then informed me, that his master, to make sure of me for his wife, had directed him to convey me to his dominions.

My misfortunes were at a height. Nothing but death could save me from the horrors of my fate. I would have fought death among the billows, but my guards bound me to the mast. The rest you know, my lord. Your more than human courage has rescued me from those barbarians. But, my unhappy fate has brought me back into the dominions of Boabdil. I tremble at the thought of the dangers which still threaten me. Yet, I feel a secret pleasure in regarding you as my defender.

Thus

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.



Thus ended the narrative of the fair Zulema. Gonsalvo, charmed to hear her, could not express the transports he felt. A thousand thoughts fluctuated in his mind, and he gave up his soul to hope, sadness, and fear. Zulema left him a prey to these sentiments.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY  
1000 S. MICHIGAN AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60607  
TEL. 733-4331

1968

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK FIFTH.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*IMPRESSION made on Gonfhalvo by Zulema's narrative. Situation of the two lovers. Gonfhalvo is detained by his wounds. The siege of Grenada is continued. Preparations made by Ferdinand. Isabella engages the army in games. Bull-fight. Spanish feasts. Vigilance of Almanzor. Dream and terrour of Moraima. Alamar goes with Almanzor to surprise the Christians by night. Isabella's camp assaulted and set on fire. Exploits of Alamar and Almanzor. Death of the prince of Portugal: despair of his wife. Almanzor refuses to enter Grenada, but makes the Moors under his command encamp on the field of victory. Dismay of the Spaniards. Religious discourse of Isabella. She encourages her troops. Lara places them within intrenchments.*

---

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK FIFTH.

**Y**OUNG hearts who know what it is to love, and who have not yet forgotten the day when you first beat for the object of your affections! you remember that the sweet pleasure, the delicious sentiment with which you were ravished, was disturbed by the fear that your vows might be anticipated by some happier rival, and that the whom you wished to please, might be already bound by other ties. She was so fair, and seemed to possess so many virtues, that it appeared impossible for any one to have seen without loving her. Before venturing to declare what your confusion had already told you, with trembling anxiety, you first sought to discover her secret: you were alarmed by a word, you interpreted every look; and when, after a thousand little artifices, and a thousand questions eluded, you learned at length, that her soul was free,

VOL. II.

A a

peaceful,

peaceful, and yet unconquered, that you might aspire to the supreme felicity of first teaching it to love——Ah! young lover, recollect what you then felt, and give all thy days that are yet to come for the enjoyment of such another moment.

Such happiness did Gonsalvo now enjoy. Since the Moorish princess had spoken of her aversion for the savage Alamar, and by relating the story of her life, had convinced the hero, that she was yet a stranger to love, Gonsalvo began to indulge hopes. Still occupied with that story, he had it ever present to his mind; during the silence of night, he still seemed to see Zulema, and listen to her voice. The bare idea of the African daring to aspire to please her, inflamed his fury. He was impatient to be before Grenada, to see that famed warrior, to meet, to vanquish him, and punish him for his criminal audacity. His agitated heart began to feel hatred; and his rage against Alamar made him almost desirous to leave the object of his wishes immediately.

Other



Other thoughts, gentler, but not less fond, occupied the breast of the young princess. Sure of the stranger's love, without permitting herself to desire it, and determining to consecrate her life to him, without acknowledging to herself that she loved him, she formed the design of returning with him to her father. Under his protection, she could not suppose, that she had aught to fear. Muley, Almanzor, Boabdil, and Alamar himself, with the whole Moorish nation would respect or fear this hero. His valour which was known to her, might deliver Grenada; and the daughter of Muley-Hassem was the only reward worthy of being offered to a hero distinguished by so many virtues.

Such were the chimeras which Zulema fondly indulged. But, Gonsalvo's wounds were likely to detain him yet a long while. The princess secretly dispatched a slave to inform Muley-Hassem where she was. While she awaited the return of that faithful envoy, she thought it her duty to dedicate all her time to the care of her deliverer. Ever near

him; incessantly attentive to the progress of his cure, she watched over him, took care of him, and by her conversation gave a charm to the solitude which was delightful to both.

While the time necessary to the restoration of Gonsalvo's strength was passing on, and his pains were softened by such pleasing assiduities; the Spanish army before Grenada lamented the absence of their hero. Humbled by the exploits of Alamar, they longed impatiently for vengeance. The young Chiefs, Guzman, Cortez, and the young prince of Portugal, soldiers, and captains, all loudly urged an assault. Ferdinand opposed their wishes; Ferdinand was not yet ready. Grenada defended by a thousand towers, too extensive to be blocked up, had a communication on the East side, with the Alpuxaras, and obtained from those mountains, supplies of soldiers and provisions. Carthama \*, on the south side, standing

\* This is not the Carthama between Antequerra and Malaga; but another, near Grenada, and at a small distance from Loxa.

ing on inaccessible rocks, and guarded by the Abencerragoes, annoyed the Spaniards. A numerous and warlike people, with many brave allies, defended the besieged city. And the impetuous courage of Alamar, the calm valour of Almanzor prepared an obstinate resistance which time alone could subdue.

The king of Arragon, who had been formed by his father, in his long wars against the French, sent detachments of soldiers to the Alpuxaras, to surprise, and cut off the convoys. He diverted the course of the rivers. He wished famine to combat for him. His foresight went yet farther. Being previously acquainted with that dreadful art which arms the hands of men with thunder, and thus defeats every effort of military force and courage, Ferdinand dug subterraneous caverns under the walls of Grenada, and filled them with salt-petre and sulphur, which would take fire on a sudden; and by their explosion drive all the towers aloft in the air, and leave a free entrance to the assailants. All the apparatus, all the machinery invented by the daemon of war was employed

employed by Ferdinand. Yet, to insure success, he was obliged to suspend the use of it. Aguilar praises his prudence; old Tellez approves his delays; and the intrepid Lara seems, by his silence, to say, that he cannot conquer without his friend.

During this long season of inactivity, the army might have been discouraged. But, Isabella, by the institution of martial games, provided objects to divert the ardour of the gallant youth, while her husband restrained them from the combat. This great queen had long known, how much the presence of the object of his love tends to animate the valour of the Spanish warrior. She knew that, with the youth of her nation, love, ardent love is the best spur to glory. She therefore brought her court with her, to the camp. The fairest of the Castilian dames came in her train: Blanche de Medina Celi, Eleonora de la Cerda, Seraphina de Mendoza, Leocadia de Fernand Nugnez, a crowd of beauties, each of whom was the idol of some hero, were ever outshining each other's charms around the queen. But, they were  
all

all eclipsed by the princess of Portugal, daughter to Isabella \*, who gloried in the name which she merited by her charms, and still more by her virtues. Adored by the happy Alphonso, whom she had lately espoused, the sole care of the fond and youthful princess was to restrain the too ardent valour of her husband. Emulous of the renown of the famous Almanzor, the pride, and the stay of Grenada, Alphonso loudly declared his impatience to try his prowess against the Moorish hero. His trembling spouse durst not forbid the bold attempt; but she felt a gloomy presage which prompted her tears in secret; the very name of Almanzor alarmed her with the most oppressive terrors.

In the camp was a wide circus, with numerous rows of seats around it. There the august queen, skilled in the pleasing art of winning her people's hearts by engaging them in pursuits which coincided with her own pleasures, often invited the warriors of

\* The Infanta Isabella, eldest daughter of Queen Isabella, had married Alphonso, son to the king of Portugal, she became a widow soon after her marriage.

of her army to the favourite amusement of the Spanish nation. There, the young chiefs, without their helmets, arrayed simply in a silken robe, and armed only with a lance, advanced, upon swift steeds, to attack and conquer wild bulls. Soldiers on foot, yet more lightly dressed, held in one hand a purple veil, in the other, a sheaf of sharp-pointed arrows. An Alcaide proclaimed the law of the combat to be, that none of those who engaged in it should receive any aid, or should be allowed to use other arms than the lance, to slay his opponent, and the purple veil to protect himself. The sovereigns, with their courts around them, presided at those bloody games: and the whole army, ranged in wide amphitheatres, expressed, by cries of joy and enthusiastic satisfaction, their extravagant passion for those ancient sports.

The signal was given, and the barrier opened. The bull sprang impetuously into the middle of the Circus. But, the noise of the drums, the shouts, and the appearance of the thronging spectators scared him, and  
he

he stood with an aspect of mingled rage and terrour. A smoke issued from his nostrils; his ardent eyes wandered over the amphitheatre; he seemed to be at once surpris'd and irritated. On a sudden, he rush'd upon a horseman, who wounded him, and fled quickly to the other side of the Circus. The bull exasperated by the wound, pursued hard after him, pawed the ground, and threw himself upon the glittering veil, held out before him by one of the foot-combatants. The dexterous Spaniard, that same instant, avoided the bull's assault, hung the light veil upon his horns, and pierced him with a sharp arrow, by which his blood stream'd anew. Soon pierced by all the lances, and wounded by arrows which left their barbs, each in the wound it made, the animal bounded over the arena, uttered horrible bellowings, shook his sides and neck, to quit himself of the numerous arrows, tossed the sand, and the bloody shreds of the veil, emitted from his mouth streams of red froth, and, exhausted by his efforts, by rage, and by pain, sank down, at last, in a dying condition.

In one of those combats was the rash Cortez near to ending a life destined to nobler exploits. Burning with ambition to distinguish himself before the fair Mendoza, who had long possessed his heart, Cortez riding on an Andalusian courser, wounded a furious bull, and fled. Heedless of the danger to which he was exposed, the young lover still looked towards the beauty by whom his heart was still occupied, when he saw an orange flower with which she had decorated her bosom fall down into the arena; Cortez threw himself to the ground, ran, and stooped; the bull rapidly followed, and was about to strike the imprudent youth—A cry from Seraphina warned him of his danger. Cortez, without quitting the flower, directed his lance, against the shoulder of the animal, and laid him expiring on the sand.

The whole army gave a shout of applause: Isabella would have crowned Cortez. Cortez refused the crown, shewing the precious flower which in his estimation would not have been too dearly paid for, with his life.

He



He covered it with a thousand kisses, pressed it to his heart, broke his lance, and retired from the circus.

Thus passed the day. When night, with her stars, returned, a thousand flambeaus reflected by crystal lustres, illuminated the superb tents of the queen. There, all the beauties of the Court, sparkling in gold and jewels, having their heads uncovered, and decorated only with their long flowing hair, stood in a ring within which the music of hautboys, and timbrels invited the young heroes to advance. They came in a festive dress, wearing a rich and short mantle which was gracefully fastened by a golden buckle. Their broad hats were adorned with red feathers, resembling bunches of diamonds. Their hair fell in buckles, on their snow-white ruffs: and the light ebon down which remained on the upper lip, gave new beauty and dignity to their mild yet manly features.

Each presented his hand to her whom his heart preferred. The instruments of music gave the signal; and in a noble, measured dance, the gravity of which rendered it not

the less pleasant, while its decency improved its grace, the two lovers attracted all eyes, while they looked only upon one another \*. Quicker airs soon enlivened the dance ; they mixed, joined, parted, returned nimbly to the place they had left, fled again, again to meet, and in their movements imitated the transports, the tender surprise, and the soft languors of love †.

When Isabella put an end to these pleasing amusements, and the young beauties, retiring into their apartments, gave to pleasing recollection, the hours destined to sleep: the lover, awake like them, wandered round the happy tent which contained the mistress of his heart. Cortez especially, the amorous Cortez came, every night, to watch till the return of morn at the door of his Seraphina's tent. Only a light veil divided him from his love. But, that veil was impenetrable: it was guarded by sacred respect. Wrapped in his cloak, and leaning on his long sword, Cortez softly touched the plaintive

\* The Saraband.

† The *Sequidillas*.

tive strings of a guitar, and sang to a flow  
air, these words which were from time to  
time interrupted by his sighs.

Thou moon, veil thy radiant light,  
Lest my secret thy lustre betray ;  
Breathe softly ye breezes of night,  
And my plaint to her hearing convey.

Ye youths who ne'er saw the bright maid,  
Whose hearts are yet strangers to love,  
Sleep on, where in peace ye are laid ;  
Should ye hear, ye my rivals must prove.

All day must I hide my fond pain ;  
Not a sigh may my passion reveal :  
I long for the night, to complain ;  
But, night's shades do her beauties conceal,

Nought pleases when she is away,  
This stillness my bosom alarms.  
Return, thou bright regent of day,  
Again let me gaze on her charms.

In the middle of one of those nights,  
when the tranquillity of the camp was dis-  
turbed by nothing but the complaints of  
lovers,

lovers, Almanzor weary after the toils and anxieties with which he was ever occupied when awake;—slept sweetly in the bosom of his Moraima. The hero whose intrepid soul knew no passions, but the love of glory and of his wife, after passing the day in visiting the ramparts, fortifying the posts, animating by his example the courage of the soldiers, returned every evening, when darkness came on, to revisit his lonely Moraima, to soothe her fears for his safety, and to enjoy in her embraces, that pure recompence which chaste love prepares for virtue.

While the fond pair reposed on a bed of purple, in their palace, Moraima uttered a sudden scream, and awaked, in tears. Troubled, heaving violent sobs, and hardly able to breathe, she threw herself hastily into the arms of the surprised Almanzor. He pressed her to his heart, and was bedewed with her tears.

Dear Moraima, said the hero, whence this sudden terrour? I am here, my love; thy breasts meet mine. Thy Almanzor speaks to thee. What can thus terrify thy heart?

Ah!

Ah! my beloved, answered she, what a horrible dream have I had! I have seen—My senses are failing—My voice cannot utter my purpose—I wandered over that wide plain by which we are divided from our enemies: the two armies were within sight; our Moors lined their ramparts—I saw thee clad in all the lustre of dazzling arms, advance alone, to defy Gonsalvo, and fight with that Castilian. I saw thee victorious, yet covered with a crape the black folds of which were wrapped round thee. None durst approach thee. I ran, I flew to meet thee, and attempted to clasp thee in my feeble arms—the crape spread over my head; and we fell together into a lake of blood—

O my husband, O my friend, I know too well the greatness of thy soul, to try to intimidate thee. But, I request, I beseech thee to remember that Moraima has none in the world, save thee. My family is almost exterminated: my father and brothers have fallen by the treacherous cruelty of Boabdil; my mother died of grief; all the surviving Abencerragoes are exiled from Grenada: all  
this

this have I borne, and yet I live. Heaven has left me my Almanzor. On thee have I centered all my affections; thee has my heart made heir of all the tender feelings it has ever known. Wouldest thou, alas! ravish from me the only good that fate has left me? Wouldest thou, more barbarous than fate, condemn thy Moraima——? She would instantly die. She would expire in the most terrible distress. Pity me, thou too valiant hero: promise to remain within our walls, and to satisfy thyself with defending those towers whose sole strength is in thy arm; swear never to leave thy Moraima, or lavish thy life on that fatal plain, in defence of a perfidious king who detests thy virtues, and may perhaps deliver thee to the executioner, when thou shalt have saved his empire.

Moraima, replied Almanzor, shedding some tears, thou art dearer to me than life, but my duty is dearer than thou. I know Boabdil; and thou knowest, as well as I, that I have still one terrible mean left by which I can withdraw myself from his fury. It is not for that monster I fight; it is for  
my

my religion, for my country, that I may leave on my tombstone, a name to do honour to my widow. O my worthy and faithful wife, seek not to unnerve my virtue: thou first taughtest virtue to spring in my heart. By thy example is it maintained there, and by thy beauties adorned. When I cease to love virtue, I must cease to hold thee dear. But, take confidence, my dear Moraima; I mean not to leave our walls; the Moorish interests forbid me to sally forth. I shall remain with thee, my love, with her, whose every word, and look, and smile more than compensate all my toils. Wipe away thy tears; the God of battle will perhaps end our miseries; perhaps my endeavours may soon be successful enough to restore us the blessings of peace. Ah! what glory, what happiness will redound to me, if this people, saved by my exertions, shall say, when they see thee pass; Behold the wife, the beloved mistress of our deliverer!—

As he spoke thus, he embraced her, soothed her anxieties, and promised to abide within the walls. Moraima made him re-

peat those consoling words. She believed; as she ever had believed; all that her Almanzor said. Yet, did not her terrour subside; or her tears cease; till a sound of trumpets was suddenly heard near the palace. Almanzor arose, in surprise. He listened, and heard a confused noise of arms and horses. The hero seized his sword, covered his head with a large turban, hastily put on his cuirass, and without hearing Moraima, went to learn the cause of the sudden disturbance which had alarmed them.

Hardly was he in the square, when he saw, by the blaze of torches, at the head of his black Africans, Alamar, the fierce Alamar, riding on a courser from Suz, covered almost all over with a serpent's skin, whose scales formed an impenetrable coat of mail, and whose hideous and bloody head was folded round his green turban.

Prince of Grenada, said the barbarian, thou sleepest, but I go out against the enemy; thou reatest by thy wife, but I carry fire and sword among the tents of Ferdinand. I have received Boabdil's orders. I run,  
with



with none, but my own soldiers, to attack those proud Spaniards, who thinking us too careless and cowardly to surprise them, prolong their festivities, till famine shall have delivered us into their hands. I go to disturb their revels; I go to besprinkle with blood, their pavilions of pleasure. Dares Almanzor follow me?

He said. The hero viewed him with an indignant smile. Be easy, replied he, Almanzor shall lead thee on.

His orders immediately convoked the Zegries and the Alabez. He demanded one of his couriers, took up his ponderous mace, placed himself by the side of Alamar, and like the God of battles, made the three united squadrons march on together, and issued out by the gate of Elvira.

They advanced through the plain. Before they came to the outposts of the Spanish camp, Almanzor concerted with Alamar, the order which they were to observe. The Zegries, under Maaz, their chief, were to seek the centre of the camp, where the warriors of Castile guarded queen Isabella.

The left side, defended by old Tellez, and the knights of Calatrava, was to be surprised by the Africans, under the command of Alamar. Almanzor and his faithful Alabez were to attack the right wing occupied by Ferdinand and the Arragonefe.

The companies parted, in obedience to these orders, and with equal steps, advanced speedily, but without confusion. The darkness was favourable to the Moors. The security of their enemies promised them certain success. The foremost guards were cut down. They reached the intrenchments; and these the courfers of Africa overleaped. Alamar's then raised a shout of horreur. Almanzor's replied. The Zegries in the centre renewed the clamour. The Moors poured at once upon the three sides of the camp. Like Gætulian lions, meeting in the desert with a herd of timorous roes, they rushed upon the Spaniards, attacked, pursued them, slew equally those who fled, and those who made resistance, threw the dying bodies in heaps together, and feared least their weary  
 army

arms might too soon refuse to minister to their rage.

Alamar, exulting in blood, alone, and already far from his followers, amidst the tumult, and the darkness, hurried over the quarter where Tellez commanded, cutting down all, without distinction, who met his fury. Old Tellez had made the trumpet sound at the first alarm. Having his sword in his hand, but without casque, or buckler, and having some torches carried before him, he ran about, and called upon his knights. Alamar heard him, flew to him, overthrew all who stood about him, seized the old man by his hoary hairs, which had been spared in more than an hundred engagements, and with a blow of his scymetar, cut off that venerable head which had been so long respected. Without stopping in his career, the African rushed upon the band of Calatrava, who were forming themselves in disorderly haste, at the call of Tellez. Alamar came on, like a thunder bolt. Behold your chief, cried he; I ask no ransom. So saying, he threw among them the bloody head of Tellez.

lez, and rushed into the midst of the band, dispersed them, drove them in flight before him, and covered the earth with dead bodies.

In the mean time the brave Almanzor carried terroure through that quarter of the camp in which was the king. The Arragonefe, being furprized and overpowered, fell or fled. Their chiefs, Aranda and Montalvan ftrove in vain to rally the fugitives. They were hewed down by the Alabez, who marching firm, in clofe ranks, like the fea when in a ftormy tide it encroaches upon its fhores, deftroyed and overthrew all that attempted to ftay their progrefs. Almanzor guided their attack, without confufion or rage. He difdained to ftay the vanquifhed. He was more concerned for the confequences of the victory, than for the carnage with which it was to be purchafed. His orders were already given, and the torches kindled. The tents were fet on fire. Columns of thick fmoke arofe, and were pointed with a long, undulating flame. Alamar and his Africans, on the left wing, perceived it; and the flames were foon fpread over Tellez's  
quarter

quarter of the camp. The pavilions fell down; the flames blazed, and rising together, and spreading at once, threatened an immediate junction.

Ferdinand, half-naked, and armed only with a sword, had rushed upon the first alarm, towards the tent of Isabella. There were assembled round the queen, the prince of Portugal, Lara, Cortez, Aguilar, all the heroes of Castile. There the fierce Zegries had been thrice repulsed; and their chief, Maaz, pursued by Lara, had indignantly yielded the victory. Isabella, fearing for the king, ran herself to his aid, just as the monarch equally anxious for her safety, reached her tent. Encouraged by her presence, Ferdinand determined to arm himself, and go out against Almanzor.

But, at the name of Almanzor, at the report of his exploits, and at sight of the conflagration which already spread a terrific blaze, Alphonso, the prince of Portugal, the impetuous Alphonso, sprung forward like a young fawn, bound to meet the arrow of death. Guided by the shrieks of terror  
which

which he heard, he rushed through the flames, met Almanzor, and struck at him with his lance; but the lance was broken on the shield of the Grenadine.

Almanzor, stunned by the blow, stopped, and turned upon the Portuguese his eyes which glared with rage. He was going to strike him with his mace; but he saw him on foot, and followed by few of his soldiers. The generosity of his nature then restrained his rage. Almanzor alighted from his horse, drew his sabre, and advanced towards Alphonso, who awaited him, with his sword in his hand.

They met, and assailed each other. Their clashing swords emitted sparks of fire; their arms resisted repeated blows. Almanzor received a deep wound in the arm; and the weapon at the same time gashed his side. Alphonso gave an exulting shout. But, Almanzor who was equally dexterous in the use of both arms, seized his scymetar with his left hand, and pressing closer upon his surprised enemy, pierced, with a back-stroke, the breast of the intrepid Portuguese. Alphonso

phonso fell, and falling bit the ground; he made some vain efforts to threaten the conqueror; but his voice and life were soon gone together.

O hapless Isabella, unfortunate spouse, and mistress of the expiring hero! at this very moment wast thou informed that the too daring Alphonso was engaged in single combat with Almanzor. Regardless of the cries of the queen, and the intreaties of Ferdinand; young Isabella, pale, with her hair dishevelled, and her dress disordered, ran through the flames, calling, Alphonso, Alphonso— She came and saw her husband, already divested of his helmet, and turning his half-closed eyes upon Almanzor who was leaving him.

Dear Alphonso, cried she, throwing herself down upon his body; stay, dear Alphonso, for thine unhappy wife; her sorrow will soon bring her to join thee. And this is all the felicity of that fond marriage which promised a long series of happy days! Such are the fortunate ties that united us for ever! Alphonso, my dear Alphonso, the

love of Isabella has not availed thee. Alas! I deserved not to be long thy wife; barbarous fate had determined that I should not. It cannot however part us.

Having uttered these words, she arose, with despair in her eyes, seized Alphonso's sword, and was turning it upon her own bosom, when the queen and Ferdinand came and snatched it from her hands. They sought to remove her from the fatal spot: she baffled all their efforts, refused to hear her mother's voice, rejected her tender caresses, and returned to throw herself on the body of Alphonso, and entwine it with her feeble arms.

Almanzor seeing her, at a distance by the blaze of the flames, could not restrain his tears. Unhappy wretch, said he, what have I done? There is the disconsolate widow whose husband has fallen by my arm; the fond wife whose joys I have buried in endless despair! Ah! Moraima—Moraima—soon perhaps——His tears now flowed more copiously: But, driving away those gloomy ideas, and pronouncing the name of  
his



his country, he pursued his rapid career, extended and inflamed the conflagration, and at last joined Alamar, who, red over with blood, and weary with slaughter, was advancing over piles of corpses to meet him.

The two heroes congratulated each other, and agreed in concerting new enterprizes. They perceived by the illumination of the fire, a battalion, presenting a front formidable with pointed weapons, formed at a distance from the ruins of the camp. That battalion consisting of Castilian veterans who had thrice dispersed the Zegries whom Maaz still rallied, were defended on all sides by an impenetrable grove of lances. In the middle sat Isabella, supported by Ferdinand, holding in her arms her dying daughter, pressing her to her breast, covering her with kisses and with tears, and striving at least to remind the inconsolable widow, that she had yet a mother.

Around her were Aguilar, Cortez, Guzman, and Lara, the chiefs, and heroes of the army, moved by this affecting sight, enraged with fortune, and pouring tears at

once of anger and of compassion. They were impatient to attack the Moor, yet could not leave that circle, within which their sovereigns had retreated, and where alone their standards were safe. They glowed with flame and rage, rushed forth in search of Almanzor, but were recalled by the monarch's voice, and obliged unwillingly to return.

Thus the brave native of the Pyrenean rocks whose task is to guard the flock, when confined by chains at the door of the fold, and seeing the wolves prowling at a distance, growls, writhes his body, threatens the invaders, and fills the air with tremendous howlings, gnaws his chain, often stretching it to its utmost length, and gnashes his teeth with indignant rage.

Calm in the hour of victory, and esteeming his success of no account, while Grenada was not delivered from her besiegers; Almanzor proposed that they should jointly make a last attack on that formidable Phalanx, and by destroying it, terminate the war. But the strength of the great Almanzor was insufficient to second his courage:  
the

the blood which flowed profusely from his painful wound, his sufferings which he dissembled, and which a moment of rest had redoubled, would not permit this brave prince to rush again to the fight. The Alabez by whom he was adored, trembling for his precious life, loudly refused to follow him. The Africans, and Alamar himself, satisfied with the exploits of the night, insisted upon returning to Grenada. The hero heard them in pensive silence. He was meditating a new project, by which he might preserve the advantage gained, and which might redouble the consternation of his vanquished enemies. He knew of what importance it is in war, to impress terror, and how often a pompous show does more than even victory. He called the proud Alamar, gathered his captains round him, and assuming over them that noble ascendancy which conscious virtue gives to great men :

Well then ! said he, I yield, Almanzor consents to rest. But you surely have not agreed to lose the fruits of our success, and to retire like fugitives within our walls  
which

which the enemy still continue to threaten. My friends, let us swear never to enter these more, till we shall have exterminated all that survive of the hostile army. Let us set up our tents here; and let the whole army join us. Let us oppose our victorious camp to the camp which we have destroyed; So shall the Spaniard, besieged by us, experience in his turn that scourge with which he has so long afflicted us.

He said. The soldiers applauded, and Alamar approved so noble a purpose. The prince went instantly in search of king Boabdil, to bring that monarch to join them, and with him, the troops and other aids which were necessary. He flew, he reached the Alhambra, and published the pleasing news; the populace and the citizens eagerly demonstrated their joy. The gates of the city opened. Boabdil followed by Alamar came out at the head of his battalions. The field was covered with Moorish warriors, and with horses drawing carriages full of arms, clothes, and provisions. The army gathered round Almanzor, hailed him their  
tutelary

tutelary god, their hero, their deliverer. The king himself confirmed these names. A space had been already marked out; and thousands of tents were soon set up. In the centre, a magnificent pavilion was raised for Boabdil. Almanzor and the Alabez retired to the right wing. Alamar, with his warriors ranged themselves on the left. Within a few hours, the army was encamped. Fresh foldiers in sufficient numbers occupied the advanced posts; and six thousand lances before the camp, exhibited the bloody heads which the fierce Africans had brought as trophies from the battle.

Day soon returned to illumine this scene, and to shew the Castilians the full extent of their misfortunes. Their tents were all consumed: their military engines, and magazines smoked under heaps of ashes. Thousands of carcases floated in streams of blood. Here were unfortunate wretches still breathing under the ruins: there naked warriors whom death had surpris'd in the arms of sleep. Each soldier looked about for some friend or brother whom he had lost.

His pious grief was deceived among the headless trunks. At a distance, upon a point of glittering steel, he spied the head of him whom he deplored. He saw, and turned away his eyes, shuddering with horror and dismay.

Ferdinand, Lara, and all the chiefs looked on each other, but durst form no resolution. The august Isabella became pale at the sight. The intimidated Castilians maintained a gloomy silence ; disorder was spread through their ranks : they trembled, and were ready to flee. But Isabella's sagacity provided against their flight. Isabella, who knew the manners and character of her Spaniards, called in religion to sustain and revive their fainting courage. Accompanied by two holy priests, and preceded by the great cross, the sacred standard of the army, she went through the ranks :

Friends, said she, with an accent of fervour and of hope, let us adore the hand that chastens us ; that hand will raise us up again. The God of armies is on our side. Can he leave the victory to enemies who insult him?

He

He means to try his foldiers : it is his will that we fhould merit the recompence which he has deftined for us. Thofe whom you deplore are now in the enjoyment of that recompence. Yes, thofe whom the devouring fword has laft night cut down, now look upon us from the height of heaven, and hold out to you that immortal palm which angels have put into their hands—Ah ! ceafe, ceafe, chriftians, to weep over their afhes ; they need not your tears, but we need their aid. Let us invoke them. Let us turn our eyes with refpect and confidence upon thefe bloody fpoils which ye feem to view with terrour. Thefe are the remains of martyrs : thefe are facred relics to which we fhall owe our future fuccefs. They give us the fure hope of the deftruction of thofe barbarian Moflems. They draw down upon thofe impious wretches the wrath of the Moft High, who never leaves the injuries fuffered by his faints unrevenged.

The religious Spaniards anfwered with their groans. They fwore to die for their God at the feet of their adored queen : they invoked the Almighty, bleffed the name of

Isabella, and with renewed courage determined to march against the enemy.

Ferdinand restrained their ardour ; yet he knew how to avail himself of it. Half of the troops remained under arms, while the other half assisted the wounded, and buried the bodies of the slain. The queen paid every funeral honour. Lara, in the mean time, marked out, beyond the camp which had been destroyed, a vast space which he intrenched with a deep ditch. In these mournful tasks was the day spent. The army, although exhausted by fatigue, laid down their arms, only to join in those military works. But, the invincible constancy, the submission, and frugality of the Castilians enabled them to bear all without murmuring. At night they retired within their intrenchments ; and a select guard watched at the entrance. The soldiers lay down in no regular order, reclining their heads upon their bucklers, and slept, without laying aside their lances, that they might be ready for the combat, upon the first signal. The chiefs rested near them. The king and queen



queen in a condition still more melancholy than that of their subjects, durst not indulge in sleep.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



# GONSALVO OF CORDOVA:

OR,

## THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

By M. FLORIAN,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND ALSO THE  
ACADEMIES OF MADRID, FLORENCE, &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SKETCH OF

*THE HISTORY OF THE MOORS IN SPAIN.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH,

By MR HERON.

VOLUME THIRD.

---

P E R T H:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,

FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS, PERTH;  
AND SOLD BY A. GUTHRIE, N° 25, SOUTH-  
BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND THO. VERNOR,  
BIRCHIN-LANE, LONDON.

M,DCC,XCII.

NOTES ON CONDOVAT

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

REMARKS

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK SIXTH.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*PIETY of Isabella. She assembles her Chiefs. Discourse of the queen, and enterprize proposed by her. She carries her grand design into execution. Works of the Spaniards. Recovery of Gonsalvo. His loves with Zulema. Arrival of Muley-Hassém, and three Abencerragoes. News brought by one of them. Zulema promised to him who shall vanquish Gonsalvo. Discourse between the princess and the hero. They reveal to each other all their secrets. He sets out with the Abencerragoes. He discovers himself. Combat of the hero with the three Moors. He is victorious, and joins the Spanish army.*

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK SIXTH.

**M**IGHTY is thine empire, O religion! Thou implantest every genuine virtue that blows in the human heart! Happy the mortal, who, impressed with thy sublime truths, finds in thy bosom a sure sanctuary against vice and misfortune! While fickle fortune smiles on his innocent desires, and his days shine unclouded, thou givest new embellishments to the gay and flattering scene; thou renderest the joys of beneficence more exquisite; thou conferrest an additional charm on the delights of a good action. Thy severity is even a benefit. Thou takest away from happiness nothing but what might impair it. Thou forbiddest us to cherish nothing but what we must blush to love. Again, when fortune oppresses a soul obedient to thy sacred laws, then especially, then dost thou afford its surest support. Without enjoining insensibility, which

nature, fortunately for us, has rendered impossible, thou teachest us how to bear the ills which thou permittest to afflict us ; thou descendest into the bursting heart, to soothe its anguish, and to present a last, cheering hope : thou destroyest not that pure sentiment which enables it to suffer and live.

The pious and noble-minded Isabella derived strength from religion only, to bear her misfortunes. Distressed at once by the loss of her son-in-law, by the despair of her daughter, and by the ruined state of her armies, she sought refuge from every ill in the bosom of her God. That God commanded her to think of her people. The hapless mother confided the care of the widow of Alphonso to Seraphina and Leocadia, and bade them conduct her to Jaen. The body of the unfortunate prince was conveyed into Portugal by his attendants, who set out immediately for Belem \*. Having thus acquitted herself of these duties, Isabella repressing her tears, assembled her husband

\* Belem is a magnificent monastery on the banks of the Tagus, where is the burying-place of the Portuguese kings.



husband, and his principal officers, and thus addressed them :

Companions once of my glory, now of my misfortunes, you to whom I am indebted for so many triumphs, and whom fortune has never except once betrayed, you see the sad consequences of this unforeseen attack of the infidels. Thousands of Spaniards have fallen by their hands ; our magazines, our strong-posts, and our military engines are destroyed. The enemy, exulting in their success, are incamped in proud tents before their walls ; while we, with our swords in our hands, watch over the bloody ashes of a ruined camp.

We must chuse, brave Castilians, between a dishonourable peace which will bring ignominy on the Christian name,—and heroic constancy which may render us worthy of immortal honour. Ah ! what a time, just heaven ! is this for us to think of an ignominious peace ! When treasures long amassed, spare me the pain of demanding subsidies ; when my marriage with Ferdinand doubles my energy and the number of my soldiers.

The

## 6 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

The Moors are verging to ruin; intestine discord melts away their strength. A cruel and pusillanimous king totters on the throne which he has usurped. The Abencerragoes have abandoned that fierce and perfidious tyrant: France is my ally: Portugal,—alas! had intrusted her hope to us: Africa trembles at my name; my fleets are spread over its seas; and Gonsalvo will soon be here. What more favourable period can ever hereafter arise to enable us to deliver Spain, and to avenge the contumelies of eight centuries. My friends, I value still more than you, the blessings of a happy peace; I know, that national tranquillity is the first of these blessings, and is necessary to crown the undertakings of a virtuous sovereign. This blessing I wish to secure to my descendants. I hope, that their talents will exceed mine; and that their virtues will make their people flourishing and happy: but, sure I am, that they will not have, like me, the heroes who now hear me, and who know what it is to conquer.

I am not blind to the losses we have suffered. I see the full extent of our misfortunes.

But,

But, the Moslems were lately in a much worse condition. Their despair has saved them. The sight of their pavilions may have discouraged our army. But, my friends, let a greater enterprize discourage them in their turn. They have formed only a slight camp; I will build a city. I will raise new ramparts in opposition to those of Grenada. A vast city raised suddenly before their eyes shall shew them, that this is henceforth our country\*.

She said. The astonished chiefs stood silent. Ferdinand himself was surprised, and ventured not to applaud this bold project. Isabella, with the eloquence of reason and of courage, explained and unfolded her great designs. The inexhaustible quarries, and immense forests surrounding Grenada, the rivers winding through the plain, would afford, in great abundance, the materials requisite for building a city. An hundred thousand labourers, guarded by twenty thousand warriors would soon surround with towers the whole extent of ground necessary

\* See the Sketch, Fourth Period.

cessary for the foundation of the city. Behind these frowning towers might the Spaniards at their leisure finish houses for the citizens. Being masters of the roads through Andalusia, they might easily add Grenada to their conquests; and the Moors, after their defeat, being near to a place inhabited by veteran foldiers, would lose all hopes of ever shaking off the yoke of the victors.

Ferdinand, Lara, and all the captains agreed to a project recommended by such cogent reasons. They all, in admiration of Isabella, wished the new city to bear her name. This mark of respect, answered she, I should gladly receive; but it is more than I have merited; it is for the faith we fight; it is to extend its empire, we propose to rear these walls; Let our town be called *the city of the Holy Faith*; and retain this name while its walls shall remain.

Next day, the accomplishment of Isabella's wishes was begun. She herself chose out the situation; and the line of the walls was marked out in her presence. A number of couriers were dispatched into Castile, Valencia,

cia, and Andalusia, to bring provisions, workmen, and soldiers. The king of Arragon, having his camp intrenched all around, dreaded no new attack. The army prepared to engage in the works: and Lara secretly rejoiced to see that the enterprize was likely to be lengthened out, till Gonsalvo would have time to arrive.

The hero now began to recover life and vigour. The graces of youth were renewed on his countenance: the paleness of his complexion was an additional charm to her who well knew from what cause it arose. Zulema, who was constantly with him, ventured often to interrogate him concerning his birth, his country, and the exploits which she doubted not that he had performed. The hero still turned away his eyes, and made no reply. The princess was afraid of insisting so as to give him pain. But, his silence and the little information she could obtain from Pedro, excited some fears to allay her happiness,

Several days had passed. Every morning, the amiable Zulema conducted Gonsalvo to

the shelter of a shade of intermingled orange-trees and myrtles. She lent her arm to support his tottering steps: she persuaded him to sit down on the brink of a limpid rill which ran through the forest: she seated herself beside him. There, they both, enchanted with the felicity of being near each other, lengthened out those pleasing interviews, dear and precious to lovers, in which nothing said by either was lost; in which even the pauses in the conversation were affecting; in which while they still strove to talk of indifferent objects, the only object that could be interesting to them, still engaged all their thoughts. The beauties of the situation, the calmness of the air, the perfume of the flowers which hung in festoons over their heads, the murmuring of the water which flowed rapidly at their feet, over golden sands, the humming of bees that fluttered among the flowers on the banks of the rivulet, all together added new delights to the soft and charming languor that ravished their spirits. Often would their conversation die away insensibly into silence. Often would

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA. II

would their downcast eyes meet, as they raised them, and then suddenly turn away. Sometimes a tear, or a sigh would escape from Zulema, and suggest a question to Gonsalvo to which he obtained no reply: and Gonsalvo durst complain only by another sigh. Zulema still carried her theorbo with her; and when afraid of hearing too much of what she well knew, proposed to the hero, to sing the following old tale of romance:

THE ROCK OF THE TWO LOVERS.

By battle's fate betray'd, young Fernand,  
In Moorish bands a captive lay,  
A Moorish princess, fair Elzira,  
Soon stole the youth's fond heart away.

Elzira, mov'd with mutual passion,  
In secret for young Fernand sigh'd;  
For love obeys nor wealth, nor station,  
Nor courtly pomp, nor princely pride.

Though long they lov'd in bashful silence,  
Their conscious eyes bespoke their love.

Young Fernand's glow'd with constant ar-  
Elzira's bade him constant prove. [dour;

One fatal day, these faithful lovers  
Roam'd near a mountain's rocky brow;  
Adown whose steep, a thund'ring torrent  
Pour'd, to an awful depth below.

In that lone scene, to love delightful,  
They, eager, pledg'd their mutual faith,  
To love with fix'd, unchanging fondness,  
Till either heart lay cold in death.

But, woe to love! the Moorish monarch,  
Elzira's fire, their steps pursu'd,  
In anger fierce; his brutal soldiers  
Soon round the lovers, threat'ning stood.

The hapless pair, love's destin'd victims,  
Swift fought the mountain's verge extreme;  
Elzira, fearless, trode the border  
Where headlong pour'd the foaming stream.

And stay, she cried, thou cruel father,  
My arms embrace my heart's lov'd lord;  
Or



Or stay, or here we plunge together,  
And 'scape thy rage and pow'r abhorr'd.

The king was mov'd ; he urged not farther ;  
But, while in wild suspense he hung,  
A soldier furious, hasten'd forward  
To where the maid to Fernand clung.

They saw, they sprang, adown the cliff,  
They plung'd, embracing and embrac'd,  
The pool receiv'd them, hapless lovers !  
They rose, then sank to endless rest \*.

Gonsalvo wept to hear this mournful and affecting story. The reflexions which it suggested, oppressed his tender heart. Difference of religion which occasioned the misfortunes of Fernand seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the love and the purposes of the hero of Cordova. Buried in a revery, and having his eyes fixed on the princess, he gazed on her, but spoke not ; but his tears, and his looks sufficiently declared what he felt.

\* This is a true story ; and the place has been named from the event.

felt. Zulema, pensive like him, softly turned away her eye, but soon settled it again upon him. She had ceased to sing, but the hero still listened. Embarrassed, and at the same time sensible of the emotion she had produced in his breast, she hid her blushing countenance with one of her hands; the other still touched the theorbo, and struck some casual notes. These plaintive notes served to increase the tender melancholy, the soft transport which bewildered their senses. Nought could equal the charms, the delights of this mutual silence, this recollection of soul, the calmness of which enabled both to discover and enjoy each other's sentiments, to communicate them without the aid of speech, to concentrate, and to diffuse them.

Thus passed the days of Gonsalvo and Zulema in a series of soft pleasures, and pure delights. Yet, they reproached each other for the concealment of their secrets. Gonsalvo had not told Zulema that he was Gonsalvo; and she had concealed from him a secret of no less importance. Fear lest the discovery should render each an object of  
horror

horror to the other had hitherto held them silent. But this fear was a punishment : on this same day, they separately resolved to reveal all.

Princess, said the hero, when he was next alone with her ; I must now, I fear, lose that dear, delightful friendship with which your heart has deigned to bless me. It is however, more terrible to me to deceive, than to displease you ; know that I have, a thousand times been on the point of making my discovery. But, my courage still failed ; it is even now about to fail me, when I think that in an instant you will perhaps hate me, and will banish from your presence him who cannot live without you, and who from the days when his eyes first beheld you, has felt kindling in his soul——

My lord, interrupted Zulema, who feared the avowal of a passion which she was pleased to discern although not to hear it revealed, to you I owe my life and honour : I am pleased to think that Grenada may soon owe its salvation to the same arm. So many obligations conferred may assure you  
of

of that lively gratitude which virtue prescribes, and which is inseparable from virtue. My father will shortly arrive.

My father shall know that his daughter has been saved by your valour. His friendship and the friendship of Almanzor will reward your generous kindness to me. Ah! would to heaven, that you might all three be permanently united by indissoluble ties! This is the fondest wish of my heart; this is the only wish it can avow.

But, it is time to acquaint you with a secret which I have hitherto concealed from my father; and which is unknown even to Almanzor himself. To you alone will I confide it. After hearing it, you will perhaps have nothing to impart to me.

At these words, Gonsalvo was struck with confusion; a sudden paleness overspread his countenance; and he no longer doubted that the fair Moor had already bestowed her heart on some rival lover. He trembled, and in silent anxiety listened to hear her pronounce his doom. The princess was proceeding, when a slave hastily came in to inform

form her that her father Muley-Haffem was arrived, with two Moorish warriors.

Zulema left Gonfalvo, and ran to meet her father. The old man shed tears, as he embraced her. At last, cried he, thou art restored to me! At last, I press in these arms her whom I have long bitterly deplored: Had thine absence been prolonged, I should have died, my Zulema. Thy slave found me at Carthama. When informed that the impious Alamar had sent his soldiers in pursuit of thee, I went out in quest of my child, accompanied by the brave Zeir, chief of the Abencerragoes, the valiant Omar whom thou seest, and the generous Velid, who will soon be here. Those worthy friends who are all that now remain to us, have traversed our mountains and our sea-coasts, to accomplish thy deliverance. They have followed me hither, where I again see my dear daughter, and find an affectionate child to console me amid all my misfortunes.

Zulema again embraced him, saluted the two Abencerragoes, and excusing to the old man her sudden flight, related how

that Alamar's guards having hurried her by force into their ship, an African prince, sent by heaven, in the middle of a storm, had stood alone against all those enemies, and had rescued her from their fury.

Where is he? cried Muley; where is he who saved my daughter, he by whom I yet live? Conduct me, conduct me quickly to him. Let me see him, and once more press him to my breast.

So saying, the old man left her, and went forward without knowing whither; so great was his emotion! The princess saw with joy, the earnest and tender concern he took. She hastened to call Gonsalvo. As soon as he appeared, the good Muley threw himself into his arms. O my young benefactor, said he, weeping over him, you have restored my Zulema. Ah! what can I do for you? Alas! I was once a king; and possessed a crown, by which I might perhaps have acquitted myself of the debt I owe you. It is mine, no longer; I have nought remaining, but a feeling, grateful heart.

The

The hero received his careffes with modest gentleness. He blushed at the praises which he had merited, paid profound respect to the father of her whom he loved; and looking with anxious eyes on the young Abencerragoes, felt a presentiment, that these were his rivals. Omar and Zeir viewed him. The story of what he had done for Zulema filled their hearts with secret envy. His stay with the princess made them pensive: but their generosity nevertheless bestowed on the valiant stranger, the just praises due to him. The hero heard those praises from them with impatience. Zulema listened with downcast eyes; and her blushes and confusion convinced the Abencerragoes, as well as the jealous Gonsalvo, of what their suspicious hearts had already taught them to fear.

While in anxious inquietude, they all indulged these painful thoughts, the princess who, with a glance of her eye, had read what was passing in the hero's soul, made haste to conduct Muley and the Abencerragoes to the palace. She hoped to find an opportu-

nity of speaking to Gonsalvo, and of ending by a word the pain she saw him suffer. But, old Muley never left him, constantly held his hand, and pressed it to his breast. He knew not yet the late exploits of Almanzor. He spoke to the stranger of the dangerous condition of Grenada, and of the hopes he had already conceived from his valour. Gonsalvo, fixing his eyes on Zulema, and on the Abencerragoes, could hardly reply to the emotions and earnest sollicitations of the old man. The two lovers silently looked on each other, and sighed.

Night had now spread her veil over the earth. Zulema, her father, and their guests seated on Persian carpets, around a font of pure water, which spread a pleasing coolness through a marble hall, were served with fruits for the last repast of the day. Suddenly Velid, the third brother of Zeir, and of the brave Omar, arrived from Malaga, and appearing in the midst of them :

King of Grenada, said he, terrible are the news I bring. An enemy more formidable than Alamar comes against you. Your daughter.



daughter is saved, Muley; but your country is undone. Gonsalvo has returned from Fez, and wanders on these shores.

At the name of Gonsalvo, Muley's face became pale with terroure; Omar and Zeir arose: the Princess by an involuntary movement drew nearer to her deliverer.

Hear me, continued Velid. An African vessel has entered the harbour. It comes in pursuit of Gonsalvo who had escaped by night from a snare which Seid had laid for him. The captain of the vessel tells us that the slender bark in which the Spanish warrior failed, has undoubtedly reached these shores; for his train being permitted to leave Fez, had for several days awaited him with fruitless expectation on the shore of Algezira. Now, brothers, is the moment to avenge and save our country. Let us seek the doughty Spaniard; and let us one after another provoke him to the combat; so shall the lance of an Abencerrago deliver Grenada.

He said. Omar and and Zeir assented with applause: Zulema trembled: Gonsalvo smiled.

Friends,

Friends, interrupted Muley, let this important occasion end your dissensions. You have all three long loved my dear Zulema. You all are worthy of her; but her heart has not yet, that I know, made a choice. Let glory determine what has not been determined by love. Go, pursue Gonsalvo; attack him separately, as becomes Abencerragoes; and he whom you acknowledge the conqueror, shall be blessed with the hand of Zulema.

At these words, the three warriors fell at Muley's feet; while he, turning to his daughter, asked her consent. Zulema remained silent, but darted a rapid glance on Gonsalvo whose eyes were fixed on the ground. She considered, and hesitated; at last in an altered voice, and with a blushing countenance, she thus spoke:

My father, I am dependent upon you. My submission to your pleasure shall always equal my tender regard for you. I esteem the Abencerragoes; their fidelity to my father gives them a strong hold upon my heart. But, while I remember what you  
owe

owe to them, can I forget what I myself owe to this generous stranger? He loves me; this I am not afraid to say; his virtues and his valour render him worthy of being the rival of the generous Abencerragoes. He, as well as they, makes pretensions to my hand; he as well as they, may triumph over Gonsalvo: and I consent to become the prize of this hardy enterprize, on condition that my father, and you warriors permit him to join in the contest.

Thus Zulema spoke, and feared, that she had said too much. The old man approved what his daughter had said. Gonsalvo waited, in motionless silence, till Zeir should speak.

Your gratitude, replied the chief of the Abencerragoes, and the love of this stranger can neither surprise nor offend us. We accept him for the comrade of our expedition. We shall even see him return victorious, if fortune so order it, with pain indeed, but without jealousy. So mean a sentiment finds no place in the hearts of your devoted subjects. But Gonsalvo has been long our mortal enemy.

my. To this warrior he never gave offence. The combat with the Spaniard must first be our's; and I, as chief of my tribe, insist upon being the first that shall try his prowess against the Christian.

Zeir, then said Gonsalvo passionately, be calm; I promise, that thou shalt first combat him. To-morrow, with the return of morn, we will set out. I swear to conduct you to Gonsalvo; and far from contending with you as to the order in which we shall fight him, I promise, that you will find him an over-match for you all three.

At these words, which were accompanied with looks of ardent animation, the proud Abencerragoes expressed high surprise. But Muley prudently interrupted their conversation. He confirmed his promise. The four warriors swore to hold themselves in readiness by the dawn of day. They immediately parted, took leave of the princess, and were conducted by Muley-Hassem to the apartments where they were to rest.

The jealous Gonsalvo was not in a state of mind to taste the sweets of repose. The  
love

love of the three Abencerragoes, the fear that some one might be beloved, the secret, the fatal secret which the princess was about to reveal when Muley's approach interrupted her, all the terrors that love can invent, agitated the soul of the hero. He was anxious and impatient. He longed to see and converse with Zulema, but for one moment, to bid her a last adieu, and with her again to find or to lose all his hopes. Under the influence of these painful sentiments, he arose, left the palace, and proceeded by the light of the moon, to a thick grove of myrtles.

Zulema, in equal perturbation, trembling for the danger to which she had exposed her deliverer, dreading the prowess of Gonsalvo's arm, whom she regarded as invincible, Zulema wished that impenetrable armour might at least second the valour of him whom she sent out to the battle. She ran to ask her father for those old and magnificent arms which Muley had taken from the valiant count of Simancas, and which he had hung up in the mosque of Malaga, as a trophy of his glory. The princess easily obtained

what she required. Four slaves were directed to take at the same time for the use of the stranger hero, the best of Muley's African couriers, which in the soft season of spring ranged at liberty on the delicious shores of the sea. All was to be ready by morn. But, Zulema still anxious, after all these fond cares, now retired to muse in solitude: and chance, or rather love guided her to the same bower to which the hero had directed his steps.

At the turning of a dark alley, they met and uttered a cry of surprise. What! is it you, said the fond Gonsalvo, in confused accents of joy? I am then permitted to see you, once more; to bid you, alas! an eternal adieu, to swear for the last time, that your adored image shall never be effaced from my breast; and that, till death, I shall ever cherish the fond, the sweet remembrance of the moments which I have passed with Zulema——

What do I hear? interrupted the princess; you talk of lasting adieus! Do you suppose that, in going against Gonsalvo, you march

to

to certain death? What! the hero who alone amid so many enemies, made that dreadful carnage which I witnessed, whom I saw triumph over a multitude of barbarians, does he suppose himself already vanquished by that Spaniard? Ah! my lord, I blame myself for having given you an exaggerated representation of his glory. What should I have said, had I been to describe you in that vessel tossed before the winds, with thunder and lightening around; and hewing down those fierce and hardy Africans with your scymetar? So great an exploit never distinguished the great Gonsalvo. Had he witnessed your prowess, he would have turned pale before you. Prince, you are now to contend in the same cause, and for a more pleasing recompence; think that my hand awaits you; think that the tender ties of marriage are henceforth to make our destinies one. I cannot now hide from you, that all my wishes are for your success. You carry with you my heart, my hope, and my happiness. If victory declare against you, Zulema will not survive your fall: it is in

defence of my life you are about to fight. Perhaps rigid honour might rather bid me delay this confession. But, the object in view is, to vanquish Gonsalvo: and my hatred of that Castilian, and gratitude to you, permit me not to disguise my sentiments. Go, attack this warrior, whom cowardly opinion alone renders invincible: go, deliver my country from its cruellest enemy; and think that triumph is the meed of favour,—yours only must be the victory.

She was here silent, and was surprised that the hero could listen without transport to her words. They both stood in silent confusion. Gonsalvo, drooping his head, while fear and joy at once agitated his heart, durst not risk a word which might put an end to all his happiness. But, to deceive her whom he adored, but longer to abuse her who reigned over his soul, was a thought that distressed him more than his fear. He dropped suddenly at Zulema's feet, drew his sword, and presented it to her.

You hate Gonsalvo; you desire his death; ah! hear me, and trust not to other hands  
what



what your own may perpetrate. Pierce the heart of that detested enemy: the unfortunate Gonsalvo is at your feet. It was he who saved your life. It is he who has ardently loved you ever since, upon pursuing his career of victory into Grenada, he saw you near the Alhambra. It was he who, hitherto proud of a name which victory has perhaps made illustrious, trembled, however to pronounce it in your presence, and has a thousand times desired to be the meanest of mortals, rather than the object of your hatred.

The princess hearing these words, could hardly think, at first, that she was not deluded by a dream. Gonsalvo had ended speaking, yet could not she reply. She gazed, and by the light of the moon contemplated that great and famous warrior whom she could scarce help fancying, that she saw now for the first time. She fixed her eyes upon the sword which he presented with a submissive hand, and was surprised, that she could hear the name of Gonsalvo, without emotions of terror. At last, still doubting

if it were he who spoke so soft a language, she questioned the hero; who informed her, how he had escaped out of Africa, and how the faithful Pedro had thought it necessary to conceal his name. This important secret, said he, in a tremulous voice, I was about to communicate to you, to-day, when your father came to set a price on my guilty head. Spare his three warriors a task which however difficult to them, will to you be easy, and punish an unhappy man who has the presumption to adore you.

Gonsalvo, replied the princess, after a long and motionless silence, my heart always directs me in the performance of my duties; it has never yet led me astray; it shall be my sole guide amid the danger to which my virtue is now exposed. First let me merit your generous confidence; and, in my turn acquaint you with what I was going to communicate, when my father arrived. Know then, said Zulema, I am a Christian, Gonsalvo, and the secret is known to none but you. Educated by my respectable mother, my heart and understanding  
adopted

adopted her faith. I promised to her, in her last moments, that I would till death remain faithful to the religion in which she had instructed me. Nothing can make me violate so solemn an engagement. You render it still more dear to me; you make me feel, for the second time in my life, how sweet it is to adore the same God that is adored by the object whom one loves. Think not however, that my religion or my love can tempt me to forget for a moment what I owe to my country and my father. No, Gonsalvo, judge more candidly of me: I owe you all, and I love you with a passion which I can never cease to feel. None but you shall ever be the husband of Zulema: this I swear by the God of heaven. But I vow at the same time, that my hand shall never be bestowed on the enemy of Grenada. I shall ever think of you, and ever regret you. I will brave and suffer every thing, rather than violate my faith to you. But, while this unhappy war continues, hope not to obtain from me the slightest mark of kindness. Go, Gonsalvo, go, discharge all  
your

your duties, as I shall discharge mine: go, aid your brethren; never shall Zulema ask you to hesitate between honour and her. Only one favour do I ask, nay demand from your love; and this you cannot, without criminality, refuse me. You know how highly I respect, how dearly I love my brother Almanzor; my brother is now your's; avoid him, therefore in the field; avoid an impious combat which would make me die of horror, and which must render you and me implacable enemies—Us enemies!—— Ah! Gonsalvo, I shudder at the words. Adieu, adieu, my deliverer, my husband, my only friend. Employ with your sovereigns the credit which you have acquired by your virtues and services, to restore a peace of which I shall be to you the reward. Till that wished moment shall arrive, trust my truth, be faithful, sometimes remember Zulema.—She will often weep, while you are far from her.

Having thus said, she was retiring in haste. The hero, kneeling, stopped her, swearing a thousand times to live and die for her, to regard Almanzor as the dearest of brothers.

Zulema

Zulema received his vows, bade him adieu in a voice almost inarticulate, threw upon him the purple veil which bound her long hair, and with a sorrowing heart and weeping eyes, strove however to hide her tears and deep distress.

Gonsalvo whose soul was divided between pain at leaving the object of his love, and joy at finding that he was beloved,—Gonsalvo pressed to his bosom, the veil given him by his mistress. This veil he was henceforth to wear, as a scarf, and to cover it with a thousand kisses. Indulging now the pleasing hope that peace might be re-established between the rival nations; he was impatient to reach the camp, that he might labour for this happy purpose, that he might conciliate to it the mind of Isabella, and might protect the Moorish prisoners, and send them back to Zulema.

While he was revolving these things in his mind, the return of light began to irradiate the East, and he thought of the Abencerragoes. He ran to awake the faithful

Pedro, bade him prepare for his departure; but concealed from the good old servant, that they were enemies with whom he was going to travel.

Two slaves soon came, and laid at his feet the superb present of the princess. The armour of glittering steel, impenetrable and flexible, defended his whole body. The casque, on which nodded a bunch of scarlet feathers, covered his charming head, but without rendering his aspect less graceful. The round light buckler, armed with a sharp point, bore the emblem of a phoenix, with the word, UNEQUALLED. Gonsalvo suspended the glittering sword by Zulema's veil, which being fixed on his shoulder by a golden buckle, thus passed over his heart. He seized the ponderous lance, and flew after the good old man, to the steed which stood ready for him. At sight of him, the animal raised his head and neighed; his waving mane hung down to his knees; his sparkling eyes seemed to examine his master; his nostrils emitting a thick smoke, were ever opening and shutting.

Gonsalvo.

Gonsalvo leaped upon his back, and the animal though yet untamed, feared to prance under him. He felt all the hero's weight, repressed the ardour by which he was transported, and gnawed the bits of his bridle which were whitened with the foam of his mouth.

Zeir, Omar, and Velid immediately appeared, upon Andalusian couriers, whose long housings trailed on the ground, and were covered with jewels. The device of the Abencerragoes was upon their bucklers. By the girdle hung a sharp scymetar from a chain of gold, and fell upon the folds of the rich stuff which was confined within their boots. Large turbans covered their heads; and in their right hands were lances which had been often stained with Christian blood. They advanced all three up to Gonsalvo, and appeared surprised to see him in Christian armour, but, without enquiring the cause, set out instantly on their expedition.

As they went on their way, the four warriors were long silent. The Abencerragoes restrained by the presence of the stranger

whom they believed to be preferred by Zulema, durst not talk of the sentiment which inflamed their hearts: Gonsalvo thoughtful only of her whom he loved, forgot his companions. But after proceeding together for the space of two hours, they entered an extensive wood where the road divided into several different branches. There they halted, and Zeir spoke thus:

Stranger, thou hast promised to lead us to Gonsalvo, and to give us an opportunity of combatting him: Wilt thou fulfil thy promise? Knowest thou the road which the Castilian has taken? Must we proceed together? Or do we part here?

You must prepare for the combat, answered the Spaniard, in a frightful voice. I promised to deliver Gonsalvo into your hands. My promise is fulfilled. Gonsalvo stands before you.

At these words, the Abencerragoes uttered a cry of surprise. Yes, it is I, continued the hero, I, your enemy and rival. I burn for Zulema; none of you, none in the world may hope to obtain her hand without first



first taking away my life. You yourselves have set it at this price. Come, then, and deserve her. Come, together, or separately, and try your prowess against that Gonsalvo whom you have so impatiently fought, and whom you have found to your misfortune. The Christian, replied Zeir, by thy proud words I know the haughty Gonsalvo and his arrogant nation; but thou knowest little of our's; if thou canst suppose, that three Abencerragoes will join against one Castilian. My arm may perhaps save Zulema from an infidel who is the scourge of her father and of her country.

Immediately the two warriors lowered their lances and rushed upon each other. The hero staggered under the potent blow of the valiant Zeir: that of Gonsalvo wounded the Moor, and overthrew him on the earth. Gonsalvo stayed his hand, and in a calm voice, said; Brave Omar, I await you.

Omar furiously threw away his lance, drew his broad scymetar, and managing with dexterity his fleet steed, urged forward, attacked the Spaniard, wheeled round with rapidity,

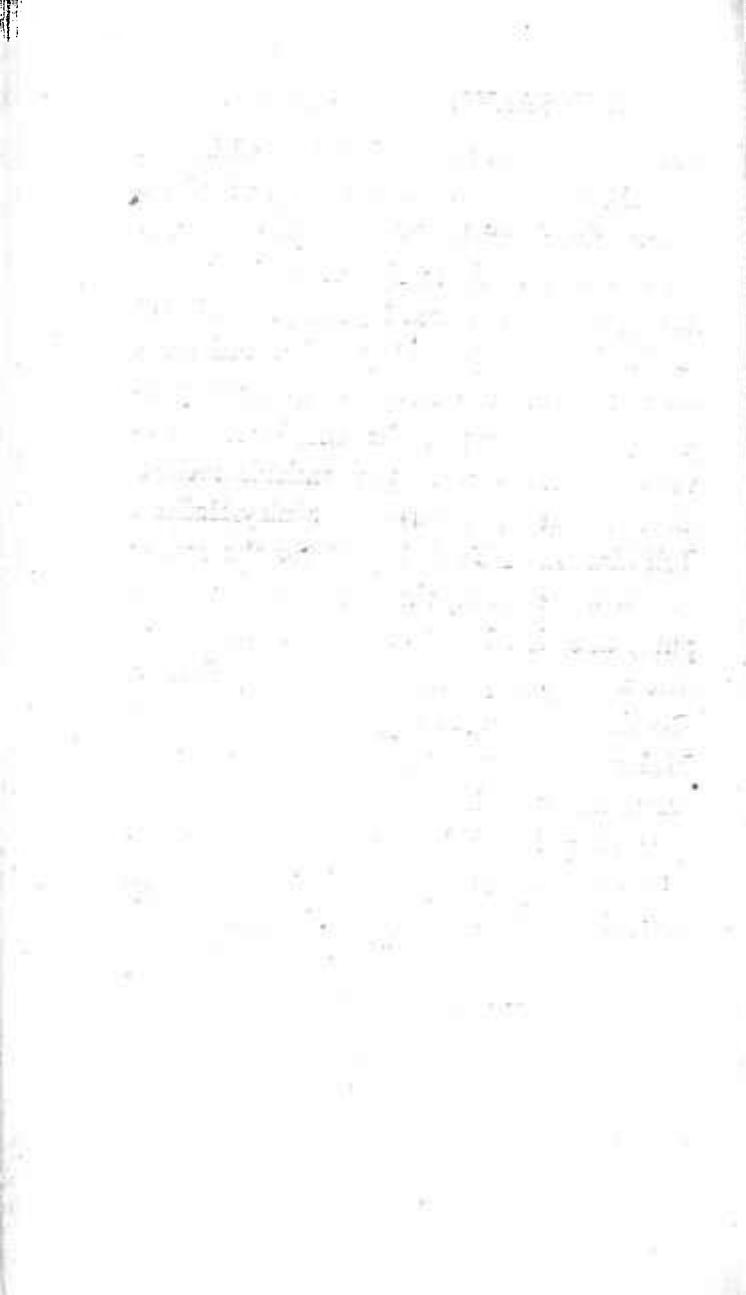
rapidity, and showered his blows upon his armour. Gonsalvo, thus taken by surprise, could only parry his strokes. His long lance was useless in this close combat. He made some vain attempts upon Omar: Omar still struck him, but avoided his attack. Enraged at the tediousness of the contest, the hero threw away his lance, ran upon the Moor with open arms, seized him, lifted him from his saddle, threw him under himself to the ground, and drawing his sword; thy life, said he, is in my hands; but victory only do I desire: I do not even ask thee to cease to love Zulema. Go, I know too well, that such a prohibition were worse than death.

As he spoke, young Velid came up on foot against Gonsalvo, having his scymetar in his hand. Gonsalvo drew his sword. They were both covered with their bucklers, and they attacked each other, struck, parried, and redoubled their blows. Address guided force, and dexterity deceived valour. The sharp blade of Velid still threatened the head of Gonsalvo. The point of the Castilian

was

was turned upon the bosom of Velid. At last, the hero, with the thickest part of his sword, struck with violence upon his enemy's sword, made it fly out of his hand, sprung forward, seized it, and presenting it to Velid; Be persuaded, said he, and force me not to shed the blood of an Abencerrago; you must know, that this blood has ever been dear to me. Go, amiable and valiant brothers; return to Muley-Hassem. Tell him that I blame myself for the error in which I left him, that my intentions were pure, and that I go to my sovereigns to solicit an happy peace. Be assured, that in Gonsalvo whom he regards as an enemy, Muley shall always find the respect, and warm affection due to his virtues.

Having thus said, the hero again mounted his steed, saluted the Abencerragoes, and took the road to the Spanish camp.



GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

## ARGUMENT.

*SENTIMENTS of Gonsalvo. He continues his journey through bye-roads. The rising progress of the new city. Almanzor, in consequence of his wounds, is unable to disturb the Spaniards in their works. Lara watches by night, over the safety of the army. Rencounter with Ismael. Lara takes him prisoner. His humanity to his captive. The Numidian relates his history, describes the manners of the pastoral Arabs, his loves and marriage with Zora, their arrival at Grenada, their parting, the jealousy with which he is tormented. Lara conducts him to the camp. He goes to demand his liberty. Zora defies Lara. Combat, and death of the husband and the wife.*

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

**I**S there any among men who has not felt how highly love, ardent love tends to rouse and animate virtue in generous breasts? Who has not felt his sentiments exalted, the first instant he began to love? The man of insensibility, in the gloomy tranquillity of perpetual indifference, may spend his days without reproach, secure from vice, and in seclusion from the vicious: but if he meet with the enchanting object that is to dispose of his life, if he come to know that pure flame which at once consumes and supports existence; he is thenceforth, no longer the same; his duties are enlarged; his being is exalted; he aims at new and higher perfection. He was before content to imitate, and he now strives to surpass whatever he before admired. His efforts are so many pleasures; the pain they may give him furnishes new ground for

hope. The sacred laws of nature, the sacred love of our country, the affecting cares of humanity soon came to occupy his whole soul: the more faithful he is to them, so much the more will he flatter himself with the hope of pleasing her whom he adores. If his tender and submissive piety makes any sacrifices to the authors of his life, if his courage faces death, to save his brethren, if the cry of the unfortunate urges him to open his liberal hand,—his mistress must know all; the idea, that she will, renders all easy to him. A secret voice still says to him, she sees, she hears you; she witnesses invisibly your actions and your thoughts. Thus is every sentiment expelled from his heart, that might corrupt it; thus all the virtues assemble round the image which fills and purifies it.

Gonsalvo, when he left the princess, felt his ardour for glory redoubled: but it was not the mere ardour for battle. Since he had been assured that he was beloved, his heart had been the more inflamed, and he felt still more strongly his need for that soft, peaceful glory, which may be enjoyed with-  
out



out renown, which great exploits do not always confer, but which ever results from good actions. Forced to live far from Zulema, he had no means to deceive the tedium of absence, but by employing the weary interval in rendering himself the most generous and greatest of men. Since he had vowed to devote his arm, his life, his valour, his whole existence to the most virtuous object that adorned the world; it was only by virtuous actions that he was henceforth to count the progress of his days. The favoured lover of Zulema ought to be superior to all other mortals. He must become more than a hero, that he might not be inferior to his fortune.

Occupied with these high ideas, Gonsalvo, with the good Pedro accompanying him, took the road to Grenada, over the Alpuxara mountains. The road was long and difficult. He was to pass through the midst of enemies. Pedro prudently obliged him often to chuse solitary and unfrequented paths: oftener did the impetuous Gonsalvo meet and brave danger. In those wild regions,  
the

the appearance of a solitary old man, of an unfortunate person whom he desired to succour, of an oppressed person whom he was able to defend, detained the progress of the hero. To the indigent he lavishly distributed the gold which the princess had bestowed upon the old captive. He fought and triumphed, to avenge the weak, suspended his journey from time to time by the performance of favours, and still excused himself to his old follower, who while he tenderly reproached him, wept at the same time in admiration of his conduct.

While they proceeded together over the mountains of Alhama, the husband of Isabella had prepared all things to accomplish the queen's designs. Pines, tufted ashes, the ancient maple, and the magnificent oak had already fallen in the forests, by the axes of the Castilians. Bulls, subjected to the yoke, conveyed this timber to the midst of the space marked out for the city; others drew together a provision of stones. The lime bubbled in lakes covered with a thick smoke; and

and a thousand hands joined to gather the golden sands of the Darro.

In the mean time, victuals, arms, and troops came in from Valencia and Andalusia. Plenty reigned again among the soldiers; and Isabella's treasures were liberally opened to them. Half the army remaining constantly in battle-array, protected the works of the other half. The queen herself presided over the works, prompted, and animated her warriors, promised them certain victory, and persuaded even the meanest among them, that from his valour she expected the victory.

Her brave captains seconded her ardour. Lara especially, the valiant Lara never, for a moment, laid aside his arms. By day, at the head of the Castilians, he drew out their battalions, in the plain, and was surprised that the Grenadines remained inactive in their tents. He knew not, that Almanzor was wounded and unable to lead them out to battle, and that under any other general the Moors dreaded a defeat. By night, attended by horsemen, Lara rode round the  
outline

outline of the city, watched over the safety of the army, and in his constant care for Gonsalvo turned his steps towards the sea.

In one of those evening excursions, Lara still musing of his friend, wandered to a distance from the intrenchments, leaving the reins to flow loose upon the neck of his steed. He marched on, while all around was silence. The moon, from her highest elevation, shed abroad her silver light. Only the bird of night disturbed the air with a slow cry which echo prolonged. All else was quiet, and at rest through the solitary plains; and only a few meteors from the marsh glared here and there.

Suddenly the hero was surpris'd to hear the accents of a soft voice, which sang the following verses in Arabic:

Soon shall I see the nymph my soul adores;  
And should not joy unmix'd then swell  
my heart?

Ye doubts, ye jealous fears, my breast abhorrs,  
Why to my joys this sickly tinge impart?

'Mid

'Mid our deep woods through which secure  
he strays,

As the gazelle flees, trembling, ev'ry eye ;  
So flee thou, Zora, each admirer's gaze,  
For all who see, must for thy beauties fight.

But, vain the thought my foolish heart con-  
ceives ;

Thou canst not hide those charms divine-  
ly bright !

So might the palm luxuriant spread its leaves,  
Yet lurk, unnoticed, from the trav'ler's  
fight.

Lara surprised, looked carefully round  
him, and, by the light of the moon, saw a  
young warrior on horseback. His head  
was bound with a black turban ; his body  
was scantily clothed with a short, white tu-  
nic ; over the tunic hung a bright chain of  
silver which sustained a scymetar. His legs  
and arms were bare, but decorated with  
bracelets. His left hand bore a buckler ;  
and in his right were three javelins. His  
courser, white as snow, had neither harness,

housing, or bridle. Although thus free and fleet as air, he nevertheless obeyed his master; he moved with such velocity as to leave no traces of his feet upon the sand; and slackened or quickened his pace, at the voice of the rider.

At this sight, Lara knew him to be one of the famous Bereberes who had come from the deserts of Africa, to the aid of Boabdil. He ordered twelve of his attendants to take the African prisoner, while the whole troop should spread out into a wide circle; and prevent him from escaping.

The Numidian, thus beset, halted, and on foot, awaited the twelve Spaniards. As they came up, he threw his three javelins. Each laid a warrior low on the dust. The African hastened forward with the rapidity of lightning, and thus parted the pursuers. But, seeing himself still encompassed on all hands, he returned to the first scene of the combat, stooped to the ground, without retarding his speed, took up one of his darts from the breast of a Spaniard, and launching it again, killed another.

Lara

Lara then advanced alone. He ordered his attendants to desist from throwing their darts upon the Moor, forbade them to quit their ranks; and addressing the African:

Brave stranger, cried he, it is enough; deliver me thine arms; attempt no farther a vain resistance; I can hardly restrain my soldiers; let me have the pleasure of saving thy life.

I am too unfortunate to place a value on life, replied the Numidian. I had rather die by your hand, than fall into captivity.

So saying, he drew his scymetar, and rushed upon the hero. Lara instantly threw away his lance, took his sword, and advanced.

They met, and attacked each other. After many blows boldly struck, and artfully parried, neither was wounded. The Moor had no cuirass; but his buckler still received the thrusts of the Castilian's weapon. His fleet feet, which seemed attentive to all the movements of Lara, turned, leaped, and sprung this or that way, attentive to avoid every stroke that was aimed at his matter, and, an hundred times saved him from

death. But the the two combatants were unequal in vigour. The Spaniard's sword soon cut the buckler of the Moor in two, and piercing his shoulder, laid him bleeding on the ground. The Numidian courser neighed in grief at his master's fall, and attempted to defend him whom he could not carry on to victory. He walked round him, strove to cover his body, and raised his feet in threatening attitudes against the victor. But, when he saw the Castilians come up, he fled over the plain, and disappeared from their view.

Lara approached his prisoner, held out his hand to him, raised him up, and examined his wound, which he found to be slight. He then had him placed upon a horse, treated him with all the respect due to valour in misfortune, and marched back with him towards the intrenchments.

The Moor followed, drooping his head, saying nothing to his conqueror, and uttering no complaints. Big tears dropped from his eyes, and his bosom heaved with deep sighs. Lara, who observed him, easily understood



derstood that he was oppressed by some weight of grief. He was afraid of increasing his uneasiness by indiscreet questions. But, he could not resist the tender emotion which the sight of misfortune always excited in his heart.

Valiant Numidian, said he, chance and the shades of night have doubtless favoured me; my victory is much less honourable than the exploits which I have seen you perform. Forgive the fortune of arms which I was unwilling to try. Bear with constancy a misfortune common to all warriors. Your tears are too bitter a reproach upon me for the favours of fortune. I hope, and yet fear, that I am not the only cause of your tears. Are you separated from a friend? Ah! nobody knows better than I, how to pity such a situation; nobody has a better right to soothe your sorrows. If they might be confided to me; I am not unworthy to know them. You have not fallen into a barbarian's hands. To-morrow, by day-break, will Lara set you at liberty, if Ferdinand allows him.

At

At the great name of Lara, the Numidian raised his head. What! cried he, with a mixture of surprise with some small proportion of joy, am I the prisoner of Lara! It is that far-famed hero, dreaded at once and esteemed by the Moors, it is he, who, this night makes me, the most unhappy of mortals! Ah! if you knew, my lord, what your victory costs me, you would regret your having vanquished me.

The virtuous Lara then pressed him to relate the tale of his sorrows. The tender concern he had shewn, the gentle sensibility which his language indicated, and the mutual sympathy of two amiable minds, even in a first interview, determined the young African to gratify his curiosity. He hoped that his story might tend to abbreviate the period of his captivity; and wished, at least, by a frank confidence, to please his generous conqueror. They advanced together before the party. And the Numidian began in these words.

Happy the obscure mortal who, without rank, fortune, or advantages of birth, knows

no duties, save those of simple nature, no pleasures, but those of love, no glory, but that of being beloved. Insensible to that vain pride which has become our most urgent necessity, he leaves not his country to seek, in distant climates, pains and perils which were not destined by nature to be his lot. He lives not divided from the object of his tenderness, nor superadds to the anxieties inseparable from love, the more cruel pain of absence, which nature meant not for him. His days flow sweetly on, in the scenes where they began. The tree under which he sported, while an infant, continues to shade him in the arms of the wife of his heart, and he will repose under it, in old age. His sons and daughters are born in the same hut in which he himself first saw the light. To him nothing changes, or will change. The same sun enlightens, the same fruits nourish him, and the same verdure still continues to gladden his sight. The same society, every day, more and more beloved, still gives him a double enjoyment of the

the benefits of nature, the delights of love, and the charm of equality.

Such should my fortune have been; and such, before the war of Grenada, it was.

I was born among that pastoral people, who having no towns or fixed habitations, live in tents, with their cattle, transfer their camp from one scene of pasturage to another, and roam through the deserts between the foot of Mount Atlas and the frontiers of ancient Egypt. Those people who are descended from the primogenial Arabs, who came from the happy regions of Yemen, under the conduct of Yafrik, subdued those extensive countries, and conferred on them, the name of their leader\*. The vanquished race were doomed to the confinement of cities. The conquerors, who had been always fondly attached to the pastoral life, reserved to themselves, the open country, and diffused their tribes over the extensive land of the palm-trees†.

There

\* See the Historical Sketch, First Period.

† Biledulgerid signifies *the country of Palm-trees*.

There have we preserved the manners and customs of our ancestors. There does each separate tribe keep its flocks and wealth in a circle surrounded by tents woven of camel's hair. Free, yet acknowledging the authority of a Schiech, the camp forms a republic, which settles or removes by its own authority, and determines upon war or peace by the advice of the chiefs of the family. Our Schiech is the arbiter of distributive justice; and the code of all our laws is reduced to this simple maxim; Be happy without injuring the happiness of others.

Our wealth consists in camels, whose unwearied speed can, in the space of a day, convey us two hundred miles from an enemy; in horses, invaluable by their courage, their sagacity, their attachment to their masters of whom they become the favourite companions; in sheep, whose fine wool is the only material of which our garments are wrought, and whose delicious milk is our only beverage. Content with these gifts of heaven, we despise gold and silver, which our mountains might yield us, if our hands,

with the avidity of those of Europe, could condescend to the dirty task of digging in mines. But, verdant pasturage, and fields of rice and barley are in our eyes preferable to those dangerous metals; which occasion a multitude of evils in the world; and which you yourselves, as we are told,—to indicate undoubtedly your opinion of their noxious character,—employ none but criminals to dig out of the earth.

Peace, friendship, and concord reign in the bosom of every family. Faithful to the religion transmitted to us from our fathers, we adore one God only, and honour his prophet. Without perplexing our weak minds with comments on his holy book, or piquing ourselves with a guilty pride on our sagacity in the interpretation of his sacred maxims; we are sure that we always follow him, when we exercise the duties of humanity, and practise those mild virtues which nature engraved in the heart, before they were prescribed in the sublime Koran. We think a good action of greater value than any prayers; justice and alms-giving

are, in our estimation, more sacred than Ramadan; and as in our sandy deserts, we are sometimes obliged to neglect some of the prescribed ablutions, we strive to compensate for this failure by a more assiduous discharge of the duties of charity, beneficence, and hospitality. To the duty of hospitality which the disposition of our hearts renders peculiarly pleasing, we have been faithful for these four hundred years; we revere it as the first of our duties; and love it, as the most agreeable. Every stranger, even although an enemy, that approaches our tents, becomes to us a sacred object. His life, his fortune, his security seem a precious trust confided to us by the most High: we daily ask him to grant us this honour: our heads of families contend for the enjoyment of it. Never does one of them take his meal within his tent. His table is always placed at the tent-door; seats are set; and he dares not sit down, till he has first proclaimed three times: In the name of God, the father of the humane, if there be here a traveller, a poor, or an unfortunate person, let

him come, eat of my bread, and pour his sorrows into my bosom.

Among those men, thus simple, whose manners have been invariably the same, since the birth of the son of Hagar,—and amidst the desert of Zab, did I come into the world, to love my Zora; Zora, the most chaste and beautiful maiden of my tribe; Zora, who having been, in her infancy, bequeathed to my father's care, by his dearest friend, was brought up with me, never left me a moment, loved me almost as soon as I loved her, and could, no more than I, remember the period when our mutual love began. My father, who was Schiech of my tribe, was pleased to see our growing passion, and kindly encouraged it. He often pressed us to his breast, called us his children, and shared between us, his kind caresses. Zora, before she knew what husband was, gave me the name; I, in like manner, called her my wife: and my father, joining our hands, said to me; Ismael, my son, love, and continue through life, to love the daughter of your father's friend. Grow up together,  
and



and cherish one another, like the two palm-trees before my tent-door. You will be the comforts of my old age. You will support my staggering steps in the rapid descent by which I am hastening to the tomb. Marriage will shortly unite you : and you will one day repeat to your children, what I now say, with so much pleasure to you.

Before I had reached my twelfth year, my father had already taught me to throw the javelin, to mount a horse without a bridle, and to hurry him over the sands. Zora, that she might not lose my company, had learned the same exercises, and fancied that she loved them, because she loved me. Clothed in a short tunic which was fastened by golden buckles, having a bow in her hand, and a quiver on her shoulder, she attended all my steps. Sometimes we left our flocks, to pursue the winged ostrich, the dangerous jackall, or the odorous civet-cat. Zora slew them with her darts ; and I celebrated her victories. Sometimes, mounted on fleet steeds, armed with javelins, and accompanied by a troop of young warriors of our own

own age, we went to rouse the lion from his den. We drove him out into the open country; and the echoes resounded the noise of our clarions and trumpets. The furious animal, roaring, and disturbed by the martial noise, sprung upon the horses, attacked and overthrew the hunters; but I watched over Zora; keeping always between her and the lion, I would rather have been torn in pieces, than have suffered her to be hurt; I would rather have lost mine own life a thousand times, than have seen her's in danger. The monster, wounded all over, soon fell down weltering in his blood, and expired; and Zora's javelin bore away the bloody trophy.

Oh! how mournful, and at the same time, pleasing is it to me to recal the remembrance of those too happy days! What pleasure do I feel in giving you this lengthened detail of the manners of my country! The memory of joys that are past is the last joy to the unfortunate. Every morning, by the dawn of day, Zora, my brothers, my sisters, and I repaired to the tent of the dear author of  
our

our days; and there silently awaited the wished for moment of his awaking. None of us would lie down to rest, till after receiving his blessing; nor would we, without it resume the occupations of the day. Kneeling together before the old man, we heard him pronounce a prayer, and invoke for us the creator of heaven and earth.

We then with fond caresses pressed him in our arms. He would often come out with us, to lead to fresh pastures; our camels, our bleating sheep; our bounding steeds, our tender lambs that sought their mothers. The plains resounded with their mingled voices, with the flutes of the young shepherds; and the songs of happy lovers; while our women, remaining in their tents, were occupied in the cares peculiar to their sex, in spinning the wool of our sheep, preparing our food, establishing order in our dwellings, bringing up, and instructing our children to bless and respect their father as the august image of God. And, when we returned, at the close of day, their embraces cheered us, their fond caresses were  
the

the dearer for the short absence which had made us long for them. Our love, ever ardent, although always content, was impatient to express itself by a thousand new testimonies of its tenderness and sincerity. The young lover, and the young husband recounted to the objects of their fondness; the actions of the day, and sang tender songs in praise of their charms. They sat down together to the evening's repast, which consisted of rice sodden in the smoke, goat's flesh roasted on the coals, and fresh dates; these are our articles of food, and are sufficient to vigorous health, and moderate desires like ours. After this frugal meal, our old men, sitting in the middle of the circle, related the history of past ages, the exploits of the brave Kaled, the beneficent acts of the sage Almammon, or perhaps the misfortunes of two lovers exposed to the trials of fortune. We wept for their fate; and with tender looks, congratulated ourselves on our own felicity. As the hour of rest came on, we joined in prayer, thanked heaven for the happiness of

the past day, and retired to sweet repose, till a new day, equally fair, should arise.

My marriage with Zora made our happiness compleat. Zora, seated on a camel, within a pyramid of gauze, was conducted round the camp, flutes and timbrels playing all the while. Through the veil in which she was robed, appeared the beautiful Zora, wearing a white tunic, and on her ears, her legs, and her arms, bracelets of gold. She was conducted into my tent, the threshold of which she lightly overleaped, without touching it. My father put her into my arms; and our brothers, sisters, and friends, remaining before my pavilion, continued till the return of day to celebrate the love of the fortunate husband, and the virtue of the timid virgin-bride.

Alas! the sounds of the trumpet succeeded those songs of peaceful joy. Hardly was my marriage over, when ambassadors came from king Boabdil, begging us, in the name of the prophet, to take arms in support of the cause of God.

Children of Hagar, said they, your brethren of Grenada implore your aid. That lofty capital, the sole remains of your European conquests, is about to fall under the power of the Christians. From the farthest extremities of Spain have the enemies of our faith combined to assail our walls. When masters of our city, they will pass over into Africa, will burn your towns, lay your mosques in ashes, massacre your priests, and violate your women: then penetrating through your deserts, they will carry fire and sword into the midst of your peaceful camps. You may then try to repulse them; but then victories will have rendered them invincible. You may call upon the Almighty, but the Almighty will punish you for deserting your brethren, and for forgetting so long, that he sent you upon earth, to lavish your blood in defence of his law.

These words inflamed our youth, and persuaded our old men. My father, by their advice, determined that the choice of our warriors should march to the aid of Grenada. The cry of war was immediately heard

heard in our camp. To arms, Moslems! To arms! Mount your horses, ye sons of the desert! Go, zealous for the glory of your God. Go, and may your lances open out to you a career of victory!

At these sounds, ten thousand ardent warriors mounted their rapid steeds. My father chose out six thousand, and intrusted them to my command.

Zora, with trembling anxious distress, threw herself at his feet, urged, and intreated, that he would allow her to accompany me. Practised as she was in arms, she was not unworthy of accompanying us: she might well have been our leader. My father, however, hesitated: but the cries of my companions, the tears which he perceived on my countenance, and the intreaties of the whole army prevailed at last over his tenderness. Zora was permitted to set out with me.

I shall not repeat to you, my lord, with what mournful tenderness we bade adieu to my father; nor describe his sorrow at our separation. The remembrance renews my

tears. I still see the venerable old man, turning from me, to press Zora to his breast, leaving her, and returning to me, recommending to us both to shew ourselves worthy of him, and of our country, yet not to rush with fool-hardy temerity upon dangers above our strength. Zora might be unable to follow you, said he to me, weeping; and yet would Zora follow you. You might occasion her death; and you could not survive her. Thus would your imprudence bring both your father and your wife to the grave. Be careful of your life, my dear Ismael. Consider that the eyes of a father will follow you into the field of battle, that my soul will not for one moment stay behind, that the lance which aims at your life, must at the same time pierce my heart.

While he spoke thus, and my brave companions awaited my departure, a black raven pitching on a neighbouring palm, filled the air with her ill-boding cries. My father observed this, and sought to detain me. But, I little concerned at those unmeaning presages, too much respected by our nation, rejected



rejected his tender careffes, and begged him to hide his credulous fenfibility; then embracing him for the laft time, fprang haftily away on my nimble fteed, followed by the fair Zora.

We foon reached the field of victory \*, where Boabdil's fhips received my fix thoufand warriours. We had a fair paffage. Difembarking in the harbour of Almeria, we repaired ftraightway to the ftately city to whole aid we had come. Boabdil received us with eager kindnefs, diftributed the Bereberes among the houfes of the richeft citizens, and affigned my Zora her refidence in his own palace.

But, our ftay in Grenada, foon became difagreeable to me. The fight of a fierce defpot, furrounded by a corrupt court, the contempt in which virtuous morals were openly held,—thofe morals fo highly revered, and efteemed fo facred by our nation,—fhocked the eyes of Zora. Her chafte and timid foul, accuftomed to fee nought about her,  
but

\* *Cairoan*, a fea-port in Africa, the name of which fignifies the *City of Conquerors*.

but innocence and sweet peace, was terrified at the sight of vice, as the gazelle at the aspect of the serpent. She was desirous to return to Africa; she daily intreated me to remove her from that impious court, and at least to carry from a king who knew no restraint to his licence, and no remorse for his crimes. An opportunity soon offered.

Our general, Almanzor, the only man among them who merited my esteem, received notice, that your Castilians were preparing to attack Carthama, the city in which a distinguished tribe had taken refuge. Carthama, although impregnable, yet needed supplies. The Abencerragoes by whom it was defended, having been long irritated against the Grenadines, would receive none but foreign troops within their walls. The brave Almanzor asked me to send my wife thither with a thousand of my Bereberes. I trembled at the thought of parting with her. I could not leave the rest of my soldiers, and I could not live at a distance from Zora. But, her desire to escape from Boabdil and his court, and Almanzor's praises of the vir-  
tues

ties of the Abencerragoes, with the fidelity of my companions, all of whom would have died for Zora, at last determined me. I conducted my spouse to Carthama. Osman, the perfidious Osman, governor of that city, received her with lavish testimonies of respect, and invited me to come often and see again the object of my love. I was satisfied. I returned to Almanzor; but almost every night, escaping secretly out of Grenada on my indefatigable courser, went to pass some moments with my dear wife, to tell her my thoughts, and to repeat, and hear her repeat our mutual vows.

These frequent interviews soothed the pains of absence, and alleviated the sorrow which I unavoidably felt at being divided from my Zora. A torment yet more painful has been added to my former ills. It was but this day I learned that the governor of Carthama, one of those Abencerragoes whom Almanzor described as heroes, that Osman, the base Osman dared to sigh for my wife, and had avowed to her his passion.

No,

No, my lord, you know not, you cannot conceive the dreadful, the fatal sway which jealousy exercises over the our hearts. This is the most lively and violent passion known in our torrid climates. No crime, no injury is in our estimation equal to that of looking on our wives or mistresses with an eye of desire; no atrocity of vengeance is esteemed punishment too severe for such an affront. Although lavish of what we possess, gentle, peaceful, and hospitable, we become more barbarous, more savage, more sanguinary than the lions of the desert; whenever we see the object of our tenderness ravished from us.

No sooner was I informed of Osman's crime, than I resolved to fly to Carthama, to remain with Zora, and to seek with impatience some fair occasion of plunging this sword a thousand times into the heart of the audacious Osman.

I was on my way. Alas! I thought that our late victory, and the burning of your camp had rendered my journey safe. The idea of again seeing Zora, of joining her, to leave her

her no more, the hope of avenging myself on a traitor, swelled my soul with joy, when your soldiers suddenly appearing, invested me on all hands. Had it not been for yourself, I might perhaps have escaped from their hands: but your invincible arm has triumphed over all my efforts, and your victory costs me the most precious moments of my life.

Such was the cause of my tears. Zora expects me; and I am a captive. Osman is with Zora. I am in the chains of the Spaniards. Can you be surpris'd at my tears?

Wipe them away, returned Lara. I will repair the evil I have done. I haste to ask my king to set you at liberty, as it is more than I myself can do. My own horse shall carry you to Carthama; by day-break shall you see Zora. And if in return for my zeal in your interests, you honour me with some share of your friendship, it will be more precious to me, than all the laurels of glory.

As he said thus, they reached the intrenchments. Lara, being known by the guards, entered, with his prisoner. He conducted him

to his own tent, put him into the hands of his servants, and shewed him every kind attention, with which he could have treated a brother. While the wounded Numidian was thus tenderly cared for, his kind preserver went to give Ferdinand an account of his nocturnal excursion.

The king of Arragon and his august spouse were at this time in council. An unknown stranger, protected only by Isabella, whose genius had discovered in that obscure person a great man, had come to explain to the two Sovereigns the splendid designs which he had formed. The stranger was Columbus. He proposed the discovery and conquest of a new world; and asked for this only one ship. The whole council hesitated to grant his request: not so Isabella.

Soon as Lara appeared, he took his place. The important affair in agitation hindered the hero from speaking immediately to the king. The time passed on; Ismael was impatient to see Lara return.

But, the Berebere's steed that had escaped from the scene of the combat, had taken by himself

himself the way which he had so often travelled before. In the hurry of fear, he ran, he flew towards Carthama, where Zora alarmed, awaited her husband in sighing expectation. Hour after hour passed on ; she counted the sad moments. She revolved in her mind all the dangers to which the object of her love might be exposed ; and those were magnified by her imagination. The most gloomy ideas crowded up in her mind. A mortal terror seized her soul ; a dreadful anticipation of calamity prompted her groans and tears. Unable to bear the agony which she felt, she resolved to go herself to her dear Ismael. She fancied that she should suffer less when seeking the object whom her heart desired, that she would tremble less for him, when exposed herself to the same dangers as he.

To deceive the guards that watched at the gates, Zora assumed the military dress of the Abencerragoes. She went through the city on horseback, and pretending an order from Osman, made the gates be opened, and

proceeded towards Grenada, still looking all around for her husband with anxious eyes.

She soon heard the founding steps of a steed. She stopped, and listened, in breathless suspense. The noise continued, the steed approached, still beating the ground with equal steps, and the ground still echoing the sound of his footsteps. Zora, motionless, and with a palpitating heart, at last perceived the courser. His white colour, and long mane made Zora tremble. She flew, she called Ismael. At that name and the voice in which it was uttered, he raised his head and advanced towards Zora. Zora viewed him. It was the steed of her husband. He was alone, and was besmeared with blood. His master must, doubtless, have perished by the hands of some barbarous Spaniard.

Wild with her grief, fear, and love, Zora mounted the bloody steed, and suffered him to carry her whither he would. She accused heaven, and called on its justice to avenge her Ismael. The sagacious courser turned back, redoubled his speed, and carried Zora  
 swiftly



swiftly to the place where her lover had fallen. There he stopped. Zora viewed the spot, and saw the bodies of the four Spaniards whom the Berebere had slain. No longer doubting of her misfortune, she sought for the body of Ismael, discovered his broken buckler, and saw the ground wet with blood. She then uttered the most doleful cries, and fell down, half dead, upon those spoils of the field; and in her despair, rolled herself upon the dust.

Amidst this deep distress, the unfortunate lady heard one of the four dying Spaniards groan. She rose, and ran to him; he still breathed. Zora aided and strove to revive him. When he had somewhat recovered his senses, Zora earnestly questioned him concerning his wound, the buckler lying on the ground, and the blood with which it was besprinkled. Zora begged and conjured him to disguise nothing, but to deepen or terminate the horror which she felt.

The soldier, affected by her concern for him, stammered out some words in Arabic, to make the stranger understand him. He pointed

pointed to his companions, and said that a Berebere whom they had attacked, had laid them all thus low. He pronounced the name of Lara, repeated that Lara had avenged them, that the buckler was broken by him, and that blood, the blood of the Berebere, shed by Lara's hand.

Hardly had he ended these words, when Zora, without answering him, but gazing wildly round, considered whether she should not end her days on the spot where Ismael had fallen. But, she desired to avenge him. This desire stayed her arm. She seized and pressed the Spanish foldier's hand; and with a sobbing voice; Friend, said she, shew me the way to the camp, the camp where Lara still breathes, that Lara——Fear not, friend, I shall send your companions; I myself shall return to aid you, if it be the will of heaven that I return.

The foldier in surprise, pointed out the road by which she was to travel. Zora mounted her steed, and urging him to his utmost speed, flew forward, and soon arrived at the Spanish intrenchments.

The

The guards would have stopped her ; but Zora heeded not their clamours. Go, said she, go, say to the barbarous Lara, that the governor of Carthama defies and awaits him here. Let him fear no snare. I am alone. And if he desires, I shall fight with you around me. Unless he be the most cowardly of men, he will hasten instantly hither.

The guards surprised at her confidence, asked her to repeat her words. They knew not whether or not they should obey. But the respect of the Spaniards for a warrior demanding an equal combat, left them no choice. One of them went in search of Lara. Meanwhile, the young African, who, infuriated as she was, could not forget the sacred duties of humanity, took care to send two of the soldiers to their wounded comrade.

Lara had not yet returned from the council. Ismael was still waiting for him. When the soldier heard that the hero was in the council, he would not go thither to trouble him with the pretended Osman's challenge. He entered into conversation with the Numidian,

midian, and related to him that the governor of Carthama had just now come to defy Lara to single combat.

At that name, Ismael arose, his eyes glared with fury. The governor of Carthama! cried he, in a transport. Just God! thou hast brought him to meet my vengeance. It is I whom the perfidious wretch pursues; he is come to demand my head from my generous conqueror. Christian, wilt thou suffer thy brave chief, weary from the excursion and the engagement of this fatal night, to expose himself against the traitor? No, if thou lovest Lara, if thou canst deign to hear the voice of a captive whom he honours with his esteem, if thou wilt merit from me favours above thy most sanguine hopes; lend me thine arms, and lead me to that Abencerrago who has come hither with base purposes; and I shall owe to thee the high honour of exposing my life for a hero dear to my heart, and dear to your army.

He said. The foldier hesitated. Ismael conjured, urged him, and taking off the golden bracelets from his legs and arms,  
gave

gave them to him. He swore by the God of heaven to return after his victory, and excuse him to Lara; he engaged to answer for all with his head. The soldier thus persuaded, took off his arms; and Ismael hastily put them on. His wound made him uneasy under the weight of the cuirass; but his hatred of Osman, his raging jealousy, and his furious impatience for revenge, made him forget his wound. He mounted Lara's steed, lowered the vizor of his casque, and following the soldier, with his weapon in his hand, and his heart swelled with rage, ran to the spot where his wife, impatient of his delay, was raging, threatening, and glowing with impatience to shed the blood of her expected foe.

Soon as they perceived each other, being deceived by the shades, and blinded by fury and hate implacable, the effects, alas! of their love, they rushed upon each other. They were careful not to utter a word; being alike afraid of betraying themselves. They were both alike concerned not to be known. Their bloody swords were not directed to

parry each other's strokes ; they fought only a passage, each through the other's bosom. Death was nothing to either, provided the other were slain. Their dexterity and address were, at this moment, forgotten. Their valour was only savage rage. Each bared his own bosom, that he might the easier strike the other's ; they came close together, that they might make the deeper wounds. They at last seized each other, dragged each other from their horses, fell down together, arose, and again grasped one another, for fear, that their weapons might miss the passage to the heart.

O unfortunate Ismael, unhappy Zora, what a fatal error your's ! By what a dreadful delirium are you transported ! Ah ! your hands meet ; you breathe upon each other ; you press each other in your arms ; yet does nothing warn you, or convince the one, that the other is the object he adores ! Your hearts beat one upon another, yet do those tender hearts not distinguish each other. You who understand so well each look, each sigh ; you who cannot

not exist separate,—you are united, you hold each other in your arms, but it is only to murder each the other. Stay, cruel that you are, stay ; calm your fury, suspend these impious blows, say but a word, but one word, and you will fall on your knees, wash with your tears the wounds which you have made, and press your dying lips on the bosoms which you now gore.

Unavailing wishes ! Vain regrets ! Their rage rising to a height, can see or understand none of these things. Direfully bent on vengeance, and burning with jealousy and grief, Ismael twice wounds Zora, and strives to wound her again : Zora, with her sword twice pierces the breast of Ismael, and seeks the joinings of his coat of mail, in order to wound him the deeper. At last, faint by the loss of blood, and weakened by the effects of his former combat, Ismael staggered, and Zora pressed upon him. She renewed her efforts, and overthrew him on the earth. Then plunging into his breast, the whole blade of her scymetar which was already stained with his blood : Die, said she, die, barbarian ;

barbarian ; but, know, before thou diest, that a woman's hand has given thy mortal wounds ; yes, Zora, the wife of Ismael, sacrifices thee, to revenge a husband whom she adored.

At these words, at the sound of this voice, Ismael raised his head, and summoning up all that remained of his fainting strength ; Zora, said he, Zora——Is it you that takes away my life ! Is it against you that my hand——

He could not end——Zora flung herself upon him——She removed his casque, looked——The first rays of the returning day shewed her the pale countenance of Ismael.

Pale like him, mute, and motionless, almost deprived of sensation by her sorrow, she wished to doubt of her crime, but could not. Without uttering a word, or being able to make the smallest movement, she stood chilled in stupor. Her hair stood on end, her pale lips were opened wide, her eyes wild and fixed, were turned upon the dying eyes of Ismael who held out his dying hand, and caught the hand of Zora.

O my



O my friend, said he, dearest of wives, calm that dire despair. Forgive thyself that fatal error which thy Ismael forgives. Thy purpose was to avenge my death, and mine to punish the perfidious Osman. Thy hands, although bloody, are pure. The mortal stroke thou hast given me, is but another proof of thy love. As I die, I gaze upon thee, and press thy dear hand, press it to my heart: go, my death is not painful. In the name of our love, my dear Zora, in the name of our respectable father, who will now have no children but you, promise me, that you will live for his consolation: relentless death urges upon me, I feel its approach——Adieu, Zora, my well-beloved——

Adieu, my only love——Ismael forgives thee his death, grant him, at least, thy life——

His voice here failed, his eyes closed, his head fell, and his cold hand ceased to press the hand of Zora. Zora, still motionless, gazed on him. Suddenly her knees trembled, her arms became stiff, and her teeth struck upon each other. She bowed down upon the face of Ismael, pressed his lips with a convulsive

86 GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

a convulsive motion, fixed herself to his cold body, and holding it in a close embrace, breathed her last sigh.

END OF BOOK SEVENTH.

---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK EIGHTH.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*GRIEF of Lara. He pays the last duties to Ismael and his wife. Arrival of Gonsalvo. Joy of the army. Transports of the two friends. Terrour of the Moors. They wish to retreat into their city; but are stayed by Almanzor. He challenges Gonsalvo to single combat. The challenge is accepted by Isabella. Distress of the Spanish hero. A Troubadour comes in search of him. He finds Zulema in a wood. His conversation with the princess. His virtue prevails over his love. He returns to the army. He is detained by the Bereberes. Combat, and death of Almanzor. A general battle. Exploits and generosity of Gonsalvo. Victory of the Spaniards.*

---

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK EIGHTH.

**O** Death, death whom all dread, but who alone grantest rest from our woes; thou wouldest not be a misfortune, if thou didst always strike at once faithful friends, and fond lovers. To cease to exist is nothing; to part is the worst of our ills. He is not to be pitied who in the end or in the beginning of a career of glory, falls asleep, content with himself. But his mistress, his friend, who remain with his cold ashes, and retain nothing of life, but the power to suffer; these are the truly unfortunate, these deserve our tears. Unfit for the duties of life, a stranger to the world, like the traveller who wanders melancholy through remote regions, he who survives the object of his love, thinks himself amidst a savage people. He speaks, and is not heard. He is spoken to, and makes no answer. To the language of indifferent persons, his heart is not open.

The men whom he sees are not his brethren; they weep not, like him. Inaccessible to gentle emotions, even to those of virtue, he regards it not as a duty, and remembers no more that it is a pleasure. Alone, abstracted from the world, he wanders through an immense desert, where nothing interests his sight, where his eyes weary, and feeble, look only for a grave. To the grave does he direct his steps; thither does he desire to descend; but death still delays his stroke. O Zora, O tender Ismael; you at least perished together. Your souls still united, shall love again in heaven. Ah! your fate, terrible as it is, may well move the envy of the forlorn heart, to which nothing remains but the remembrance of happier times.

The unfortunate pair thus terminated their days. The Spanish guard, stood round them with downcast eyes, drooping heads, and hands joined, in the silence of pity, when Lara, coming from the Council, after obtaining from the king the freedom of his captive, claimed the combat in which Ismael had anticipated him. Dreadful the spectacle  
which

which now appeared to his eyes! the two lovers stretched on the grass which was dyed with their blood, with their cold hands joined, their pale faces turned upon each other, and lips open as if to receive each the other's last sigh!

At this sight, Lara uttered a cry of horror. The Castilians informed him of the fatal mistake of the young pair. The hero shuddered with horror, and wept. He bitterly reproached himself as the cause of their death. He desired at least to do due honour to their ashes, and to discharge the melancholy functions by performing the last duties to him whom he had received into his friendship. Their ashes are mingled in the same tomb: and upon it, two intertwining myrtles are planted by the hand of Lara. Grow, said he, you trees of love, grow on this spot, where lie the unfortunate victims of love. The traveller, and the warrior of feeling hearts, who rest under your shade, shall then feel their hearts beat, and spite of themselves, shall shed tears of sympathy. Wives and husbands in these regions shall

repair hither to pronounce their tenderest mutual vows under your foliage. And perjured lovers, if there are any such, shall turn away with shame, nor dare to tread the herbage which covers this sacred repository!

After discharging these mournful offices, Lara returned to the labours of the new city. Already were the deep trenches encompassed with strong walls, already did the ramparts frown over the circumjacent plain; while the gates turned upon their hinges. They were defended by advanced works, and houses of wood hastily reared marked the situation of others more solid, which were to be afterwards built. They served as temporary habitations to the soldiers, the captains, and the sovereigns themselves who, being determined to have no other palace than the Alhambra, were for the present content with the same simple dwellings as the other warriors.

The Moors surprised to see a city, in the room of the demolished camp, lost those hopes, and that confidence which their first  
success



success had inspired. Boabdil, deprived of Almanzor whom his wound hindered from renewing the battle, gave no disturbance to the advancing works of Isabella, and trusted to the chance of arms his own fate, and the fate of his empire. The Alabez, and Almorades, remaining constantly about the hero, strove eagerly to see his august face, and examined whether he was soon again likely to lead them on to victory. All the soldiers impressed with respect and tenderness for him, kneeled round his tent, and besought the Almighty to restore to them their support, their father, the object of their gratitude and veneration.

Only Alamar, secretly jealous of the glory of that Almanzor to whom he thought himself at least equal, enraged that the army should think themselves without a leader, while Almanzor could not go out to battle, retired to his tent to meditate new crimes. Still burning with furious passion for the daughter of Muley-Hassem, he now learned that this princess was returning to Grenada. He knew that Almanzor and Muley had  
sworn

sworn to protect and defend her from his fury. Placing little confidence in the promises of the unstable Boabdil, the African secretly meditated to enter Grenada by night, to bear Zulema by violence even from her own palace, and to retire with his prey into his own dominions.

About mid-day, there was suddenly heard in the Spanish town, a bursting noise of joy, expressive of some great and fortunate event. The centinels on the ramparts seemed ready to quit their posts. The guards were observed to receive the tidings from messengers, and to share the general joy. The chiefs and the soldiers were confounded together, on the walls, embracing, and congratulating one another, loudly thanking heaven, and threatening with voice and gestures, the proud towers of Grenada.

Gonsalvo was arrived. Gonsalvo, through the midst of dangers, had climbed the Al-puxaras, and at last came within sight of the new city. Soon as he appeared, and was known, a thousand voices hailed his glorious name. Behold him, they cried, behold our hero ;

hero; Behold *the Great Captain*. Heaven restores the favour of our army. Spaniards, run ye all hither, and see once more the invincible Gonsalvo.

The soldiers hastily crowded round their hero. They pressed upon him, till the multitude stopped his advancing steed. One desired to touch and kiss his arms, another to relieve him of their weight. They all invited, and even compelled him to alight, took him up in their arms, and contending eagerly for the honour of so precious a burthen, bore him in triumph to the chiefs and captains who flew to meet him.

Happy Lara! you went before them; it was you whom Gonsalvo fought. Hardly had the two friends sooner perceived each other, than they sprang into the embrace of friendship. They joined, embraced, pressed their hearts together, and long leaned upon each other, weeping and unable to speak. They gazed on one another; and their eyes seemed to be ravished with the sight. Their tongues stammered out some few words which bursting sobs rendered almost inarticulate.

culate. But, they heard and replied to each other, and again embracing, seemed to fear another separation. O valiant Gonsalvo, O brave Lara, what laurels, or what victory were equivalent to the happiness which you this moment enjoy?

After they had indulged this first transport of their souls. Gonsalvo, without quitting his friend's hand, answered to the eager and kind enquiries of the other warriors. Aguilar, Cortez, Medina, Guzman came around to congratulate him. The hero, surrounded by heroes, was by them conducted to the queen: and the whole army followed, filling the air with shouts of joy.

Isabella and Ferdinand came forward to receive him. Gonsalvo kneeled. The queen instantly raised him, made him sit beside her, received from his hand the treaty which the perfidious king of Fez had sought to seal by the perpetration of a crime. She trembled to hear of the dangers with which her ambassador had been threatened. The king of Arragon spoke of vengeance, but Isabella only of her hero.

Let

Let us, cried she, first consider what we owe to Gonsalvo. It is not in our power to acquit the debt we owe him; but the esteem of his country, but the veneration of the army, but those transports of joy and love which cannot but affect his noble heart, must be his recompence. Great captain, you were absent, and we were conquered by the Moors. Appear, and Grenada falls. Your Sovereigns, your soldiers, your equals are all proud to agree that victory depends on your arm.

She said, and left Gonsalvo with the faithful Lara. The two heroes withdrawing from the surrounding crowd, retired into the same dwelling. There, giving free vent to the sentiments which swelled their hearts, they eagerly questioned one another, and in their impatience returned their answers together. Each, speaking of himself, still interrupted the thread of his story, to speak again of his friend. They began, an hundred times, the story of what the one had suffered without the other. They wept alternately for joy, at the recollection each of his

own dangers, and in tender sympathy for the dangers which he learned to have threatened his brother. Lara desired to see and embrace that good, that faithful Pedro who saved Gonsalvo in Fez. He called him in, ran to embrace him, named him his benefactor, pressed him to his breast, made him repeat the story of Gonsalvo's exploits on board the vessel, loaded the old man with caresses, and disputed with his generous friend the right of rewarding him.

He soon heard in silence the narrative respecting Zulema. Having been long privy to Gonsalvo's passion, he was not surprised to hear that he was beloved. The kindness shewn him by the fair Moor, and her tender gratitude to her deliverer, rendered her dear to Lara. But being less blinded by passion than her lover, he presumed not to hope that an agreeable marriage might become the price of a peace which he considered as impossible. Lara knew Isabella's intentions, and the oath she had made, either to perish, or to conquer Grenada. That oath he concealed from his friend; not to distress him,  
he

he pretended to share his ill-founded hope; and in the delicacy of his friendship, respecting an illusion which was to be of short duration, began already to prepare consolations to soothe those sorrows which he foresaw.

Meanwhile had fame conveyed to the Moorish camp the dreaded news of Gonsalvo's arrival. At this name, sudden terror seized the Grenadines. Some stood pale, as they recollected his victory over Aben-Hamet; others remembering his triumphant entrance into Grenada: all of them trembling, and terrified, ran to the royal pavilion, crowded round Boabdil, and, with loud cries, demanded to be led back within their walls; threatening to desert the camp, if the monarch should attempt to detain them.

Boabdil, Muley-Hassem, who was now returned to his son, the chiefs of the tribes, and Alamar himself could not soothe their terrors; their discourse was not heard, nor their authority respected. The soldiers, seditionous through fear, braving their king out of terror, returned tumultuously to their tents, took up their most precious ef-

fects, and thinking themselves already pursued by Gonsalvo, began to flee towards the city. The camp would have been totally deserted, had not the great Almanzor appeared.

Almanzor, at the warning of his father, rushed half-naked from the bed of pain on which his wounds detained him. Seizing a long lance, with it he supported his tardy steps, and without turban, or scymetar, with his brow pale, came out to shew himself to the fugitives.

Whither run ye, sons of Ismael? cried he, in a voice of thunder; what fatal delirium hurries you away? and whom hope ye to escape? Is it death? You hurry to meet death, to draw it down upon your own heads. The Spaniard from the height of his walls will in a moment rush upon you, and massacre you as a base herd. I talk not of honour which has no power over your base souls; I speak not of your country, of your God whom ye betray, of your wives, of your children, whom you have undoubtedly sold. I implore you for yourselves  
solely,



solely, for that life which is dear to you, and which you are surrendering to your enemies. Stay, or you perish. Wait at least till night may, if not hide our shame, yet give security to our flight; wait till darkness come to ward off for some few moments, that death, to you so terrible, which every soldier certainly brings upon himself, whenever he discovers fear of it. You hesitate; you still tremble lest, before the close of day, Gonsalvo come to attack you——Well, then! I alone will combat him; I will either go down into the grave, or deliver the army from the enemy before whom they tremble. King of Grenada, send an herald; let him in my name defy Gonsalvo; let him tell that Spaniard, that, by to-morrow's dawn, in presence of the two armies, I invite him to mortal combat. And you, timorous Grenadines, who were not thus wont to abandon me, deign to delay your flight, till you shall have seen me die or triumph!

At these last words, the Moors stopped. The soldiers, blushing, consented to remain in their camp. Boabdil sent away the herald.

rald. Muley-Hasssem, in tears, and keeping a profound silence, pressed his son in his trembling arms. Alamar concealed his envious spite under unreal praises; and the chiefs, drooping their heads, dared not to give up their hearts to joy.

The herald however proceeded, with two trumpets before him. He arrived at the gates of Santa Fe. The bridges were let down, when he appeared. A bandage was bound over his eyes, and he was carried to the sovereigns. Gonsalvo was then, with all the chiefs, in Isabella's presence, and was striving to convince the queen of the advantages which might attend a happy peace. The Moorish herald was announced. He entered and kneeled;

Sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, said he, in a voice of confidence, I come in name of Almanzor, to defy Gonsalvo of Cordova to single combat. To-morrow, by day-break, before our whole army, will the prince of Grenada await your hero in the plain; and only the death of one of the warriors shall part them.

Gonsalvo,

Gonsalvo, hearing these words, uttered a cry of grief, which the queen took for a cry of joy. Without giving him time to answer; Herald, said she, to the messenger, Gonsalvo accepts the challenge. Ferdinand himself will conduct him to the scene of the combat. For this we pledge our royal faith. Go, carry my reply.

Then turning to Gonsalvo, who strove to hide from her the confusion which he felt. Stay of my throne, cried she, at last are my prayers heard! When that barbarian slew my son-in-law, my only prayer to God was, that he would deliver him into thine hands. The Almighty has then heard my prayer. O my daughter, rejoice; Alphonso's death shall be revenged!

King Ferdinand hearing her, shared her parental transport. He loosed from his side, his sword, the dreadful *Tizona*, with which the hands of the Cid had formerly avenged his country and his father, had conquered Chimena and Valencia; and which was still preserved by the sovereigns of Arragon as a precious treasure.

O thou,

O thou, said he to Gonsalvo, thou who so strongly resemblest Rodrigo, receive from mine hands that hero's sword. To me it belongs only as an inheritance annexed to my crown. Thy valour makes it thine much more properly. May this sword punish the murderer of Alphonso,—may it raise Spain to triumph,—and may it forever remain in those hands which are the worthiest to bear it!

All the chiefs of the army applauded his words. They stood all round the hero, anticipated the celebration of his victory, and announced the fall of Grenada, as soon as its defender should be laid low; and by this anticipated joy in their rival in glory's triumph, they proved that generous hearts can admire without jealousy.

Gonsalvo having his feelings thus oppressed and overpowered, could scarcely answer the Queen, Ferdinand, or his companions. His mouth was an hundred times opening to declare aloud that Zulema had saved his life; that he was attached to the princess by the tenderest and closest ties; that her  
brother

brother must to him be sacred : But honour, stern honour, that idol of great souls, honour which reckons as nothing the pains of feeling hearts,—imposed silence on the hero. Can he refuse a challenge ? Can he disappoint the wishes of his sovereign, the expectation of the whole army, and sacrifice to love, his duty, his country, and his glory ? Amidst this agonizing contest of opposite feelings, he retired with Lara, from the thronging multitude.

Then, throwing himself into the arms of that faithful friend, he bathed his countenance with his tears : he repeated a thousand times the oath he had sworn to his mistress, that he would ever respect the life of Almanzor. He pointed out to him what an insuperable obstacle, his victory must oppose to his marriage with the princess,—the grief and rage of Muley-Hasssem,—the threats of Zulema, for ever to stifle her love for him, if he should shed her brother's blood : she will cease to love me ! cried he in despair. No, my friend, no, you cannot comprehend, no, you cannot conceive how terrible

the misfortune of being no longer loved by Zulema ! Absence from her I can endure, all the pains, and torments of jealousy I can bear, I can wait even an age, and drag out a mournful existence, if I may have the happiness of seeing her but for one moment ; But, to violate my plighted faith, to draw upon me her hatred, Great God ! the hatred of Zulema !——No, my friend, I had rather die, I had rather lose my vain glory, I had rather that thou shouldst thyself take away my life, before I commit this horrible crime.

Lara listened in silence: He needed not to remind him of his duty to his country: Gonsalvo's tears proved sufficiently that he remembered it. Lara pressed him to his heart, and dreading the refusal which he foresaw, in a timid voice offered to fight in the place of his friend. The hero rejected this offer ; it was humiliating to his courage, and alarming to his friendship. With Almanzor the danger is great, nor will Gonsalvo yield it : would Gonsalvo expose a life dear to him above all others ! This idea alone makes him shudder. He earnestly forbids

Lara

Lara to urge farther ; he reproaches himself for having said too much ; and resolving to discharge his duty, determines to employ all his strength and address, to preserve his own life, without attacking the life of his enemy.

While he conceived this chimerical hope, night advancing, with her stars, at last engaged the two friends to take a short period of repose together. They were suddenly awakened by one of the soldiers who guarded the gates.

Great captain, said he to Gonsalvo, come, and hear one of those Troubadours who wander through all Spain, singing the exploits of heroes, and the pains of faithful lovers. Alone, and by the intrenchments, he asks an interview with you.

At these words, the amorous Gonsalvo, imagining that the whole world must speak to him of Zulema, hastily arose, required his friend to remain behind him, and repaired with the soldier to the gates.

Hardly was he at the height of the rampart, when he perceived at a distance the Troubadour, wrapped in a large mantle,

standing by the edge of the trench, and singing these soft words to the listening centinels.

“Soldier, thou who guardest these battlements, leaning on thy long lance, bring me to speak with thy hero; I need his assistance to relieve some painful ills.

“From city to city, I sing beauty, glory, and love. Beauty, glory, and love, are all the fortune of the Troubadour. A moment, ere it be day, receive me within these walls.

“In the gentle bands of fraternal affection are we attached to the feeling and generous warrior. This union is and ought to be lasting. Our lyre makes him immortal whom the vigour of his own arm renders terrible.”

At these sounds of a voice which he knew, and moved by the air of mystery in which the stranger concealed himself, the hero impatiently commanded the gate to be opened, and ran to the Troubadour. He viewed him by the light of the moon. It was the faithful Amina, one of Zulema's slaves, who was thus disguised. He uttered a cry of joy, and



and eagerly enquired for her whom his soul adored.

She is in that wood, said the slave, pointing to a thick grove nigh the ramparts. Thither has she come from Grenada, to see and speak with you. By her order I have assumed this disguise, in order to obtain admission within your walls: I come to find you, Gonsalvo, and to conduct you to her.

The hero instantly went on. He quickly left the slave who was to be his guide far behind. He ran, reached the grove, saw the princess, and fell at her feet. He attempted to speak: but tears of joy interrupted his incoherent words. He pressed the hand of his mistress, and covered it with his kisses. But, Zulema gently withdrew it; and resuming a firm tone of voice which had been at first rendered faint and tremulous by her emotion:

What is this I have heard? said she. What a dreadful report has forced me to leave Grenada, to seek you thus alone, by night, in this lonely wood, and to betray at once all the duties which I owe to my father, to  
my

my country, and to myself? Is it true, that to-morrow you die, or slay my brother? Is it true that the sword with which I armed you, must pierce the heart of Almanzor?

Zulema, replied Gonsalvo, accumulate not a new weight of sorrow upon the unfortunate. Almanzor has defied me: and my sovereigns have accepted the challenge. My sovereigns, and our whole army have intrusted their cause into my hands. Could I deny myself to their request? Could I make known our secret engagements? or expose my courage to their suspicions? No, this you could not desire; you yourself would have forbidden me to debase myself in the eyes of my country, and to incur its contempt. But, set your heart at ease; to-morrow, shall my sword and lance serve only for my own defence: to-morrow, I will rather die, than aim at the life of Almanzor; I shall be but too happy thus to die for all that I hold dear, for honour and for Zulema.

Hear, replied the princess; I am but a weak woman, little informed in the barbarous laws which urge heroes to murder one another.

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA. III

another. Perhaps I might remind you of your oaths, and ask if honour, the sacred honour of pure minds, which is not always that of warriors, does not forbid you to point your sword against the brother of your mistress, in violation of the most solemn promises, by which my virtuous father must die in despair; but I adore thee, Gonsalvo; and all that concerns thy glory, becomes respectable in my eyes. Think not that I am come to vex you with counsels dishonourable to you, to abuse my power over you, by demanding you to act meanly: no, Gonsalvo, fear not this. I come to swear that you only have I ever loved, and to my last moments, you will I love; I come, determined to die, to bid you a last farewell—

O heavens! interrupted the hero, and you will—! Would you but hear me; could you know my ills, I might leave it with you to determine whether I ought longer to endure life. I must acquaint you with my motives for doing violence on a life which belonged to you alone. Know what has passed: know that it is from the highest pitch of happiness,

I am

I am thus suddenly plunged into the abyss of misery. I had told all to my father ; and had won upon his feeling heart. Secretly warned that the impious Alamar was still continuing his machinations against me, we intended to remove from Grenada, and to flee for ever from Boabdil. A ship, on board which our wealth had been already conveyed, was intended to carry us to Sicily. There you might have joined us as soon as peace or a truce had permitted you to leave your sovereigns. There, peaceably settled among Christians, and professing your holy religion, which has so long been mine, I might have pledged my faith to you before your altars. The best of fathers would have given his consent. There, peaceful, unknown, forgotten by the rest of the world, concerned only to please one another, to make that respectable old man happy, to enjoy those pure pleasures which souls pure as ours must enjoy together, we should have passed in joy that short span of life which heaven grants to man, too short indeed for the fondness and felicity of love. While I

was

was fondly musing on these dreams of happiness, I was informed that, to-morrow, you were to slay my brother, or to fall by his hand.—For be not deceived, Gonsalvo, think not, that thou canst meet Almanzor, and escape death thyself, without slaying him. My brother who is valiant as thou art, and equally practised in your terrible art, has vowed to fall himself, or sacrifice thee to the safety of his country. My brother abides by his oaths. His cause is better than thine. He seeks to deliver his country; thou to subjugate our's. He fights to save a wife; you, to render for ever impossible that marriage, that fond marriage, already difficult through a multitude of obstacles, but of which the pleasing hopes were necessary to my existence. If fortune be equal, and heaven just, you must fall; and think you that I could survive you? If you triumph, I must hate you; and I had rather die, than hate *you*. Adieu, then, my unfortunate friend, adieu, while I may yet address you by the tender name of friend, speak to you, look upon you, press, without a crime, that dear hand

which I once hoped to join with mine, that hand which, within an hour——Adieu, Gonsalvo, adieu for ever.——

As she said these last words, a trepidation seized her. She, with an effort, dropped the hand of Gonsalvo, repeated her adieu in an almost inarticulate voice, made an attempt to retire, and after she had proceeded a few paces, sunk down, and fainted away.

The hero flew to raise her. Her slave ran to aid her. But, nought could recall her to life and sensation. And now the first rays of morn began to sparkle on the horizon.

Gonsalvo, in an inconceivable transport of contending passions; deeply impassioned with love, and oppressed with heaving sobs, saw day appear, yet durst not quit his mistress. He saw her pale and lifeless, her head hanging languid, her hair dishevelled. He bore her up in his arms, and felt the tears which fell from Zulema's eye-lids, still flow upon his trembling hands. The hero was confounded; his reason lost its energy; he thought no more of the promised combat; he thought only of his mistress, and of all the

the world, saw only her. Time passed on; the hour approached; he forgot——when his eyes were suddenly turned upon his sword, upon that sword of the Cid which his king had given him. The sight of the sword rendered him motionless. The name, the great name which he recollected, the task to which he had been chosen, the blood of the father of Chimena, shed by Rodrigo, notwithstanding his love, all, in an instant, reminded Gonsalvo of the duties which he was about to betray. A warm blush tinged his countenance; a cold sweat bedewed his limbs; the image of Lara presented itself to his eyes, of Lara who was waiting for him, and answering to the army for the honour, and for the glory of his friend——morning had already appeared——and doubts might perhaps have arisen: Gonsalvo uttered a dreadful cry. He delivered into the hands of Amina, the precious burthen which he held, pressed Zulema's hand to his lips, left her, hastily returned, recommended her to the care of her slave, again seized her hand, and bedewed it with his tears, summoned

up all his strength, tore himself away from the object of his love, and afraid of turning his head, proceeded on his way to Santa Fe.

He had not advanced beyond the skirts of the wood, when he heard cries and groans, and saw a troop of horsemen entering the wood, and filling the air with cries of funeral lamentation. These were the sorrowful Bereberes whom Zora had left at Carthama. Concerned for the fate of that young wife, they had sought her since the preceding day, and had learned that she had perished before the Christian walls. Deeply impressed with grief, and burning for vengeance, they no sooner perceived Gonsalvo, than, in their thirst for Spanish blood, they joined to attack him. The hero drew his sword, and sheltering himself behind the trees which alone could protect him from this multitude of assailants, he engaged, on foot, and without a cuirass, in the most perilous of combats. Many Bereberes fell by his arm. But, being forced to flee from tree to tree, the hero, in despair, saw still a new enemy succeed, as a former was vanquished.



quished. The time went on ; the sun arose, and by this time, shone full in the heavens. Gonsalvo renewed his efforts. He attempted to seize a horse ; but the Numidian horses avoided him, having learnt to obey only their own masters. He endeavoured to force his way among the opposing lances of his foes. But, the Bereberes, light as air, closed round and pressed upon him, on all hands.

Meanwhile, the brave Almanzor had, by day-break, called for his arms. Yet weak from his wounds, but sustained by the virtue of his heart, and by his love to his country, he fancied himself in full possession of all his vigour, and had never felt greater ardour. He put on his brilliant cuirass, and over it a coat of mail impenetrable to the sharpest weapon. On his head he put a turban, inlaid with a triple plate of steel. He fastened it with a brazen chain. A purple mantle hung down to his girdle, from which, by long golden rings, depended a scymetar from a forge of Damascus. He took his lance and buckler ; and being now ready to leave

leave his tent, first kneeled before the most High :

God of victory and of justice, said he, in an elevated voice ; thou who triest the human heart, and knowest my hopes ; thou knowest that for thy holy law, for the maintenance of thy worship, and to save my country from servitude, I this day go out to meet the greatest of warriors. Make my vigour to equal my courage. Render thy soldier worthy of thy cause. If my hour is come, if my destiny is fulfilled, God of mercy, take thou care of my wife. From the exaltation of thy throne, deign to watch over her, and save her from sinking under her sorrow. O Allah, I shall not complain of death, if Moraima may survive me.

After uttering these words, which were accompanied with some tears, the hero arose with an august air, and went with hasty steps towards the foaming steed, who was led forward by four slaves. He vaulted upon his back, struck his buckler, and proceeded calmly towards the scene destined for the approaching combat.

The

The army of the Moors, under the command of Boabdil, Muley-Hassem, and Almanzor, followed close after. Its squadrons spread over the plain. Old Muley, clad in arms, and riding on a young courser, came to embrace his generous son. He could not speak to him; but their hearts mutually understood each other. The venerable old man soon retired to hide his tears; and the great Almanzor, with a calm and stern air, awaited in the middle of the lists, the enemy whom he had defied.

The Spaniards, nearly at the same time, came out in troops from their city. Ferdinand, who flew at their head, drew out the battalions, himself. He formed a front equal to that of the Moors, disposed his cavalry in two wings, under the command of Aguilar and Medina; confiding the centre to Nugnez, he himself, with the knights of Calatrava, opposed king Boabdil. Isabella, from the height of the ramparts, animated her soldiers by her presence. They waited only for Gonsalvo, to give the last signal.

The

The anxious Lara who fought, but dared not to call upon him—Lara running round the ramparts, saw the two armies met. In the midst, he distinguished Almanzor alone, silently awaiting, and looking round for his tardy enemy. Soon after he heard him call on Gonsalvo; but none made answer. The Moors raised cries of exultation. The Spaniards stood astonished, and murmured. The two armies soon concurred to accuse Gonsalvo.

Lara was in an agony of shame, grief, and rage. His friend was insulted. Lara would no more. He ran to where the hero had left his arms. He put them hastily on, took up the famous buckler, on which was the immortal phoenix, mounted Gonsalvo's steed, drew down his vizor, and rode off at full gallop, to meet Almanzor.

At this sight, at sight of the phoenix, the Castilians shouted for joy, the Moors were silent. Almanzor stood ready. The trumpet sounded.

Like two furious eagles, meeting from north and south, cutting the air with rapid wings,

wings, and falling to the ground as they meet, the two heroes pressed together in the area, and their steeds were overthrown by the shock. Then on foot, with their swords in their hands, they meet and strike, steel cuts steel; and their armour emits sparks of fire. The Moor, being of larger size, and more dexterous, laid thick his terrible strokes. The Spaniard, stronger and better armed, protected himself, and attacked with greater caution and efficacy. They both, losing not an inch of ground, standing fixed in the same spot, fought the joints of their armour, aimed at their sides, reached to the casque, parried, attacked, advanced, and turned from side to side in an instant. Still holding out their bucklers, and detecting each other's designs, they disappointed and prevented them. But neither could avail himself of the movement which he had foreseen. The eye could hardly follow their swords, which were raised, were turned down, moved rapidly about, and crossed each other without striking. The blood did not yet

VOL. III.                      Q                      flow.

flow. The victory was still uncertain. Nothing but fatigue could determine it.

At last, the impatient Almanzor, willing to die provided he might die triumphant, first threw away his buckler, retreated three steps backwards, seized with both hands, his terrible scymetar, and returning with the impetuous velocity of thunder, struck his amazed enemy. The blade divided the shield and cut the cuirass of Lara: and the point piercing his breast, made a large wound, out of which the blood instantly gushed. Lara fell down upon one knee. The Moor now full of hope, strove to repeat the stroke. But, the Spaniard, seizing the instant when the movement of his arms raised his coat of mail, gave him a sure stroke in the groin, and left his weapon sticking in the hero's bowels.

Almanzor although thus struck, still continued to strike. Lara, being again wounded fell down upon the sand. The prince of Grenada stood victorious, for some moments. He soon staggered, fell, and measured the ground near where Lara lay weltering in his blood. They were both rising, and with feeble

feeble hands seeking in vain for the sword which each had dropped, when a Christian warrior appeared in the plain, uttering loud shouts interrupted by sobs. He pushed on, goring the sides of his foaming steed: he invoked the names of honour, justice, and friendship.

The Castilians, by his red helmet, thought him the brave Lara. The Moors supposed him a traitor, coming in to slay Almanzor. They hastily advanced towards him. The Spaniards followed him. The two armies met, and furiously attacked each other. They were intermingled together, their arms clashed, blood streamed, warriors fell, and the plain was covered with the slain.

Gonsalvo, for it was he, having at last disengaged himself from the Bereberes, could find no other arms, but those of his friend. He now flew to Lara, sprang to the ground, raised him in his arms, felt his heart still beat, and committed him to the Castilians, that they might carry him to Santa Fe! Then running towards Almanzor, whom the Alabez were striving, in vain, to suc-

cour, he uttered loud cries of grief at seeing him destitute of life. He stayed the Arragoneſe who were ready to throw themſelves upon the Moors, and himſelf defended from his own friends, the body of the hero for whom he wept, protecting the retreat of the Alabez, while they bore him away upon their bucklers. When he ſaw them gone, he ſeized the neareſt ſteed, drew the ſword of the Cid, and urging into the thickeſt of the fray, wildly actuated at once by deſpair, love and rage, he eagerly fought dangers, ruſhed into them, that he might fall, attacked, hewed down, and overthrew the thickeſt battalions, returned into the miſt of pointed the lances, bedewed the earth with blood, called upon death, deſied, implored, and braved it.

Ferdinand, Cortez, and Aguilar, on this important day, ſurpaſſed their former deeds in arms; but their exploits were nothing, compared with thoſe of Gonſalvo. More rapid, more dreadful than thunder, he ran through the hoſtile army, ſpreading every where death and fear. He ſlew, diſperſed, deſtroyed all that attempted to oppoſe his paſſage, opened out a large ſpace round him,

on



on which his victims fell down in heaps, and still urged on his weary steed, who could hardly make his way amidst the armour, and the dead bodies.

Amidst this dreadful carnage, the tumult, the cries, and flying enemies, the hero perceived Muley-Hassiem attacked by four Spaniards, defending his faint remains of life, and calling on the name of the son whom he had lost. This dreadful sight renewed the sorrows of Gonsalvo. He sprung forward, flew upon the ruffians, and instantly dispersed them. He gave the old man his horse, stood by his side, covered him with his body, guided him through the fray, shewed him Grenada at a distance, and opened out the way to it.

While he was thus employed, Alamar, the terrible Alamar, who had slain Velasco, Zunega, Manreze, and Giron; Alamar, covered with blood, presented himself before Gonsalvo. They both stopped at sight of one another. They had never seen each other before; but by their mutual hatred, each knew his foe. Gonsalvo was on foot; the fierce African rode up against him. The  
Spaniard

Spaniard dexterously avoided the assault, and with a back blow, cut away the impetuous animal's hams. Alamar fell. Gonsalvo struck him. The serpent's hide resisted the hero's blows. Surprised at this, he seized Alamar, clasped him close, twisted his limbs about his, struggled with him, and laid him on the sand. Then pressing upon him with the weight of his body was about to strangle him, when the Zegries and Africans coming up from all quarters, joined against Gonsalvo. Gonsalvo, releasing his victim, stood up, and alone, resisted the troop. Supported upon a pile of dead bodies, covered with his broken buckler, placing his feet on four Africans who, dying, bit the dust, raising his head, extending his arm, and shewing his thundering sword, he insulted them, threatened them, and gave the king time to come up, with his knights. The Moors instantly fled. Alamar was carried away among their squadrons. They made haste, passed through their camp, which they could no longer hope to defend, and leaving to their enemies their tents, their riches and provisions, sought refuge within their walls.



---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK NINTH.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*DESPAIR of Gonsalvo. Truce granted, at his request. Regrets of the people of Grenada. Grief of Muley-Hasssem and Zulema. Miserable condition of Moraima. Death of that princess. Funeral of Almanzor and his spouse. Gonsalvo goes in search of Zulema. He is seized, and put in chains. Insults and torments prepared for him by Boabdil. Zulema descends into his dungeon. She brings him poison. He justifies himself. Alamar comes to carry away the hero. He leads him out to punishment. The Spaniards assault the city. Alamar runs and saves Grenada. Exploits of Alamar. Unexpected aid brought to the Moors. The Spaniards defeated.*

---

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK NINTH.

**T**HE virtuous man when injured, the innocent when abused and oppressed, find within them sources of consolation, and strength to support them under adversity. They examine their conscience; and this supreme, infallible judge, whose severity pardons nothing, whose murmurs are chastisement, saves them from remorse; the only punishment their hearts can dread. But the true lover, even in victory, amid success and triumph, becomes only the more to be pitied, if he fears the reproaches of her whom he loves. What can vain praises avail him, or what the homage and the respect of the whole world? It is the suffrage, and the esteem of his mistress which he needs. Without her esteem, he is not sure of meriting his own. His soul which is no longer within himself, sees and judges with other eyes; and his virtue, proud, and independent, in

the presence of the whole world, trembles and dares not trust its own innocence, if the object it adores can suspect it of guilt.

Gonsalvo, covered with glory, proved but too bitterly this painful truth; Almanzor was no more; and his sister would believe Gonsalvo his murderer. Lara was perhaps dying; and Gonsalvo was the cause of his death. These afflicting ideas alone filled his heart during the battle, and made him ardently seek dangers and death. Angry with himself, and enraged at fortune, when he saw no more enemies, he left his companions; and without speaking to Ferdinand, without discovering himself to the army, flew to Lara.

Isabella was with him. His wounds were not mortal. Gonsalvo uttered cries of joy.

He made him repeat an hundred times, the dear assurance that it was so. He pressed his friend in his arms, bathed him with his tears, mixed with his tender caresses the most painful reproaches. Kneeling near his bed, he called him his tutelary deity, related, and published aloud what friendship

had

had made him undertake, and declared that to him the honour was due.

After this public acknowledgement, the hero retired with Isabella, informed her of his violent passion, of his oaths, and of all his secrets. He informed the august queen how that favours and gratitude for ever bound Gonsalvo to the daughter of Muley-Hasslem; how that having met her in the foregoing night, his return had been retarded by the attack of the Bereberes. He said little of his exploits among those numerous assailants, but exaggerating his fault, in order to augment the glory of his friend.

Isabella heard and admired him; and sympathized in his sorrows. She consoled him, encouraged him, promised to use her endeavours to justify him to his mistress, and remove the ill-grounded hatred which old Muley-Hasslem must have conceived against him. From this moment, Zulema became dear to the feeling heart of the queen. She had saved the life of Gonsalvo; she adored the God of the Christian. Isabella called her,

R 2 daughter,

daughter, and was impatient to unite her to the hero.

In the mean time, the king of Arragon, after having given up the Moorish camp to pillage, brought back his troops to Santa Fe. Envoys from Boabdil soon after arrived. They came to beg a peace, and submitted to pay tribute. The peace was refused. But, Gonsalvo earnestly imploring Isabella, the queen, to please him, granted a truce for several days.

Alas! after the fall of Almanzor, the ruin of the Moors was inevitable. This misfortune alone rendered them insensible to all others. Men, women, old men, and children, putting ashes on their heads, and tearing their garments, crowded out into the places of public meeting; and as they met, groaned, looked on one another, and cried, embraced, and mingled their tears. The soldiers, pale, and trembling, fled before the citizens who reproached and insulted them for the loss of their general. Some proposed to quit Grenada which had now no rampart to defend it. Others accused  
heaven,



heaven, insulted their false prophet, and added blasphemy to their complaints. They all announced to Boabdil the approaching end of his impious reign, and regarded the death of Almanzor, as the vengeance of heaven upon Boabdil's crimes.

Zulema, still more to be pitied,—Zulema who made no doubt but her brother had been slain by her lover, would have put a voluntary end to her life, had it not been for the duties she still owed to Muley. She could not, without a crime, forsake the old man whose last support she was. Shutting herself up with him in the Albayzin, and and kissing away his tears, she heard her unhappy father, an hundred times demand again from heaven, that son who was the object of his tenderness, that son who was his only consolation under all the ills he had suffered. He had lost his Leonora; he had been robbed of his crown; he had seen his friends perish; Almanzor at least remained to him. He called upon his dear Almanzor, and could not endure to think that he should be ravished from him. In his delirium,

rium, he fancied that he saw, that he heard, that he still embraced that dear son, when he embraced his disconsolate daughter. And when he found his error, he pushed her from him, beat his breast, tore his white hairs, and scattered them about with imprecations, called for his arms, and would go out to the field of battle, would go to tear in pieces the heart of that barbarous Gonsalvo whose hand had slain his son. The name of Gonsalvo affected him with a degree of horror which his enfeebled senses could not bear. He fell down, exhausted by suffering, in the arms of his daughter, who herself wanted strength to bear her sorrows.

But who can express how terrible the blow to Moraima? Who can tell what she felt, when with her own eyes, she saw the full extent of her misfortune. Alas! through the whole night that preceded this fatal combat, Moraima, prostrate before the altars, had invoked the prophet. She called on him to defend the hero who defended, who by such sublimity of virtue did honour to his holy religion. She conjured the most

High

High to preserve his noblest work, and to leave long upon earth an example of justice and of honour. Vain prayer! Moraima retired from the mosque. She was descending slowly when she saw——Almighty God! is it thus thou triest the frailty of human virtue? She saw her bleeding husband brought in by the Alabez. The effect of thunder is not more rapid. She could not cry, she could not move, but fell and rolled down the marble steps. Her head thrice struck the steps; her blood flowed by three wounds; and her lifeless body was stopped at the feet of the Alabez. They received, and raised her up. Nought could recal her to sensation. She was carried away with Almanzor, pale, bleeding, disfigured like the hero who was now no more. Their livid faces met; their intermingled hair flowed upon the sand; their clothes were stained with each other's blood. It might have been supposed that they had both died by one wound.

At last, after several hours, Moraima opened her eye-lids; opened them only to weep.

weep. Surrounded by her slaves, by her women, by her female friends, who washed her painful wounds; she silently suffered their cares, coldly left them to press her in their arms, answered only with faint signs to the tender words in which they addressed her, seemed to summon up her strength, that she might resign herself to her fate, and in a calm voice asked to see her husband.

In vain did they beseech her to renounce this sorrowful desire, and not embitter the ills which were already more than she could bear. She gently persisted in her request, commanded in a voice of intreaty, and with a firm step, advanced to where the body of the hero was laid on a bed of purple.

Moraima stopped before him, long gazed with a fixed eye upon him; without speaking a word, or heaving a sigh. Her slaves terrified at this awful silence, hastily removed any arms that there was a chance of her seizing. Moraima perceiving it, smiled grimly upon them. She went nearer to her husband, took, and kissed his hand, and drew from his finger an enchased sapphire which

Almanzor

Almanzor used always to wear. Thus mistress of this ring, she turned her eyes with more serenity upon the eyes of the hero, twice bowed before him, put her pale lips on his, and pressed them long. Then slowly retiring, she returned; again looked on him, nodded with her head a last adieu, in which she seemed to say with an air of mildness, I will not leave thee long,—and returned to her own apartment.

She there shut herself up alone, and remained for several hours. Her slaves, although uneasy, durst not break in upon her. At last they broke open the doors, and found Moraima cold in death. All assistance was vain: she expired; and was no more. The ring of Almanzor was furnished with poison, which the hero, for fear of Boabdil, had carried always about him.

This new calamity could not but add to the general distress of Grenada. The king, and the people, in consternation, availed themselves of the truce, and discharged the obsequies of the husband and the wife. One grave was prepared for both, in a wood at

some distance from the city, where rest the ashes of princes, soldiers, and citizens. The infantry went foremost. The soldiers, silent in their ranks, drooping their heads upon their bucklers, with their faces bathed in tears, and their arms reversed, proceeded with slow and equal steps, measured by the mournful beating of drums veiled in crapes. The cavalry followed, trailing their standards in the dust. Slaves led the mourning steeds of Almanzor, covered with long, black housings, bearing the turban, the lance, and the scymetar of the hero. Those couriers, once so proud, when they bore their master out to battle, seemed now sensible of their loss. They drooped their heads to the ground, could hardly drag along their tardy feet, and went on, sweeping the sand with their long, tufted manes.

After them walked an hundred young boys, crowned with cypresses and white roses, and bearing vases filled with perfumes. An hundred young maidens followed, strewing flowers upon Almanzor and Moraima who were borne in one coffin, by the chiefs of  
the

the Alabez. The Imams came close behind, praying, in a low voice, to the angel of death, to conduct these pure souls, to the blessed abode prepared for martyrs. Next came king Boabdil, with his Court, Alamar, and the Zegries around him, who, at least pretended to shed tears. The venerable Muley, the unfortunate Zulema, were unable to accompany the procession: and they alone remained within the city. The people, clothed in mourning, maintaining a solemn silence, followed with slow steps, the sacred remains of the last stay of the empire.

Arriving in the solitary wood which was called by them the forest of tears, they deposited the bodies in the grave. The Imams prayed. Soon after, the virgins, in a plaintive voice began the hymn of death. They all turning their eyes upon the ground, and crossing their hands upon their breast, listened to this song of sorrow.

“ Mourn, family of Ismael; the greatest of thy brothers is fallen; he, whose virtues won to us the favour of the Most High. Invincible as our fathers; like them, alas! he

was mortal, too. Mourn, family of Ismael; the greatest among thy sons is fallen!

“When the cedar falls whose green head towered aloft in the air, and thundering, as it falls, shakes the forests far and wide, the forrowing shepherdesses, with tears, demand another shade from heaven. Mourn, family of Ismael; the greatest among thy sons is fallen.

“Fatal day! O day of sorrow, when this lovely pair died together; and virtue, love, and virtue sinks into the same tomb! The remembrance of thee amidst our miseries, shall be ever dear, though painful. Mourn, family of Ismael; the greatest among thy sons is fallen!”

While this funereal hymn was sung, the Imams closed the ceremony. The earth covered the bodies of Almanzor and Moraima. A plain marked the spot; and their names inscribed upon the tomb, rendered it more sacred than the proudest Mausolea ever were.

Alas! the same lively grief, the same bitter and deep regret which the whole Moorish people felt, oppressed also the soul of Gonsalvo.



salvo. With his own life, he would gladly have redeemed the life of the hero who was no more. The idea that Zulema believed him guilty, the fear that she might sink under her ills, that she might hate him who lived for her alone,—all the torments of despair deepened by anxious uncertainty, fell upon him together. He accused all nature, and revolved an hundred wild projects in his mind: sometimes he would go to Grenada, and offer his head to his enemies; sometimes he determined to leave the siege, and retire into the desert. Preyed upon by such reveries, and by the delirium of a warm imagination, inflamed by the ardour of passion, he sighed in restless anxiety, changed his purposes every moment, resumed what he had rejected, and laid aside again that which he was ready to follow. To enhance his distress, he durst not confide his griefs to his friend who was almost dying,—to his friend, whose valour was the innocent cause. Yet he could not hide the agony that oppressed him, although he ascribed it to a different motive. He deceived his friendship

in delicacy, and dissembled his ills, lest his friend's sympathy might be too poignant.

But, his ills were above his strength. The hero could no longer endure them. Death, suffering, and shame, were to him less dreadful than the hatred of Zulema. To escape it, he was ready to brave all. The truce which had been sworn to, gave him hopes of making his way into Grenada. Even without the truce, he would have hazarded all for love. He assumed the dress and the white rod by which heralds at arms are distinguished. He would take neither sword nor cuirass; what was life to him, if he could not justify himself? He informed no one of his purpose, withdrew from the faithful Pedro; and, alone, before day-break, marched to the gates of Grenada.

The guards deceived by the guise he wore, suffered him to pass, without opposition. Gonsalvo advanced towards the Albayzin. He enquired after Zulema, said that he was an envoy from Isabella, and demanded a secret conference with the daughter of Muley.

He

He was observed and questioned: he was amused with tedious delays. His firmness, his mild air, the dignified frankness of his manners prevailed over all denial. Two slaves introduced him into an ancient gallery, where the princess having been informed by them of his approach, thought it her duty to receive the messenger of Isabella. Covered with a long black veil, and leaning on the young Amina, she came slowly forward, with tottering steps. The hero no sooner perceived her than he rushed forward, and fell at her feet.

O you, said he with tears, you on whom I dare not lift up my eyes——

At this voice, and at sight of him, Zulema, trembling, and confounded, turned away her eyes, and made an effort to retire. Hear me, cried Gonsalvo, or order me to death. It is death I seek and wish for. On my knees, I beg it of you—that death which is to me an hundred times less terrible than your hatred or disdain. My hands, O Zulema, are pure: deign to turn thy eyes upon

me; deign to look on an unfortunate man who has not violated his oaths. Know——

A loud, tumultuous noise hindered the hero from proceeding. Boabdil, king Boabdil came in, followed by his Zegries. An hundred soldiers, with weapons in their hands, rushed at once upon Gonsalvo, seized him, threw him down, and loaded him with fetters of brass. Gonsalvo surprised, and confounded, made no attempts to defend himself. Before Zulema, he retained no energy. The princess uttered piercing cries: Muley-Hassem ran in, at the noise. He found his daughter amidst the arms; and knew Gonsalvo in chains. The old man stood motionless. Boabdil thus addressed him.

He is in chains before me, the terrible enemy who pierced the bosom of Almanzor, who has filled Grenada with mourning, and was preparing to make us all his captives. Muley, thou seest him before thee. Behold the proud Gonsalvo, that fierce Castilian who regarded us all as his prey! Dishonest purposes have undoubtedly brought him wi-

in these walls. The traitor thought to deceive our eyes. But two faithful Zegries who had once been the barbarian's prisoners, recognized him under this disguise. My victim cannot escape me. Muley, behold in chains the conqueror of the Abencerragoes, the fierce murderer of thy son. Endure the horror of the sight, by thinking of the vengeance which we shall inflict. To-morrow shall this scourge of the Moslem name expire in agonizing torments: to-morrow shall this barbarian's blood besprinkle the grave of the great Almanzor. And, it is my pleasure, that before his death, this base Christian who thinks himself so great, be given up to the insults of my people, till the rage and fury of Grenada be exhausted on his head.

He said. Zulema trembled. Gonsalvo, in silence, viewed the tyrant with an eye of confidence, Muley mildly replied:

Boabdil, let us not spare the cruel Gonsalvo; he spared not my son. The barbarian used the rights of war; use you them in your turn. Mine eternal sorrow may

perhaps be soothed, when I shall see the murderer of Almanzor slain on his tomb. I will witness the spectacle. But, let his death suffice. Let us immolate our enemy without farther outrage. Let us shew ourselves worthy of this highest favour that heaven can bestow, and not irritate its justice, since its anger seems to be at length disarmed: and let us respect, while we detest the conqueror of the greatest of men.

The sanguinary Boabdil would hardly listen to the words. The Zegries stimulated his fury. He departed with his prisoner; he ordered him to be loaded with a double weight of fetters, surrounded him with a triple guard, caused the gates of the city to be shut; and followed by Muley, who strove to bend him from his purpose, took the way to the Alhambra.

The rumour of this unexpected good fortune soon spread through Grenada. The soldiers and citizens raised shouts of joy. All eagerly ran to see that famous hero, that invincible warrior, at whose name alone, they

they had often turned pale. They pressed upon him, as he passed, fixed their keen eyes upon the captive whom they were no longer to fear, and yet still receded a few steps, as his chains clanked. Thus, when the timorous hunters have at last surprised in their toils, the dreadful lion that wasted the plains, they crowd round the object from whom they before fled. They give themselves up to all the transports of exultation and of vengeance. Yet they cannot, without a secret horror, view him who has so long made them tremble.

In the palace is a narrow dungeon, impenetrable to the rays of light. Three brazen doors open into it. The rock in the midst of which it has been hewn out, affords no other passage for the admission of air, but a long, oblique vent, closed with ten iron grates. Into this dungeon was Gonsalvo cast, while preparations were made for his punishment. Here loaded with ponderous chains which were fastened to the rock, he heard the fatal brazen doors shut upon him,

and remained alone with uncertainty and despair.

His great soul did not sink under these sufferings; his spirit rose against the harshness of destiny. He saw death before him; and saw it armed in terrors. He could not doubt that every imaginable torture would be exhausted upon him. His courage sustained him against all. Certainly determined to die like a hero, and sure that his glory would be immortal, and untarnished by his end, he fixed a stern eye on death and its sorrows: But, to die without seeing Zulena, without convincing her of his innocence,—this idea was terrible to him, this was the only species of suffering which he could not meet with firmness.

The unhappy princess had remained in the Albayzin, and had yet hardly recovered her senses. Chilled with horror, and surprise, she looked back on what she had seen, remembered the last words, and tender oaths of Gonsalvo, what he had begun to offer in his justification, and the dangers which he had braved, to obtain an opportunity of speaking



speaking to her; and all concurring to persuade her, that her lover was not guilty. Yet, he was to perish. No human effort could save him. It was not enough to the unfortunate Zulema, that she had lost her stay, her brother, her only defender, that she had condemned herself to the torment of combatting incessantly a fond passion which constantly occupied her heart, that she was gently tearing from her breast the dear image with which it was filled:—It was not enough that she had borne the insufferable homage of Alamar, and daily trembled under the fear of being delivered up to that barbarian: she must also witness the punishment of him whom she loved, punishment rendered more severe by infamy, and must see her deliverer, the greatest, the most magnanimous of men, end a life of glory amid disgrace and pain.

O my brother, cried she, wert thou still alive, thou wouldest not suffer thy country to disgrace herself by what she is now about to perpetrate; thou wouldest save a hero who, in his virtues, resembles thee! His  
death,

death and mine are inevitable; and although my love should forget what I owe to his shade, to our mutual engagements, to thy blood which has been shed:—Yet the precautions used by their barbarity, would render my guilty efforts vain. But, I will not offend thy respected shade. I will not betray either my duty, or the sacred engagements by which we have been united, by withdrawing at least from shame, the enemy whom thy heart esteemed. O my brother, thee do I implore, assist me to hazard all, rather than be guilty of a crime against thy country, rather than sully thy glory by an act of vengeance which thy pure and feeling mind would turn from, with horror. From that moment, listening only to the counsels of despair, she ran to the Alabez, to persuade them to open Gonsalvo's prison. Her efforts were vain. The day was gone, before the tender Zulema could have any hope of accomplishing her generous purpose. Night came on, and the princess, acquiring new confidence under its shade, went herself to the prison. She implored, she supplicated

eated the foldiers, to permit her to penetrate, but for a moment, into that horrible recess. She demanded it in the name of Almanzor; and that great name, her prayers, her tears, the love, and the respect which the virtuous Zulema ever inspired, at last affected the rude minds of Boabdil's guards. The gates opened and shut upon the princess. She entered, with a cup in one hand which she had concealed from every eye; in the other she held a lamp which burnt with a glimmering light. She advanced with trembling steps, and presented herself before the hero.

Gonsalvo, said she, in a faint voice, you esteem me more than to expect me here. Had it been only to save your life, my virtue had refused so much. Determined to die after you, I should have suffered him to perish who spared not my brother, and feared not to sacrifice his mistress, and violate his vows. But, I must preserve you from disgrace and infamy; remembering that to Gonsalvo I owe my own safety. You saved my honour; and I wish to acquit the  
debts

debt I owe you. You, cruel as you are, have shewn me that honour is to you dearer than love. Less criminal; but more unfortunate, I discharge my duty to both by bringing you this poison. Take this cup, Gonsalvo, when I shall have drunk half of its contents. This is the only support, mournful as it may be, which I can offer you against the tyrant's rage. Your death is inevitable: outrages and torments await you. Escape the rage of the executioner, and die with me. Your death is perhaps due to my brother's shade; by dying I shall expiate the guilt which I incur by still continuing to love you.

As she said thus, she raised the cup to her lips. A cry uttered by Gonsalvo held her hand. Hardly yet recovered from his surprise, his joy, and his terroure, the hero raised his chains, seized the cup, and falling on his knees:

How great is my present happiness, said he. I see you; I can speak to you; I can justify myself at your feet, from the imputation of a crime of which I am not guilty.

Ah!

Ah! would Boabdil exhaust on me his barbarous rage! may the dreadful torments inflicted on me weary out the executioners of his vengeance: You, Zulema, are here: You have deigned to seek me even in this recess of vice and sorrow; You thought me the murderer of Almanzor, yet did not hate me—What can all the tyrants of the earth henceforth do against me? You love me, and I have seen you; I die content I have lived.

But, beware of your fatal error. Cease to think, that my hands could shed your brother's blood. I was to have met him, indeed; faithful to honour, and to you, I was going to fall by the hand of Almanzor, when I was attacked by your Numidians, and prevented from joining the army. A hero, my friend, my brother, was watchful over my glory. He appeared in my arms, and fought for me. When he was about to fall himself; his fatal sword——

Great God! cried Zulema, I bless thee, I give thee thanks! My heart told me so much——

O my worthy brother, be not offended, if for a moment my groans shall cease; now that I recover the precious right of continuing to love him whom I adore! Gonsalvo, I doubt not of what you have said: but explain to me this wonder. Alas! I cannot hope that the explanation should produce any alleviation of your fate. It is too much Boabdil's interest to punish you for your exploits. I shall, at least prevent my father; I shall awaken his pity. With Boabdil, with the people, even with Alamar I shall employ every effort, and every expedient in the power of love. I will inform your own princes of your danger, and make every effort, to save your life: and if I shall succeed, proud of loving you, and that I may, without a crime, avow my love, I will come to die with you, speaking to you of my tenderness, renewing those oaths which I have never violated, giving you the name of husband,—which, if I may judge by the pleasure I feel in pronouncing it, must make us both insensible to the pangs of death, however painful.

At

At these words, she threw away the cup, and raised Gonsalvo. The hero, transported with joy, love, and gratitude, seized the hand of the fair Moor, began, and again broke off the recital by which he was to be justified. His bursting sighs stifled his voice. At last, their time being nearly run, he finished his mournful tale; and just then, a sudden noise was heard. The doors of the dungeon were hastily opened; Alamar, Alamar himself appeared, with a blaze of lights around him. Zulema fell down in a swoon: Gonsalvo bore her up in his arms: the African prince stood astonished.

But, soon, the barbarian's fury, rising to a height, was expressed in his features. His ebon eye-brows were contracted, till they met, and seemed to cover two globes of fire. On his lips sat the foam of rage: and his stammering tongue addressed to Gonsalvo these words of horror.

Traitor, who still continuest to insult me: Vile Christian, whom I am about to punish: It should seem that hell has let thee loose, to carry my rage, and thine insolence to the

last extreme! Come, pay me for so many injuries as I have suffered from thee: Expire slowly amid the pains which I have prepared for thee. Thy blood, shed, drop by drop, shall satisfy, although not extinguish the hatred I bear thee.

The hero heard not; he was attentive only to the princess. Alamar bade his guards tear her from his arms. Gonsalvo strove to defend her. He raised his fettered arms, struck with his chains, and felled down the two foremost soldiers that approached. But, overpowered by numbers, he was dragged out of the dungeon. Zulema, recovering her senses, sprung forward, and endeavoured to follow Gonsalvo. Alamar made them hold her back: Alamar whom she implored on her knees, refused to hear her prayers. He repulsed her, loaded her with insolent abuse, ordered the guard to stand round her, and to take care, that they might be answerable for her at his return. Then, in a transport of fury, he dragged away the Castilian.

Day was not yet returned: when a deserter came to warn Boabdil, that, the Spaniards



Spaniards alarmed at the absence of the great captain, surprised to see the gates of Grenada precipitately shut, and fearing some treachery on the part of the Moors, were about to break the truce by an assault. Terrified at the news, and yielding to the intreaties of Muley-Hassem, Boabdil had determined to immolate Gonsalvo, before the return of day. Alamar who claimed the honour, the accursed honour of piercing his side, had engaged to conduct him, that very hour to the tomb of Almanzor: and the unfortunate Muley, attended by a troop of Alabez, waited at the gates of the Alhambra, till the African should come with his victim.

When Gonsalvo appeared, Muley turned away. The hero sought to speak with him: the old man retired and avoided him. The Alabez stood around him, with their lances; and their ranks pressed close upon him. The merciless Alamar proceeded forwards, with them, toward the grave.

But, hardly had he gone out of Grenada by the eastern gate, the only one not exposed to the attack of the Spaniards, when he heard  
the

the thunders of Ferdinand sounding hollow at a distance. The walls were shaken; on all hands arose a cry to arms: the sound of trumpets pierced through the air: the neighings of steeds intermingled with the cries of the assailants announced the most terrible attack.

Alamar stopped in astonishment. Messengers had, by this time come from Boabdil, to press him to shew himself upon the ramparts. He hesitated, and was still in doubt what to do. Grenada demanded the aid of his arm; but his hatred required the blood of Gonsalvo. But Muley and the Alabez opposed his fury: they desired, and had resolved that the murderer of Almanzor should lose his life no where but upon the hero's tomb. Alamar could not pierce the heart of Gonsalvo, while it was covered by their bucklers who wished to reserve him for their own vengeance. And the increasing noise of the assault, the repeated orders of Boabdil, the promises of old Muley who was himself sufficiently interested to revenge with his own hand the son whom he regretted,—at  
last

last forced the fullen African to give up his victim, and haste to the battle.

It was now time that his presence should re-animate the trembling Moors. A breach was opened in the walls. Aguilar, Cortez, and the Castilians were advancing in order over the ruins. Guzman and the Arragonefe were scaling the ramparts. Boabdil, having been wounded by Cortez, was carried into the Alhambra. The Almorades, and the Vanegas were running in crowds from their posts. The Zegries themselves staggered before the brave Aguilar. Guzman then seized the battlements. The Castilians covered their scaling-ladders. Ferdinand directed and animated his soldiers. All fled, all gave way before the Spaniards. Grenada was verging to its ruin; an instant longer, and Grenada had been taken. But, Alamar appeared, and Grenada was saved.

Alamar, with the fury of a storm, ran forward, and struck Aguilar. His weapon pierced the hero's casque, and divided his forehead. Trampling under foot the palpitating body, and followed the Zegries whom

whom he re-animated, Alamar rushed upon the Castilians with dreadful shouts: they fell by his sabre, like the flowers of the meadow by the scythe of the mower. He pressed on, thinning their ranks as he advanced. He flew Uzeda, Salinas, Nugnez, and the amiable Mendoza: Mendoza, who, that he might espouse the object of his love, had ceded his dignities and his riches to a brother younger than himself: Alamar pierced his heart, as he was pronouncing his brother's name. Thirsting for blood and carnage, he overthrew from the height of the breach, the battalions of Castile: and seeing the proud Guzman, who having mounted the walls, was calling his Arragonesa, he flew forward, seized a fragment of rock, and threw against the Spaniard, without halting in his career. Guzman was struck, and fell down, under the stone. Alamar gained the height of the battlements, and with his sword cut away the scaling ladder which was bending under the Castilians. It fell down, with the soldiers upon it. The African ran furious along the ramparts, overturned every ladder, and filled

filled the trench with carcases. Then shewing himself, red with blood, from the summit of a tower, he brandished his sabre before the Christians, called to them and defied them, blaspheming the name of God.

Ferdinand, Cortez, and Medina, rallied their scattered foldiers. The king of Arragon led them back, formed them into a phalanx, encouraged them, put himself at their head, and strove to make a last effort. But, as he was giving the signal, he heard cries behind him ; he looked about, and saw, amid a cloud of dust, a numerous squadron of Moors, coming up, who poured instantly upon the flank of his battalions. The Castilians alone made resistance. The active and terrible legion closed their ranks, expanded them, and divided in a moment : they attacked on the four sides, the old bands of Castile, urged upon them, put them to flight ; and with more than the rapidity of lightning, each of the horsemen pursued the fugitives by himself. The Spaniards struck with terrour, turned towards their city. Cortez, Medina, and Ferdinand

were carried away among them. Isabella opened the gates, and with shame and sorrow received her fleeing soldiers. The plain was strewn with dead bodies: and that brave band who had alone performed such feats, seeing themselves masters of the field of battle, formed instantly into a line, and approached the walls of Grenada, where the people stood assembled in a crowd. Not far from the ramparts, the squadron halted. Their chief advancing, thus spoke to the Grenadines.

Moslems, once our brothers, but whose injustice has broken the bands by which we were joined, you once more behold the Abencerragoes. Perhaps you may pardon them for appearing here in disobedience to your decree. With our blood we dye those walls from which we were expelled: we will return to defend them, but will never more enter them. Judge, judge by this victory, how much might have been done for you, if our tribe had been commanded by Aben-Hamet. You murdered that hero, and would have committed to the flames the innocent Zoraida: such horrid crimes we cannot

not forget. As to your injuries against ourselves, you see, inhabitants of Grenada, how the Abencerragoes avenge themselves!

Thus spoke the valiant Zeir. His noble squadron immediately turned, and with full speed, took the road to Carthama.

The Spaniards again entering their city, did not disturb this glorious retreat. They durst not lift up their humbled brows. Guzman, with the principal leaders lay on the field. The exploits and the success of Alamar, the sudden arrival of the Abencerragoes who might thus each day return to combat the besiegers; the wounds of the brave Lara, and the absence of the great captain—all concurred to compleat their consternation. They already talked of raising the siege, of accepting the honourable peace offered by Boabdil. The sovereigns themselves, in anxious disquiet, resolved to await behind the ramparts, till Gonsalvo or Lara should be restored.

But, the invincible Lara whom Isabella had believed to be confined by his wounds, —Lara was no longer in Santa Fe.





---

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA;

OR,

*THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA.*

BOOK TENTH.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*LARA runs in search of Gonsalvo. He wanders astray in a forest. A rencounter. He is informed of the hero's danger. He runs to Almanzor's tomb. He finds Gonsalvo ready to be sacrificed. Contest of friendship. Lara saves his friend. They both return to the army. Ferdinand sends Gonsalvo to take Carthama. Particulars of this expedition. The hero returns in triumph. He receives a billet from Zulema. Last assault. Exploits of Gonsalvo. Taking of Grenada. Combat between the hero and Alamar. Zulema and her father are delivered. Entrance of Isabella. Marriage of Gonsalvo with Zulema.*

---

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

### BOOK TENTH.

**H**OLY friendship, daughter of heaven; treasure of the soul, source of our best blessings, come thou to embellish the close of my work; enliven the end of my tale with that power of interest which without astonishing, wins and allures, which impresses, yet does not rend the heart, and causes those delicious tears to flow which so nearly resemble the tears of love,—nay are sweeter than those. That ardent, impassioned love, which is capable of every effort, is ennobled by every virtue, that idol of youth needs the veil of mystery. Its rites, however pure, are withdrawn, and concealed from all eyes; and its reward is a sacrifice which honour forbids us ever to reveal. Friendship, on the contrary, delights to exhibit herself to the eyes of the world; equally delicate, but more courageous, she fears not to make known her joys and pains, her anxieties and pleasures.

pleasures. She finds charms, and places her glory in publishing them. Love blushes at discovery; friendship is proud to serve as an example.

Lara, the tenderness and sublimity of whose soul formed him for friendship,—Lara, although wounded and almost dying, still thought only of Gonsalvo. A whole day passed without his seeing the hero, his being ignorant where he was, and anxiety for the dangers to which he might be exposed, distressed him more than his own ills. On the evening of the day on which the hero disappeared, Lara, weak as he was, called for his steed. He could not bear his cuirass; and the weight of his lance was too much for him. Pale, staggering, exhausted, his spirits and vital energy were wanting, but so, too, was his friend. Without armour or means of defence, still wearing the linen bandages of his wounds, Lara, followed by the good Pedro who wept for his absent master, set immediately out in search of him. They together entered the forest where Gonsalvo had, a few days before, found the fair  
Zulema.

Zulema: They thought, that by this way must the hero have come, and wandered, as heaven directed, amid those wide-extended shades.

Darkness now covered the earth. Night was in the midst of her career, hastening towards the west, when the two travellers came to the foot of a lofty mountain, covered with pines. The noise of a copious stream pouring down among the rocks, intermingled with the plaintive murmur of trees shaken by the wind, the funereal cries of the birds of night, perched upon the cliffs of the rocks. They stopped by the torrent, that his steed might quench his thirst. Pedro raised his eyes attentively to the summit of the mountain, and by the faint lustre of a single taper, glimmering through the dark, discovered that a hermit or some solitary recluse resided in that awful desert.

He immediately proposed to Lara, to ascend to the hermitage, and there to rest for a few moments. Lara agreed. They both sought for a path, but the declivity was so steep that they were obliged to quit their

horses. Pedro conducted them both. Lara cut a strong branch from a tree, and with it sustained his staggering steps, going before the old servant.

Reaching long before him, the summit to which they were ascending, the hero discovered amid the rock a lowly cot, from which the light proceeded. Before the door was a stone covered with moss and bulrushes. The spring rose bubbling near. Lara coming to the stone, stopped and heard a voice sing these soft words.

“Sole object of my tenderness, young victim of love, I am willing to weep with unceasing tears; only consent you to endure life: it is for my own sake I intreat you. Live, that I also may live.

“Often do your lips assure me, that your heart holds me dear: In all nature I have none but you; and you desire to die! For my own sake I intreat you. Live, that I also may live.

“On you alone hangs my destiny; yet does not this alleviate your ills. Unfortunate am I in being happier than you! For  
my

"my own sake do I intreat you. Live, that I also may live."

The voice was here silent; and a different voice, sobbing, replied :

"O my friend, my only friend, no longer soothe me with consolation which melts my heart, but does not alleviate my distress. You know that my tears can never be dried up. You know that I cannot forget the evils which I have suffered, and the evils of which I have been the cause. Suffer me, suffer me to indulge a grief which I have but too just reason to feel. Be satisfied with the painful efforts of my warm and tender friendship; I have lived till this day; it is surely enough, mine only friend. Had it not been for thee, dost thou think, that I would have availed myself of Lara's kindness.

At these last words, and the mention of his own name which he heard with surprise, Lara made some noise, went forward, and demanded hospitable entertainment. He saw two terrified women who made no reply, but fled. The hero encouraged them, and followed them to the door of the cot. One

of them soon returned with a lamp in her hands. She viewed Lara, and screamed for joy.

Is it you, said she weeping, you whom I had no hopes of seeing,—you who saved my mistress, and gave me back what I hold dearer than life? Ah! Zoraida, run hither, and embrace your deliverer.

Lara, who knew the unfortunate queen of Grenada, flew hastily forward, and prevented her from falling at his feet. He kissed her hand respectfully, and refused the homage which she strove to pay him; but he could not command the transports of the generous-hearted Ines. Led by her, he followed Zoraida to the inner part of her hut. The queen asked him to rest there, presenting a coarse seat which Ines covered with a mat. Ines then ran to bring him milk, dates, and raisins. She filled a vessel of olive-wood with water from the spring. She came back, and presented it to the hero; regretting for the first time, that she had not now the richly flavoured wines of the shores of Andalusia.

Lara



Lara, with a mixture of surprise and tender pity, viewed the queen, but could hardly recollect her features. She no longer displayed those bright eyes whose mildness tempered their lustre, that charming brow on which sat modesty and grace. It was now clouded with sorrow, and overspread with paleness: incessant tears had extinguished the fire of those eyes: of Zoraida nought remained, but her virtue and her love. Lara viewed with sighs the abode inhabited by a queen. Those moss-covered walls, that roof of straw and reeds, all surprised, all confounded him. The queen saw and smiled.

This is not the Alhambra, said she, in a voice of gentleness: would heaven, that Zoraida had never known any other palace! When your valour saved me, I fancied that I might live in Carthama, among the Abencerragoes, my friends and brothers. I shortly found that the unfortunate can hardly endure even themselves, and that solitude is the proper retreat where sorrow should wait for death. I fled away with my Ines whom I in vain intreated to leave me, and return

to

to her country. We hid ourselves among these mountains : and in spite of myself directing my steps towards that fatal spot, I arrived in the forest of tears where I knew that the brave Almanzor had buried the remains of Aben-Hamet. Thanks to my own cares and those of Ines, who spared no fatigue, I at last discovered the place where my unfortunate lover was laid. This discovery was to my heart a greater event, a more lively and sweeter pleasure than what I felt when you came to save me from the flames. I resolved never to leave a place so dear. The hope that Ines might soon lay my cold remains beside Aben-Hamet touched my heart with joy. But, the fear of being discovered among woods thus near to the city, and of falling again into the hands of Boabdil obliged me to seek a more secret recess. I durst not mark the tomb otherwise than by my tears. I was sure of finding it again, as the bird in the forests still finds the tree on which it has built its nest. Ines discovered these rocks, and fixed my dwelling here. The reeds of this roof were gathered by her.

She

She raised the hut in which I now receive you. Wild fruits gathered by her are all our nourishment. The water from the spring quenches our thirst. She sleeps on this bed of rushes; I weep on these dry leaves. And, every night, when my timid steps may be concealed by darkness, I revisit the tomb of Aben-Hamet, shed new tears in remembrance of his death, repeat the former oaths which my heart has never once betrayed, and demand of Almighty God to abridge the tedious length of the term of my punishment. Refrain your tears, generous Lara; that God will soon hear me. I hope, I am certain that I shall soon go hence to join him whose death has been occasioned by me. I am happy to see you once more ere that wished time arrive, to speak to you of my gratitude, and to enquire from yourself, whether your virtues make you happy.

Alas! replied Lara, happiness is what the feeling mind cannot easily know. Love has been the cause of your woes; and friendship is the source of mine. Having been long separated from Gonsalvo, that hero, famous  
and

and respected through the universe, and dear to my heart, I saw him again ; I was with him ; but Gonfalvo has suddenly disappeared. His fate is unknown. It has been reported, that the Moors have made him prisoner. This news I think false. Gonfalvo is not a man to be taken captive. Although wounded and in pain myself, I am now in search of my friend. I will go, if necessary, even to Grenada, whither I tremble lest he may have been led by an unfortunate amour. I go, not to defend his life ; of this my weakness leaves me no hope ; but to share his dangers, and to die with him.

Oh ! heavens ! cried Ines, you chill my heart with fear. Know that, on this very night, a shepherd of these mountains told me ; beware, Ines, beware of going to the forest of tears ; it is full of soldiers in arms. They are at Almanzor's tomb, where, to-morrow is to be slain the most terrible and redoubled enemy of the Moors. The Shepherd said no more. Zoraida durst not go ; and I am informed that the hero spoken of, was the great Gonfalvo.

Ines

Ines had not ended; Lara trembling called on Pedro. He ordered him to bring his horses; and the old servant brought them. Lara could hardly bid farewell to the unhappy queen. He hastily mounted his horse; and guided by the amiable Ines, who shewed the old man an easy path, proceeded to the forest of tears.

The purpled morn began to dawn, when Lara, by this time in the wood, perceived through the trees, torches, sabres, and lances. He urged his courser's speed, rushed on into the midst of the soldiers, and saw,—just heaven! what a sight! his friend loaded with chains, and laid upon the tomb. His head was bare, and bowed down: the sword already raised over it. Muley bade them strike—Lara uttered piercing cries, sprang to the ground, caught hold of the sword; and addressing the astonished Muley:

Unhappy father, said he, in the energetic accents of virtue and friendship, you seek to avenge the death of your son; I approve of your vengeance. But, shed here the blood of the guilty; tarnish not the lustre

of your long and glorious life, by the murder of an innocent person. Gonfalvo, whom you are about to kill, was not the opponent of the brave Almanzor: I appeal to the shade of that hero who hears me from the tomb; I attest the God of heaven, the captains and sovereigns of the Castilians. It was I, I only that triumphed over the bravest of the Moors: it was I who, while I fell by his hand, gave him his death's wound. I took the arms of Gonfalvo. I took advantage of his absence, in order to deceive your son, and the two armies, and to try myself against a warrior of whose glory I was jealous. King of Grenada, you know my crime: I come to expiate it. Know what Gonfalvo did, and reward his generosity. By him was your son's body delivered to those Alabez, who now hear me. He met you when you stood alone against the attack of four Spaniards, and saved you from their fury. He gave you his own horse, and opened out the way by which you escaped to Grenada. Muley, you know all; let your justice decide!

He

He has said it, interrupted Gonsalvo; my doom is fixed. Moors, credit not this hero. He is my friend, my brother in arms: he accuses himself, only to save me. It was I whom Almanzor defied; It was I that should have slain him. Quick, avenge yourselves on my head; but spare the generous Lara. Remember that his valour saved Zoraida; Remember, you, brave friends of the unfortunate Abencerragoes, that Lara vanquished the Zegries. Render the respect and honour which all mankind owe to his virtues. Admire, but believe not, this generous falsehood suggested by friendship. And, thou, Lara, forgive thy brother for thus detecting thy designs.

At these words, Muley and the Alabez ordered Lara to retire. No, cried he, in despair, you shall not accomplish the crime you meditate; you shall be less barbarous than he. Ah! see you not, that death is what he wishes; that he trembles only for his friend? Moors, by Almighty God I swear, I am the murderer of Almanzor: I am he who deserves death. If you have any doubts

remaining; if your hatred for Gonsalvo renders my oaths needless, yet recollect the fatal combat which you witnessed; the conqueror lay stretched on the dust, bathed in his own blood,—and can you not recognize that conqueror?—Come hither; view these wounds: behold that blood-stained bosom. Behold the wounds your own Almanzor made; see with what difficulty I escaped out of his hands; these are still fresh witnesses of my hard-earned victory; such as that cruel man has not to shew.

He said, displayed his bosom, tore away his bandages, shewed his wounds, and on his knees demanded death. Gonsalvo, transported out of himself, pressed his friend in his arms, wept over him, attempted to speak, and still to persist in declaring himself the only guilty person. Lara, with his cries interrupted him.

Muley was virtuous, and the Alabez not barbarous. They were softened, and wept themselves, to behold this contest of friendship. The old man could not resist the emotions of his soul. In the eyes of his attendants,



dants, he read their wishes. He ordered Gonsalvo's fetters to be taken away, commanded Lara to rise, and fixing his sorrowful eyes on the two heroes :

One of you, said he, has slain my son ; I desire not to know, which. One of you has saved my life ; I wish to consider myself as indebted for it to you both. I acquit myself of a favour I abhor, by restoring you to liberty, although your liberty must be pernicious to my country ; but, this, methinks, I hear the voice of Almanzor bid me do. Go, ye models of friendship, whom I, at once admire and detest : Go, tell your Spaniards, that, the better to avenge my son, to pay so much the nobler tribute to his ashes, I have sacrificed my resentment to my desire to resemble him. And, if you feel any gratitude for this favour from me, beware of attacking ramparts on which I must fall. I here swear by the name of God, by the hero whom I deplore, that you shall find me upon the breach ; and wherever you point your swords, you shall find them opposed by the old man ; and when you enter

Grenada,

Grenada, must trample under foot, thou, Lara, the deliverer of Gonfalvo; and thou, Gonfalvo, the unhappy father of the tender Zulema.

As he ended these words, without stopping or wishing to hear the two heroes, Muley departed with the Alabez. Gonfalvo and Lara again embraced. They could not believe, that they were once more together, but tenderly reproached each other. The good Pedro, who was beside himself with joy, mingled his tears with theirs. He gave his freed to his master, and with them, took the road to Santa Fe.

Oh! what transports, what rapture did their return to the army excite! The soldiers, when they saw them again, forgot their late mishaps. The two heroes were restored. Henceforth would they be invincible. Alamar, and the Abencerragoes no more inspired them with terroure. Grenada was from this moment, taken; nought could retard its fall; they all with loud shouts required to be led instantly thither.

Gonfalvo,

Gonsalvo, flattered by their confidence, approved and sympathised in their ardour. Occupied incessantly with the idea of Zulema, and of the dangers to which he had left her, he trembled lest the furious Alamar should have proceeded to the last excess of raging passion. He was impatient to see, to meet in battle with that odious rival, to deliver the earth from a monster whose name only, inspired terror. But, the threats of Muley, that he would every where present himself in opposition to Gonsalvo, and would cover with his body whatever breach he should attack, chilled the feelings of the hero, and made him dread the assault.

While, with his friend, he was concerting to defy the African prince, and to entice him from the city; they were interrupted by king Ferdinand who addressed them in these flattering words:

Young heroes, the honour of Spain, I dare not complain of fortune that permits me not to vanquish without you: but that fortune obliges me again to separate you. The Abencerragoes, masters of Carthama,  
have

have come to fight before these walls. They may yet return. Before I make a last assault on these tottering towers, we must be masters of Carthama, and either destroy or take captive every enemy that may interrupt our progress. Gonsalvo, I have chosen you for this important conquest. The wounds of the valiant Lara forbid him to accompany you. Take my choicest warriors: march with them to Carthama, I leave you to use all means you may think expedient to take their city. Bring me the keys within six days. To Gonsalvo this period is enough. I fix it, in respect not to the strength of the place, but, to the talents of the general.

At these words, Gonsalvo felt his ardour for glory revive. He promised to obey the king; to-morrow he would set out. His love made his removal to a distance from Grenada secretly painful unto him. But his valour gave him hopes of returning within six days. He knew the frightful rocks which surrounded Carthama on all sides; he knew that by surprise only could he master those precipitous rocks. Al-  
ready,

ready, meditating a purpose by which the victory would be secured, he demanded the faithful Asturians to accompany him.

Six thousand infantry were enough; but these were men chosen by Gonsalvo. They had been all born on the Pyrenees. They were shepherds, and men accustomed to hunt among the dells and cliffs of the mountains of Lievana. There, on rocks hid among the clouds, on peaks glittering with ice, on almost inaccessible summits, where the snow, indurated into diamonds, braves the sun's heat, they had, from their infancy pursued the eagle and the chamois. Covered only with a wolf's skin, whose jaw served them for a lance, they wore a broad girdle, from which hung three bent and pointed bars of steel: their feet were fitted with iron pikes; their right hand held a double pointed dart. By their sides hung two sharp poniards; round their head was a long sling. Hardy, nimble, and indefatigable, they were all of a lofty stature, of force even superior to their strength; they seemed of the race

of those proud giants who attempted to scale the heavens.

The brave Pegnaflor was their commander: Pegnaflor whose ancestors had fought with Pelagius, and who had not degenerated from their ancient valour. This formidable band, proud of being chosen by the magnanimous Gonsalvo, ranged themselves under the ancient standard of the first Spanish monarchs: they now only waited for their general. He appeared with Lara, who was in pain at the idea of losing him again. He tenderly bade him farewell, pressed him to his breast, and gave the signal for their departure.

He marched on, and before night arrived within a small distance of Carthama. He concealed his warriors in a wood, and bade them rest there for a while. Then alone mounting a hill, he examined from a distance the appearance of the place, and discovered it on the midst of a rock overlooking the the circumjacent mountains. A steep and narrow path, which a horse might hardly climb, led to its brazen gates. The battle-ments

ments which were cut out in the rock rose over precipices whose height the eye could not measure. A furious torrent rolled at the foot of the rock on which Carthama stood. The immense peak of that rock seeming to lose itself in the clouds, overhung the city as if to shelter it from the violence of the sky.

Gonsalvo fixed his eyes on that frowning rock. To courage he thought every thing possible: and the courage of the Asturians he knew. He observed the position of the mountains, traced the rapid flight of the torrents between them, considered whether the enlargement of its bed might render the passage easy, and when sure that it might be so, returned to his brave followers.

Noble descendents, said he, of those venerable Christians, who retired in these caverns, with no resource but God and their own brave hearts, saved our country from the Moorish yoke: the justice of God this day has ordered it, that these usurpers now possess the retreats which once were your's. I have chosen you out of the whole army, to

deprive them of these recesses, that the ruin of Grenada may be sure, and that the whole world may know, that Spain owes all her triumphs to the invincible Asturians. You see that vast rock which lifts its head among the clouds. The eagle fears to rest upon it. There must you conquer. Let half of you remain with me: let Pegnaflor lead the other half round the mountain. I shall point out his way. By constant perseverance you will reach the summit: you must kindle three fires to warn me when you have reached it; take stones in your slings, and await my signal.

He said: the Asturians eagerly swore to mount the peak of the rock. They were all alike ardent for the enterprize. The hero, to satisfy all, promised other dangers to those who should be left. He led Pegnaflor forthwith to the hill from which he perceived the sinuosities of the torrent, and explained the daring project he conceived. Pegnaflor thus instructed, chose out three thousand men, the stoutest and most dexterous in the army, and made



made them take provisions for two days, and when returned, departed with them.

That night and the next day Gonfhalvo gave to repose. He had calculated the length of the circuitous march by which Pegnaflor had to proceed, the difficulties he was likely to meet with, and the period when he might be expected to arrive. Anxious and sleepless, he passed the second night upon the hill, with his eyes fixed upon the rock. Nought appeared, but all remained still. The moon shone in the firmament. Her light was favourable to the progress of the Asturians and might hasten their success. But the hero feared and sighed. At last, just before the dawn, he saw three fires kindled. He uttered a joyful shout, ran to his troop, sounded the alarm, drew up his soldiers, and marched.

He swam at the head of his Asturians over the torrent. The Abencerragoes, at the very first noise, flew to their battlements in arms. A cloud of arrows discarded at the hero's feet. Alone, and protected by his buckler, he mounted a rock, cut down a branch

branch from a wild olive, raised it over his head, and made a signal that he desired to speak with them. The brave Zeir immediately ordered his brothers to withhold their arrows. The city-gates were opened. Omar followed by a number of warriors, descended the path, and marched fiercely to Gonsalvo. But suddenly recollecting his features he halted, hesitated, and knew not how to act.

Approach, said the hero. I have already made trial of your courage. I come to give a proof of my esteem. I come not here to contend for the interests of my heart: I come, in the name of Ferdinand to offer a peace necessary to the Abencerragoes, and worthy of them, and of which that noble tribe may dictate the conditions. I am master of the treaty——

But, not of Carthama, interrupted Omar in a dignified voice; and though Grenada were fallen, still should we brave thy kings, thine army, and thyself within these walls. Behold on what foundations our liberty stands. View these awful rocks, these inaccessible

accessible ramparts, these towers which the eye cannot scan; and give thy warriors wings; ere thou talk to us of peace.

My warriors need it not, replied Gonsalvo with a smile. View that rock which overlooks your city; they have climbed it. Behold that numerous band ready to dash down upon your heads, the stones in which you confide for your defence. They wait but for a signal from me to destroy your only assylum. Chuse then in an instant. Either perish all beneath your ruins, or sign the glorious peace which I offer as your friend.

Omar looked to the height of the rock with astonishment, and saw it occupied by three thousand Asturians. He could not believe his own eyes: confounded, speechless, motionless, he thought what he saw; only a dreary dream. At last forced to give credit to a prodigy the possibility of which he could not conceive, he replied less haughtily to the hero, and begged a few moments, that he might acquaint his brethren.

SOON

Soon were the ramparts deserted : and an awful silence reigned through the city. The impatient Gonsalvo made his trumpets sound, and was preparing to scale the steep, when he saw the valiant Zeir, Osman, Omar, and Velid, with the principal Abencerragoes, issue from the gates of Carthama. They came unarmed, not drooping their heads, but with a manly blush upon each brow. They advanced with a slow, tranquil pace. Gonsalvo advanced to meet them. Thus spoke Zeir :

Thou hast conquered, Gonsalvo. Be assured, that we would die, if our wives and children might escape the same fate. But, we yield to nature, fortune, and the ascendancy of thy genius. We come to surrender Carthama ; our liberty is all we ask. Let our family still cultivate their own religion, and peacefully inhabit what lands Ferdinand may assign us. On this condition are we his faithful subjects. I surrender these keys and pledge my faith.

Gonsalvo, taking his hand, granted more than was demanded. He treated the Abencerragoes

cerragoes honourably, went up with them to Carthama, entered the city as an ally, prescribed to the Spaniards who followed him the strictest discipline, and gave them liberal rewards, that they might contentedly forego the rights of victory. Pegnaflor became governor of the new conquest. The hero left him the six thousand Asturians, and returned alone with the Abencerragoes to Santa Fe. Lara durst not expect him so soon, yet came daily out to meet him. He saw Gonsalvo at a distance. He flew, he long locked him in his arms, and contemplated the noble train who attended his brother. He saluted the Abencerragoes, concealed his joy which to them might have been offensive. And out of respect for them, delaying farther converse with his friend, ran to announce their arrival to his sovereign.

The joyful Ferdinand, and the august Isabella could hardly hide their surprise. They received the captives like old and favourite subjects. They confirmed the glorious treaty which their general had signed, left to the illustrious tribe their wor-

ship, wealth, and possessions; and to these benefits a city in Andalusia, which was to be the heritage of their posterity.

While the royal pair thus won the hearts of those whom their arms had vanquished, a soldier asked to speak secretly with Gonsalvo. He gave him an arrow, shot from the walls of Grenada, on which was a sealed billet, bearing the name of the hero inscribed. Gonsalvo in surprise took the billet, opened it with a trembling hand, and read with some difficulty, these words which were almost effaced by tears.

“ My last moments are near; for Alamar bids me chuse between death and marriage. Would the tyrant be satisfied with my death, I should not employ the enemy of my country, I should die without complaint, and my last sigh should be his. But my father is in fetters, my father, for saving your life, and is with me in the same dungeon into which I followed you. He will be removed only to punishment. Come, Gonsalvo, and deliver him. My heart cannot recompense

YOUR

you, I give you it not again. Only my hand shall repay what you do for my father.”

Gonsalvo, pale and confounded, twice read this writing, and returned to Isabella. The queen saw his emotion. Speak, said she, great captain, what anxieties can darken your brow covered as it is with laurels? What wishes can your soul form? I vow to hear them. Speak confidently. What reward ask you for all your exploits?

The assault, quickly replied Gonsalvo, the last, the terrible assault, before which Grenada must yield, which must shake from the throne the infamous and cruel Boabdil, and avenge heaven, wearied out with the crimes of the infamous Alamar. Order the assault by break of day: this is my dearest recompence, the only one I demand for all I have done.

At these words, which he spoke with sparkling eyes, in the accent of rage, and in the wild extravagance of love, Ferdinand rose up, in a transport of joy. Thou shalt be satisfied, to-morrow, I deliver Grenada into thine hands: to-morrow shalt thou at

pleasure punish the enemies who have injured thee. Come, give the orders, thyself, inflame my brave foldiers with the fire which sparkles in thine eyes: come, tell them, that thou wilt fight, and they are sure of victory.

He then called the chiefs, and acquainted them with his great enterprize. He submitted to Gonfalso his plan of attack, and improved it by his advice. Two mines which had been long preparing, were next morning to be sprung, and to overturn the two strongest towers of the besieged. The army divided into two battalions, was to march at once over these towers. The king himself, young Cortez, the generous Lara, now cured of his wounds, were to guide the bands of the Arragonese, the Catalans, and the Baleares to the attack on the right. The prudent Medina, and the invincible Gonfalso, at the head of the Castilians, the Leonese, and the Andalusians were to give the attack on the left. The troops of the two crowns, having been for ages rivals in glory, being thus divided, strove to out-do each other, Isabella went to see, and encouraged

and



and animated them. Gonfalvo who attended the queen, displayed the bright blade of the Cid. All was ready, and each soldier was impatient for morn.

At last arose that great day which was to shine on the noblest of triumphs, on the important conquest won by the Christians from the Moslems, which was to avenge the affronts of eight centuries, to restore liberty to Spain, to the true God his ancient temples, and to begin that long career of victory, which filled with the Castilian name the three quarters of the known world, and the new world which they discovered.

Gonfalvo being first armed, roused his companions. On foot, like them, he went out of the city, and drew them up in the plain. Impatient for the signal, he blamed Ferdinand as slow, returned to the gates of Santa Fe, urged the march of the battalions, pointed to the sun just rising, and thought him already hastening to his setting. He went to deliver his mistress, to punish a hateful rival, to conquer for his country. Love, vengeance, and virtue, united in his heart,  
raised

raised him above himself. His great soul was unequal to bear its transports. He ran, he flew among the ranks, brandished his sword, and still fixed his eyes on the walls of Grenada, like a traveller in the desert, tormented with burning thirst when he sees a rivulet which he cannot yet approach.

The sage Medina restrained his ardour. He shewed him Ferdinand at a distance, drawing up the Arragonefe, Isabella on the elevation of a tower, on her knees, with stretched out arms, and imploring the God of battles: the brave Lara, and young Cortez at the head of their battalions, the Moors on their ramparts, with bows bent, and arrows ready, sternly awaiting the assault. Boabdil was not with them: his wounds and effeminacy detained him in the Alhambra. But the fierce Alamar, armed with an iron club, appeared amid the Zegries. Alamar, after the last assault, dreading such another, turned the rapid waters of the Darro into the trenches. He took care to prepare vases filled with bitumen, saltpetre, boiling oil, and red-hot arrows  
and

and darts. He collected fragments of rocks. All the resources of despair, rage, and terror did Alamar employ: and those mortal engines were intended chiefly against Gonsalvo.

The king of Arragon soon commanded two bodies of cavalry, who hastened with pikes, to fill the trenches. They accomplished their purpose, although annoyed by the enemy's darts. The army then moved on, but with a slow tranquil step. Alamar sent new reinforcements to the two towers upon which they advanced. The Moors darkened the air with their arrows, and shouted dreadfully. The Spaniards marched on in silence, protected by their bucklers. When near the *glacis*, they stopped, lowered their lances, and awaited the last signal.

That instant, and on both sides, an horrible, stunning noise was heard through the air. The earth trembled; the hills were moved; the vallies re-echoed the noise. Torrents of thick smoke veiled the bulwarks of Grenada, while clouds of dust rose to heaven.

The

The trumpets then sounded, and Gonsalvo shouted with a voice of thunder. With his sword in his hand, he rushed on the enemy, crossed the trench, mounted the breach, spread slaughter all around him, repulsed the Moslems that advanced against him, called on his Castilians, who hastened after, but could not overtake him in his career, and stood alone on the height of the walls, while the Moors fell in heaps by his sword. The Almorades, led by Abad, advanced in a body, to oppose the hero. He attacked them, broke their battalion, strewed victims of his rage all around, and put to flight, or slew all who opposed his fury. Then, at length being joined by his friends, he seized the standard of Castile, advanced over carcases and ruins, and raised it on the rampart.

Alamar with the Zegries, fought at the other breach. Alamar had borne the attack of the brave Lara. His ponderous mace had overthrown the rash Cortez: and Ferdinand had been twice repulsed in attempting to scale the rampart. The proud Alamar exulted

ted

ted over the Christians, and thought himself already victorious, when he perceived the Spanish standard planted on the walls by Gonsalvo, and heard the Spaniards repeat that illustrious name.

At that sight, and those cries of victory, the African became pale with rage. He struck his mace upon the ground, hung his head, and for a moment hesitated, what part he should act. But, instantly turning his eye-balls, with a wild sternness upon the Zegries who stood around him : Brave Maaz, said he to their chief, remain, with your brethren, at this breach, and die rather than desert your post. I run, with the Alabez, to drive the enemy from the rampart ; I run to punish, to destroy the detestable  
——He could not finish what he had begun to utter ; his rage allowed him not to pronounce the name which he abhorred. He laid his ponderous mace upon his shoulders, and at the head of the Alabez, mounted where the wall extended between the two towers which were now destroyed, and with hasty steps, marched towards the Castilians.

Gonsalvo came to meet him. Hardly sooner had he been victorious than he pre-

pared to deliver Zulema: but learning that his friend was still engaged at the other breach, the hero changed his purpose, and with the men of Leon, flew to aid the valiant Lara. His thundering voice called on the name of Alamar; he called on him with words of defiance. The African heard, and answered from a distance. They knew each the other's voice, and rushed together. When they came, each within sight of the other, they advanced before their troops, and met on the middle of the rampart.

God of battles! who can express the strength, the mutual hatred, the rage of those implacable rivals? Who can describe the blind fury, the ardour for vengeance, the thirst of blood with which each was inflamed? Careless of life, and neglecting the use of their bucklers, Alamar raised his mace, Gonsalvo his sharp-edged sword, and thus, as they met, assailed each other. They struck at once. Gonsalvo's casque was broken; and the serpent's hide worn by Alamar, was cut. Blood spouted from the mouth and nostrils of both. The astonished Spaniard staggered, and the African fell upon one knee. But, Alamar immediately

mediately recovering himself, drew his scymetar : Gonsalvo made a closer attack upon him : their armour flew in pieces. Blows fell thicker and thicker. It seemed as if an hundred soldiers had struck at once. The men of Leon and Alabez, were chilled with fear, as they beheld them. All else suspended the fight, and stood amazed. Every eye, and every heart was with the two warriors.

Being nearly divested of their armour, they parried with their swords. They were now fatigued, yet not less ardent, and still advanced closer and closer together. But the Spaniard pushed the African upon the parapet of the rampart. Alamar, who could flee no farther, then threw himself upon his enemy, pressed him in his nervous arms, and strove to stifle him in his strong embrace. Gonsalvo caught him in like manner, locked him in his arms, pressed to his steel-clad heart, redoubled his efforts, shook him as a sturdy oak is shaken by the blast, and threw him down upon the parapet. To compleat his victory, he dashed him headlong from the walls. But Alamar held him fast, and drew him down in his fall. They fell together into

the stream, and its waters were dashed aloft in the air. They were both plunged to the bottom, but soon again appeared separate. Armed with their dreadful blades which had been fastened with chains to their arms, they each, with one hand supported themselves in the waters, and with the other renewed the fury of their combat, staining the waters with their blood. Alamar's blood flowed copiously; his strength was no longer equal to aid his rage. This Gonsalvo saw, and felt his own redoubled. He urged upon his enemy, joined with him, caught him, struck him on the throat, drew back his sword, and plunged it again deeper. They both disappeared a second time. Black blood rose bubbling to the surface of the waters. But, within a few moments, Alamar was seen floating, with extended arms, amid the blood-stained waters. The victorious hero gained the shore, proceeded to the prison without resting to take breath.

He went with lights, broke the brazen doors, and hastened to the princess, who was waiting by the knees of Muley-Hassim, in expectation of the stroke of death. You are free, cried Gonsalvo, throwing himself  
at



at her feet : Alamar is no more ; you are avenged——And you, respectable old man, you to whom I owe my life, forgive the unhappy exploits to which duty urged me. I have served my sovereigns and my country : I have acquitted myself of what I owe to them, but not of my obligations to you ; with you it remains to dispose of my fate. Would you honour Ferdinand by receiving from him that respect which your virtue deserves ? Or would you rather flee from Grenada now fallen, and go an exile into other climes ? All is in my power ; and I am ready to do all I can, in order to alleviate your misfortunes ; even to follow you as your slave, if I may obtain from you but one kind look of friendship, more precious to my heart, than all the exultation that glory can give.

Muley heard him, and remained long silent. He raised his eyes to heaven, inwardly accusing its severity, and groaned to think, that he had lived to suffer so much. At length, submitting to his fate, he embraced his daughter, pressed her closely to his breast, and shed a stream of tears on her bosom. Then turning to Gonsalvo : Protect *her*, said he, from the cruelty  
of

of our enemies : let her live free : but, trouble not yourself with a thought of me.

They then left the gloomy dungeon : and followed Gonsalvo towards the palace of the Alhambra. Ferdinand had already entered it. Ferdinand who was victorious as Alamar quitted the breach, had sent Lara to seize king Boabdil. That weak prince was waiting in trembling terror amid his eunuchs, to submit his limbs to the fetters of the conqueror, and weeping with unmanly dejection. His mother Aixá stood near. As she viewed her unworthy son, rage fired her eye : Weep, said she, well mayest thou weep like a woman for the loss of the throne of thine ancestors ; since thou hast not defended it like a man.

At this moment, Lara appeared. He commanded Boabdil to follow him, and conducted him into the presence of Ferdinand. The dethroned king immediately knelt to the ground. Ferdinand, under pretence of clemency, concealed his contempt. He raised his despicable enemy, whom he knew too well to fear him, and gave him his liberty.

Thus, at last, was all Grenada conquered. The Spaniard victorious in all quarters, displayed

## GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.



played every where the standard of Calvary and crowned his martial glory by humanity to the vanquished. Lara, Medina, and all the captains were anxious to spare a trembling people, and taught the soldiers to revere the retreats of the unfortunate. The ramparts were covered with blood : but the tranquillity of the city was preserved. Ferdinand left the Moors in the undisturbed enjoyment of their religion, their liberty, and their fortunes.

From the hands of Gonsalvo he received the virtuous Muley, and the tender Zulema, as a beloved daughter, and a brother sovereign whom he had long esteemed. He was attentive to treat them with all the respect due to misfortune, and all the honours due to their rank. As the best reward to Gonsalvo, for the exploits which he had performed, he testified his gratitude to the hero by his favours to Zulema.

Next day, the august Isabella, surrounded by her court, and mounted on a white steed, all dazzling with jewels, approached the gates of the city where she received the keys from the hands of Ferdinand. She made her triumphal entrance, in the middle of the whole army

army, who blessed her name ; while the vanquished people regarded with wonder the clemency of their conquerors. Calm and modest after victory, she protected the Moors, and honoured the Spaniards. Gonsalvo and Lara conducted her to the great mosque, now become a temple of Christ. The queen rendered thanks to the God of armies, implored him still to watch over the safety of the empire which he had committed to her care, and begged him not to enlarge its limits, but to endow her with virtues which might make her subjects happy.

On the same altar, and in the same temple, a few days after, did Gonsalvo receive the hand of Zulema. Muley, won by his virtues, consented to name him his son-in-law, and continued to love his daughter nothing the less for her professing herself a Christian. The queen and Ferdinand witnessed the union of the happy pair. Lara, whose felicity was perhaps not less than that of Gonsalvo, pressed his friend to his heart : and the greatest of heroes, the most faithful of friends, and the loveliest of wives, began a long series of glorious and happy days.

