

silence prevailed among the hosts on either bank, even the Moors remained silent, in fixed and breathless suspense. When the ships arrived within reach of the walls of the city and the suburbs, a tremendous attack was commenced from every wall and tower; great engines discharged stones and offensive weapons of all kinds, and flaming pots of Greek fire. On the tower of gold were stationed catapults and vast crossbows that were worked with cranks, and from hence an iron shower was rained upon the ships. The Moors in Triana were equally active; from every wall and turret, from house-tops, and from the banks of the river, an incessant assault was kept up with catapults, cross-bows, slings, darts, and everything that could annoy. Through all this tempest of war, the ships kept on their course. The first ship which arrived struck the bridge on the part toward Triana. The shock resounded from shore to shore, the whole fabric trembled, the ship recoiled and reeled, but the bridge was unbroken; and shouts of joy rose from the Moors on each side of the river. Immediately after came the ship of the admiral. It struck the bridge just about the centre with a tremendous crash. The iron chains which bound the boats together snapped as if they had been flax. The boats were crushed and shattered and flung wide asunder, and the ship of the admiral proceeded in triumph through the open space. No sooner did the king and the Prince Alfonso see the success of the admiral, than they pressed with their troops closely round the city, and prevented the Moors from sallying forth; while the ships, having accomplished their enterprise, extricated themselves from their dangerous situation, and returned in triumph to their accustomed anchorage. This was the fatal blow that dismembered Seville from Triana, and insured the downfall of the city.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### INVESTMENT OF TRIANA.—GARCI PEREZ AND THE INFANZON.

ON the day after the breaking of the bridge, the king, the Prince Alfonso, the Prince Enrique, the various masters of the orders, and a great part of the army, crossed the Guadalquivir and commenced an attack on Triana, while the bold Admiral Bonifaz approached with his ships and assaulted the place from the water. But the Christian army was unprovided with ladders or machines for the attack, and fought to great disadvantage. The Moors, from the safe shelter of their walls and towers, rained a shower of missiles of all kinds. As they were so high above the Christians, their arrows, darts, and lances came with the greater force. They were skilful with the cross-bow, and had engines of such force that the darts which they discharged would sometimes pass through a cavalier all armed, and bury themselves in the earth.\*

The very women combated from the walls, and hurled down stones that crushed the warriors beneath.

While the army was closely investing Triana, and fierce encounters were daily taking place between Moor and Christian, there arrived at the camp a youthful Infanzon, or noble, of proud lineage. He brought with him a shining train of

vassals, all newly armed and appointed, and his own armor, all fresh and lustrous, showed none of the dents and bruises and abuses of the war. As this gay and gorgeous cavalier was patrolling the camp, with several cavaliers, he beheld Garci Perez pass by, in armor and accoutrements all worn and soiled by the hard service he had performed, and he saw a similar device to his own, of white waves, emblazoned on the scutcheon of this unknown warrior. Then the nobleman was highly ruffled and incensed, and he exclaimed, "How is this? who is this sorry cavalier that dares to bear these devices? By my faith, he must either give them up or show his reasons for usurping them." The other cavaliers exclaimed, "Be cautious how you speak; this is Garci Perez; a braver cavalier wears not sword in Spain. For all he goes thus modestly and quietly about, he is a very lion in the field, nor does he assume anything that he cannot well maintain. Should he hear this which you have said, trust us he would not rest quiet until he had terrible satisfaction."

Now so it happened that certain mischief-makers carried word to Garci Perez of what the nobleman had said, expecting to see him burst into fierce indignation, and defy the other to the field. But Garci Perez remained tranquil, and said not a word.

Within a day or two after, there was a sally from the castle of Triana and a hot skirmish between the Moors and Christians; and Garci Perez and the Infanzon, and a number of cavaliers, pursued the Moors up to the barriers of the castle. Here the enemy rallied and made a fierce defence, and killed several of the cavaliers. But Garci Perez put spurs to his horse, and couching his lance, charged among the thickest of the foes, and followed by a handful of his companions, drove the Moors to the very gates of Triana. The Moors seeing how few were their pursuers, turned upon them, and dealt bravely with sword and lance and mace, while stones and darts and arrows were rained down from the towers above the gates. At length the Moors took refuge within the walls, leaving the field to the victorious cavaliers. Garci Perez drew off coolly and calmly amidst a shower of missiles from the wall. He came out of the battle with his armor all battered and defaced; his helmet bruised, the crest broken off, and his buckler so dented and shattered that the device could scarcely be perceived. On returning to the barrier, he found there the Infanzon, with his armor all uninjured, and his armorial bearing as fresh as if just emblazoned, for the vaunting warrior had not ventured beyond the barrier. Then Garci Perez drew near to the Infanzon, and eyeing him from head to foot, "Señor cavalier," said he, "you may well dispute my right to wear this honorable device in my shield, since you see I take so little care of it that it is almost destroyed. You, on the other hand, are worthy of bearing it. You are the guardian angel of honor, since you guard it so carefully as to put it to no risk. I will only observe to you that the sword kept in the scabbard rusts, and the valor that is never put to the proof becomes sullied."\*

At these words the Infanzon was deeply humiliated, for he saw that Garci Perez had heard of his empty speeches, and he felt how unworthily he had spoken of so valiant and magnanimous a cavalier. "Señor cavalier," said he, "pardon my ignorance and presumption; you alone are worthy

\* Cronica General, pt. 4, 341.

\* Cronica General, pt. 4. Cronica Gotica, T. 3, § 16.