

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

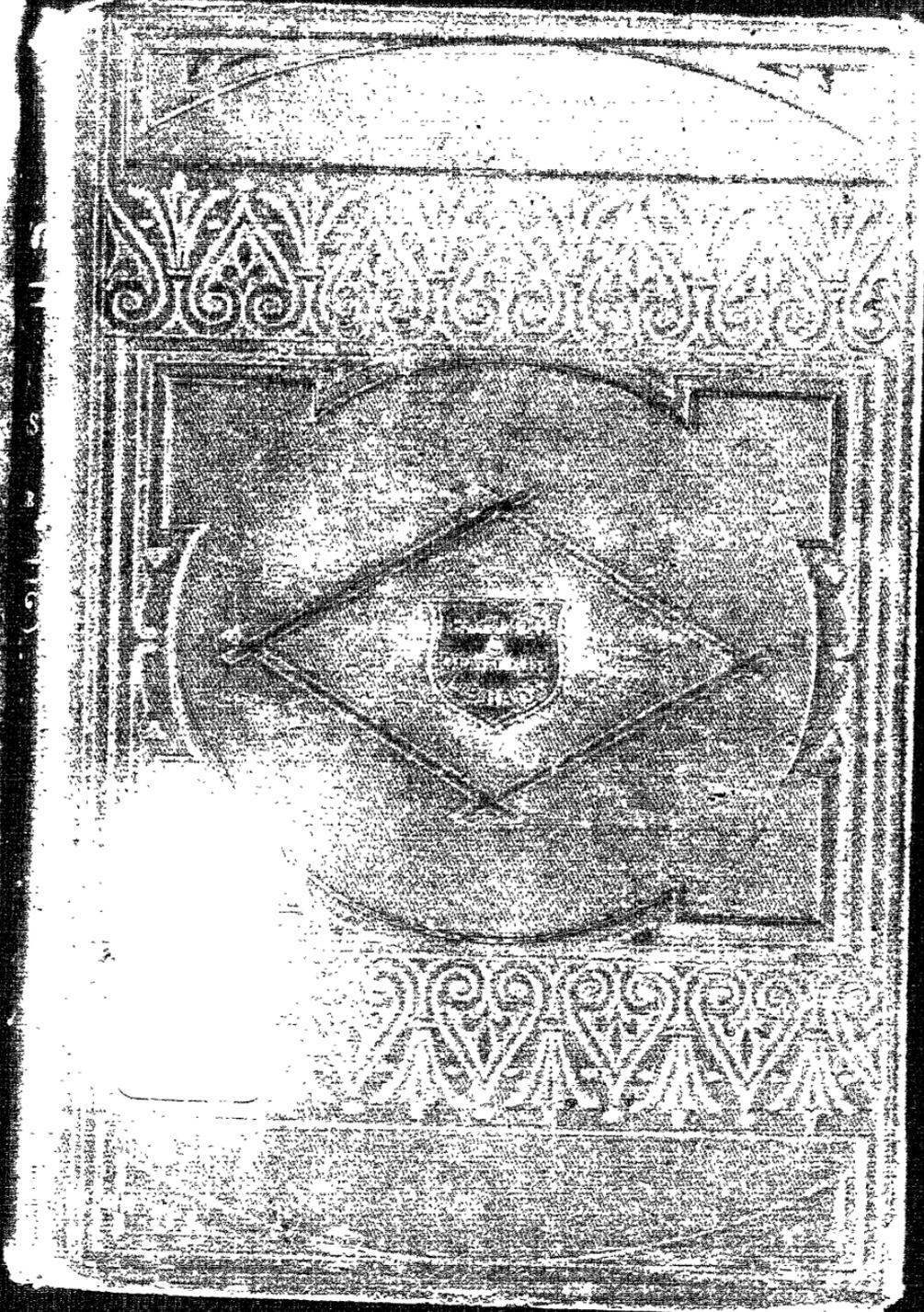
Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title-page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: / Pages 101-102 is incorrectly numbered pages 01-02.
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X





The Archbishop of Granada blessing the banners of the Spanish army.—P 10.

THE
Spanish Cavaliers.

FROM THE FRENCH,

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.



"Slightly touching the sleeper's arm, he said, as softly as his rough, harsh voice would permit: Wake up, boy! wake up!"—p. 46.



NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

P. Lally.

J. Brothers

W. Lumber.

Charles Horahan.

1907.

Anna K. Fernald

1926

F.
59.

THE
SPANISH CAVALIERS:

A TALE
OF
THE MOORISH WARS IN SPAIN.

Translated from the French.

115

BY
MRS. J. SADLIER,
AUTHOR OF "THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS," "BLAKES AND FLANAGANS,"
ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
D. & J. SADLIER & CO. 31 BARCLAY STREET.

MONTREAL:—COR. OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STS.

PQ 2149

A 1

56313

1200

* * *

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,
By D. & J. SADLER & Co.,
In the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States for the
the Southern District of New York.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

I OFFER NO apology for presenting the SPANISH CAVALIERS to the reader in an English dress. It appears to me well calculated to promote pure and noble sentiments in the youthful mind whilst coming to them in the attractive garb of a story. The period chosen by the author is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in the history of Europe, when the chivalry of Spain was engaged in its last victorious struggle with the infidel Moors. The personages of the story are amongst the brightest names in Spanish history. If France has her Guesclin and her Bayard to boast of, Spain has her *Cid* and Alonzo d'Aguilar; and of all the champions whose swords upheld the Cross in that chivalric age, not one stands forth brighter in historic fame than the hero who fell on the heights of the Bermeja. No nobler model can be presented to Christian youth than that of Alonzo d'Aguilar, whose failing hand planted the standard of the Cross on the topmost height of the

Sierra. "Tell the queen I have kept my word!" he spoke, and went to a martyr's death. Oh! brave, and noble, and pious d'Aguilar! hero of many a field! his death was worthy of a life so pure and so full of heroic achievements. The golden empire won by the swords of Cortez and Pizarro has long since passed from the grasp of Spain, but the fame of her glorious sons, who fought and died and conquered for the Cross, is a richer possession far, and will last as long as the world.

THE SPANISH CAVALIERS.

A TALE OF THE MOORISH WARS IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNING AND END OF THE MOORISH POWER IN SPAIN—
GRANADA AND ITS VICINITY—SIEGE AND CAPITULATION OF
THAT CITY.

RODRIGO, the last king of the Goths, had wounded Count Julian in his sweetest paternal affections, and the latter, to avenge the outrage, called in the aid of the African Moors. Led on by Tarik-ben-Zeïad, those barbarians landed on the coast of Algeſiras in the month of April, 711, and possessed themselves of Mount Calpa, the present Gibraltar.

Rodrigo marched against them with all his forces, and attacked them near Xeres de la Frontera. The battle lasted two whole days, without any signal advantage to either side; but on the third day, Tarik, recognizing the Gothic king by his royal mantle, rushed upon him and pierced him with his lance, then cut off his head.

The death of that prince decided the contest. The Goths

were routed with fearful slaughter, and the Moorish general took one after another the cities of Malaga, Jaëen, Cordova, and Toledo, the latter almost without resistance. Master of Toledo, which was then the capital of the empire, he overran the central provinces of the Peninsula and destroyed almost entirely the scattered remains of the Christian armies.

Meanwhile Pelagio, King of Asturias, forced to abandon his principality after the disastrous defeat at Xeres, had retired into Biscay. In those mountains he remained concealed for three whole years, with no other shelter than a deep cave, since known as the shrine of Our Lady of Govagonda.* The Christian fugitives, no less anxious than himself to shake off the Moorish yoke, gathered around the prince and proclaimed him their chief. Small though their number was, Pelagio led them boldly against the enemy. Heaven blessed his noble courage: the Moors were completely defeated at the foot of Mount Ansená, and in the following year they were forced to evacuate Oviedo.

The successors of Pelagio continued the struggle commenced by him with such unlooked-for success, and the Spanish provinces were one by one recovered from the enemy; but the territory of Granada still remained in the hands of the Infidels.

Situate in the southern part of Spain, that celebrated kingdom reckoned at the accession of Ferdinand the *Catholic*, no less than fourteen cities, with one hundred fortresses which kept together a considerable number of towns and villages defended by formidable castles. On one side it was bounded

* See Calendar at the end of Orsini's *Life of the Blessed Virgin*.

by the Mediterranean, on the other by steep mountains, separated from each other by deep valleys whose aspect was as gay and smiling as their soil was rich and fertile.

In the heart of the kingdom rose Granada, a city built on the sides of two mountains between which flowed the Darro. On one of these heights was seen the fortress of Alcazaba, on the other the royal palace of Alhambra. Founded by one of the Moorish kings, after the seat of empire had been transferred from Cordova to Granada, this palace became the favorite dwelling of a long line of princes who enriched it from the spoils of the vanquished in a style of oriental luxury. Even now, no one can wander through those silent and deserted courts, those ruined halls, where walked of old the princes of Granada, without being struck with admiration at sight of the sumptuous ornaments so lavishly displayed around, preserving their freshness and their beauty amid all the ravages of time.

Not only the Alhambra, but even the houses of private individuals inclosed within their walls courts refreshed by sparkling fountains, and planted with odorous trees which filled the air with the most delicious perfume. Placed in the form of an amphitheatre, one over the other, these houses gave the city the appearance of a half open *grenade*, whence the origin of its name. The whole was surrounded by lofty ramparts three leagues in circumference, with twelve gates and more than a thousand fortified towers.

Around Granada extended the magnificent *Véga*, an immense plain which might be compared to a pleasure-garden. As far as the eye could reach, nature was seen in her most graceful

and picturesque forms. The hills were clothed with vineyards and the fields covered with waving grain. There, in the richest profusion, grew the orange, and citron trees, the pomegranate, the fig, and, above all, the mulberry-tree, which served for the sustenance of the useful silk-worm. There, too, were numerous flocks grazing in the fat pastures, and expressing their contentment by many a sportive gambol. Limpid streams whose waters when united went to swell the silvery waves of the Xenil, there meandered through the country watering the meads and vineyards on their way, and assisting the fresh verdure of the fields and woods to dissipate the languor which, in that burning climate, easily subdues the senses of man and beast. In general, the country was so beautiful and the atmosphere so pure that the Arabs supposed the paradise of their prophet to be placed in that part of the heavens which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

After contemplating with delight that country so rich and so varied in its productions, the eye paused in astonishment before the imposing aspect of the *Sierra Nevada*. The everlasting snows, the eternal desolation of those gigantic mountains, contrasted strangely with the softened tints of the plain which spread itself at their feet. Nevertheless, those very snows tempered the summer's stifling heat, and whilst other cities panted in the scorching rays of the dog-star, a gentle breeze was refreshing the darkened halls and chambers of the voluptuous Granadines.

But the time had come when the crescent was to disappear from the land of Spain, and the Cross resume its pristine splendor. In the spring of the year 1491, Granada was besieged by

Ferdinand and Isabella the *Catholic*, who had united under one crown Leon, Castile, and Arragon. The *Véga*, but late so beautiful and so blooming, soon became one vast scene of carnage and desolation.

Astrologers had long foretold that the fall of the empire should take place in the reign of Boabdil. That prince occupied the throne, and the Christians had advanced to the very gates of Granada. The prediction was about to be fulfilled: Boabdil, weak and undecided, was not the man to stem such a torrent. Frightened at the misfortunes which menaced his subjects, he would have capitulated at once were it not for the remonstrances of Mouza, one of his generals, who succeeded in inspiring the Moors with a spark of courage. Mouza placed himself at the head of the cavalry, harassed the enemy without mercy, but also without much benefit to the cause which he defended with such ferocious valor.

Meanwhile the Christian camp had been destroyed by an accidental conflagration. Ferdinand and Isabella, anxious to disappoint the Moors of Granada in the hopes founded on this disaster, decided on having a city erected on the place where the camp had stood; and, as if by enchantment, on the very spot where a few days before nought was seen but tents and light pavilions, a city sprang up,* furnished with solid and substantial buildings, and girt by thick walls. What more was wanting to convince the Moors that the siege was only to cease on the reduction of Granada.

Whilst food and provisions of all kinds abounded amongst

* This city still exists under the name of *Santa Fe*.

the Christians, the besieged began to experience all the horrors of famine. Boabdil once more convoked his council.

"It is in vain," said he, "that we struggle against the will of heaven. It was written in the book of Fate that I, unhappy king, should see the end of the kingdom of Granada."

"The will of God be done," answered the dejected counselors; and, notwithstanding the protestation of Mouza, the capitulation was signed on the conditions proposed by the besiegers.

When the detachment sent by Ferdinand to take possession of the Alhambra, reached the summit of the mountain, the Moorish king advanced to meet it with a few of his knights, and thus addressed the Spanish officer:

"Go, take possession of that fortress which Heaven has delivered to your mighty sovereign in punishment of our sins."

Boabdil said no more, but advanced sadly towards the king and queen. He was about to alight from his horse, in token of homage, but that Ferdinand would not permit. The Moorish prince then presented to the conqueror the keys of Granada, the last remains of the Arab dominion in Spain.

Soon after, the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, was hoisted by the bishop of Avila on the highest tower of the Alhambra, amid the joyous acclamations of the Christian army spread over the plain below. Ferdinand and Isabella prostrated themselves in thanksgiving to God for such glorious success, and the soldiers entered singing the solemn canticle of praise and thanks, the *Te Deum*.

It was not till some days after that the Christian army made its triumphal entry into Granada. When the streets resounded

with the victorious shouts of the Christians, and the prancing of their war-steeds, the Moors retired to the darkest and deepest recesses of their houses. There they wept and sighed over the banished glory of their nation, suppressing their groans the while that they might not reach the ears of the enemy.

The royal cortege advanced towards the principal mosque, which had been already converted into a church. After renewing their act of thanksgiving, Ferdinand and Isabella ascended to the Alhambra, and there received the homage of the principal inhabitants of Granada, with that of the deputies from the other places of strength which had not yet made their submission. Boabdil retired to the mountains of Alpuxarras, in the territory of Porcheva, which had been assigned for the place of his retreat.

So ended the dominion of the Moors in Spain, on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1492, seven hundred and sixty-eight years after the defeat and death of Rodrigo on the banks of the Guadaletta.

CHAPTER II.

REVOLT OF THE MOORS—ISABELLA CONVOKES HER COUNCIL—
SHE GIVES THE ROYAL BANNER TO DON ALONZO D'AGUILAR,
WHOM SHE CHARGES TO CHASTISE THE REBELS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the capitulation of Granada, the country long remained disturbed and unsettled. Isabella, in her zeal for religion, had resolved from the beginning of the war to make use of all her power in suppressing the absurd doctrines of Islamism; and as soon as she saw herself in possession of Granada, she sent out missionary monks to all parts of the kingdom. Her pious efforts did but exasperate the Moors of the mountains, who were more ignorant and more obstinate than those of the cities. Several missionaries were attacked and severely injured, and, in the city of Dayrin, two of them refusing to deny their faith, were cruelly stoned to death by women and children.

On the other hand, symptoms of rebellion were manifested even in Granada, and the disaffection became almost general. An officer was sent to that part of the city called Albaycin, where the insurgents made a show of intrenching themselves; he was first assailed with violent imprecations, threats followed, and at length a stone thrown from a window stretched him dead on the ground.

Persuaded that this crime would not go unpunished, the Moors then openly revolted in several districts, and prepared

for resistance with all the fury of despair. A great number of these madmen were seen rushing through the streets calling their countrymen to arms.

Although the Count de Tendilla, whom the queen had appointed governor of Granada, was endowed with courage and coolness fit for any emergency, he could not conceal his uneasiness regarding the consequences of this insurrection. In order to avoid further irritation, he thought it his duty to employ mildness and conciliation before having recourse to those violent measures which would compromise the safety of the city.

He contented himself, therefore, with representing to the malcontents the folly of their enterprise and the little probability there was of its being attended with success. His efforts to restore order were long unavailing. He was obliged to promise the offenders a total amnesty on the part of the queen, together with redress of the grievances whereof they complained, and, as a pledge of his good will, the governor sent them his wife and son as hostages.

Such generous devotion struck the rebels with admiration: they laid down their arms and accepted the pardon offered them.

But the chiefs whom they had at first chosen were violently opposed to this submission which they designated as base and cowardly. Dazzled by the dreams of ambition and the delusive hope of securing their independence, they quitted Granada by night and retired to the mountains, where they hoped to maintain themselves at no great disadvantage, in case they were attacked.

They communicated their indignation and their projects to the Moorish inhabitants of that wild district. The cities of Guejar, Lanjaron, and Andurax rose in arms; the mountaineers of Alpuxarras followed their example, and the Christians soon found themselves in danger of losing the fruit of so many victories.

Isabella was no sooner apprised of the turn affairs were taking, than she decided on employing means the most prompt and efficacious to arrest the progress of rebellion. She called around her the most tried and trusty of her councillors; she also assembled the knights whose valor had been so often proved in the hour of danger; Don Alonzo de Cordoña, Lord of Aguilar, and brother of the famous Gonsalvo; Don Mendoza, Marquis of Cadiz, the Count Urena, and many other distinguished chiefs, who, in the last war, had acquired numerous titles to the gratitude of Spain.

But she sought in vain, amongst these illustrious cavaliers, a young knight, who, although but lately entered on the career of arms, had already won the respect due to an old soldier. Louis de los Prados, as this young knight was called, had distinguished himself in a remarkable manner in many encounters with the Moors, and his bravery had won him the right to share with the oldest and most experienced captains, the confidence of his august queen.

Isabella was the first to remark his absence, and she asked Don Alonzo if he knew the cause thereof. The knight replied that his young friend had set out some days before for the dwelling of his uncle, Count de Montecalvo, in Murcia.

"That surprises us," replied Isabella. "We thought not to

hear of him leaving Granada on the eve of a tournament. You will write to him from us, and say we desire his presence here that we may give him a command in the expedition which we are about to undertake against the Moors."

Don Alonzo, with the queen's permission, laid before the Council his plan for the approaching campaign against the rebels. The plan was universally applauded by the Council, every member of which hastened to express their confidence in him who was justly styled *The Scourge of the Infidels*.

"We see with pleasure," said Isabella, "the harmonious agreement of our councillors regarding the merits of one of the bravest knights that ever did honor to Spain. It remains for us to do him justice." "Lord Alonzo d'Aguilar," she continued, turning to the hero, "to you doth belong the chief command of this expedition. In your hands we place this banner, that you may fix it on the summit of the Alpuxarras."

Saying these words, Isabella presented Don Alonzo with a rich banner emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Arragon. Alonzo took it, and his eye kindled suddenly as though he already found himself in front of the rebels. He knelt and kissed the queen's hand, then, rising, exclaimed with lofty enthusiasm:

"Brave warriors, it is with joy and gratitude that I receive this precious pledge of the favor of our august sovereign—it shall never leave me but to wave in triumph over the enemy's walls. Still if God were pleased to withhold the victory from me, and should this banner disappear from your eyes, seek it only where the Moorish dead are thickest. You will find it there red with the life-blood of Alonzo; but never shall his hand yield it to another while strength is his to hold it."

The Council rose, and the chiefs slowly retired, still deeply moved by the magnanimous words they had just heard.

The rest of the day was employed in preparations for the sports of the morrow. The knights were busy polishing their arms and adjusting their equipments, whilst hands more delicate embroidered the devices and arranged the colors which were to distinguish the combatants. The streets and squares were filled with crowds of curious spectators attracted to the city by the novelty of the sight, for it was the first tournament given by the Spaniards in Granada. The city could not contain so vast a concourse of people, and tents were erected for them on the smiling plains of the Véga.

CHAPTER III.

A TOURNAMENT, WHEREIN MANY OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF
THE DAY TAKE PART—BRAVERY OF DON PEDRO D'AGUILAR.

THE day of the festival at length arrived, that day so long, so ardently expected. The people rushed in crowds from the gates of Granada and bent their steps towards that part of the plain which had been chosen for the tournament.

A gallery extended on either side of the lists. At one end was seen a sort of wooden castle painted to imitate stone, and capable of containing a large number of armed men. Over the tower which crowned this edifice floated a rich banner adorned with a red cross—this was the arms of the Order of Calatrava, the Grand Master of which was to open the tournament. It was surrounded by other smaller banners belonging to the four knights chosen to maintain the defiance of the challenger.

At the opposite end, there was raised a magnificent pavilion adorned with flags and pennons of the most brilliant colors, bearing devices embroidered in gold and silver. This pavilion was intended for the knights who presented themselves to fight the challenger and his adherents.

About the middle of the gallery rose a platform, which had been constructed for the queen and her attendants. It was hung with scarlet cloth richly embroidered, and the corners

were furnished with spiral columns supporting a dais of crimson velvet surmounted by the royal arms of Spain.

In front of this platform there were seen two others, one which was reserved for the judges of the lists, whose duty it was to decide on the merits of the combatants and award the prizes; the other for the nobles and the principal citizens of Granada; whilst the galleries right and left were free of access to all comers, on the rule of "first come first served."

Every seat was already occupied when the great bells of the cathedral were put in motion announcing the arrival of the queen.

Isabella appeared, surrounded by a brilliant and numerous train; she was greeted with joyous shouts by the people, who rejoiced far more in seeing their beloved queen than even in the prospect of the day's amusement.

The queen was clothed in a magnificent robe of blue velvet, studded with brilliants; a veil of some costly tissue adorned with towers, lions, and other symbolical figures, was fastened to the top of her head, like the mantillas still worn by the Spanish women, and fell in graceful folds over her neck and shoulders. On her bosom sparkled the jewelled insignia of the Order of St. James and of Calatrava, already illustrious from their many heroes and knights of high renown.

Whilst the platform on which the queen sat prevented all the magnificence of a sumptuous court, the galleries offered a scene no less striking. Nothing could be more picturesque than the mixture of Spanish and Moorish costumes, for the two races appeared to fraternize with a greater appearance of cordiality than was ever before seen. Their joyous faces, illu-

mined by the first beams of the rising sun, their eager and animated looks, contributed not a little to the imposing character of the scene.

The sound of trump and clarion announced the opening of the sports. In a moment the inclosure was deserted, the heralds alone remaining within. Advancing to the four corners of the lists they proceeded to proclaim the challenge. This challenge, couched in the language of chivalry, declared that the challenger and his friends, Don Manuel, Ponce de Leon, the Alcade de Los Donceles, Count Cifuentes, and Don Antonio de Leyva, invited all knights who wished to try their prowess, to break a lance with them, if any were bold enough to dispute the prize of victory with such valiant knights.

As soon as the challenge was proclaimed, the heralds retired, the trumpets sounded again, the gates of the castle were thrown open, and forth came the five knights whose noble names had been just announced.

Their costume corresponded with the splendor of their armor, which they wore with the greatest ease and dignity. A short cloak of white velvet covered the silvery corslet of the Grand Master, and his shield was easily distinguished by the Red Cross of Calatrava on a field *argent* with the motto: "*For HER and my King.*"

The equipment of the other knights resembled that of the challenger; differing only in the color of the cloak and the device which decorated the shield of each. All the five were mounted on milk-white steeds, no less remarkable for their elegant proportions than the rich ornaments which sparkled on their housings and harness. The proud animals pawed the

earth impatiently, as though indignant at the delay, neighing and snorting with an air that seemed to invite opposition.

A moment after, and five other knights appeared to take up the gauntlets. The lists were their own for a short space, during which the spectators had time to observe them. They all wore coats of mail, and their fleet coursers, black as jet, seemed chosen to contrast with those of their opponents.

But their chief refused to declare his name, adding that his four companions were ready to answer for him. He was generally supposed to be Gonsalvo de Cordova, who had left the court in a fit of ill-humor.

Of the other knights, who were easily recognized by their colors and devices, notwithstanding their closed visors, the most remarkable was Don Pedro, son of Alonzo d'Aguilar. Endowed with an intrepidity beyond his age, this young man engrossed his full share of the interest which gathered around his illustrious family. On his shield was a golden eagle, the emblem of his name, *Aguilar*. The eagle was soaring on the clouds, with the body of a Moor between his talons, and beneath was the inscription: "*I will raise him even to heaven to make his fall the greater.*" It was also the device of Alonzo, who was charmed to see in his son that implacable hatred of the Saracen name which he himself had received as a legacy from his fathers.

By the side of Don Pedro was Garcilasso de la Véga. To the arms of his family he had lately added an Infidel's head hanging at a horse's tail, and the motto consisted of but two words engraved on the edge of the shield. It was: **AVE MARIE**. The knight had chosen this device in remembrance

of a famous and singular combat which he had had under the walls of Granada with a Moor who had the insolence to fasten the Angelical Salutation to his horse's tail.

The two other champions were Count Urena and the young Sayavedra, both brave and loyal knights.

They all five rode towards the castle, and having each struck twice on a metal plate, suspended near the gate for that purpose, they retired. Then the challengers came forth anew, and the combatants were face to face with each other.

At a signal given, the ten champions advanced with lightning speed; nevertheless, such perfect control had they of their horses that they reached the centre of the lists at the same instant, and the crash of their meeting seemed as one tremendous shock. Their lances were shivered to their very wrists, but still the knights sat unmoved in their saddles.

Having received new lances, they renewed the attack with the same impetuosity and the same precision, but not with the same result as before. Victory declared for the knights of the castle.

The youthful Don Pedro could not withstand the superior force of Ponce de Leon; Garcilasso was unhorsed by Antonio de Leyva; and the two other companions of the unknown knight were successively vanquished by the Alcade and the Count de Cifuentes. As for the chiefs on either side, they remained firm in their stirrups, and both appeared uninjured.

The cries of the spectators and the sound of the trumpets proclaimed the victory of the Grand Master and his knights, and they all returned to the castle, ready to renew the combat with any who might wish to have a tilt with them.

Don Pedro, whose lofty spirit could not brook the idea of defeat, mounted a fresh steed, and galloping up to the castle, defied the challenger himself. Don Alonzo beheld the noble courage of his son with a mixture of joy and fear: such heroic valor in one so young overwhelmed him with joy, but he trembled at the same time for the possible consequences of so much boldness.

The dial sounded twice, and the Grand Master issued forth, astonished at the young knight's presumption. They took their places and the trumpets gave the signal.

The first meeting seemed to announce such an equality of strength in the two adversaries that the whole assembly, intensely anxious for the result, began to salute Don Pedro with joyful acclamations. The women especially, who, in such circumstances, always take part with the weakest, waved their scarfs and kerchiefs to encourage the youthful knight, whose courage, nevertheless, required no such stimulus.

In the second attack, Don Pedro was not so fortunate. The Grand Master, jealous of his hard-won reputation, and determined not to leave the victory with his boyish adversary, had redoubled his attention and put forth all his skill and force.

Don Pedro could not resist the weight of his ponderous blows; the lance escaped from his failing hand, and he quitted the field with honor indeed, but still vanquished.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN KNIGHT ENTERS THE LISTS—HE GAINS A COMPLETE VICTORY AND WITHDRAWS—GAME OF THE RING—THE PRIZE IS DECREED TO RODRIGO DE MONTE-CALVO.

SOME moments having passed, the heralds of the castle, according to custom, renewed the challenge of their lords.

At the third and last proclamation, a knight was seen to cross the barrier and demand admission to the lists. The marshal of the tournament desired to know his name and quality, whereupon young d'Aguilar replied that he answered for him. This circumstance, together with the unexpected appearance of a new champion just when the victory appeared decided, excited general attention.

The unknown was clad in blue armor, over which was a cloak of black silk embroidered with gold, white and black plumes shaded his helmet, and from the end of his lance floated a pennon of variegated colors. He had with him neither page nor squire, and his device, which no one remembered to have seen, was conceived in these terms:—"By his deeds you shall know him."

On presenting himself in front of the castle, he struck the plate again and again, and waved his lance with an air of defiance. The Grand Master, being the principal challenger, came forth. The trumpets sounded, and the two champions darted forward at full speed.

But the Grand Master's horse having made a motion which exposed his rider to the blows of his adversary, the mysterious knight refused to profit by the advantage, and withdrew again to the end of the lists to renew the attack. Overpowered by the courtesy of his opponent, the challenger declined the combat and retired to the castle.

It was then the turn of Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz. The many remarkable combats which he had had with the Moors in the last war had gained him a celebrity second to that of no other Spanish hero. Relying on his strength he presented himself in the lists with the easy security of a man confident of success.

After a first assault which left the victory undecided, the two adversaries met a second time. The shock of their lances was terrible, and it was all but fatal to the marquis, who received such a blow that were it not for the solidity of his armor the queen would have had to bewail the loss of one of her bravest subjects. His saddle girths gave way, and the horse, rolling on the ground, cast his rider far into the arena. The marquis arose slowly and painfully and was carried from the lists, whilst the Alcade de Los Donceles presented himself to avenge the misfortune of his brother in arms.

But the Alcade and the Count de Cifuentes, who came after him, were both unhorsed, and there remained only Antonio de Leyva, the youngest, and as the general opinion went, the least formidable of the knights of the Castle.

A profound silence succeeded the shouts of admiration which had greeted the unknown knight. But fear and apprehension gave place to surprise when it was seen that the two combat-

ants, so unequal in appearance, were well-matched both in strength and courage. A couple of lances were broken on both sides, yet Antonio's arm had not failed, or his courage appeared to diminish.

Vexed and angry, the unknown snatched the third lance presented to him; then, making his steed describe a demi-circle, he threw himself on Antonio, who, on his side, prepared for a vigorous resistance.

So impetuous was the stranger's charge that he overthrew his young antagonist, but he tottered himself in his stirrups, under a blow from the head of Antonio's lance.

The victory was complete. The conqueror advanced amid the acclamations of the multitude to the throne where the queen was seated, lowered the point of his lance and brought his courser to his knees; after which, without awaiting the prize so nobly won, he set spurs to his steed, and leaping the barrier, disappeared in the shade of a neighboring thicket.

It was natural that this event should excite much interest and give rise to many conjectures. The wonderful strength and courage of the knight, and his apparent connection with Don Pedro d'Aguilar, left little doubt that he was no other than the brave Louis de Los Prados. But why he should condemn himself to remain unknown, and to refuse the prize of victory, was what no one could understand.

In accordance with the customs of chivalry the judges awarded the prize to him who had alone maintained his ground against the victor. Don Antonio de Leyva approached the queen, who bestowed upon him a scarf embroidered with her own hands, and a shield of massive silver curiously wrought.

In the centre was seen a Latin cross in gold, surrounded by rays and clouds, behind which the crescent was disappearing, and surmounting all was the simple inscription:—*Crux salus mundi*.

At a signal given by Isabella, the heralds announced that the games of strength and valor being ended, those of skill were about to commence. Immediately the lists were cleared of the fragments of lances which strewed the ground, and all was prepared for the game of the ring, a species of exercise in which the queen took much delight.

Meanwhile the court partook of some refreshment brought from Granada, and the motley crowd in the galleries seized the opportunity to make use of the viands, less delicate but more substantial, wherewith each had provided himself before leaving the city.

A straight and lofty pine, garnished with all its branches and adorned with flowers and streamers, was planted in the middle of the inclosure, and on one of the lower branches a ring was suspended, of such dimensions that the young knights could carry it off at a gallop: this sport was particularly intended for the young. The queen was likewise to bestow the reward on the successful competitor: it was her portrait enriched with jewels and fastened to a chain of massive gold richly chased.

When all the preparations were completed, the music struck up; a moment after, mounted heralds rode into the lists, sumptuously attired and preceded by black slaves playing the cymbal. After them came in due order sixteen youths belonging to the noblest families in Spain. Mounted on elegant palfreys, they were clad in jackets of sky-blue silk, and wore caps of

crimson velvet adorned with white plumes. Each had in his hand a light and slender lance, befitting those harmless sports.

After having saluted the queen, they divided themselves into four parties, distinguished from each other only by the color of their scarfs, and went to range themselves in front between the heralds and the black slaves. The names of the competitors were drawn from an urn, and, according to the rank indicated on their tickets, the young knights put themselves in motion.

At the first attempt, five of them ran their lances through the ring, and carried it away in their rapid course.

A fresh flourish of trumpets was heard, and the five competitors were summoned to pass a second time under the tree from which victory hung, as one might say. Fortune favored but two, viz.: Rafaël, a son of Ponce de Leon, and Rodrigo de Monte-Calvo.

The several bands to which they belonged, and the spectators who had betted on either color, that is to say, the *green* or the *red*, awaited with impatience the result of the last trial, which was, of course, to decide the victory. Rafaël causing his horse to make a graceful curvet, darted forward with the swiftness of an arrow. A moment after, the ring was seen on the point of his lance.

Rodrigo in turn advanced. He amused himself for some time in manœvering with his little Arab steed in a way that showed long practice, and it was only then that he made his dart. He kept his seat so admirably that, with the exception of his snowy plume floating in the breeze, no part of his body

was seen to move—he and his steed seemed as one figure flying over the ground.

Still, Rodrigo's lance missed the centre of the ring, and touched only its edge, but the stroke of the lance unfastened the ring and sent it whirling aloft in the air. Then the adroit youth, suddenly stopping his horse, made a detour, and, before the ring had time to reach the ground, he caught it on his lance, amid the acclamations of the multitude.

This feat also won the applause of the court, and many of the friends of the Monte-Calvo family cried out that the prize was due to Rodrigo. Such was not the opinion of the judges, for Rafaël, too, had borne away the ring; they demanded that the trial should be made again.

This time fortune declared for Rodrigo, who was instantly surrounded by his band and conducted to the queen's presence. Leaping lightly from his horse, the youth ascended to the dais and bent his knee before his royal mistress.

Isabella, with that beneficent smile which she ever wore when rewarding merit or doing a kind action, threw around Rodrigo's neck the chain of gold from which her portrait hung.

"My young friend," said she, "wear this, not only as the prize of your dexterity, but as a memento of your queen; and know that, by this gift, I pledge myself to grant you any favor which you may choose to ask, at whatsoever time you present it again."

Rodrigo kissed the hand of Isabella, whilst the glow of mingled joy and pride suffused his cheek and brow, but no word could he speak to express the emotion of his heart.

"How is it that your father had no desire to witness your

success?" the queen demanded. "His presence would have doubled the pleasure which we now feel in giving you a prize so well deserved."

"He still suffers from the effects of his wounds," Rodrigo said in a faltering voice.

"Your father is a valiant knight," resumed Isabella. "We perceive it is your desire to follow in his footsteps, and prove that the son of the Monte-Calvos is the worthy inheritor of their name and fame."

After having dismissed Rodrigo, Isabella arose and saluted the crowd of spectators, who responded with cries of "Long live the Queen!" She then mounted her palfrey, and surrounded by her ladies and the knights who had figured in the tournament, she took her way back to the city.

Some moments after and the galleries were deserted. The spectators all hastened to swell the royal cortège, and the streets of Granada became as noisy and as animated as they were before silent and lonely.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN DON LOUIS AND HIS VALET WHO REPROACHES HIM WITH HIS ADVENTUROUS EXPLOITS—LOUIS HAS A VISIT FROM RODRIGO—PORTRAIT OF THE TWO COUSINS.

WHILST the Granadines, gathered around the lists, were regaling their eyes with the sports just described, a man in a dark cloak, and broad-leaved hat, was walking slowly in one of the most retired quarters of the city, awaiting some one it would seem, for ever and anon he stopped and bent his head slightly as though listening to every sound.

The neighing of a horse at length aroused him from the reverie in which he was lost; he looked before him and saw a cavalier advancing with visor down. He went to meet him, and addressing him in that tone of familiarity common with his class when their masters have let them know too much of their affairs, he said :

“Well! my lord Louis! how did things turn out with you? You appear fatigued.”

“And so I am,” replied the cavalier, alighting from his horse and throwing the reins to the other; “nevertheless, fate has favored me beyond my hopes. I have made all my rivals bite the dust, although the last gave me some trouble.”

“Who was he?”

"Antonio de Leyva. His last stroke was so violent that, for a moment, I feared my visor would fall."

"And what harm would it be if your face *were* seen? I know no cause why you should hide yourself from the eyes of the queen or the public generally."

"When a vow is made, it must be kept to the last."

"A vow! I never thought you were so religious."

"You wax over-free, Master Pedro; you deserve to be flogged."

"Or rather dismissed your service."

"What mean you?"

"That I am tired of the burden you impose upon me, this trotting about over hill and valley, and getting into danger of every kind, for nothing at all but just to gratify your love of adventure."

"How, wretch! do you complain because I associate you in a hero's life?"

"I am not a hero, and I have no wish to become one. Besides, all the feats I could achieve would not ennoble *my* name."

"If I never were noble, I would glory all the same in being a soldier," exclaimed Don Louis, with a gush of generous enthusiasm. "I have already slain a good number of the Infidels; but I hope before I die to make those accursed rebels in the Alpuxarras feel the weight of my arm——"

"And so retrieve the ground you have lost of late," observed Pedro, with a malicious smile.

"It is true I had the worst of it in that affair; but so it is: strength and courage do not always prevail against numbers."

I thought I had only to deal with that fierce Canieri, and what a glorious thing it would be if I had rid Spain of that insolent pretender to the throne of Granada."

"And these are what you call the charms of that adventurous life which you would have me share? Thanks. I would rather keep myself in a whole skin and die quietly in my bed, when my time comes, than see myself exposed, as I was then, to keep your company in a dark loathsome dungeon!"

"You are a coward, friend!"

"Better be a coward than make a bad use of my courage. Now, what good did your last expedition do you? You left Granada under pretence of going to see your uncle in Murcia, and you forced me to follow you to those cursed mountains, where a Christian is in danger of meeting death or captivity at every step. Leaving me for your rear-guard, for which I am much beholden to you, you attacked the Infidels as though you had an army at your heels, and instead of conquering, you were yourself conquered and forced to give up your arms. You hoped to take Canieri, and it was he that took you, as a fowler snares his bird. Since your return to Granada you keep yourself under cover, as though you feared the light of day."

Louis knew not what to answer. He stamped his foot angrily, and his chest heaved with suppressed passion. His eyes darted fire, and his hand closed convulsively on the hilt of his sword.

"You got a pretty hard lesson there," continued Pedro, emboldened by his master's silence. "You have only to profit by it now. I doubt much if you fell a second time into the claws of Canieri, whether he would let you slip as he did before,

even though you offered him in ransom all the gold your father left you. I am sure you must have paid the Moor a good round sum to get your liberty——”

“Be silent. That is no business of yours. As regards your intention of leaving my service, I have but one word to say: when you leave me you leave your ears behind, for they have heard too much that concerns me to let them go with you.” “Now,” added Louis, regarding his valet with a severe look, “now, put my horse in the stable. The games are almost over, and it is my pleasure to remain undiscovered. Give admission to none except Don Pedro or my cousin Rodrigo.”

Pedro bowed very low, and leading the horse after him, he followed his master into a small house where they had taken lodgings for a few days in order to escape public attention.

In the course of the evening, Louis received a visit from his cousin, who, with Pedro d'Aguilar, alone knew of his return to Granada.

Rodrigo was only fifteen. His broad intellectual forehead, shaded by fine dark hair, and his large black eyes, with their finely-arched brows, were all expressive of innocence and candor. But, notwithstanding the boyish delicacy of his complexion, there was that in his eye, his attitude, and his bearing, which showed him possessed of the noble ardor which ever distinguished the members of his family.

Louis, who was twice his cousin's age, was fully his equal in grace and beauty, albeit that his handsome features were already tinted with the brown hue which so well becomes the soldier. To an imposing height, he united that fair symmetry of form of which knights were proud. His fiery glance, his

mouth often contracted by anger or disdain, his abrupt and somewhat rough manner, all betrayed a violent and impetuous character, under no sort of control. Gifted with superior intelligence and uncommon strength, he would have ranked amongst the greatest men of his age, had he not been wanting in those qualities of the heart which give value to the gifts of nature; but inordinate ambition and indomitable pride were his sole motives of action, and they often hurried him imprudently into danger, as his valet told him with but too much truth. This reckless courage had rendered him an object of fear not only to the enemies of his country, but even to his own compeers in the path of glory. Hence, they admired more than they loved him.

Nevertheless, Rodrigo was ardently attached to his cousin, for to him he owed his father's life. One day, when the Count de Monte-Calvo had been carried by his horse into the midst of a Moorish squadron, Louis threw himself boldly after him and, shielding him with his own body, brought him back in safety to his friends.

A passionate admirer of his cousin's military talents, Rodrigo would have no other master in the trade of arms, and the Count de Monte-Calvo, seeing only his nephew's better qualities, took pleasure in proposing him to his son as the model of an accomplished knight.

This devotion of Rodrigo's flattered the vanity of Louis. He admired the artless simplicity of the boy who seemed to take delight in following him and listening to his voice. He proposed to himself to train him in the toilsome art of war, the

only species of knowledge then required of the nobles, and in which he himself had been long a master.

As soon as Rodrigo perceived his cousin he ran to meet him, and showing him the medallion which he had received from the queen :

"See now, my cousin," said he, with his beaming smile, "whether you have reason to be ashamed of your pupil. Like yourself, I have come victorious from the struggle. I have but one regret, and that is, that you were not there to see me. But you are sad ; can I have done ought to give you pain ?"

"Nay, nay, Rodrigo," Louis replied, in a hesitating tone. "The prize which thou hast——"

He stopped, and sighed profoundly.

"Tell me, then, cousin, what it is that grieves you so. I thought to see you in a very different mood."

"My dear boy," replied the knight, "when thou hast come to my age, thou wilt know by experience that there is no perfect happiness in this world. Our purest joys are sometimes tintured with bitterness."

"I believe it, since thou sayest so. It seems to me, however, that were I in your place, I would not have refused the prize which my valor had won."

"No more of that, Rodrigo: thou art too young to comprehend the motives which induced me to act as I did, so let us speak of something else. Wilt thou go with me to-morrow to the Sierra ?"

"Anywhere with thee. I know my father would not prevent me, if I were to ask him."

"I think so, too. Nevertheless, I would not that even thy fa-

they should know anything of it. At his age, people are anxious and easily disturbed, especially when an only child is in question, and that one an heir. In Murcia, they hear so much of the neighborhood of Granada being infested with Moors that he would never forgive me for taking thee with me to the mountains. This short excursion to which I allude is in pursuance of a vow which I lately made, and which requires the most profound secrecy. May I count on thy discretion ?

“Ay! as if I swore it on oath.”

“It is well. You pass the night with me, so that we may start betimes to-morrow. As to your aunt, who has present charge over you, I will send Pedro to let her know that you do not return to-night.”

CHAPTER VI.

DON LOUIS AND HIS COUSIN LEAVE GRANADA AND ENTER THE
DEFILES OF THE SIERRA NEVADA—RECOLLECTIONS OF KING
BOABDIL—A BAD SIGN.

THE Granadines, fatigued with the sports which had followed the tournament, were still buried in slumber, when Louis awoke his cousin. Pedro had already saddled the horses. A quarter of an hour saw them on their way. They quitted the city unperceived by the guards, and took the same way by which Boabdil had departed after the reduction of Granada.

Just as the sun appeared above the horizon, our travellers were ascending an eminence whence they could perceive the fair city. Hitherto Louis had not opened his mouth, and his young kinsman, respecting his silence, did not care to break in on the gloomy thoughts which appeared to occupy his mind.

When they reached the summit, the knight turned to Rodrigo and said :

“ Let us stop here a moment, Rodrigo : here it was that the last king of the Moors made his first halt after leaving his capital in the hands of the Christians. He would contemplate for the last time that city where he had spent so many happy years when fortune seemed to smile upon him, and where he had drunk, too, of misfortune’s bitterest cup, when the sceptre of so fair a kingdom was wrested from his weak hand. Fol-

lowing his example the Moors who accompanied him paused to take a last farewell of the delicious scenes they were to see no more. They stood gazing on the city with mingled feelings of sorrow and indignation, when a cloud of smoke, rising from the forts, and the sound of the cannon coming faintly to their ear, reminded them that the Spaniards were masters of the city, and that the throne of Granada was forever overthrown. At the sight, Boabdil's heart was breaking. 'Allah achbar (God is great)!' cried the ill-starred monarch, and he said not another word. He felt, or endeavored to feel, all that resignation to the decrees of fate, inculcated by the Korān, but he could not speak. His tears, however, flowed abundantly. 'Ay! you may weep!' said his mother, regarding him with bitter scorn, 'you may weep like a woman over the domains which you knew not how to defend like a man!'—His vizier tried to console him—'Allah achbar!' repeated the prince, 'what misfortunes ever equalled mine!' and throwing a last look on Granada, he resumed his journey without again turning his head. Ever since the place where we now stand is called *El ultimo suspiro del moro*. (The last sigh of the Moor.)"

And as though Louis wished to imitate the Moorish king in every particular, he said no more, but led the way into the wild fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada.

The sun was already on the decline, when the travellers saw before them the lofty mountains of the Alpuxarras. These mountains, which may be considered as the counter-forts of the Sierra Nevada, extend to the very shores of the Mediterranean, inclosing within their valleys the most picturesque scenes and the richest pastures of southern Spain.

No sound disturbed the sweet repose which reigned in that mountain region, save the shrill cry of the eagle, hovering over the rocks, or the distant lowing of herds, borne by the echoes from mount to mount and from dell to dell. Not a cloud was to be seen, and the sun darting his vertical rays into those peaceful valleys, the heat would have been almost insupportable, were it not for the fresh breeze wafted down from the snowy peaks of the Sierra. The varied tints of those solitudes, the torrents of light which flooded them all over, the soft murmur of the streams as they went gurgling down the hill-sides, the imposing masses of rock which overshadowed the forest and the plain, all was conducive to thought and meditation.

Struck with the loveliness of the scene, Rodrigo remained behind. His delicate features were flushed with exercise and the heat of the day, and his dark eyes radiant with delight. But the greater his own pleasure in contemplating the magnificent prospect before him, the less able was he to understand the sombre aspect of his cousin, whom he never remembered to have seen so silent or abstracted.

Pedro meanwhile approached his master and demanded in a low voice whether he might break silence.

"Speak," answered the knight, "provided that Rodrigo do not hear thee. Thou knowest I have forbidden thee any silly babbling which might give him uneasiness."

"And that is just the reason why I now ask permission to speak. Well! it seems to me, master, that we have made our ramble long enough, and that it is time we should turn back. Here we are in the very heart of those odious mountains which the Moors have chosen for their dwelling——"

"Peace, thou fool! peace! These mountains are not the Alpuxarras. What, then, hast thou to fear?"

"Nothing, surely, except it be a new freak of yours. I would wager my head to two *maravedi* that we are now ascending the Alpuxarras, and that, instead of accomplishing a vow, which would be no easy matter in these mountains where neither church nor shrine is to be found, you are troubled again with that itching for adventures which has already cost you so dear!"

"And thinkest thou that for such a purpose I would risk the life of yonder stripling?"

"Nay, that I know not; but you cannot deny that since the rebels have been lurking in these passes, they are continually on the watch to seize any stray Christians who may come in their way—to hang them from the next tree!"

"Thou art nothing better than a fool, I say, and I pray thee be silent. Here comes Rodrigo."

By this time our travellers had gained a height, bounded on one side by a steep rock and on the other by a ravine clothed with thick brushwood. Above them rose in all their majesty, the lofty summits of the Alpuxarras, and beneath, as far as the eye could reach, were seen fertile fields, interspersed with groves and hamlets, whose straw-thatched roofs came out in graceful relief from the dark foliage of the overhanging trees.

Here the travellers stopped, and Louis said to his cousin: "You must be a little fatigued, Rodrigo, you who are not accustomed to such long rides; but here we are at the end of our journey, and when we have had a few hours' rest, we shall return by another way to Granada."

"But it will be night then," observed Rodrigo.

"I know it, and that is just the reason why we wait here till daylight gives place to the shades of night. Nothing can equal the magnificence of the scene presented by these mountains, in the stillness of the night, when the pale moon shines down into their lone recesses and gilds their fantastic forms with her shadowy light."

So saying, Louis alighted and tied his horse to a tree, around whose foot lay a soft thick bed of grass amply sufficient for the animal's food. Rodrigo followed the example of his cousin, and Pedro, drawing from his wallet the provisions he had brought with him, placed them on the velvet turf.

But whilst Rodrigo partook of this rustic meal with the appetite gained by his long ride, Louis and his valet seemed to eat without much relish. The knight had resumed his gloomy taciturnity; he kept his eyes on the ground, as though fearing to meet Rodrigo's eye. Pedro, on the contrary, kept looking from side to side; doubt and apprehension were written on every feature of his face, and the least motion of the wind through the neighboring branches made his limbs quiver, though he tried hard to conceal his agitation.

Half an hour had passed, and the sun's disc was already disappearing behind an adjacent rock. Louis shuddered; but shaking his head, and passing his hand over his brow, as if to banish an obtrusive idea, he said to Rodrigo, in a voice which he vainly tried to render steady:

"You are too young, my poor lad, to contend with sleep; lie down and rest awhile."

"Oh, no!" replied the youth, "I will wait for that till we get back to Granada."

"We have still a long way to travel, and, moreover, your good aunt has no couch softer or more refreshing than the turf beneath us here, or a canopy as rich as the starry dome above our heads."

"But the Moors," cried Pedro, suddenly, with a groan which he would have repressed but could not.

"Silence, rascal!" interrupted Louis, fixing a meaning look on his valet.

"One would think you were afraid, Pedro," added Rodrigo, with a smile.

"He is a coward," said the knight, "afraid of his own shadow."

At that moment the deep silence of the place was broken by harsh, discordant cries, and some crows, emerging from holes in the neighboring rocks, flew round and round the travellers, as though resenting their intrusion on their ancient domain.

With all Rodrigo's courage, he turned pale, and his eyes fixed with a look of terror on the ill-omened birds who still continued to fill the air with their cries.

"Why, Rodrigo," said the knight, "wouldst let thyself be frightened by some miserable crows?"

The youth was ashamed to confess his weakness; he forced a laugh, but the attempt was a wretched failure. As for Pedro, whose terror was now at the height, he crossed himself devoutly and peered around with straining eyes.

"God guide us!" cried the valet, in a choking voice, "I

have counted thirteen crows, and their croaking and flapping is the very same I heard with thirteen others before my poor mother's death. Something is going to happen. May the Holy Virgin assist and protect us!"

"What are you muttering there, villain, between your teeth?"

"I am saying my prayers, and surely that is no disobedience, when it was only of those dogs of Infidels you forbade me to speak——"

"Silence I say again!—let me hear no more of this!"

The crows having finished their evolutions, disappeared one after the other, to the great relief of Pedro, who began to breathe somewhat more freely.

Rodrigo, on the other hand, had still to struggle with that superstitious terror which at times assails even the bravest heart at sight of an object which vulgar prejudice is wont to regard as the forerunner of some disaster; soon, however, overcome by fatigue, he fell into that drowsy state which precedes sleep.

"Your eyes are closing," said Louis. "You may sleep without fear; I will watch over you." Rodrigo obeyed. Folding his cloak so as to form a pillow, he laid his head upon it and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

LOUIS LEAVES HIS COUSIN—RODRIGO SLEEPING IS SURPRISED BY TWO MOORS - THEY CONVEY HIM TO ALHACEN AND GIVE HIM UP TO CANIERI.

THE day was far spent, when Louis, starting from his reverie, said to his servant: "The night is drawing on: it is time I accomplished the vow which brought me hither. You remain with this boy, whilst I descend into yonder valley. In an hour, at most, I shall be here again."

"I do not understand you, master," Pedro said, with a stupefied air.

"I think I have explained myself clearly enough."

"Would you, then, have the cruelty to leave us both here at the mercy of the Moors?"

"To hear *you* speak, one would think the Moors were everywhere."

"Why, who but they inhabit those villages? and do not these mountains belong to the chain of the Alpuxarras?"

"The inhabitants of those villages are as peaceful as those of the Véga. This is not the place to which the rebels retired, so you may rest contented."

Pedro shook his head with an incredulous air. But when he saw his master actually mount his steed, he clung convulsively to the bridle, and pointing to Rodrigo where he lay asleep, he exclaimed:

"If you have no compassion on me, have compassion on your own flesh and blood."

"Hold your tongue, you varlet," said the knight, angrily, and he struck the poor fellow's hands so hard that he was forced to loosen his hold on the bridle. "You will waken him with your cries. I cannot take him with me—here he must remain. I tell you again I am called by a vow to yonder valley."

Louis was about to start, when casting a parting look at his cousin he appeared to hesitate. Pedro, whom the thought of the crows filled with a nameless horror, took advantage of the moment to renew his entreaties. Alas! he soon found how useless they were! He saw the knight resume the way by which they had come, and slowly disappear behind the rocks and bushes which bounded it on either side.

"He hath taken leave of his senses," murmured the valet, and with a piteous moan he took his place again by the side of Rodrigo and began to pray.

Meanwhile the shades were deepening more and more. Pedro's fears had well nigh prevailed over the submission due to his master, and he was on the point of awaking Rodrigo, when his attention was attracted by a sound which announced the approach of human beings.

He looked in the direction of the noise and saw two men who seemed to be clad in the Moorish costume. The idea of his own danger made him entirely oblivious of that to which Rodrigo was exposed, and jumping hastily on his horse, he escaped at full speed in the direction which his master had before taken.

And they were Moors whom Pedro had seen. They ad-

vanced towards Rodrigo, who still slept so soundly that even the loud neighing of their approaching horses could not disturb his repose.

"It is he himself," said one of the Moors, stooping down and looking in the youth's face, "but how comes he to be asleep?"

"It matters little," replied his comrade, "it suffices that we have him in our power."

Then slightly touching the sleeper's arm, he said as softly as his rough, harsh voice would permit: "Wake up, boy! wake up!"

Rodrigo opened his eyes with a start, but, in his bewilderment, he thought himself dreaming. He looked round in terror, but said not a word. Two great fierce-looking black eyes were fixed on him, and a sort of grinding of the teeth, a laugh peculiar to the Moors of those mountains, increased, if anything could, the natural repulsiveness of the man's face on which his eye fell. He had no doubt but he saw before him one of those outlawed Moors who had taken refuge in the wilds of the Alpuxarras.

"Young Christian, fear not!" resumed the Moor, "no harm shall befall thee."

Rodrigo made no reply, but rising, he called aloud for his cousin, whose absence surprised him much.

"No great use in calling *him*," said the Moor, "I do not think he can hear thee!"

"Wretch, what sayest thou?" demanded Rodrigo, suddenly struck with an idea that made the blood in his veins run cold. "Can you have killed him?"

'Whether or no, he will not hear thee. Come, my fine fellow, mount and follow us!'

"Follow you! and whither would you lead me? By what right do you deprive me of my liberty?"

"By the right which war gives to every man who has an enemy in his power!"

Rodrigo saw clearly that there was nothing for it but patience and resignation; he unfastened his horse himself, and having mounted, followed the two Moors.

Just then the moon rose at the entrance of the valley, and poured in her flood of silvery light, but to Rodrigo's eyes even that gave a sinister aspect to all around. The mournful cry of the screech-owl was heard at intervals, and the sound smote on the boy's heart like a funeral knell. It was not that he feared for himself the perils which beset his path: he thought of his father, whom his disappearance would plunge into misery, and the thought filled him with anguish and terror.

He also asked himself how it happened that he was alone at the moment when his captors came upon him; but as Louis and Pedro had both departed while he slept, he could only conjecture what might have been the reason.

All at once he perceived a blackish object suspended from a tree, and waving to and fro in the wind. He soon discovered that it was the body of a man. At the sight, an icy shudder crept through all his members.

"Ha! you like not that," said one of the Moors coldly, "it were strange if you did! it is no very pleasant sight for a Christian. The corpse is that of a Spanish knight placed there to warn his countrymen of the fate reserved for those

who brave the lion in his den. The Christians shall find in every Moor a lion, and a terrible one, too, for with the strength and courage of the royal beast, the Moor hath human reason and human feeling."

Rodrigo made no answer, and they journeyed in silence during the rest of the night.

When the first light of day began to illumine the valleys of the Alpuxarras, it disclosed to the prisoner a village still shrouded in the grey mist of morning, and soon after he beheld a small town whose terraced roofs were shining in the roseate beams of sunrise.

The usually severe aspect of the Alpuxarras was softened and beautified by the mild lustre of the early morn, but the sight of the glorious prospect, far from assuaging the grief of Rodrigo, did but render it the more bitter. The slightest noise in the distance, such as the tramp of a horse, or the barking of a dog, made him start; many a time he fancied relief was near; but his hopes soon died away, and he relapsed into that sort of stupid indifference which settles down on the soul when it sees no other remedy for its woes but that of resignation.

On reaching the outskirts of the town the children came trooping out, crying with savage joy: "A Christian! here is a Christian!" And they pressed close around to get a better look at the captive.

Having cleared a passage through the crowd of curious spectators whom the children's cries had collected, the two Moors who had charge of Rodrigo entered the principal street

of Alhacen, then the head-quarters of the Moors who followed Canieri's banner.

Nothing could be more wretched than the aspect of the town; it might indeed have passed for a den of brigands. Having nothing to lose, no wealth to abandon in case of defeat, no pleasures to resign, the inhabitants had no other characteristic than that of a cold impassibility, and a dark sullen ferocity.

After traversing the greater part of the town, Rodrigo was conducted to a house which seemed a very little better than the others, and before which a number of armed men were standing. Going in, he saw at the farther end of a vast apartment a Moor of insignificant appearance, reclining on a pile of cushions, after the manner of Arab nobles and princes. From the description given him by his father, he easily recognized the famous Canieri.

Being descended from a family allied to the ancient Moorish kings of Cordova, Canieri had been chosen by the rebels as one of the principal leaders of their revolt. Weak and proud by nature, this man still assumed an appearance of state, little in accordance with his miserable condition, and he took upon himself an authority hardly compatible with the precarious tenure of the power vested in him.

The house in which he was located had probably belonged to one of the principal inhabitants of the town; it was still adorned with rich painting and tapestry, all of which, however, was so dilapidated that it was plain many years had passed since the days of its splendor.

At the moment when Rodrigo entered the hall, Canieri was amusing himself playing the despot. His divan was surrounded

by some half dozen brutish beings who formed his entire court, appearing servilely devoted to the ridiculous whims of their master.

The latter no sooner perceived Rodrigo, than turning towards him, he eyed him from head to foot. Rodrigo, however, maintained a bold front, and in a firm voice demanded why he was brought thither.

"You will know it soon enough, young man," responded Canieri, with a mocking smile. "It suffices now to know that you are my prisoner, and must remain with me till your sovereigns give us back what they have taken from us."

"And if my father offered thee a ransom?" said Rodrigo, in a firm but not disrespectful tone.

"If he did I would refuse it, no matter what it was. I am better pleased to have yourself than your weight in gold."

"Thou knowest, then, who I am?"

"Yes, thou art the son of Don Ferdinand de Monte-Calvo. But be not afraid; thou shalt be well cared for whilst with us."

"Shall I be permitted, at least, to write to my father, and let him know where I am?"

"That I will do myself."

Turning then to one of his attendants, he spoke some words in a low voice. A moment after Rodrigo was conducted to another part of the house. There he was locked in and left to his own reflections.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RENEGADE—HIS HISTORY—SINGULAR IMPRESSION MADE ON HIM BY THE SIGHT OF RODRIGO—HE DECLARES TO CANIERI THAT HE TAKES THE YOUTH UNDER HIS PROTECTION.

AMONGST the miserable band of courtiers who surrounded Canieri, Rodrigo had remarked one whose appearance was somewhat peculiar. He was seated on the right of the divan; and from the ease and freedom of his manner it was plain that he enjoyed in the highest degree the confidence of his chief. His countenance differed little from that of his companions, unless it were that it indicated greater audacity and resolution. A black and tufted beard, eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, a fierce and morose look gave to his whole person a peculiarly sinister and imposing look; and if the severity of his features sometimes disappeared for a moment, it was replaced by a bitter and sardonic smile which inspired fear and aversion. But on that same countenance, so expressive of every violent passion, there was also to be seen at times a shade of sadness, which led one to believe that the man had once been capable of more noble sentiments and worthy of a better fate.

Like all the rest of Canieri's suite, he was clothed in a Moorish tunic, remarkable for its simplicity; yet it required no great penetration to perceive that he had not always worn that

garment, and that, whatever his position might then be, he had once professed a different creed.

"Ulamalek," said Caneiri to this personage, "methinks thou art more thoughtful to-day than I have seen thee for a long time?"

"Give me not that name," answered Ulamalek, "for it reminds me of my misfortune and my crime. It reminds me that I once bore another, then I was a Christian, whilst now I am——"

"A brave Moor," interrupted Canieri.

"Say rather a vile renegade," rejoined Ulamalek, bitterly. "Ay! I am a renegade, a base deserter from the Christian faith. Nevertheless, I engaged to serve the Moors, and so I will, till my last breath."

"Thou hast done much to serve them, and I think their gratitude is equal to thy deserts."

"Oh!" said the renegade, "I desire no thanks. If I have espoused the Moorish cause, it was not through love for them, but through love for gold. I was one of the richest inhabitants of Zohara, at the time when your king Muley put its citizens to the sword. I was taken with others to the public place to be sent thence to Granada. Seeing my house about to be pillaged, I was so base as to disclose the place where several of my friends had concealed their treasures, on condition that my own were left me. Next day I set out for Granada, where I abjured the faith of my fathers, and swore whatever I was asked. But God did not long permit me to enjoy the price of my apostacy. During the dissensions which have never ceased to agitate that unhappy city, which the Moors were

went to regard as their stronghold, I was stripped in one night by the populace of all I possessed, and found myself reduced to the greatest misery. Thou didst promise, Canieri, to advance my fortune, if I remained faithful to the Moors and followed thee to these deserts. I was the more willing to accept the offer in that the presence of the Christians in Granada would have been a continual reproach to me. I have sworn never to desert thy cause, be the issue of the struggle what it may. There is my story, Canieri, and thou mayest judge how far the support of my arm deserves thy gratitude."

"Be calm, Ulamalek," replied Canieri, seeing his friend's agitation, "forget the past! think only of the present, hoping all things from the future. The Moors are not yet vanquished; they may at any moment expel their enemies, and then thou shalt swim in riches and pleasures."

"I want no more of them. How could I enjoy them, and remorse gnawing at my heart?"

"Your ideas will run in a different channel when we are victorious. It is true our party is not strong, but El Feri de Benastepar is there to arrest the progress of the Christians, and wither the laurels which they have had such trouble in gathering. Alonzo d'Aguilar meditates our ruin; but strong as is his hatred of us it will be powerless, and will serve but to bring disgrace and ignominy on his own name. Yes! we have still resources of which our enemies dream not, and even were our numbers to diminish, our courage would make up the deficiency."

"Thou mayest be mistaken as to the means at the disposal of the Moors; for me, I count but little on them. The Christian.

will be always superior to us, for we have nought to oppose them with but that ferocious desperate courage which springs from the thirst for revenge."

"Ulamalek!" exclaimed Canieri, nettled by the reckless audacity of the renegade, "whatever be the motives which induce thee to take part with the Moors, thou must not forget the noble end they have in view: they are defending their rights as a free and independent nation whom their enemies would crush beneath a yoke."

"Well and good; but if they succeed in recovering their ancient power honor and glory would be theirs, for me nought but shame and contempt."

"Contempt!"

"Ay, contempt! You all despise me, and you are right. Contempt is the only guerdon meet for those who have, like me, betrayed their country and their God."

The increasing agitation of Ulamalek struck all present. None of them had ever before seen him in such a state. His whole body trembled: he had seized his poignard with a sort of convulsive movement, and fury flashed in his eyes.

"Tell me, friend," said Canieri, after some moments' silence, "what has caused this unwonted excitement? Can it be the presence of the stripling whom we have just seen?"

"It may be," Ulamalek answered in a morose tone, and with a look which made his companions shudder

"And what connection is there between that youth and thee?"

"That is my secret."

These words surprised the Moorish chief. He looked the

renegade in the face, as if to guess his thoughts, then he said to him :

"I can hardly understand how the sight of the stripling can so move thee. Methinks it should rather fill thee with joy. His capture is of great advantage to the Moors, because it will bend those haughty Spaniards to our will. The fierce d Agui-lar himself will be forced to give in when he learns that we hold as a hostage the son of his best friend."

"That our vengeance may be complete," said one of the courtiers, "we must compel this youth to break forever with his friends by abjuring their faith."

"Wretch! what sayest thou?" cried Ulamalek with concentrated and ungovernable fury. "Knowest thou not that a Monte-Calvo hath never yet disgraced his name? Nor will our prisoner do it, young as he is; threats and promises will be alike lost on *him*. Besides, I will watch over him, and by the God whom both Moors and Christians worship, I will not suffer any attempt to be made on the boy's faith! Is it not enough to have one renegade amongst ye? Canieri, hear me! I have promised you the assistance of my arm, but you shall have it only in as far as you will respect innocence. The moment you forget your promise to the young Monte-Calvo that no harm shall befall him, you may count no more on me!"

"Be not afraid, Ulamalek," said Canieri, "it is sufficient that you take an interest in the boy, to ensure good treatment for him here. I will even permit you to see him, and your wife too. I know you will not abuse this privilege."

So saying, he arose, and, followed by his miserable court, went out to promenade through the streets of his capital. Af-

erwards, in order to kill time, still more than with a view to preparation for the approaching contest with the Christians, he had the garrison assembled under arms for a grand review. The force amounted altogether to about eight hundred men ; but the bad condition of their arms and equipments indicated the extreme indigence of the men who pretended to be called by Heaven to raise up again the ancient throne of Granada.

Canieri, anxious to imitate in all things the princes from whom it was his boast to be descended, also harangued his soldiers : he reminded them of the splendor which had surrounded the Moorish name for so many ages, and announced to them that God had given into his hands a hostage with whom they could brave all the fury of their enemies.

He likewise recommended the chiefs to be strictly faithful in the discharge of their duties ; then, satisfied with the part he had played, he returned with the same parade to his humble dwelling, which, in honor of its illustrious occupant, had been decorated with the pompous title of palace.

Having reached his home, he busied himself with his toilet, and perfumes were burned in his apartments. Meanwhile, the indolent repose which he hoped to enjoy was disturbed by a messenger from El Feri de Benastepar, announcing the near approach of the terrible Alonzo d'Aguilar. He immediately assembled his council, but his heavy eyelids soon closed in slumber, and the meeting broke up without having come to any decision.

CHAPTER IX.

RODRIGO IN PRISON—HIS MENTAL SUFFERINGS—HE RECEIVES
A VISIT FROM MARIANA, THE RENEGADE'S WIFE—ULAMALEK
SAVES A MONK FROM THE FURY OF THE MOORS.

THE chamber which was to serve as a prison for Rodrigo, presented nothing at all remarkable. Small and dark, it was lighted only by a narrow window furnished with thick iron bars. As to the furniture, it consisted of a bed whose faded and tattered covering announced long service, as did the small cedar table of rude construction. On the walls were seen some words in the Spanish tongue, showing plainly enough that the room had already inclosed Christian captives.

A small door, opposite to the principal one, led into a court planted with stunted trees, and surrounded by a wall so high that the sun hardly ever shone there. Here Rodrigo was allowed to walk during the day.

Outside the prison, two sentinels were placed, charged not only to prevent the escape of the prisoner, but also to defend him against the fury of the inhabitants, if they should take it in head, as they often did, to exercise on him those atrocious cruelties condemned even by their own brethren, the more civilized Moors of Granada.

On entering his prison, Rodrigo tried to make head against misfortune; and after having thanked Heaven for saving him from the dangers which he had feared, he eat with a tolerably

good appetite the slender repast brought him by a slave. But when night came, and he heard the yelling of the Moors in the street without, he began to realize the horrors of his actual condition.

He lay down and tried to sleep. But notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous night, he could not taste the repose which he so much needed. His sleep, when it did come, was broken by feverish and frightful dreams; and, when he opened his eyes, he imagined a thousand forms of terror hovering around ready to pounce upon him.

Often, too, did he picture to himself his father overwhelmed with sorrow and sinking beneath the load of his sufferings.

"Oh!" said he to himself, "if my poor father were told that his son had fallen on the field of battle, where his brothers fell before, he would console himself with the thought that I had done my duty; but to know me here caged like a bird, without glory, without honor, without having slain a single enemy, oh! the idea would be insupportable to him!"

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, the young noble fell asleep, and again his father was before him drowned in tears: he seemed to hear his voice calling on him, and attempting to reach him, he awoke with a start, his whole frame bedewed with a cold sweat.

Thus passed the weary night, and the first rays of morning, far from alleviating, did but increase the wretchedness of Rodrigo. He heard without emotion the neighing of horses and the sweet warbling of birds, celebrating with joy the return of the day-star.

In order to divert his thoughts, he passed into the garden

adjoining the prison. He saw the fair sky of Andalusia above his head, but prison walls were all around him! Having contemplated the blue dome above for some time, Rodrigo sighing heavily sat down under a pomegranate tree on the margin of a small stream whose feeble murmur only served to increase his melancholy. He thought of the gardens of Murcia, where, with his father leaning on his arm, he used to saunter in the shade of citron and orange trees. The remembrance struck him so vividly that a torrent of tears burst from his eyes, till then dry and arid.

Whilst abandoning himself to his grief he heard a noise behind him as of a person approaching slowly. Supposing it to be the slave who was wont to bring his food, he did not turn his head, but remained with his face hidden between his hands, weeping in silence.

Some moments after he raised his eyes, and was surprised to see before him a Moorish woman whose looks expressed compassion and sympathy.

"You weep?" said she, in a soft, mild voice. "You are thinking, doubtless, of your home and friends."

Rodrigo could not answer, so surprised was he by this unlooked-for apparition and the words of pity addressed to him.

"Fear nothing, Lord Rodrigo," pursued the woman, "I am not here to insult your misfortunes, nor enjoy the sight of your tears."

"Who are you, then?" demanded the prisoner, touched by this expression of sympathy from a person altogether unknown to him.

"I am Mariana, your humble servant, the wife of your protector."

"My protector! where is he? Am I not still in the hands of the enemies of the Christian name? This house, which serves me for a prison, doth it not belong to Canieri, one of the principal chiefs of the Moorish rebels?"

"Yes, but amongst those rebels there is one who has not forgotten the house of Monte-Calvo, and who hath sworn to protect you from the fury of these barbarous Mussulmans."

"I pray you explain yourself."

"You think, doubtless, that you see before you a woman nurtured and brought up in the absurd belief of the followers of Mahomet? Alas! I am but an unhappy renegade. Not many years ago I was numbered amongst the children of God; and now——"

She had not strength to finish; her voice was choked with sobs; and Rodrigo saw the tears coursing each other down her pale and care-worn cheek.

After a pause of some moments, Mariana drew from her bosom a small silver crucifix, and showing it to Rodrigo:

"You see," said she, "that whilst following the exterior practices of Islamism, I have never ceased to be a Christian at heart. I know I am guilty, for a Christian should know how to brave death rather than make even a show of denying his faith; but God is my witness that I have never ceased a single day to ask pardon for my crime. In abjuring his creed, my husband could only save his fortune by swearing the most awful oaths to embrace in all things and forever the Moorish cause. He is now called U'amalek; in former days he was

named —— . But he has forbidden me ever to pronounce that name, which is not unknown to your father."

"To my father?"

"Ay. But for pity seek not to learn more; it would be painful to me to refuse telling you what you wished to know, and if I did I should disobey my husband. Ulamalek is very powerful amongst the Moors, and he has sworn to Canieri that he will defend you against all."

This news excited in Rodrigo the liveliest emotion: he was not, then, wholly abandonèd, and amongst his enemies there was at least one friend. Still he could not overcome his fears, for in passing suddenly from the state of despair to that of security, we are apt to doubt the reality of the assurances we have received.

Wishing to test the sincerity of Mariana's professions, he asked if she would consent to lend her aid in case he thought of effecting his escape. She answered that she would with pleasure, as far as it lay in her power.

"As for my husband," she added, "he thinks it would but expose you to certain death, the passes of these mountains being all held by the Moors. He wishes you, therefore, to wait patiently till such time as a favorable opportunity offers of restoring you to your noble father and friends."

"Will Ulamalek come to see me?"

"No, but he has chargèd me to visit you every day. The sight of a Christian awakens his remorse and makes him miserable."

Mariana was silent and hung down her head. A moment

after, she arose, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed in piteous accents :

“ My God ! my God ! *thou art just and thy ways are equitable.* In denying thee, we hoped to find happiness, and we have found but infamy, misery and despair.”

And the poor woman began to weep and sob. Rodrigo tried to comfort her, and his mild persuasive words brought back peace and hope to the renegade’s soul.

“ God will not abandon you,” said he in conclusion ; “ he will be touched by your repentance, and, perchance, the day is not far distant when, abjuring your error, you shall be again received into the bosom of the Church.”

With this hope held out to her, Mariana departed, much consoled.

“ I will come back to see you to-morrow and the day after,” said she. “ We will unite our prayers that God may restore you to liberty, and give me the happiness of kneeling again at the foot of His holy altar.”

On the following day, at the same hour, Mariana, faithful to her promise, returned to the captive : she found him less dejected, whilst she herself was animated by a soothing hope never felt before.

The window of Rodrigo’s prison opened on the principal street of Alhacen. Whilst the prisoner, chatting with Mariana on subjects interesting to both, was carelessly watching the passers by, he suddenly beheld a crowd of women and children running along the street, yelling and shouting like savages. Mariana then approached the window.

“ It is, doubtless, some Christian they have caught,” said

she. "Heaven save him from the fate which awaits every Christian who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the people here!"

Mariana was right in her conjecture. It was only a few minutes after, when Rodrigo saw a Franciscan friar conducted by soldiers, and followed by a furious mob who were pelting him with mud, and loading him with execrations.

Rodrigo was about to express his horror at this sight by a cry of indignation, when Mariana prevented him by placing her hand on his mouth.

"You will gain nothing, Lord Rodrigo, by addressing those furies. If Canieri did not interfere, far from appeasing, you would but excite them the more, and then I would not answer for your own life. Let us pray; it is the only means left us to save that holy old man from the fate which threatens him."

Meanwhile the crowd stopped in front of Canieri's dwelling, and Rodrigo was able to contemplate the venerable features of the Franciscan, who was still calm and collected amid the yells and howls which met his ear on every side. The most sublime resignation was in his look, now raised to heaven, now fixed, with an indescribable expression of charity, on the wretches by whom he was surrounded.

Canieri appeared. He regarded the monk for some time with a mocking smile, then asked who he was and whence he came.

"I was journeying through these mountains," said the monk, without any show of fear, "to exhort the rebellious Moors to accept the pardon so generously offered them by the Queen of Spain, when I was taken by these men and brought hither."

"I thank the queen for her pious intentions," replied Canieri, bowing down with a mocking air; "and as my subjects are animated by a gratitude equal to my own, I leave it to them to receive, after the manner that seems good to them, the envoy of her Catholic majesty."

Saying this, he made a sign which was well understood by the mob. The soldiers retired, and women and children were seen to rush on the monk with the fury of demons. Some tore his beard, others spat upon his face, others again tore his robe and struck his bald head with knotty sticks.

Dragged thus along, in every sense, the poor old man tottered and fell to the ground. It would soon have been all over with him, for many of the women were in the act of taking up stones to kill him, when all at once a threatening cry was heard. It was Ulamalek, who ran to the spot with eyes flashing fire.

"Stop, wretches," he cried, "stop, or I will crush you like powder in my hand. Where is Canieri? Let him be sought!"

Canieri opened the blind behind which he had taken his station in order to regale himself with the sight of the tortures inflicted on the Christian priest.

"Thou hast forgotten our agreement," said the renegade, firmly. "If thou wouldst make use of my arm and my counsel, have this old man set at liberty!"

Canieri could not conceal his embarrassment; he stammered out some words of excuse and gave the order demanded by the renegade. The latter went himself to raise the monk, whilst the Moors retired in fear and silence; he then took him away without any one daring to follow.

"Is that your husband?" demanded Rodrigo of Mariana, when the crowd had dispersed.

"Yes, and that is not the first monk whom he hath snatched from certain death. Terrible as he is when confronting the Spaniards in battle, he is ever willing to take the part of those who neither attack others nor can defend themselves."

"How glad I am to hear you say so! No, error cannot be the eternal lot of a soul so magnanimous. God cannot leave without reward the good which he does to his servants: let us hope that the light of faith may once more shine upon that soul in which it is not yet wholly extinct."

CHAPTER X.

EL FERI TAKES REFUGE IN ALHACEN—HE DEMANDS THAT RODRIGO BE SET AT LIBERTY, WHEN THE MOORS ARE ATTACKED BY THE CHRISTIANS—THE LATTER MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE TOWN, AND SET IT ON FIRE.

WHILST Rodrigo lay immured within his prison walls the Moors were struggling in vain against the overwhelming power of the Christians, the fortress of Andurax, Guegar and several other cities had fallen into the hands of the royal generals.

El Negro, one of the rebel chiefs, disheartened by the capitulation of Lanjaron, put an end to his life in presence of the besiegers. Canieri had heard all these disastrous tidings, yet he kept on flattering himself with delusive hopes. He had a notion that the valor of the Christians would not hold out against the obstinacy of the Moors, and that the Spanish Government would be forced to recognize the independence of the Alpuxarras.

Under this illusion, he aspired to nothing less than the crown, and lived in all the luxury which his indigence permitted. He loved to gather around him what he pompously styled his court, and sometimes gave entertainments with all the ceremony of royal state; but these banquets, with their scant and frugal fare, were as little like the gorgeous feasts of the ancient Caliphs of Cordova as the pale emaciated faces of the

guests resembled the brilliant knights who thronged of old round the Abderamas.

One day when Canieri was enjoying the pleasures of the table, a great noise was heard in the adjoining chamber. The door opened, and a mysterious figure, wrapped in a large Spanish cloak, entered the hall and then stood motionless with astonishment. All the guests, with the single exception of Ulamalek, uttered a cry of terror, and trembling arose.

"What treason is this?" demanded Canieri when he had recovered from his fright. "A Christian in my palace!"

"I am not a Christian," answered the stranger, "I am a Moor, ashamed of having Canieri for a colleague!"

"Speak, then," replied Canieri, "and explain thyself!"

"Dost recognize me now?" and so saying, the strange visitor let fall his cloak. He was a man of lofty stature and athletic form. His wrinkled and sun-bronzed brow indicated great force of character; and if his cold reserved countenance showed no trace of sensibility, it expressed, on the other hand, something noble and elevated in sentiment. Clothed in a plain Moorish tunic, he was only distinguished from his brethren by the green scarf which girt his loins; that color, sacred amongst Eastern nations, announcing his high position.

"El Feri!" cried Canieri in blank amazement.

"Even so," responded El Feri, "it is I who come to witness the honorable way in which my brother-in-arms spends his time, whilst Moorish warriors lie unburied on the field of battle; whilst a haughty Spaniard, like a furious tiger, follows on our trail; whilst our soldiers are either slaughtered or dispersed, and El Feri himself is obliged to escape in disguise from the scene of carnage!"

"Is the danger then so great?" demanded Canieri, endeavouring to hide the confusion which he could not but feel from these reproaches.

"This very day, perchance, will decide our fate!" said El Fsri, sadly. "The Spaniards are advancing on us by forced marches. We were completely routed at Gergal, where I had hoped to take up my position, and if all my followers are not slain, they owe their escape to their knowledge of these mountain passes. We have not a moment to lose: the Christians are on my track, guided by a Moor who has betrayed me."

Canieri then mentioned the hostage who had fallen into his hands.

"That hostage," said El Feri, "may serve to save thy life; but not to avert ruin from the Moorish cause. What use wilt thou make of him?"

"The Christians are still unaware that the son of the proud Count de Monte-Calvo is a captive in my palace. But let them dare attack me, and Rodrigo shall be the first exposed to their blows. He shall march before us, and if the sight of him will not restrain the fury of Alonzo, I will slay him with my own hand"

"Wretch!" interrupted El Feri, with a withering look of scorn, "methought I had to deal with a chivalrous descendant of our ancient kings; but I see I have addressed myself to a vile and cruel assassin."

These words at first overwhelmed Canieri; but speedily resuming that collectedness and presence of mind which in him supplied the want of true courage, he asked, with a hypocritical air, what ought to be done with Rodrigo.

"He must be sent back immediately to Granada. We do not make war on boys, but on men!"

Canieri was about to reply, when he was prevented by a confused sound of voices from without. Ulamalek, who had gone out a little before, now rushed into the hall, and informed his chief that the Christian army was already visible from the summit of the great tower.

And then the cry of "The Christians! the Christians!" arose from the multitude assembled in front of the palace.

The arrival of the Spaniards was so sudden that it threw the Moors into the greatest disorder, and it required nothing less than the presence of El Feri to recal them to a sense of duty. In a few moments, all who were able to bear arms were assembled in the square, ready to defend themselves, whilst the old men, with the women and children, did what they could in packing up effects and loading the mules; already foreseeing that they would be forced to fly. Yet their faces expressed no regret, no sorrow for breaking up their homesteads. Accustomed to a wandering and unsettled life, they saw without much surprise the approach of an event which their doctrine of fatalism made them regard with comparative indifference.

El Feri chose from amongst the inhabitants those who appeared to him the bravest, and placing himself at their head, he marched out to meet the Christians. He hoped that by an extraordinary effort he might succeed in arresting their course, so as to leave Canieri time to organize his means of defence.

The Christians, animated by the remembrance of their late victory, advanced bravely to the attack with their well-known war-cry: "St. James for Spain!" And the Moors replied by that of "*Allah! allah! allah!*"

Twice did Alonzo's army charge with its wonted impetuosity, and as often was it repulsed with equal vigor. Returning a third time to the charge, the Moors began at length to give way.

Alonzo was distinguished from all his companions by his invincible courage and the coolness with which he directed the movements of his soldiers. His ponderous sword, smoking with the blood of the victims who fell beneath his stroke, shone like a meteor of death and doom; and as he advanced, the earth was covered with the slain.

The superiority of numbers, added to the excellent discipline of the Spaniards, finally prevailed over the blind fury which actuated their enemies, and terror soon spread through the Moorish ranks. Notwithstanding the efforts of El Feri to rally his soldiers and revive their drooping courage, the Moors could not resist the overwhelming torrent. Deaf to the voice of their chief, incessantly urging them to resistance, they took flight, and El Feri himself was forced to make a hasty retreat into the town.

Alonzo then made his soldiers halt, so as to give them time to take breath: he felt that being about to attack the lion in his den he must not act too rashly.

El Feri, on his side, profited by this rest to rally his dispersed troops; and he joined them with those under the command of Canieri, taking care to place the most experienced of his soldiers in private places, whence they could do much damage to the Christians. The consequence was that when d'Aguiar resumed his way to the town, he had the grief of seeing more than one of his brave comrades fall at his side, struck down by invisible hands, concealed behind the trees and rocks.

Antonio de Leyva soon made his way into Alhacen, with that fiery impetuosity and contempt of death which belong to the youthful warrior; his progress was, however, but slow, for he was stopped at every step by El Feri, who disputed the ground with him foot by foot, whilst Ulamalek in another quarter was fighting his former friends with the ferocity of a tiger.

The town of Alhacen had become the scene of a fearful massacre; death was raging on every side; Christians and Infidels fell together, and their places were instantly taken by others inflamed with the same desire for glory, or the same thirst for revenge. Each party put forth all its strength as its losses increased and the night drew on.

The Spaniards, attacked on all sides by their adversaries, who had converted every house into a fortress, were forced at length to slacken their course, but determined on putting an end to this obstinate resistance, they thought of a means as terrible as it was prompt in its results. They set fire to several houses, and a strong wind expediting the progress of the fire, the town was speedily enveloped in flames.

Pillars of lurid fire pierced the cloud of smoke above the houses; on every side was heard the cries of despairing women who ran hither and thither not knowing what to do; the groans of the wounded whom there was no time to save; the hissing of the flames and the crash of buildings falling one after the other.

The streets, the squares, the courts were filled with unhappy creatures seeking to escape the devouring element, carrying with them their most precious goods, and making their way towards the gate opposite that by which the Christians had gained admission.

CHAPTER XI.

EL FERÍ IS WOUNDED BY ALONZO, WHO REFUSES TO FINISH HIM—THE VICTORY OF THE CHRISTIANS IS COMPLETE—ALONZO DISCOVERS RODRIGO, WHO HAD BEEN RELEASED FROM PRISON BY MARIANA.

MEANWHILE, the courage of the Moors, whom duty still retained on the field of battle, far from decreasing, did but wax stronger at sight of the advancing flames. They continued to struggle with desperate fury; their sinister faces rendered hideous by the light of the conflagration, and their long scimitars flashing like lightning amid the masses of smoke, driven by the wind in all directions.

But it was the principal street of Alhacen that presented the most terrific spectacle; for there the two parties had concentrated most of their strength. There were seen both Alonzo and El Ferí, animating their soldiers by their example still more than their words. At length they met, and having recognized each other, they darted forward, as if by a common impulse.

El Ferí struck the first blow, and that with so much force that his opponent's shield was split almost in two. Then commenced a terrible struggle between the two renowned champions. The smoke did not always leave their contest visible.

but it was distinctly audible amid the confusion and tumult of the fight.

Suddenly a piercing cry was heard, a cry that penetrated every Moorish heart, crushing their last hope: El Feri had just fallen beneath the potent arm of Alonzo!

Despair was imprinted on every feature of the Moorish chief; his failing eyes were still fixed with concentrated rage on his enemy, and his hand still clutched with convulsive energy the weapon which he could no longer raise, whilst every limb of his body was convulsed by his efforts to overcome his weakness. Yet, prostrate and helpless as he was, he still inspired both fear and respect.

Don Alonzo looked down with amazement on the victim at his feet. One more stroke of his sword, and the Spaniards were forever rid of their most formidable foe. But the Christian knight had too much generosity to strike a man powerless to defend himself; he left him to seek adversaries more worthy of his valor.

Meanwhile Canieri, expelled the town by Don Antonio de Leyva, was flying in all haste with his friends. Soon, by the ghastly light of the flames, the wretched inhabitants of Alhacen were seen hurrying in a body towards the wildest part of the mountains, where they disappeared successively amongst the rocks and ravines. Now and then they were seen pausing to take a last look at the scene of the conflagration. Not that they regretted the asylum they had lost: they who have adopted the desert for their country, give themselves but little trouble where to-morrow they may lay their heads; but they were leaving behind them parents and kindred whom

they were to see no more, a father or a husband, or brothers, whose ashes were to mingle with the dust of their dwellings, and their lamentations were borne back by the echoes even to the ears of their conquerors.

D'Aguilar had soon defeated the handful of Moors who still offered resistance, and the town was wholly in his hands. Passing along the streets by the light of the fire, which still continued to destroy all that came in its way, he was enabled to judge of the extent of the carnage. At every step he came on battered armor, broken swords, shattered shields, or what was a thousand times more heart-rending, mangled and gory corpses; often did his foot come in contact with some dying person, who, still conscious of that last pain, uttered a feeble moan. There he beheld a Moor in the last convulsions of agony, whose features still breathed revenge; farther on he recognized one of his own brave companions, struck down by the fatal scimitar amid the smoking ruins of the houses. Death had confounded in a hideous mass those who in life were divided by the fiercest hatred.

Some of the unhappy creatures who were wounded were beseeching their friends to take them away; others, already deprived of speech, by their looks implored pity. Alonzo's heart was deeply touched by the sight of so much suffering which he could not relieve; and he was passing rapidly through the ruins of the burning town, to make the necessary arrangements for the relief of those whom death had not yet reached, when his ear was suddenly assailed by cries which seemed to issue from under ground.

Ulamalek, after having announced to Canieri the approach

of the Spaniards, had repaired immediately to Rodrigo's prison.

"My lord," said he, "you may, perchance, see your deliverers before long. The Spaniards are advancing on the town, and I doubt if the Moors are in a state to repulse them. If I were not bound by a terrible oath to the cause which I defend I would be the first to take you from here and restore you to your friends. But what I cannot do my wife shall. I am going to give her the necessary instructions, which you will observe in every point."

"And Canieri?" demanded Rodrigo, his voice trembling with surprise and apprehension.

"He thinks no more of you. So far well! but see that you are punctual in following my directions."

Some moments after, Rodrigo beheld Mariana enter, with a bundle of clothes under her arm.

"What have you there?" inquired the prisoner.

"It is a disguise," Mariana replied, making a sign for the young lord to speak lower, "but the time to use it has not yet arrived. The battle has already commenced outside the walls, and so long as victory has not declared for your friends, you shall remain here with me. Although your gaoler hath multiplied guards around his palace, his fears for his own safety do not permit him to think of you. You could not pass out, however, without being recognized, and in that case all the power of Ulamalek could not save you from a horrible death. If, on the other hand, the Christians penetrate into the city, as they probably shall, you may escape in the confusion without any danger, under cover of the darkness."

Rodrigo thanked Mariana, and, retiring to a corner of his chamber, he began to pray with fervor, less for his own deliverance, than for the successful issue of a struggle which was to cost the lives of so many brave Spaniards. Whilst he was thus engaged, Mariana, sitting opposite the window, listened attentively to every sound that came from without. All at once she began to weep. Rodrigo demanded the cause of her grief.

"Alas!" said she, "I have just heard Ulamalek's voice calling his men together, If anything were to happen to him!— If he were to die at enmity with his God!"

"We must not despair, my good Mariana," said Rodrigo, approaching the agitated woman and taking her hand affectionately; "Heaven will protect your husband's life now, as heretofore. Something tells me that Ulamalek shall not die without being reconciled to our God."

"Oh! may the Lord hear your prayers! What I have suffered since the fatal day when I abjured my faith, is beyond my power to tell. But, hark: there are the Christians!"

It was true enough: a confused sound of voices and the clash of arms coming nearer and more distinct, announced the approach of the Spanish army.

"The Moors are getting the worst of it already," said Mariana, after a moment's silence. "It is all over with them: they will soon give up. I see the guards leaving their post to accompany Canieri. It is time, Lord Rodrigo, for us to think of flight."

Having opened the bundle which she had brought with her, Mariana took out a tunic and a turban. Rodrigo put them on

with all the haste he could, and then anxiously awaited the moment when he could venture forth.

"Let us go," said Mariana at length, "but see that you look neither to the right nor to the left, see or hear what you may, and be sure not to speak a single word!"

Rodrigo followed his deliverer in silence. The sentinel was gone from the door of the prison, and the palace appeared deserted. Mariana, who knew every outlet of the house, chose one which opened on a private street, and walking straight on she led the way through the thick of the tumultuous crowd, without any one appearing to take notice. Rodrigo followed close behind, his heart beating with hope and fear, and they soon reached a remote house before which they stopped.

"Let us go in," said Mariana, "no one will come to trouble us here."

Once inside, she closed the door after her, and conducted her young companion to a species of vault hollowed out of the rock. During the day this place was lighted by a grating placed on a level with the street; but at that hour it was pitch dark, and prudence forbade the fugitives to make use of any sort of light.

Rodrigo shuddered involuntarily when he found himself under that cold damp vault. He held fast by Mariana's hand and he felt it tremble in his.

The noise of the combat had come nearer, and the whole street resounded with vengeful shouts and groans of anguish. Soon a lurid light penetrated into the depth of the dungeon.

"The Christians have set fire to the town," said Mariana, "but we have nothing to fear in this vault."

She was interrupted by a well-known voice. It was that of Ulamalek. "I am going," said the renegade, bending over the grating. "Mariana, thou wilt follow us to the mountains. Fare thee well, Lord Rodrigo!"

And without waiting for an answer, Ulamelek departed.

After a few moments of silence, Mariana took the young noble once more by the hand, and said: "The battle is over; the Christians are masters of Alhacen; we may now appear with safety."

They both advanced towards the entrance of the vault; but just as they approached the trap-door to raise it, they perceived that the house had taken fire, and they could not venture out.

They then returned to the grating, and Rodrigo, being assured by his companion that there was nothing more to fear from the Moors, began to call aloud for assistance from the Spanish soldiers, whom they now heard distinctly speaking in the street above.

His voice reached Don Alonzo, who was passing at the moment. The old knight stopped in amazement, then approaching the house whence the cry seemed to proceed, he inquired who was there.

"It is I," answered Rodrigo, "the son of your friend, the Count de Monte-Calvo."

"Heavens!" cried Alonzo, "can it be?—come forth! come forth! you are free!"

Tearing up the iron bars of the grating, he extended his hand to Rodrigo, and drew him out. Rodrigo did the same

for Mariana, and then threw himself into the arms of Alonzo who pressed him to his heart with tears of joy.

But when the youth turned to present his benefactress to his friend, she was not to be found. Mariana had already left the town to rejoin her husband in the mountains.

CHAPTER XII.

RODRIGO RETURNS TO GRANADA—HE REPAIRS TO THE HOUSE OF HIS COUSIN—A LETTER IS BROUGHT BY A MOOR TO LOUIS, WHO RECEIVES IT WITH THE GREATEST AGITATION, AND ANSWERS IT WITHOUT DELAY.

THE victories gained by the Spanish arms over the Moors brought joy and delight to the Christian population of Granada.

The joyous enthusiasm of the people was at its height when Rodrigo, with a numerous escort, arrived in Granada. The gay and lively aspect of the city somewhat diverted his thoughts from the gloomy impression of the heart-rending scenes he had lately witnessed. He traversed the principal streets of the fair and renowned city with increasing pleasure and curiosity. It was the first time he had gone through the city, and at every step he beheld traces of ancient Moorish splendor, and the departed glory of the proud conquerors of Spain.

A great part of the population was already Spanish, but there were still many of the Moors, all of whom religiously retained their eastern costume, which in its gracefulness and gaiety formed a striking contrast with the more manly and less attractive dress of the Christians. Yet these two nations, so different in all respects and in reality such bitter enemies, occupied the same houses, assembled in the same places, and to all appearance dwelt together in amity.

Tasteful banners were floating from the towers of every palace; the balconies were adorned with sumptuous drapery, and at the windows were seen noble ladies, amusing themselves with the dances of the children and the simple joys of the people. Amongst the crowd which filled the streets of Granada one might see the embroidered cloak of the Spanish Grandee, and the homely smock of the peasant, the silken gown of the ecclesiastic, and the coarse brown habit of the monk.

But in this mixture of all classes of society, Rodrigo perceived many a face whose dark and downcast look denoted both sorrow and vexation. These were the Moors, grieved at heart by the rejoicings for the defeat of their friends, their brethren. They were bitterly sensible that, although treated as fellow-citizens by the Spaniards, they could never hope to win the esteem or confidence of the dominant race. Moreover, the hereditary animosity which had for so many ages divided the Christians and the Mussulmans was an insurmountable obstacle to the friendly intercourse of the two nations. Thus, whilst the Spaniards were intoxicated with joy, the Moors were overwhelmed with sad and bitter reflections.

On reaching the palace of Don Alonzo who was not yet returned from his expedition, Rodrigo found it no easy matter to obtain admission. Every avenue was blocked up by a dense and eager crowd anxious to congratulate the wife of the victor. She appeared for a moment in the balcony, surrounded by pages and knights, and waved her hand in token of gratitude for these demonstrations of public respect.

Having, in his turn, addressed a few words of congratulation to the noble lady, Rodrigo turned his steps towards the abode of his cousin. The first person he met there was Pedro.

Struck with surprise, the valet stood motionless, then uttered a cry, and made the sign of the cross three times. Then stood looking, open mouth, at Rodrigo, as though he took him for a spirit.

"What is the matter, Pedro?" demanded the young noble; "why dost thou shake so?"

"I thought you were dead, Lord Rodrigo."

"Because I was carried off by the Moors? Thou wert there, then, when they found me asleep?"

"Wo is me! I was. I own my courage failed me at that dreadful moment. But what could I do against a hundred or so of the Moors?"

"There were but two."

"Very possibly; but my poor brain was so bewildered, that I fancied the whole army on my back."

"Never mind, I owe thee no ill-will on that score. Lead me to thy master!"

Pedro obeyed, and ushered the youth into the presence of his kinsman.

A cry of surprise escaped the knight when he perceived his cousin; he tottered, and turned pale. Then, repressing this first emotion, which Rodrigo knew not how to interpret—inasmuch as it betrayed alarm rather than pleasure—he ran to his cousin, and pressing him in his arms:

"God be praised!" he cried, "that I see thee safe and sound, a thing I never dared to hope for. Oh! if thou didst but know, Rodrigo, how bitterly I have reproached myself for leaving thee alone with that fool Pedro!—but I had a solemn vow to perform at some distance from the place where we stopped,

and thou wert sleeping so soundly, that I thought it pity to disturb thy rest. But tell me: whence comest thou? what hath happened?"

Rodrigo hastened to satisfy his cousin's curiosity.

"Then Canieri is not dead?" demanded the knight, with a disturbed and anxious look.

"At least, he was not found amongst the slain. It was said that he had managed to escape."

Louis struck his forehead with his hand, and remained for a time like one stupified.

"What ails you, cousin?" demanded Rodrigo, who began to feel extremely anxious about the knight's bodily condition.

"Nothing, my dear boy, nothing!"

And Louis began to walk rapidly up and down the room, his eyes cast down, as if in thought.

Meanwhile, Rodrigo, who had not yet seen the sumptuous apartments of his cousin, amused himself looking at the magnificent pictures which, suspended all along the walls, formed, as it were, a gallery. Most of these were the work of Moorish painters, eminent in their way, although, to be sure, there was neither a Titian nor a Raphael amongst them. They represented battles, sieges and other great achievements of Mussulman warriors, all glowing in the brightest colors.

After these pictures, Rodrigo admired others of a different character, in which the Christian painter had ingeniously laid hold of his rival's thought, and far outdid him in the expression of indomitable pride which he gave to his heroes.

Amongst the portraits was distinguished that of the renowned Ruy-Daiz de Vivar; surnamed *The Cid*. He was mounted on

his courser—almost as famous as himself, and both were engaged in a combat with the Moors; for tradition relates that this noble beast had such a horror of the Infidels, that he trampled and tore as many of them as came in his way.

Midway in the apartment was seen the venerable and imposing figure of St. James, apostle and patron of Spain. He was represented journeying through the air on his white horse, working those astounding miracles which fill so many pages of the old Spanish legends, and which have afforded so rich a mine for the poets and romancers of Spain.

Rodrigo was interrupted in his study of the pictures by the ringing of bells, and the repeated discharge of artillery. He asked Louis what it meant.

"It is the procession going to the Church, to thank heaven for our victories," the knight replied.

"And do you not go with it?"

"Nay, I feel ill at ease just now. If thou wouldst have a sight of the procession, betake thee to the balcony."

Rodrigo went accordingly, whilst Louis remained alone within, like one who had no share in the general joy.

The procession soon appeared advancing at a slow pace. At its head marched the knights of St. James, in their robes of state, and after them those of Calatrava, preceded by their renowned Grand Master. They were followed by a vast number of knights and gentlemen, superbly mounted, and bearing the numerous trophies taken from the enemy during the last war. Immediately after came Isabella on her beautiful palfrey, with the Archbishops of Granada and Toledo on either side. The procession was closed by a vast multitude of people,

all expressing by their looks the lively interest which they took in the ceremony.

Rodrigo would have wished to join the procession, but he dared not speak of it to his cousin, who was still plunged in a gloomy revery, stopping now and then in his march as if to collect his thoughts. Seeing this, the youth resumed his station in the balcony awaiting the return of the queen.

The day was drawing to a close when the procession passed a second time beneath the windows of the Los Prados' mansion. It was followed by one of those mild, serene nights which, in the delicious climate of Andalusia, almost always succeed the scorching heat of day. The firmament, at all times so imposing in southern countries, where the atmosphere is not surcharged with vapors, displayed an innumerable quantity of stars, as though willing to have a share in the festivities which had put all Granada in motion.

Rodrigo stood contemplating with pleasure the moving picture which he had under his eyes, when Pedro came to announce the evening meal. He followed the valet and found his cousin already seated at the table. His brow was still overcast by a heavy cloud, and his look was restless and somewhat embarrassed. Rodrigo had not yet taken his place, when Pedro came to announce to his master that a Moor stood without desiring speech of him. The knight arose and ordered the stranger to be introduced.

A moment after appeared a man of imposing mien, but whose garb was not in keeping with his air and bearing.

"You are the Lord Louis de Los Prados?" he demanded on entering, advancing with such a familiar air that at any other time the haughty knight would have been indignant.

Louis bent his head slightly, and the Moor, drawing still nearer, handed him in silence a letter with a sort of hanging seal.

The knight broke the seal and began to read. But at sight of the first lines, his face already dark and morose, became strangely disturbed in every feature. It was ghastly white and crimson red by turns. Meanwhile the Moor was curiously observing Rodrigo, who, on his side, had his eyes fixed on his cousin whose agitation began to excite his serious apprehensions.

Having perused the letter, Louis tottered, rather than walked, to a table which served him for a desk. He sat down, and wrote with a trembling hand the answer for which the Moor was waiting.

When he had read it carefully, he gave it to the Moor, making a sign for him to retire.

"Before I leave you," said the messenger, "I would know whether your answer is affirmative or not?"

"It is affirmative," said Louis, tartly, and when the door had closed behind the Moor, he returned to his place near Rodrigo, and threw himself on his seat, as though his limbs could hardly support him. His brow was bedewed with perspiration, and his whole body trembled.

"Cousin!" said he, at length, to Rodrigo, "thou must quit Granada within three days; besides thy father will, ere now, be impatient to see thee again. But as we are surrounded by enemies, and Canieri, as I learn, is furious at thy escape, we shall only travel at night and by unfrequented ways."

"So that is a threatening letter you have received?"

Louis made no answer, so absorbed was he in his own reflections; then, as if starting from a dream, he said hastily:

"Ay, it must be so; but this time thou hast nothing to fear, for I shall remain with you."

"But if we demanded an escort from the governor?"

"It would be just the way to attract the notice of our enemies. Let me be thy escort, Rodrigo, and all will go well. But for those three days thou must needs keep thy room: it is important that Canieri's emissaries be kept in ignorance of thy arrival."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARTYRS' MOUNTAIN—IT SERVES AS AN ASYLUM FOR THE REBELS—EL FERÍ TURNS UP AGAIN—HIS PROJECTS.

At some distance from Granada may be seen a mountain called *The Martyrs' Mountain*, concerning which tradition tells many a tale of horror. In the gloomy recesses of this rocky pile, the Moors were wont to shut up the Christians who fell into their power, and subject them to the most frightful cruelties. But since fortune had declared against the Infidels, those same caverns had become places of refuge for the rebels, where at times they contrived to resist and to baffle all the power of their enemies.

The indefatigable zeal of the Count de Tendilla had, nevertheless, succeeded in expelling the Moors from this mountain; but there were certain cavities known to the rebels only, and in these some of them still lurked, defying all pursuit.

It was in these subterraneous abodes that the remains of Canieri's army had taken refuge, whilst El Ferí's followers lived quietly in Granada, protected by their brethren, notwithstanding the severe penalties imposed on those who should conceal any of the rebels.

So the spirit of revolt supposed to be extinguished beneath the walls of Alhacen was not yet dead. Like fire smoldering under ashes, it required but a skilful hand to fan it again into

a flame. But the Moors had not the union which makes strength, and the general dispersion which followed the capture of their last stronghold left but little hope of raising a new levy. They were, moreover, reduced to despair by the loss of El Feri, whom Canieri had left dying at Alliacen. There was no man amongst them fitted by his talents, or his energy, to take the place of that illustrious chief.

Such was the state of affairs when, at the close of a summer's day, three men were cautiously wending their way towards the Martyr's Mountain. In the stalwart form and rather repulsive countenance of the one who served as guide, it was easy to recognize Ulamalek the renegade; the two others seemed to be strangers in the country; to judge from their costume it was impossible to say to what nation they belonged. They arrived at length at a ravine covered with briars and bordered with lofty spreading trees. Having descended thither, the party journeyed for a while in silence.

Suddenly, on a signal from the renegade, the brushwood was gently stirred, and opening disclosed a passage hollowed in the rock. They entered and the bushes closed behind them.

After walking some time, bent double in order to avoid the sharp projections of the rock, they penetrated to a sort of hall of considerable extent. This place was lit only by a single lamp, whose faint and flickering light served but to make the surrounding darkness deeper still. A dozen or so of men and two or three women were the only occupants of this dismal dwelling, their tattered garments and wasted features denoting the lowest stage of abject poverty.

At the farther extremity of the cave, recumbent on an old

mat, was seen a man of somewhat better appearance than the others, his garb also denoting a higher grade; and he was, it is true, the chief of the band which might well have passed for a company of brigands. It is something rare, however, for men of that class to be so bare of clothes in the vicinity of a wealthy city like Granada. Some other motive besides the love of pillage must, then, have brought together those lank and haggard beings.

They all arose at the entrance of Ulamalek and pressed around him, whilst his two companions regarded with curious eyes the singular assembly before them.

"It is thou, Ulamalek!" cried the chief already mentioned. "Well! what news dost thou bring!"

"Nothing, Canieri," replied the renegade; "but here is a man who hath been well recommended to us by our wealthy brother Mohabed-Alhamden of Granada. He is the bearer of important dispatches for thee, and if our friends are to be believed, he is the only man who can secure Moorish independence. The moment is come for examining what resources we have to count on for reviving the insurrection."

"Resources!" repeated Canieri. "I know of none. The few good Mussulmans who still exist have been dispersed, or crushed beneath the load of their miseries; nearly all our chiefs have taken refuge in Africa, and El Feri is no more. Mortally wounded by d'Aguilar, he is one of those whose life-blood watered the ashes of Alhacen."

"Thou art mistaken, Canieri," the renegade replied, "El Feri is not dead."

These words struck Canieri and his followers with amaze-

ment; suddenly restored to hope, and forgetting the necessity of keeping silence, they loudly demanded where was Benastepar.

"There he is," said Ulamalek, pointing to one of his two companions, from whose brow he lifted the *sombrero*, the broad leaf of which had hitherto concealed his eyes.

"It is he" cried they all together.

"This is the second time," said El Feri, "that I am obliged to appear before you under a strange and odious disguise; but patience! the day is not far distant when I shall need them no more. I will meet that proud d'Aguilar again and, with the aid of our holy Prophet, I will put him down in turn, but so that he shall rise no more."

A murmur of approbation ran through the cavern. Canieri himself, although jealous of the genius and power of El Feri, was truly rejoiced to see him alive. He believed himself still in possession of the rank which he held in Alhacen; and he flattered himself that the triumph of the Mussulman cause would soon raise him to the throne of Granada, to which his high birth entitled him to pretend.

Some moments sufficed to raise the so-late desponding Moors to the opposite extreme. Their imagination was full of the eminent talents of El Feri, and the thirst for vengeance blinded them as to the numberless obstacles which necessarily accompanied their perilous enterprise.

This enthusiasm gave the renegade more alarm than pleasure; he felt that there was no trusting men who pass so quickly from utter despondency to sanguine hope.

"We never hoped to see thee again, El Feri," resumed Canieri. "How was thy precious life preserved?"

"When I was overthrown by d'Aguilar, my fall was due rather to the excessive fatigue which I had endured for several days, than to the nature of my wound, which was not mortal. I lay long on the ground, thinking of my country and groaning in spirit that my life which might be so useful to her was soon to end on a scaffold. The town was deserted, and nothing was to be heard save the crackling of the flames and the moans of the dying wretches around me. Our enemies were far away, so I mustered all the little strength I had and dragged myself to a private place. I fell exhausted at the foot of a tree; destitute of all assistance, I should inevitably have perished, were it not that my groans were heard by this brave Moor, who had himself escaped the carnage. He removed me from the town and attended me with all possible care. As soon as my health was restored, I repaired to Granada and made myself known to Mohabed-Alhamden. With him I arranged the plan for another attempt, and I come now to demand your assistance. . . . But, tell me, Canieri, are these all the men you have to give us?"

"No, but I can in a moment collect them all, as, in order to avoid suspicion, they are scattered hither and thither around this mountain. What are thy plans, El Feri? dost meditate a second expedition to the Sierra Nevada, or rather the surprise of some fortress?"

"Neither; I have changed my mind: I will strike one grand blow, but not near Granada. I set out to-night for the Sierra Bermeja, accompanied only by Ulamalek, and Mohabed, who is to join me on the way. Mohabed has warmly embraced our cause, and many of his friends, as wealthy as he, but not daring

like him to move openly in our favor, have promised to assist us freely with their gold. As for thee, Canieri, I would have thee lose no more of this precious time: march in all haste towards Alhauzin. Thou wilt find it easily taken now, for the Christians seem rather to neglect it, and once in our hands it will serve as a rallying point for all the Moors who are willing to range themselves under our banners. I know the people of the Sierra Bermeja are ready to co-operate with me, and whilst the Spaniards are exulting in their victory and my supposed death, I will suddenly break the spell of their fancied security, and make them feel the weight of my revenge! Farewell! when we meet again, may the prize of victory be ours!"

When El Feri had quitted the cavern with Ulamalek and his other companion, Canieri, unable to restrain his joy, began to frisk and caper like a child.

"Come, my brave fellows!" said he, "make ready to set out at the first signal!"

The bidding was superfluous; for his people, possessing no other effects than their arms and the miserable rags which covered them, had nothing to do but rise and march.

"Ben-Hamet," said Canieri, addressing one of his companions, "the Spaniard tarries over long."

"He promised to be here before midnight."

Let us, then, await his coming, and approaching the lamp, he unfolded a letter which he drew from the folds of his girdle, and commenced reading with an air of unbounded satisfaction

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUIS AND RODRIGO ARRIVE IN THE VICINITY OF THE MARTYRS MOUNTAIN—THE KNIGHT THROWS OFF THE MASK AND DELIVERS HIS COUSIN TO THE MOORS.

WHILST the principal chiefs of the rebels were discoursing together of their hopes and projects in the secret depth of the Martyrs' Mountain, three horsemen were leaving Granada at a slow pace. All three were silent as though fearing to attract attention.

They were approaching the retreat of Canieri, when the youngest stopped, as if seized with a sudden terror.

"Well, Rodrigo! what is the matter?" demanded the cavalier who rode by his side, and he tried to force a smile.

"Alas! cousin, I cannot tell. My heart is heavy, heavy as though some great misfortune were before me. Whither are we going? Methinks this is not the way by which I came from Murcia to Granada."

"Lord Louis!" said the third horseman, in a timid voice, "it seemeth to me that your cousin is right."

"Be silent, Pedro, thou art but a fool at the best," said Louis, with a wrathful look at his valet.

"May God protect us!" ejaculated Pedro.

"If you think, cousin," continued Rodrigo, "that there is really any danger in passing this way, why not take another?"

"I have told thee, Rodrigo, that it would be hazardous to show thyself in the neighborhood of Granada. Hence it is that I have chosen this way. When we are far enough away from the city, we shall change our course."

Rodrigo was but half satisfied with this answer. He said no more, however, but continued on his way.

They had crossed the Martyrs' Mountain and were ascending a little eminence, when by the light of the moon they perceived four men emerging from behind the bushes and advancing towards them with a hurried step.

Pedro, who was the first to perceive them, was petrified with terror.

"They are Moors," said he, "they are Moors! My God! what can they be doing at this hour of the night and in such a desert place?—mayhap they are some of those whom the last rebellion reduced to misery. Wo is me! if they should take it into their heads to revenge their misfortunes on us!"

This time Louis made no effort to silence his valet; he left him to his lamentations and went on his way; but seeing that Rodrigo stood still, he said to him in a strange sort of way: "Get thee along, cousin, one would say thou wert afraid!"

The coolness of the knight at the approach of the impending danger did not surprise Rodrigo. He knew his cousin's bravery too well not to know that death itself could not frighten him, but he could not by any means understand the cold indifference with which he mocked his fears. He stood watching the approach of the Moors with the most intense anxiety, when one of them, leaving his companions, advanced alone to speak with Louis, who had stopped his horse to wait for him.

How great was Rodrigo's dismay when he recognized the features of Ben-Hamet, one of the followers of Canieri! He uttered a faint cry, and took refuge by the side of Pedro, who kept prudently in the rear.

"It is well, Lord Louis," said the Moor, "you have kept your promise."

"Where is thy master?" demanded Louis.

"Prudence prevents him from making his appearance."

"It matters not, my promise is to him, and here I have kept my word."

The harsh tone in which these words were spoken, and the understanding which seemed to exist between Louis and Ben-Hamet, threw a flood of ghastly light on the mind of Rodrigo. He could no longer doubt that an infamous plot was formed against him. He would have sought safety in flight, but he felt himself incapable of motion.

Too soon was he confirmed in his horrible suspicions, for Louis, turning towards him, and, endeavoring to assume a tone of compassion, said:

"Rodrigo, I will not seek to exculpate myself for the part which a hard necessity impels me to take. The honor of Spanish chivalry can alone excuse it in your eyes when I shall be at liberty to explain its motives. We must part for a while; but the grief which I feel in making that sacrifice is somewhat diminished by the assurance that you will not be subjected to any ill-usage. I leave you in the care of people who have sworn to treat you with becoming respect until such times as the close of hostilities restores you to freedom."

So saying, he threw himself from his horse, and had little

difficulty in lifting from his saddle the almost inanimate body of his cousin. Rodrigo was, indeed, unable to speak; terror and astonishment had, as it were, benumbed every faculty of his being. His eyes were dull and heavy, his face deathly pale; he thought himself the sport of a hideous dream which he vainly tried to banish.

But when Ben-Hamet approached him, and the poor youth saw his hideous smile of exultation, he appeared instantly to recover the use of his faculties.

"Cousin!" he cried, with unwonted energy, "it was you, then, who gave me up to that ruthless Canieri when I went with you before to the Alpuxarras?"

Louis was dumb.

"Oh, cousin!" said Rodrigo again, "by the tears of my afflicted father, save me, I beseech you!"

"Nay," interposed Ben-Hamet, drily, "you must come with us."

"Oh no! no!—he cannot desert me thus. . . . Louis! my dear Louis! tell the wretch that he is mistaken!—tell him I am under your protection, that you will not leave me behind!"

The knight remained inflexible. But when he saw his young kinsman throw himself at his feet and embrace his knees in the anguish of despair, he felt remorse gliding into his soul, and was on the point of breaking the odious compact he had made.

But this struggle, painful as it was, did not last long. Making a violent effort to suppress his better feelings, Louis disengaged himself from his cousin's grasp, and said to Ben-Hamet in a faltering voice:

"Moor, take him hence!—but be sure you tell your master to deal more mercifully with the boy than I have done myself!"

Poor Pedro, seeing the knight's hesitation, ventured then to approach him, and in trembling accents said: "My dear master, draw back out of this dirty business, if it be not yet too late; make no such hellish bargain: for as sure as there is an avenging God to protect the innocent, this compact will be your ruin!"

It was too late. The man who had not strength to obey the voice of his own conscience, who remained deaf to the supplications, and insensible to the sufferings of a boy, a kinsman, a friend, was not to be moved by the voice of a valet. Louis had gone too far to recede. He made a sign to Ben-Hamet and prepared to mount his horse.

Rodrigo lost all command of himself; running after his cousin, he laid hold of him with the strength of desperation, and laid his head on his bosom; yet he spoke not a word; his heart ceased to throb, and life seemed ebbing away.

Louis tried to shake him off, but the youth recovering his voice, again besought him, and with tears.

"Be as cruel as you will to me, my cousin, but you cannot, will not cover yourself with disgrace. What have I done, that you should treat me so?"

Pedro wept like a child; Louis himself appeared shaken, but at that moment the Moor, dreading the effect of such a scene, advanced to claim his victim.

"Oh, my good lord!" persisted Pedro, "what—what will you say to your noble uncle when he asks you what you have done with his son? Have you weighed well the consequences

of such a deed? Trust not the promises made by the rebels; they may, any day, discover all, and you are not ignorant of the heavy penalties imposed on all those who have any dealings with the queen's enemies!"

These words annoyed Louis, and he raised his hand as if to strike Pedro. But the valet, hitherto so cringing and so timorous, resumed with a firmness and a freedom far above his condition:

"What a shame for a man who calls himself noble to act thus towards a defenceless youth! You are doing a vile and wicked thing, Lord Louis, and, doubt not, but there will come a day of terrible retribution." Every softer feeling was instantly extinguished in the knight's heart, and his eyes sparkled with rage as he exclaimed:

"What! a wretched menial dares to threaten me! . . . Moor!" he added, turning to Ben-Hamet, "you will also rid me of this man; see that he never sets foot in Granada and I will reward you well!"

Ben-Hamet made a sign that he consented, and ordered his companions to take Pedro in charge.

"And by what right do you sell me so?" cried Pedro, indignantly. "Am I not a freeman and a Christian?"

"I will teach thee to put a bridle on thy tongue. The mountain air will cure thee of that itching for talk."

"If I speak no more, another will speak for me: God is just, and he will not suffer guilt to go unpunished."

It seemed to him that a dark shadow fitted between him and his brilliant hopes for the future; the voice of his servant rang in his ear like the knell of doom.

Wishing to put an end to all this, Louis, by a sudden motion, extricated himself from Rodrigo, and the latter fell to the ground with a piercing cry. Then, rising with an effort, he attempted to run, with some vague idea of saving himself by flight; he was soon overtaken by Ben-Hamet, who brought him back to Louis.

"Stop!" he cried, in piteous accents, "stop! Oh my cousin! do not complete this work of iniquity! In pity, kill me rather than leave me with the enemies of my race! In the name of Heaven, do not leave me! For my father's sake, for God's sake, take me back with you!"

But the knight was already in the saddle and gave spurs to his steed in order to escape the faster from the remorse which the sight of Rodrigo and his beseeching voice awoke in his soul.

The plaintive cries borne on the breeze soon ceased; Rodrigo, exhausted by such cruel emotions, fell insensible to the ground. The Moors conveyed him to the cavern where we have seen Canieri; and Pedro, as he followed, was almost reconciled to his own fate, so touched was he by the sufferings of his companion in misfortune.

On recovering his senses, Rodrigo perceived Canieri who stood regarding him with a sardonic smile.

"We have met again," said the Moorish chief. "I hope you will not give us the slip this time, my young popinjay!"

Rodrigo was silent.

A moment after, Canieri gave the signal for departure. The young captive was placed on his horse, and the troops set forward on the way to Alhauzin.

CHAPTER XV.

LOUIS'S REMORSE SOON STIFLED BY AMBITION—THE NEWS OF THE REVOLT IN THE SIERRA BERMEJA REACHES GRANADA—DON ALONZO IS ORDERED TO SUPPRESS IT—LOUIS OBTAINS THE COMMAND OF A VOLUNTEER CORPS.

LONG after he had parted his young kinsman, Louis still fancied that he heard his plaintive cries; but according as he drew near to Granada his dark forebodings were dispelled, and his heart opened again to the promptings of ambition.

The sight of the stately towers of the Alhambra, partially illumined by the rays of a clouded moon, revived the flattering visions obscured by recent events. Proud of his high position in the queen's favor, he thought he might safely reckon on the most brilliant future. The horror with which he had regarded his late infamous conduct, grew less and less with each passing moment, and the voice of conscience, that terrible judge of a guilty heart, was stifled by the supposed certainty that his crime would never be discovered. The wretch plumed himself no little on the address with which he had extricated himself from such a dilemma, and was well pleased, moreover, to be rid of Pedro.

"I made a false step," said he, "in taking that scoundrel with me, but I have retrieved it now marvellously well. His insolent replies will not be much relished by his new masters,

and I do hope their poignards may one day or another rid me of so troublesome a witness."

Such was the soothing expectation with which Louis entered Granada, just as the sun was dispelling the shades of night.

But returning to his home to rest awhile after his nocturnal ride, he was assailed by a thousand harassing thoughts, which rendered sleep impossible. About noon, he arose and repaired to the royal dwelling. Isabella asked him for news of Rodrigo; he replied that the boy had set out that morning with a safe escort, on his return to Murcia. The embarrassment with which the knight made his statement was so visible that it could not escape the piercing eye of the queen.

"I know," said she, "that Rodrigo told Don Alonzo he was carried off by the Moors whilst riding alone in the neighborhood of Granada."

"That was very imprudent on his part," observed Louis, coldly.

"You should, at least, have accompanied him to-day to Murcia, to congratulate his father on his providential deliverance."

So saying, she dismissed the knight with a coldness which mortified him very sensibly.

This reception, so different from what he had anticipated, added to the remorse which stung his soul as often as he thought of Rodrigo, inspired him with such a distaste for society, that he resolved to shut himself up in his own house, until something turned up to put the queen in mind of his existence.

It was not long before such an occasion presented itself. **A**

few days after and the whole city of Granada was in motion. Every street, every square was crowded with the populace, and in a perpetual buzz of excitement. The faces of the Spaniards denoted surprise and alarm, those of the Moors, joy and hope. On all sides were seen groups of men and women talking earnestly together, and so eager was each to tell what had reached his ear, that he hardly heard a word of what the others said.

All this commotion was caused by the news just received of the revolt in the Sierra Bermeja, and it was said that the terrible El Feri de Benastepar, who was supposed to be dead, had placed himself at the head of the rebels. It was even added that he was marching on Granada with a numerous army composed of the fierce inhabitants of the mountain. Finally that the city of Alhauzin and the villages adjoining the Sierra Bermeja, had taken arms, and the insurrection appeared likely to spread throughout the surrounding province.

These tidings roused the Christians to new energy, but what worst of all excited their indignation was the insolence of the Moors belonging to the city, who, not content with manifesting the hopes inspired by the re-appearance of El Feri, openly declared their intention to join his army.

A collision seemed inevitable between the two races inhabiting Granada, and that city was likely to become the scene of the most fearful contention; but the Count de Tendilla, by his prudence and firmness, succeeded in averting the storm which menaced the Christians. He dispersed the seditious groups and imposed silence on the malcontents.

Isabella was deeply affected by this state of things; but her

vigorous mind was not dismayed, and she immediately directed her attention to the measures which ought to be adopted in order to put an end to it. She renewed her proclamations against the authors and abettors of the revolt, and again made public the severe penalties imposed on all Spaniards who might be convicted of holding communication with the Moorish rebels.

To convince the Infidels of the vast superiority of the Christian army, Isabella assembled on the Vivarambla all the troops forming the garrison of Granada, and reviewed them herself with all the pomp of royalty.

When the evolutions were all gone through, she summoned the officers around her and addressed them with such sweet and persuasive eloquence as to touch every heart. There was not one amongst them who would not willingly have laid down his life for the Christian cause.

The queen then advanced in front of the troops, and in sight of them all, she once more placed the standard of the Cross in the hands of Alonzo d'Aguilar. The veteran warrior joyfully received the sacred banner, and in a loud voice exclaimed :

"By the sign of salvation impressed on this banner, I swear never to enter Granada again till the leaders of this revolt are all cut off. Before this month is ended, either El Feri de Benastepar or Alonzo d'Aguilar must cease to live!"

A burst of applause followed these noble words, and the troops returned to their quarters to prepare for their immediate departure. Next day they set forward on their march, orders being sent to the Alcade de Los Donceles and the Count de Cifuentes to set out with all their available forces from Jaën and Castile.

Louis thought this general rising an excellent opportunity of recovering the queen's favor. His pride might have been wounded because of his not being one of the captains named for accompanying d'Aguilar; but he was far from regretting the omission, well knowing that he could acquire no glory in obeying the orders of a chief whose brilliant reputation threw all around him into the shade. Louis was willing to serve his country, but not on the condition of being subordinate to another, or allowing him to bear away all the honor of the victory.

After long and serious reflection on the manner in which he was to offer his services, he learned that one side of the revolted province had been entirely forgotten in the arrangements so hastily made, and he conceived the hope of profiting by this discovery.

With this intention, he asked and obtained an audience of the queen, demanding authority to form and command a volunteer corps. His well-known valor and experience justified him in claiming such a favor, and Isabella could not well refuse. Justice, indeed, required that his demand should be taken into consideration, for it would have been strange if a man who was justly regarded as one of the strongest pillars of the Spanish throne, should be overlooked, whilst his brethren in arms were all called to have a share in the perils and the glories of that new Crusade.

Proud of the queen's assent, and the gracious smile with which it was given, Louis busied himself at once in the necessary preparations with that ardor which was natural to him. He called around him all the friends over whom he had any

influence, with the sons of several noble families allied to his own. In the space of one day he saw himself at the head of a considerable troop; but with all his dispatch he was not able to set out with the main army commanded by Alonzo.

As we have said, the latter was on the march two days after the review. But before quitting Granada, the entire body of the troops repaired to the Cathedral, where divine service was celebrated in order to draw down the blessing of heaven on the enterprise.

The Archbishop of Granada eloquently and forcibly reminded the soldiers of their duties, and represented to them that the expedition which they were about to undertake was a sacred mission of which they had reason to be proud. To those who should survive he promised the glory reserved for the hero, and an imperishable crown to those who fell in the defence of their country and religion. He then blessed the banners, and the army, going forth from the Cathedral, took its way towards the Elvira gate.

The weather was delightful; no cloud obscured the sky, and the sun's rays were reflected with dazzling splendor on the glittering helmets and breastplates of the warriors.

But how many different emotions agitated that crowd! In fact, if there is something in war that raises the soul to heroism, its image always excites a sentiment of awe and fear even in minds strong and courageous, and whilst the warrior marches so boldly to meet perhaps certain death, the dangers which too surely await him oppress the hearts of those whom he leaves behind.

Amongst the crowd was distinguished here and there the

venerable old man, his aged eyes sparkling with the fire of youth at sight of that martial array; he sighed for that the day was past when he, too, could go forth to battle with the Infidel, and he raised his trembling hands to heaven, not to pray for the life of his son, but that that son might conduct himself on the field of battle as became a Christian soldier.

CHAPTER XVI.

DON ALONZO ATTACKS THE MOORS—HE STRUGGLES IN VAIN AGAINST THE TERRIBLE MEANS OF DEFENCE EMPLOYED BY EL FERÍ—HIS SON IS CARRIED FROM THE FIELD DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

THE earth was still wrapped in the darkness and silence of night, when Don Alonzo d'Aguilar and his brave army entered the plain situate at the foot of the Sierra-Bermeja. Since their last defeat at Alhacen, the Moors feared to meet the Christians in the field, but they were resolved to defend themselves in the steep fastnesses chosen by El Ferí, until such time as they might again act on the offensive.

El Ferí, having secured the heights, coolly awaited the approach of his enemies. Nature seemed to have reared for herself an inaccessible fortress within the entire circumference of that vast mountain. On the summit were seen enormous masses of rock projecting over the sides, their interstices filled with gigantic trees, the growth of ages.

There existed but one way of penetrating, with any degree of ease, to this immense fortress; but a handful of men was sufficient to keep the pass against all from without. As for the numerous ravines which furrowed the sides of the mountain, it was impossible to follow them to the top.

It was not without a feeling of dismay that at sunrise the Christians saw the position occupied by the Moorish army,

whose barbarous yells seemed to indicate that they already felt themselves secure of victory.

Alonzo himself was frightened at the difficulties presented by such an attack. He justly considered that there was more rashness than bravery in scaling the mountain, defended as it was by men rendered desperate by despair. Nevertheless, when he reflected on the misery of a protracted war, he could not conceal from himself the importance of a bold and decisive stroke. On the other hand, the longer he delayed the attack, the more would the enemy's strength increase; if the revolt were not immediately crushed, it would eventually gain the whole kingdom. Alarming symptoms were again making their appearance in Granada, as the army left the city, and there was reason to fear that the Moors might rise in a body to shake off the yoke.

Thus, although fully convinced of the imminent danger attending the enterprise, he resolved at all hazards to attack the Moors without delay. He had, moreover, an unbounded confidence in the valor and enthusiasm of his veterans, whose hatred of the Moors had become proverbial, and whose courage had stood the test of many a battle field.

Having come to this decision, he summoned Count Urena and the other principal chiefs, in order to make them acquainted with his plan for the attack which he proposed trying under cover of the night.

He divided his army into three bodies. The right wing he gave in charge to Count Urena, the left to Don Antonio de Leyva, reserving the centre for himself. He proposed, with his son Pedro, to charge the Moors by the way which led most

directly to the place where the Moorish chief had concentrated his strength.

Night being come, the signal was given, and the three columns advanced each on its appointed way. The war-cry: "ST. JAMES FOR SPAIN!" resounded from rank to rank, and the Moors made answer by the wildest shouts of defiance.

El Feri allowed the Spaniards to advance unmolested. He feared that if they discovered the full amount of his strength they might decide on beating a retreat and thus deprive him of a part of his triumph.

The Christians began at length to climb the rocky and precipitous sides of the mountain. The shouts on either side were no longer heard; the deepest silence prevailed; when El Feri thought his enemy far enough advanced into the snare laid for him, and the success of his project appeared certain, he caused his trumpets to sound, and the yells of his infuriate followers once more awoke the echoes.

All at once the crags of the Sierra began to rock as though suddenly endowed with motion, and down they came rolling and crashing along the mountain side. They were seen bounding from one platform to another, breaking the trees which they met on their way with a crashing noise that might well appal the stoutest heart.

The ardor of the Spaniards was for a moment paralyzed by terror, yet their courage was proof even to that fearful trial. Amid the crashing of the rocks and the exulting shouts of the Moors, they distinguished the groans of their comrades, whose bruised and mangled bodies rolled by them down the steep; yet on and up they went.

Alonzo could not behold unmoved this frightful massacre of his troops; but, fearing that another discharge like that might cause them to give way, he cried in a voice like a trumpet:

“Forward! my brave companions: the greater the obstacles we have to surmount, the more glorious will our victory be! On, then, my gallant friends, On!”

The words and example of their chief sufficed to maintain the courage of the Christians; they pursued their way through the falling rocks and the mutilated corpses of their brothers in arms.

It was the dead of night and thick darkness covered the defiles of the Sierra. It was not in the power of the Spaniards, then, to avert the dreadful doom which awaited them. Their only hope was that some of them might live to reach the summit and bloodily avenge the death of their companions.

That indomitable perseverance, that unflinching heroism inspired the Moors with surprise not unmixed with fear. But El Feri, who read their thoughts, immediately took measures to prevent the possible consequences of the latter feeling. Persuaded that the only means of preserving the ardor of his troops was to keep them actively employed, he ordered his bravest soldiers to go down and meet the Spaniards and attack them as they came up the road already mentioned.

The Moors obeyed this order with alacrity and precipitated themselves on the Christians. D'Aguiar, hoping much from this movement, as it gave the Spaniards an opportunity to profit by their superiority, advanced with renewed energy, whilst Don Pedro followed with some chosen men.

The young warrior made his way good; the Moors were repulsed, and the Spaniards, encouraged by this first success, marched onward notwithstanding the thousands of arrows aimed at them from the surrounding heights. But fresh troops were always ready to take the place of the Moors who fell; whilst the Christians had nought but their courage to sustain them in that unequal fight. The Moors, by their cries, endeavored to frighten their opponents, yet still the latter kept on their way amid the heaps of dead bodies which accumulated on their way, presenting a front as impenetrable as a wall of brass.

A worthy son of the hero who had associated him with him in that perilous enterprise, Don Pedro continued to encourage his soldiers, when, struck by a stone, he tottered and fell, a javelin piercing his thigh at the same moment. He nevertheless tried to rise and fight again, with one knee on the ground, but Don Alonzo approaching, insisted that he should give up.

"Retire, my son," said he, "let us not risk all our stakes at once. Act as a Christian should, and live to console your mother!"

"Father," replied the noble youth, "I will die at your side."

"Not so," repeated Alonzo, "I command you to retire."

And he ordered some of his men to remove his son by force. His friend, Don Francisco Alvarez, took the wounded youth in his arms, and brought him to the Count Urena, who had taken up a position on an adjacent height in order to rally and assist those who, having been disabled, were forced to retire to the rear of the army.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MASSACRE OF THE CHRISTIANS CONTINUES—THE DISORDER IN THEIR RANKS IS INCREASED BY A STORM—DON ALONZO BRAVELY CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN—HE STRUGGLES WITH EL FERÍ, BY WHOM HE IS SLAIN.

HAVING provided for the safety of his son, Don Alonzo hastened to the front of the party who were climbing the path, and by a desperate effort, he attacked the rebels so vigorously that they were forced to retreat to their rocky fortress.

The Spanish chiefs made a short halt, in order to give their soldiers time to draw their breath; they then continued their toilsome way, whilst their brave general began to be uneasy, seeing that no obstacle impeded their way; he feared that the Moors were about to renew the fearful system of defence, which had been so fatal to the Christians. His fears were not unfounded: soon the trumpet sounded, the wild death-shout rang out from above, and other fragments of rock rolled down from the heights, carrying with them in their fall the unhappy Spaniards whom they found on their way.

To render this disaster still more dreadful, a storm which had been for some time gathering in the atmosphere, now began to burst in large drops of warm, sulphureous rain. The wind swept in fierce gusts down the narrow pathway, and its doleful wailing mingled harshly with the exulting shouts of the Moors, and the groans and cries of the wounded.

The dense clouds hovering over the mountains soon discharged themselves in a furious tornado which instantly filled the ravines, and rushed down the path by which the Spaniards were ascending. Like so many cataracts, the waters precipitated themselves from the mountains, bearing with them the fragments of stone which the trees had hitherto kept in their places. Lightning flashed from the rending clouds, and the thunder growled in the distance.

Don Alonzo regarded with dismay the appearance of this new danger. He urged his men to make a last effort before the storm should acquire yet greater violence, and add new obstacles to those presented by the enemy. They had no time; the storm approached with terrific speed, and the thunder crashed above their heads.

High amid the roar of the thunder-peal rose the cries of the Moors, like the voices of the infernal spirits rejoicing in that work of death and desolation, now revealed in awful distinctness by the almost incessant glare of the lightning. By this ghastly light was still seen the brave Alonzo, whose fearless valor seemed to increase with the fury of the elements. He had lost his horse and a portion of his armor; his corselet was open and his bosom covered with wounds.

Dreadful was the scene around him, and its horrors increased every moment. Heaps of bodies either dead or dying, at times obstructed the torrents in their downward course; but the current soon bore away those bloody dykes, and the crimsoned waters rolled on their way.

So many misfortunes began to have their effect on the Christian army, already reduced to half its number. Don Pedro,

Count Urena, and the other principal chiefs were either disabled or killed. Suddenly a terrible cry which arose from the left wing under Antonio de Leyva announced some fearful catastrophe in that quarter.

Fearful indeed it was: Ulamalek, with a strong reinforcement of fresh troops, had cut off the retreat of the Christians, who were forced to yield after a heroic struggle, and a frightful slaughter ensued. Like the very demon of war, the renegade struck right and left, rarely missing his aim. The few Spaniards who escaped did so by cutting their way through the enemy; but they carried with them the bleeding body of their chief Antonio, cut down by the arm of Ulamalek.

Meanwhile the tempest had lost its violence, and Don Alonzo, justly relying on the courage of his veterans, still advanced, and was at length midway up the mountain. It was not without alarm that the Moors saw him approach; for, thinned and enfeebled as his soldiers were by their long and terrible struggle, the victory now within *their* grasp might yet be his, if he succeeded in reaching a level platform but a little way above him.

The Infidels, therefore, ceased to send down their rocky missiles, in order to attack the Spaniards more closely and thus prevent their gaining the position which would give them at least a chance of success. A desperate struggle followed, and the Christians put forth their last remaining strength—the Moors were already falling into confusion, and their resistance was becoming feeble.

Alonzo ceased not to urge on his companions, they continued to fight with still increasing bravery, and the Moors at length began to fly.

But alas! for poor mortals; there is no enthusiasm, no excitement proof against the exhaustion of bodily strength. The Spaniards were reduced to the most deplorable condition, and their chief was hardly able to keep his feet, so much blood had he lost from the beginning of the combat.

The dawn, just then appearing, revealed to him the full extent of his misfortune, and showed him his brave soldiers stretched lifeless all along the pathway. That path cleared amid so many obstacles was literally strewn with dead bodies, and with the small number of men now remaining he could hardly expect to accomplish his object.

Fresh troops were sent by El Feri, and Alonzo saw, with an aching heart, that the moment of his enemy's triumph was approaching. In this perilous situation he cast a wistful glance on the troops still at the foot of the mountain; alas! there was nothing to be hoped from their assistance, so great was the distance between them.

From the plain, Don Alonzo looked to his companions; he saw on their faces a look of heroic resignation mingled with the purest patriotic ardor. A mournful smile was on his quivering lips as he addressed them in these words:

"Christians! we have sworn to defend this standard; but first we must place it on the highest point we can reach." Pointing, then, to the platform, the term of his exertions, "Look," he added with kindling enthusiasm, "look up without fear at the scene of your last struggle. There is the end of the sufferings you endure for God and your country. Yet if any one of you should chance to escape, and return to Granada, he may tell the queen that Alonzo d'Aguilar kept his promise."

These words electrified the Spaniards, and their eyes sparkled with new courage; it seemed as though they borrowed fresh strength from the example of their brave commander. Their blows told with greater effect, and, after a hard struggle, they at length succeeded in reaching the platform pointed out by Alonzo.

Having thus reached the term of their glorious career, Don Alonzo planted with one hand the standard confided to him by the Queen.

"Now, friends and valiant comrades," said he, "here it is that we must show the Infidel how Christian warriors die."

So saying he placed himself against a rock and was soon surrounded by his soldiers. His left hand still held the standard whilst with his right he brandished his terrible sword. The Moors looked with terror on the puissant champion, and none of them dared approach him.

All at once a gigantic figure emerged from their ranks, and said, addressing Alonzo:

"Yield thee, Christian!—Moors know how to honor courage like thine!"

"I yield?" cried Alonzo, with generous indignation, "never!—never shall it be said that Alonzo d'Aguilar yielded to a rebel!"

"Thanks to the Prophet!" replied the Moor, "I have met an opponent worthy of me!—I am El Feri de Benastepar!"

The knight regarded the Moor with noble pride. Then rising superior to his hard fate and forgetting that he was covered with wounds and that the blood was trickling through every part of his shattered armor, he advanced to meet his

adversary. Both Infidels and Christians ranged themselves around the two champions in profound silence.

For some time the contest was equal ; but Alonzo, feeling his weakness, resumed his position against the rock, determined to act only on the defensive.

The unbroken strength of El Feri must eventually prevail over the toil-worn and exhausted Christian warrior: enfeebled as he was by loss of blood, the latter soon perceived that it only remained for him to die nobly.

Grasping the banner in his trembling hand he continued the unequal fight. When he saw his end approaching, he darted on El Feri, and mustering what force yet remained to him, he made a desperate effort to bear down his enemy. The attempt was beyond his strength: the same stroke which, a few hours before, would have split helm or cuirass, fell harmless on El Feri's shield. The Moor was not slow to profit by the opportunity. Before Alonzo had time to recover himself, he struck him with his scimitar.

The weapon split the knight's helmet and clove his skull in twain. The hero fell, and an almost imperceptible sigh announced that his pure and lofty soul had quitted its mortal covering to go and receive its immortal crown.

Such was the end of Alonzo d'Aguilar, the model of Spanish chivalry. For forty years he had made war against the Moors, in his childhood through his vassals, and in after times by his own matchless wisdom and valor. On many occasions he had been chief in command, and was the leader in several important undertakings which obtained for him the high office of viceroy of Andalusia. He had slain with his own hand a good

number of the Mussulman chiefs; and he was the fifth of his illustrious house who fell fighting the Infidels. His Christian virtues equalled his bravery, and history tells that on the very day preceding that last fatal night, the disasters of which we have just related, he had piously approached the Sacraments, as though having a presentiment of his approaching death.

The exulting shouts of joy with which the Moors massacred the companions of Alonzo,—not one of whom would ask quarter,—made the Christians at the foot of the mountain first suspect the tragical event which had deprived them of their chief. El Feri stood with his eyes fixed on his departed enemy; he could not help regarding with admiration that imposing countenance, which death itself could not deprive of that serene majesty which it breathed during life.

The hero's helmet, fallen from his venerable brow, had rolled some distance on the plain. His locks, whitened by toil and fatigue still more than years, and partly tinted with blood, hung around his pale, motionless face. His broken shield was reft of its proud device, but he held it still on his left arm, with the remnant of the banner he had sworn to defend till his latest breath, whilst his right hand still grasped the sword so long the terror of the Infidels.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCESSIVE JOY OF THE MOORS—IT IS NOT SHARED BY EL FERÍ—THAT CHIEF VAINLY OPPOSES THE ILL-JUDGED ARDOR OF MOHABED—HE HAS ALONZO BURIED, AND WEEPS OVER HIS TOMB.

INTOXICATED with their success, the Moors pursued the Christians through the defiles and over the sides of the mountain, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Count Urena succeeded in bringing back the poor remains of the army from those disastrous heights. Returning to the plain, he found the division of Count Cifuentes coming to aid the fugitives. He took up his position in a rock, and long resisted the attack of the enemy. At length the latter gave up the fight, and returned to the summit of the Sierra.

It was only then that the Christians had time to breathe, or to note the enormous extent of their losses. Many of the most valiant captains were killed; but all other sorrow gave way before the cruel uncertainty of Alonzo's fate. It was known that he had remained on the heights with a handful of his brave veterans; but not one of the latter was to be seen, so no one knew what had become of their general.

When the sun began to illumine the reddish peaks of the mountain, the Christians looked on all sides to see whether their chieftain's banner was not waving on some lofty height, or

at the entrance of some defile ; but no, nor banner nor chief was there. Again and again did the trumpet sound the recall, the echoes alone answered. The deepest silence reigned on the Sierra, indicating that the stormy strife was over. Now and then a soldier emerged from amongst the rocks with a slow and feeble step. They questioned him : he sadly shook his head : he could give them no tidings of Alonzo.

The triumph of the Moors was complete ; and as they had long experienced only reverses, this unlooked-for success threw them into transports of joy. They already fancied themselves sure of independence ; and they could hardly be kept from rushing like wild beasts to exterminate the remnant of the Christian army and ravage the country far and near. But, happily for the Spaniards, El Feri joined to courage and activity all the other qualities of a wise and experienced captain. He saw that in order to derive any permanent advantage from this important success, it must be followed up by prudent measures. It was not a system of devastation which should be adopted, but a steady and regular defence.

This able general was not slow to perceive that the impetuosity of his troops was rather to be ascribed to a sentiment of blind revenge than to real or determined bravery, and that it would be insufficient to resist the more numerous and better disciplined forces which the Christians had at command.

Nowise dazzled by the victory which he had obtained, he knew it was not owing so much to the courage and good conduct of his soldiers as to the advantage of their position with an unhoped-for concurrence of circumstances which seemed to combine against his enemies. The news of this spleu-

did victory would be sure to determine such of the Moors as had hitherto shown themselves tepid and timorous, to take up arms and assemble under his banner in the mountains which had become, as it were, the cradle of their reviving liberty; but it was important to avoid risking the chances of a battle till they possessed the means of ensuring a successful issue. One hasty move might draw the Moors into difficulties that might not only delay their ultimate triumph, but even nullify the effects of their first victory.

Louis de Los Prados was marching against the Infidels at the head of a brave if not very numerous army; El Feri thought, therefore, that it would be the height of folly to abandon a fortress such as he had in possession, to go measure swords in the open country with this new and formidable enemy. Mohabed, on the other hand, wished to march at once against the Spaniards. El Feri resolutely opposed the project, but Mohabed was as vain and arrogant as he was destitute of every quality that constitutes an able commander, and he could only be persuaded to yield in part to the representations of his colleague: he would only consent to defer the execution of his plan for two days. El Feri, fearing the ill effects which a dispute between their chiefs might have on the army, thought it his duty to insist no farther. He hoped that, during that short interval, he might prevail on Mohabed to adopt his views or otherwise that the Moors would appoint himself to command on that perilous expedition.

On the other side El Feri saw with sorrow and disgust that his soldiers were far from conforming in practice to the principles they professed. In fact his army resembled rather a

horde of undisciplined savages, than true and sincere lovers of liberty; they were actuated more by private animosity than by public spirit or devotion to the national cause. He alone, perhaps, had taken up arms from a patriotic motive, without any mixture of personal interest or desire of revenge. It grieved him, therefore; to see that he was not so much the leader of brave men anxious to recover their independence, as a troop of lawless and refractory mutineers.

On the evening of that day whose dawn had been so fatal to the Christians, El Feri, absorbed in gloomy thought, was descending from the top of the Sierra, when a loud noise attracted his attention. He turned his steps in the direction whence it came, and reached the spot where the brave Alonzo fell.

There, he saw the bloody corpse of the knight placed in derision against a rock, around which were gathered men, women, and children, all greedily feasting their eyes on that doleful spectacle. They heaped all sorts of opprobrious epithets on him who could no longer hear them; they spat in his face now that he was dead, though they would not have dared to look him in the face when the light of life was in his eye. The chief actors in these atrocious reprisals were children and the scum of the women who followed the army. The more tender and compassionate women are by nature, the more do they exceed men in ferocity, when they once depart from the mission heaven has given them to assuage the grief and dry the tears of those who suffer.

One of these furies was trying, with horrible curses, to close the old warrior's eyes; another trampled under foot the cross

which she had snatched from his bosom; a third, of still more hideous aspect, tore the silvery hair from his head, whilst others, not content with these outrages, stuck in his lifeless body pieces of swords and lances which they had picked up on the field of battle. Yet were there some of the Moors who still looked on the dead Christian hero with terror, and shrank from approaching him, as though fearing to see him start up to chastise these sacrilegious wretches.

Indignant at the sight of this disgusting spectacle, El Feri approached nearer, and with a gesture dispersed this crowd of harpies.

"Wretches!" he cried, his eyes flashing fire, "you do well to show the full extent of your baseness. You abuse the dead body of a man whose very look would have made you tremble in his lifetime. Go, you are unworthy the name you bear!"

The terrified crowd dispersed in silence. But one Moor, bolder than the others, exclaimed:

"Was not this Christian the Mussulmans' mortal enemy?"

"Living he was," responded El Feri, gloomily, "but death reconciles the fiercest foes. All hatred must be extinguished in the cold grave."

"The Moors and the Christians are irreconcilable even in the grave."

"Silence," cried El Feri, with a threatening gesture, "say but a word more, and, by Mahomet I swear! my sword shall avenge the honor of the brave but unfortunate Alonzo." Turning, then, to his followers, he gave orders that decent burial should be given to the remains of the Christian knight.

The Moors obeyed the orders of their chief. Having washed

the body of the hero, and wrapped it in a white shroud, they dug a grave at the foot of the rock where he had defended himself so valiantly, and laid him in it with every mark of respect. No funeral pomp attended the obsequies of Alonzo; no Christian was there to pray for his soul's weal; nor priests to chant the solemn service of the Church; but, though prayers and public honors were wanting, Alonzo d'Aguilar received the most glorious tribute that a warrior's heart could desire: the tears of his enemy flowed over his remains; ay! even the tears of El Feri de Benastepar!

Meanwhile, the Christians who escaped the massacre, had made a precipitate retreat, taking with them in their flight a great number of the wounded, and leaving behind a terrible monument of their bravery, their courage and their misfortune.

How imposing is the silence of death succeeding the tumult of the fight. The sounds of the trumpet have ceased, and the echoes of the mountain are mute. The voice of command is heard no more, nor the shout of victory, nor the cry of distress. The green sword, late so fresh and smooth, is bloody now, and strewn with corpses. Thousands of warriors rest in the cold embrace of death; their discolored faces still impressed with the various sentiments which animated them at their last moment. To look at some, one would say they were in a gentle slumber, whilst others, by the violent contraction of their muscles, announce the fierce struggle which nature endured at the final separation of soul and body. All ranks, ages and conditions are confounded together in their last repose. The snowy locks of age mingle with the dark tresses of mature manhood, and the furrowed brow of the vete-

ran rests near the rounded face of the youth, who, a few days before, left his mother for the first time. Beside the noble chief is stretched the humble soldier; their costume alone distinguishes one from the other, and even that difference will soon be effaced by time, which will reduce both the bodies and their covering into dust. The birds of prey will also have their share of the murderous fray, and the brave, whose hearts throbbed but late with the noblest feelings, will become their prey, whilst the loved ones who are left to mourn their fall may not have even the poor comfort of weeping over their remains.

The news of the defeat of the Christians and the death of Alonzo reached Granada all too soon, for rumor ever travels faster when she has bad news to carry. Isabella was overwhelmed and dismayed. Victory itself would have been a reverse to her, purchased by the blood of the illustrious knight whose loss she now deplored; how was it then, when that heavy calamity was accompanied by such fearful disasters!

In presence of the archbishop, her confessor, and all the nobility, the queen made a solemn vow to wear mourning and to sleep on the hard ground till the Moorish revolt was suppressed and its authors and instigators brought to condign punishment.

She then gave orders for her choicest troops to go and revenge the death of her subjects who fell in the Sierra.

CHAPTER XIX.

CANIERI AT ALHAUZIN—HE SUBMITS TO THE INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN BY EL FERÍ—HE REVEALS TO ULAMALEK THE CONTRACT HE HAD MADE WITH LOUIS—NEXT DAY HE IS INFORMED OF THE RENEGADE'S FLIGHT WITH RODRIGO.

A SHORT time after the defeat of the Spaniards in the Sierra-Bermeja, El Ferí sent Ulamalek with particular instructions to Canieri, who had established himself at Alhauzin. The news of the great Moorish victory had raised to the highest pitch the foolish hopes of the pretender to the throne of Granada. His mind was so elated, and his confidence so great in the results of the future operations of his friends, that, forgetting his secret dread of anything like an engagement, he began to talk of putting himself at the head of an army, and going to meet the Christians who were then advancing rapidly on Alhauzin.

But Ulamalek brought instructions from El Ferí of an opposite nature, and the victor of the Sierra was then regarded as the arbiter of the Moorish cause. Canieri, notwithstanding the momentary fit of bravery inspired by his presumptuous vanity, was to fortify himself in Alhauzin, and prepare a retreat for Mohabed, in case the rash expedition of that chief against Louis should fail, as El Ferí feared it would.

Deaf to the arguments and advice of the man who could

alone retard, if not prevent, the fall of the power already possessed by the Moors, Mohabed descended to the plain at the head of a considerable force, to give battle to the Spaniards and then march on Granada. But Canieri submitted, and punctually obeyed the orders transmitted to him by Ulamalek.

Cherishing a profound admiration of El Feri, he would have obeyed him in anything, except laying aside the exterior marks of his dignity. He belonged to that class of men who are satisfied with the mere semblance of power, leaving the reality to others.

Desirous of giving the renegade an idea of the forces at his command, he assembled the garrison for a grand review: no one could dispute his talents for the evolutions of a military parade.

"Fine times for the Moors, Ulamalek," he said with an air of self-importance misplaced and therefore ridiculous.

"True, if they would but last," answered the renegade, in a tone of doubt and indifference.

"What is that you say about lasting? Look, now, at these soldiers, their arms and equipments; see what a warlike air they have; think you they will bring disgrace by their cowardice on the laurels won by their own comrades on the Sierra-Bermeja? But you are ever despondent, Ulamalek; no success, no victory, be it ever so splendid, can brighten your brow, even for one moment."

"Pray Heaven, Canieri, that thou mayest not repent counting so rashly on the future. Thou knowest the severe penalties wherewith the leaders of the insurrection are threatened."

"I know them, but I fear them not. I have a hostage."

"A hostage!" Ulamalek exclaimed with surprise; "what dost thou mean? of whom dost thou speak?"

"Of young Rodrigo de Monte-Calvo: he is once more in my power."

"By what fatality is it that I ever find that youth near thee? Methought he escaped in the fire at Alhacen."

"Listen, Ulamalek!—thou hast ever been my best friend, and I may say that to thee which I could not say to others. Thou didst imagine that chance alone threw Rodrigo into my hands."

"And what then?" demanded Ulamalek, sharply.

"This is the story. Some days after we had quitted Granada, to intrench ourselves in the Alpuxarras, that haughty Christian, Louis de Los Prados, took it into his head to get me into his power, in order to hand me over to the executioner. Attended by a single domestic, he had the audacity to attack me in a cavern where he heard I was concealed with some of my Moors. The contest was of short duration, as thou mayest suppose. Overwhelmed by numbers, Louis was obliged to ask for quarter. I granted him his life, but I could not grant him his freedom. He offered me the half of his fortune as a ransom; I refused it. I then remembered that before the taking of Granada, the Count de Monte-Calvo had killed, with his own hand, a brother whom I loved. Many a time had I sought to avenge his death, but could not succeed. It suddenly occurred to me to ask Louis to deliver me his uncle's son in exchange for his freedom. To this Louis agreed, on condition that the compact between us should be kept secret from both Moors and

Christians; and he pledged himself at the same time not to appear in public until he had fulfilled his engagement."

"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed Ulamalek, indignantly, "but proceed, Canieri!"

"Well, under pretence of a journey taken in accordance with a vow, he came to the Alpuxarras with his unsuspecting young relative, who was found asleep by my people as it were by chance."

"And Rodrigo never suspected the odious traffic made of him by his cousin?"

"I think not; at least, he was never heard to mention the name of Louis. I have had him questioned by Ben-Hamet, and he always answered that he had lost his way in the Alpuxarras."

Ulamalek appeared to ponder deeply on what he heard. At last he raised his eyes to Canieri, and said: "Go on, I pray thee. I am curious to know how and by whom the youth was given up to thee a second time."

"Again by Louis. I wrote the knight a threatening letter, in which I reminded him of the terms of our agreement. One of its conditions was, that in case he did not give up his cousin, I would publish before all Spain the ridiculous and disgraceful failure of his foolish attempt on my person. Three days after, he brought me back the fugitive. It is true he could not deceive him on this occasion as he did before; but that did not concern us. Let Louis settle the affair with his uncle in the best way he can. It suffices for me that I have a hostage whom I shall not give up till the Moors recover their independence. I know Don Fernando is in despair; he hath not

seen his son since the day of the famous tournament, designed by the queen to dazzle the eyes of the Moors, and he knoweth not where to seek him."

Canieri stopped; his eyes had encountered those of the renegade, sparkling with wrath and indignation.

"Ulamalek, what meaneth this emotion?"

"Thou wouldst know, Canieri?—Well! thou shalt know to-morrow."

And, casting on the chief a look of contempt, Ulamalek turned on his heel, and went into the house occupied by Canieri, where he himself had also taken up his abode.

Long accustomed to the uneven and sometimes capricious temper of Ulamalek, Canieri soon forgot that his last words contained anything strange or offensive. As the sun was near setting he dismissed his troops and took the way to what he called his residence. He retired to his apartments without thinking any more of Ulamalek.

His brilliant day-dreams were succeeded by visions no less bright and joyous that came to him while he slept. He saw before him a long career of pleasure, his enemies vanquished and dispersed, and the kingdom of Granada subject to his dominion.

He imagined himself ascending in triumph to the Alhambra, when just at the dawn of day, he was roused by the clarion sound.

Brought back thus to the reality of his position, he asked immediately for Ulamalek, to concert with him the means of defence ordered by El Feri.

"Ulamalek!" exclaimed Ben-Hamet, to whom Canieri had

addressed himself; and he remained silent, like one thunderstruck.

"Why, yes! Ulamalek, repeated Canieri, impatiently. "But what meaneth this embarrassment: speak! where is the renegade?"

"He departed hence during the night."

"And whither is he gone? For what purpose hath he left the city without having speech of me?"

"I know not. It was but this morning that I heard of his departure. The guards of the prison, and those at the gates allowed him to pass, knowing that he was in your confidence and believing that he acted by your orders——"

"My orders!" interrupted Canieri, angrily. "But I gave him none. . . . The man hath ever been filled with pride. The Christian blood is in him still. He could abjure his faith, and betray his country, but not amend his ways. By the mighty Allah! he shall learn that my authority is not to be mocked with impunity! Went he forth alone?"

"No; he took with him the young Christian who was given into thy hands at the Martyrs' Mountain, and the valet who accompanied him thither."

"Treason!" cried Canieri, gnashing his teeth with rage. "Hath Rodrigo again escaped me? And the guards have let him go!"

Then, with the promptness common to oriental despots in executing what they call justice, he commanded the guards of the prison as well as those of that particular gate of the city by which the fugitives had passed out, to be put to death in his presence.

Having thus got over the first paroxysm of his fury, he ordered the best horsemen of his troops to set out immediately in pursuit of Ulamalek.

"Bring him to me dead or alive," said he, "then ask what reward you please. Whatever it be, you shall have it."

"If Louis," continued he, speaking to-himself, "if Louis thinks himself quit with me, he is far mistaken. All Spain shall know that the proud Lord de Los Prados was forced to humble himself before a rebel chief, and was indebted for his freedom to infamous treachery."

Whilst thus he mused, the horsemen whom he had sent in pursuit of Ulamalek dashed on as rapidly as the hope of reward or the fear of punishment could make them. But although they were not in error as to the road taken by the renegade on leaving Alhauzin, they could not overtake him, do their best.

Their efforts were as vain as their master's fury. After a long but useless pursuit, the little troop was forced to retire before an advancing body of Spaniards, and return to Alhauzin to listen to Canieri's reproaches and imprecations.

The entire garrison regretted the disappearance of Ulamalek; some because his presence animated their courage; others because they dreaded the tyrannical disposition of Canieri, likely to be now worse than ever on account of the treachery of his friend.

CHAPTER XX.

RODRIGO SEES ULAMALEK FROM HIS PRISON—HE AND PEDRO ARE LIBERATED BY THE RENEGADE—THEY REACH MURCIA TOGETHER—ULAMALEK MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO DON FERNANDO, TO WHOM HE PRESENTS HIS SON.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival at Alhauzin, Rodrigo had been consigned with Pedro to a prison very different from that of Alhacen. This prison was in the upper story of a tower situate on the outskirts of the city. The only means of access to it was a ladder placed against the wall on the outside. This ladder had been removed, and a whole company of soldiers was placed at the foot of the tower, so that any communication between the prisoners and friends without appeared impossible. Every morning, Pedro let down, inside the tower, a basket fastened to a rope, and provisions for the day being placed in it, he hoisted it up again.

On the same evening that Ulamalek accompanied Canieri to the parade, Pedro said to his young fellow-prisoner :

“I must confess, Lord Rodrigo, that you bear your captivity with marvellous patience. When I saw you at your cousin's feet, and had to help the Moors to carry you to the cavern, I never thought to see you bear up so manfully as you do now.”

“Likely enough,” said Rodrigo, “but where is the use of losing courage. I know, now, why it is that I am here, and I am consoled by the thought that my cousin is safe.”

"Truly, I admire your devotion to a wretch who——"

"Pri'thee, speak not of him in such wise, honest Pedro!—Remember, he is your lord and master. He has been unfortunate, it is true, but I am persuaded, that if one knew his heart, he deplores the cruel necessity which forced him to accept the hard conditions imposed upon him by Canieri."

"It is well for you to think so, and far be it from me to destroy the sweet illusion that enables you to bear the weariness of captivity."

"Hark! Pedro, methinks I hear men and horses on the square."

"God grant," said Pedro, "that the sounds portend no new danger to us. It must be owned that we are in a singular position: we ought to wish success to our own troops; and yet, if the Moors had the worst of the battle, they might very possibly revenge their spite on us."

The thought made Rodrigo shudder, but he quickly recovered his composure, and drew near the door to listen to what was passing on the square.

"How unfortunate!" said he, "we are cooped up here as in a cave. Our windows are so high that we cannot reach them."

"I have hit on a plan," answered Pedro. "I am not tall; you are shorter still, but if you will just get up on my shoulder you may see what is going on, I am pretty certain."

"Your plan is a good one: let us carry it out without delay."

Pedro drew from its corner the couch which served them both for a bed, and pushed it over under one of the windows. Having then got up on it, he leaned his head against the wall, and laid

hold with both hands of a cornice which ran all around the chamber.

In a moment Rodrigo was perched on his back; then standing erect on his shoulders, he had the satisfaction of finding himself as high as the window.

Having cast his eyes in all directions, he said to Pedro: "I know not what all that means: I see many troops assembled on the square, but I cannot make out what they are doing."

"I bet it is nothing more than a review."

"Possibly. But what do I see? Oh! I can no longer doubt—it is he!"

"Who is *he*?"

"Ulamalek the renegade, who once before delivered me from the hands of Canieri. If I were to call him?"

"Do no such thing: you would be sure to ruin us."

"Ah! there—he is looking up at the tower. If he could only see me!"

"Down! down! Lord Rodrigo! Canieri might see you just as well as he."

Rodrigo obeyed; and having got down again, assisted Pedro to put back the couch in its place.

As night was coming on, they said their evening prayers, and with more fervor than usual, the presence of Ulamalek in Alhauzin having revived their hopes. They lay down to rest and were soon fast asleep.

Just as Rodrigo wished, Ulamalek had seen him, as he passed that way on leaving Canieri. On his return to the palace, he immediately repaired to Canieri's apartments and began to search busily amongst his papers. Having found

one to which he seemed to attach much importance, he placed it in the folds of his girdle and withdrew to the chamber where he was to pass the night. But instead of going to bed, he seated himself at the open window, apparently stirred by some strong emotion.

It was near midnight when he arose; and going forth from the palace, bent his steps towards the tower in which Rodrigo was imprisoned.

"Where is the ladder?" demanded he in a tone of command, addressing the two sentinels who stood leaning on their arms, chatting in an under tone, to while away the time and keep themselves awake.

The soldiers, never doubting but that it was Canieri's orders they were obeying, in giving the renegade admission to the tower, hastened to fetch the ladder, and place it against the wall.

Ulamalek mounted alone, and opening the door, which was fastened on the outside, he entered Rodrigo's chamber.

Rodrigo and his companion, disturbed by the noise, were already up and awake, their hearts throbbing with alternate hope and fear.

"I am Ulamalek the renegade, and I come to set you free: follow me, and whatever you may see or hear, say nothing. Your life depends on your silence."

With these words, he went out and descended the ladder first. The others followed close behind, and all three were soon standing at the foot of the ladder, face to face with the two sentries who regarded them curiously by the light of a fire which burned at a little distance.

One of them asked Ulamalek if he and his comrade were to escort the prisoners.

"It is unnecessary," replied the renegade, and he led the way to the gate.

The guards who watched there allowed him to pass without asking any questions, and after a quarter of an hour's march he stopped at a small hamlet on the way. There he knocked at a lone house. The door opened, and Rodrigo beheld Mariana, whom her husband had left there over night with the two Moors who had followed him from the Sierra-Bermeja.

Mariana wept with joy as she kissed the hand which Rodrigo held out to her, but Ulamalek gave her little time for indulging her emotion; he called the two Moors and ordered them to saddle their horses and his. The horses were soon ready, and the three fugitives prepared to set out immediately.

"We shall await thee in Murcia," said the renegade to his wife, in a low voice, then, putting spurs to his horse, he set off at a gallop, followed by Rodrigo and Pedro.

The day was beginning to dawn, when Ulamalek said to his companions: "We may now slacken our pace: we are out of danger."

Rodrigo's heart was too full for words, but he silently returned thanks to God. The happiness of seeing his father again, after so long an absence, and the fear of being forced to acknowledge the cause of his captivity, by turns had possession of his soul. As for Pedro, his honest face was radiant with joy, whilst the features of the renegade were impressed with a mixture of grief, satisfaction, shame and remorse.

Rodrigo would have thanked his deliverer; but Ulamalek

begged to be left to his own reflections, so they continued their journey in silence.

The sun was near setting when our fugitives caught sight of Murcia in the distance, looking calm and fair through the misty haze of evening. Rodrigo was not slow in discovering his paternal roof, even through the twilight shades, and his heart bounded merrily at the sight.

He was received at the door by Manuel, the old major-domo, whose aged face was the picture of sorrow.

"Oh! it is you, my young master," cried the old man with sudden animation as he took Rodrigo's hand, "but alas! your father——"

"What sayest thou, Manuel? what hath befallen him?"

"Much hath he suffered since your disappearance. His venerable head is bowed down with grief."

Rodrigo covered his face with his hands and began to weep.

"Do not take on so, Lord Rodrigo! pri'thee do not!" said Ulamalek, kindly, "your return will renew his strength and bring him back to life. But he must be prepared to receive you, and the task devolves on me."

So saying he entered the vestibule, and, preceded by the major-domo, passed on to the chamber where Don Fernando lay.

The old knight shuddered as his eye fell on Ulamalek.

"My lord count," said the renegade, "you had once in your service a man named Castro, and his wife, to whom you were a kind and generous master——"

"Ay!" exclaimed the old man in a voice trembling with indignation, "ay had I, two wretches who, to save the riches

which they owed to my bounty shamed not to deny their faith and betray their country——”

“But who, harassed by remorse, are now willing to ask pardon of God and man for their base apostacy.”

Whilst Ulamalek thus spoke in a voice quivering with emotion, Don Fernando, regarding him attentively, perceived that tears were in his eyes.

“Moor,” said he, “why dost thou weep?”

“Oh my good master!” cried Ulamalek, suddenly falling on his knees, “I am that infamous Castro.”

“Castro!” replied the old man, turning away with a gesture of horror.

“I am very guilty, I know; but if I have forgotten my duty to God and my country, at least I have never forgotten your benefits.”

“And what dost thou here?”

“I come with tidings of your son.”

“My son!” exclaimed Don Fernando, starting up quickly, “methought he had been killed by the Moors.”

“Not so; he lives: it will not be long till you have him in your arms. He was only a prisoner, and it was I that delivered him.”

“Oh! forgive my reproaches. But wherefore wouldst thou remind me of thine apostacy? Where is my son?”

“He awaits your call in the vestibule yonder.”

“Let him come, then! let him come!” cried the delighted father; and notwithstanding his weakness he would have got out of bed had not Ulamalek prevented him.

His voice was heard: Rodrigo rushed into the room and flung

himself into the old man's arms where he lay clasped in a convulsive embrace.

"My son!—my father!" were the only words that, for some moments, either could articulate.

When their first emotion had subsided, Don Fernando wished to learn from his son all that had befallen him.

"Permit me to answer for him," said the renegade, "his heart would not let him tell all the truth."

"Pardon, father! pardon for your nephew!" cried Rodrigo, throwing himself at the old man's feet.

"What meaneth this?" demanded Don Fernando. "But let us see; explain thyself, Castro! it is thee I will hear!"

Ulamalek, as we must still call him, proceeded to relate what he had learned from Canieri.

"What!" resumed the old man, after a long pause, during which he tried hard to restrain his indignation; "did ambition carry Louis to the commission of a crime so horrible?"

Rodrigo once more raised his clasped hands to his father; but the latter, fixing his eyes sorrowfully on the youth, answered him not. "Father!" continued Rodrigo in beseeching accents, "would you deliver your nephew, my cousin, into the hands of justice?"

"My child, it is only for the queen to grant pardon: I permit thee, however, to supplicate her clemency in behalf of the criminal. But my duty is to make known to her highness the infamy of the man who dared to betray his kinsman and his country."

Rodrigo, fearing that further remonstrances from him might only tend to retard the old man's recovery by exciting him

overmuch, ceased to speak, and the count agreed with Ulam-
alek that as soon as his health would permit, they would repair to
Granada, all together, to lay their complaint at the foot of the
throne

CHAPTER XXI.

MOHABED ATTACKS THE CHRISTIANS—HIS ARMY IS CUT TO PIECES, AND HE HIMSELF TAKEN PRISONER—CANIERI'S SUBJECTS REBEL AGAINST HIM AND CUT OFF HIS HEAD—ALHAUZIN IS TAKEN BY THE SPANIARDS.

WHILST Ulamalek is awaiting Don Fernando's recovery, let us return to the Moors, whom we left at Alhauzin.

Canieri, seeing himself betrayed by the renegade, set no bounds to his fury. People shrank with terror from the tiger-like ferocity of his looks. Strange phenomenon in human nature! Of all the Moors who surrounded him, there was not one who did not despise the odious tyrant; and yet they trembled before him, and stood as much in awe of the authority with which they had themselves invested him, as if it were of Divine origin.

The fears of the Moors were for a while diverted by an event to which all had been looking forward: the Christians were advancing, and Canieri himself was forced to forget his private troubles to attend to the public danger.

The city of Alhauzin, where he commanded, was possessed of a strong garrison and provisions in abundance, and yet he could not overcome his apprehensions. Moors were every moment coming in, flying before the Spaniards, and, in their fright, they represented the Christian army under the most for-

midable aspect. These reports, more or less exaggerated as they were, when coupled with the names of the officers in command of Isabella's troops, caused a general alarm in Alhauzin, and those who, a week before, had considered the triumph of their cause as certain, were now the first to despair.

Mohabed descending from the Sierra, boldly directed his course to Granada, and soon encountered the small corps commanded by Louis. As soon as the Moors and the Christians came within earshot of each other, the former raised a shout of joyous acclamation, and the latter replied with their accustomed war-cry. But there was something in that cry, something strange and unusual which made Mohabed's cheek turn pale. It was not alone the desire of glory which then actuated the Spaniards; a nobler motive urged them on: they burned to avenge the death of their friends and comrades massacred in the Sierra-Bermeja.

Louis saw the enemy approach with evident satisfaction. He longed to efface the stain which his unlucky expedition against Canieri had impressed on his reputation; he had little faith in the discretion of that chief, and there was reason to fear that their infamous traffic might one day come to light.

The knight had made choice of an advantageous position near El Rio-Gordo, and then quietly waited for the enemy to advance. Mohabed threw himself on the Christians with the most imprudent impetuosity. He never thought of the fatigue which his troops had undergone in their forced march, and he fancied that the rapidity of their movements and the vigor of their attack would suffice to disconcert the Christians. But the latter, on the other hand, regarded the rebels as a holocaust

offered to them in expiation of the Sierra massacre, and they were resolved to give no quarter.

Louis commanded his people to sustain the fiery charge of the Moors without making any move, then to profit by the confusion which must necessarily prevail in their ranks to attack them in turn. His orders were punctually executed. As he expected, the Moors charged in the utmost disorder; the Spaniards kept their ground, but offered no resistance; but on a given signal, they darted on the tumultuous crowd of Moors, and bore them down at the first shock.

A frightful carnage followed; but it was no longer the Christians who fell; it was the Moors, amongst whom a general panic had succeeded to the wildest presumption. Mohabed did all that he could to rally his soldiers, but in vain. Terror benumbed their faculties, and the Christians obtained a complete victory with comparatively little trouble. Most of the Moors were slain on the field of battle, the rest, with Mohabed himself, were made prisoners. Few, indeed, there were who escaped to tell the tale of their misery.

The news of this disaster threw the rebels into the greatest consternation. El Feri de Benastepar, grieved, but not surprised, by the unhappy results of Mohabed's rashness, immediately set about repairing them as best he might; but his forces were considerably diminished, and he remained more than ever convinced of the necessity of confining the seat of war to the mountains.

But if this chief was no more cast down by the defeat of Mohabed than he had been elated by his own success, it was not so with Canieri. The rout of El Rio-Gordo, which was re-

presented as an ir retrievable check, made him conceive serious fears for his own safety, and his terror was increased by the arrival of the Alcade de Los Donceles, who came most unexpectedly to lay siege to Alhauzin.

The Alcade commenced operations by sending a trumpet with a flag of truce summoning the rebels to lay down their arms: an entire amnesty was promised to those who would submit and give up their chief, if not, every soul was to be put to the sword, and their city reduced to ashes. Hearing this, the discontent of the garrison, already strongly excited by Canieri's tyranny, attained such a pitch that that chief lost all hope of offering any effective resistance to the besiegers.

In fact, a conspiracy was soon formed against him, and the malcontents, seeing the hopelessness of their condition, came to a resolution, which fear of the Christians could alone inspire. They gathered in a crowd around the palace, and boldly demanded that the gates of the city should be opened to the Alcade. But Canieri and the other chiefs knowing that they were not included in the amnesty, naturally desired to hold out to the last extremity, as the surest means of escaping the fate destined for them.

Meanwhile, Canieri had lost much of his pretensions to despotism. Overwhelmed, vile slave as he was, by the danger which threatened him, he humbly asked to confer with the mutineers. This abject demeanor was in striking contrast with his foolish pride of a few days before. This man, so lately the terror of all around him, was become so mild, so affable, that his enemies could not behold the change without surprise. But they were not touched by his despair. The prayers of

the tyrant, instead of appeasing, did but increase their hatred of him, seeing that they only exhibited the full extent of his meanness, and his subjects, ashamed of having been so long trampled on by a being so contemptible, were deaf to his supplications, insensible to his sorrow.

The tumult was at its height when the truce accorded by the Alcade had all but expired. No one thought of obeying any order of Canieri, who in vain redoubled his exertions to calm the fury of the mob. It was then that some of the ringleaders proposed, in order to secure the indulgence of the besiegers, to put their chief to death, and send his head to the Alcade.

Most of the garrison adopted this suggestion, and very soon the palace was surrounded by a furious crowd, uttering the most horrible imprecations, and threatening to burn the guards alive if they did not give up the tyrant.

Canieri, pale and trembling, wore the appearance of a condemned criminal: he wandered about through the inner parts of his dwelling—the only place still subject to his authority—seeking some means to elude the fury of his enemies. Flight was impossible, for the palace was completely invested by the excited populace, and the city by the Spaniards.

In this frightful position, he cast a sorrowful look on the Moors who were still faithful to him, and he shuddered to see how few they were. He approached the window with the intention of addressing some words to his rebellious subjects; he was greeted with a shower of stones. He remained some moments in an agony of despair, and during that time, he could see his former friends deserting him one by one according as the danger became more imminent.

The outer gate had just yielded with a horrible crash to the levers applied to it, and the most furious of the mutineers rushed into the palace, traversed the halls and corridors without meeting any resistance, and bent their course towards the apartments of the chief.

Incapable of braving death, by endeavoring to clear a passage through his enemies, Canieri awaited, in a sort of stupor, the moment when the storm so long threatening should burst at length over his devoted head. Once again did he cast his haggard eyes around; he was frightened at the solitude in which he found himself. All his people had deserted him, with one sole exception: Ben-Hamet alone was still beside him. That faithful servant stood facing the door with his scimitar in his hand, ready to strike. His face indicated neither terror nor surprise; nothing but dark and sullen determination.

"Ben-Hamet, my best friend!" cried Canieri in anguish, "is there, then, no hope?"

"None," said Ben-Hamet, in a sad but firm tone, "none, save that of dying like brave Mussulmans. Draw your scimitar, noble Canieri, and sell your life dearly, as becometh a man of your race!"

Canieri only answered by a piteous moan. The mutineers had by this time reached the door of the apartment, and shook it violently, each of them desiring to strike the first blow at him whom they considered the cause of their ruin. Their very impatience delayed the accomplishment of their wishes: for as they rushed through those narrow and gloomy passages,

some were thrown down and thus formed a barrier in the way of the others.

Suspended, as it were, between life and death, the wretched Canieri heard the curses heaped upon him, without power to decide on making any effort for his own defence. At last the door yielded to the violent pressure from without, and the rebels were face to face with their victim. Canieri beheld the weapons glittering in their hands; but terror had so paralyzed his members that he made not the slightest motion.

Ben-Hamet advanced and placed himself before his master with the desperate courage of a man resolved to die.

"Ben-Hamet!" cried one of Canieri's former courtiers, who, after being loaded with his favors, was now one of his most inveterate enemies, "Ben-Hamet, lay down your arms; we seek not your life."

Ben-Hamet made no reply, but with one stroke of his scimitar he cut down the traitor, and passing over his body, threw himself amongst the rebels. He killed two or three more of them; but he fell himself mortally wounded, displaying the firmness of a true soldier, and the calmness of a man who dies in the discharge of his duty.

Roused to fury by the very excess of his fears, and deeply touched by Ben-Hamet's devotion, Canieri at last drew his sword and struck several blows with a vigor which astonished his enemies. He was overpowered, nevertheless, and fell covered with wounds.

His head was immediately cut off and fixed on the end of a pike, and the rebels were soon seen hurrying tumultuously to

the Spanish camp, bearing before them this bloody pledge of their submission.

Alhauzin then became the scene of the most terrific confusion. Men and women, old men and children, all were huddled together in the streets, uttering the most discordant cries, and felicitating each other on having escaped the death wherewith the Spaniards had threatened them. Many persons ascended the walls of the city to watch the hideous procession which accompanied the horrible trophy of their victory.

The Alcade de Los Donceles refused to receive the head of Canieri ; he sent back those who brought it, and after them a sufficient force to keep the Moors in awe, in case of treachery. He soon after entered the city, amid the acclamations of those who had so lately hoped to withstand his attack. The chiefs were already secured, and the garrison, accepting the proffered amnesty, evacuated the place and dispersed on all sides.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COURT ASSEMBLES TO RECEIVE LOUIS—TERRIBLE ACCUSATION BROUGHT AGAINST THE KNIGHT—ULAMALEK PRESENTS THE CONCLUSIVE LETTER TO THE QUEEN—GRIEF OF RODRIGO.

THE city of Granada, but late the abode of mourning, had once more become the scene of joy and exultation. The splendid victory obtained by Louis had revived the hopes of the Spaniards. Mohabed a prisoner, Canieri slain by his rebellious people, Alhauzin taken from the Moors, all these circumstances left little room to doubt an ultimate triumph over the rebels.

The return of the victorious Louis was eagerly expected. The entire court assembled to receive him, and Isabella, surrounded by the most illustrious knights of the period, would offer him in person her felicitations and bestow upon him some public marks of her favor.

The great hall of the Alhambra, where the kings of Granada had for ages given their laws, presented on the occasion a scene which, though very different from that of olden times, was assuredly no less rich, or magnificent. Indeed the splendid accoutrements of the knights and the sumptuous costume of the ladies of the court formed a picture of more than Moorish grandeur.

Whilst the whole assembly was in a state of expectation, an unusual noise was heard without.

"Justice! justice!" repeated a plaintive and suppliant voice. "It is with the queen I would speak. . . . Suffer me to reach her presence!"

The queen was touched by this appeal, and ordered the suppliant to be introduced. A moment after, there was seen advancing with a feeble step an old man clothed in black. Grief was impressed on every feature of his aged countenance. He was supported by a handsome young Spaniard, also clad in mourning and appearing no less sad and dejected than the old man. Behind them walked two men, one of whom was arrayed in the Moorish costume.

There was a dead silence in the hall, each one desirous of knowing the cause of this unlooked-for sight. But when the old man approached the throne he was immediately recognized by all present, the queen herself descended some steps to meet him, whilst the courtiers testified their sympathy and respect by sundry exclamations of pity and surprise. It was Count Fernando de Monte-Calvo and his son, followed by Ulamalek and Pedro.

"Yea, truly, it is I," said the old knight, as he bent his knee before the queen, "it is indeed the unhappy Count de Monte-Calvo. Ere I go hence to that unseen world whither my age and infirmity call me, I made an effort to revive my failing strength to solicit an act of justice from my august sovereign. I crave your majesty's pardon for that I come on a day of public rejoicing to throw a gloom over the joyous scene by the sad recital of my wrongs. But I know your goodness will take into account the affliction of a father who hath been wounded in his tenderest affections."

"Not in vain shall you address your queen, my lord count!" answered Isabella, forcing the old man to rise and take a seat near the throne. "It is my duty to administer justice, and all my time belongeth to my subjects. Speak freely; tell me what hath afflicted you, and be assured that no human consideration shall move me to deviate from the sacred path which I have marked out for myself."

"Gracious sovereign," replied the count, "my confidence in your justice is the only solace that remains to me under my present heavy affliction. I have been grievously wronged by a man who, though calling himself a knight, is unworthy the title. I will not here allude to the services of my family, but I had three sons, all worthy the honored name they bore. The two first died as gallant soldiers under the walls of this city, and left me with only this youth, the sole stay of my age."

The old man turned his tearful eyes on Rodrigo for a moment, and continued in these terms:

"The fate of my two elder sons might well draw tears from a father's eyes; but those tears were not bitter; I had the consolation of knowing that those whose early loss I mourned had died for their country and their God. I had thus become reconciled to their loss, when a wretch, honored in the world, proud of his valor and his credit, had the cruelty to deprive me of my last remaining son; and wherefore? to deliver him to the Moors, and so save the brilliant reputation which he had acquired——"

Here the count paused, and a murmur of indignation was heard on every side.

"My lord," said the queen, "the foul wrong done you shall

not go unpunished. The criminal, were he the first knight in the kingdom, the firmest support of my throne, nay more," she added, throwing a wrathful look around, "were he of my own blood, he shall not escape the rigor of the laws."

An ominous silence followed those words. That brilliant assembly, which had come together to secure a victory, was now pervaded by a vague and nameless terror. Each one feared to hear some dear friend or relative denounced as the criminal.

"Speak!" continued the queen, "let all Spain resound with the name of this traitor, and if he be not here, he shall be summoned immediately to appear in our presence, to answer the charge brought against him."

"His name is potent," said the old man.

"Not more so than my will," Isabella nobly replied.

At the same moment the joyous shouts of the multitude announced the arrival of the victorious Spaniards under the command of Louis.

"His name?" demanded Isabella, with some impatience, continuing to address the Count de Monte-Calvo.

"Long live Louis! long live the conqueror of the Moors!" cried the people who thronged the courts of the Alhambra.

"Hark! hark!" cried the old knight bitterly as if speaking to himself. "Hear you his name proclaimed by the exulting multitude: Louis it is who has caused my misfortune, and he cometh hither to receive the hero's guerdon!"

"Lord Louis!" exclaimed the queen and the whole assembly as it were stupefied.

"He himself!" repeated Don Fernando, firmly.

It were hard to describe the emotion of the queen on hearing this strange disclosure. The eyes of all present were turned upon her with intense curiosity. They knew the impartiality with which she administered justice; they knew that the prayers of the greatest and noblest would be powerless to avert from the criminal the punishment due to his crime.

Meanwhile Louis entered the hall, followed by his principal officers and preceded by Mohabed and the other captive chiefs. He was advancing towards the throne with the easy confidence of a victorious general, when all at once an icy shudder ran through him as though he had trod on a serpent, and he stopped short in his march. He had perceived the group at the foot of the throne. A livid paleness suddenly overspread his before animated features, and his confusion produced the most unfavorable impression on all the assembly. He raised his eyes, however, towards the queen; he was struck by the severity of her aspect. The consciousness of his guilt prevailed over the spirit of dissimulation so natural to him: he tottered on his feet when he tried to move forward, and looked around him with a disturbed and anxious eye, as though in search of some advocate, some support.

The shouts of joy and triumph suddenly ceased: it seemed as though a funeral pall were cast over that brilliant assembly.

Making a prodigious effort to recover his composure, Louis approached the queen, and assuming a bold and confident air, he said:

“Gracious sovereign, you see at your feet the rebel Mohabed; deign to accept the felicitations of him who hath had the good fortune to take him prisoner!”

"Ere we can recognize your services, Lord Louis, or receive you with the honors due to a brave and valiant knight, you have to answer to an accusation which hath been brought against you."

Louis cast another glance on the group; but as he knew not what part Ulamalek was to play, he hoped that it might yet be in his power to justify himself by some specious falsehood; as for Pedro, he knew that the poor fellow would never have the heart to bear witness against his former master. He accordingly made up his mind to keep silence until forced to speak.

"Lord Louis," resumed Isabella, after some moments' reflection, "your silence doth appear to us a tacit admission of your guilt. But first of all, let us hear your accusers."

Don Fernando made a sign for Pedro to speak; but, as Louis had anticipated, the valet, seeing the serious turn which the affair was taking, only stammered some incoherent words, and then remained silent. He could not bear to accuse the knight, for whom he had always preserved a lingering sentiment of affection and respect, notwithstanding all the bad treatment he had received at his hands.

"And you, my young friend," said the queen to Rodrigo, "what have you to say against your cousin?"

"I am not his accuser," the youth replied, whilst the scalding tears trickled down his cheeks. "I came hither to bear my poor father company, and not to lodge complaints—although my cousin. . . . But my father owes his life to him. . . ."

"True," interrupted the old man, "but what is that, when the wretch preserved my life only to bring shame and misery on my old age?"

"It is I that must speak, then," cried Ulamalek, abruptly, in a voice that struck every hearer. "Don Louis is guilty of high treason, and here I stand ready to prove it before all Spain. In defiance of the law which prohibits all intercourse between Christians and the rebellious Moors, he entered into a disgraceful treaty with Canieri!"

"And who art thou," interrupted Louis, "that dares to accuse a Christian knight?"

"Proud man!" replied the renegade, "thy wrath has no terrors for me, and the humble confession of thy guilt would better become thee than the arrogance wherewith thou wouldst conceal it."

"You are silent!" said Isabella, addressing Louis who, looking contemptuously around, disdained to answer his accuser.

"Is it expected," at length exclaimed the knight, reddening with anger, "that I shall stoop to justify myself on the charge of a base rebel, or stake the reputation of a Spanish noble on the assertion of a Moor?"

"Thou sayest well: I am or rather I have been a rebel; but my testimony is none the less true."

A smile of satisfaction appeared on the lips of Mohabed. That chief knew the renegade, and was well pleased to see him place Louis in such a dilemma.

"Lord Louis," said Isabella, "your queen takes pleasure in acknowledging her obligations to you; but justice, as well as gratitude, is the sacred duty of princes. You are accused of treason; nevertheless, we must not condemn you without proof."

"It is just!" exclaimed the renegade; "who would he so

presumptuous as to accuse without proof the high and mighty Lord de Los Prados? Well! here is one which he himself cannot reject."

So saying, he sent up to the queen an unsealed letter.

Isabella started; Louis turned pale and was evidently confounded. He had recognized the letter sent by him to Canieri, which the renegade had secured at Alhauzin.

"Know you this writing?" demanded the queen, holding out the open letter on which all eyes were then fixed. "Will you deny that you promised Canieri to deliver your cousin to him near the Martyr's mountain?"

"I have nought to say in my defence," answered Louis, coldly.

A mixture of astonishment, pity, and horror was visible on every face. The court had come together to compliment a general on his victory, and the victor was accused and convicted of having treated with the enemies of the State to accomplish a grievous crime.

We shall not attempt to describe the anguish of Rodrigo; and yet he was obliged to hear all that the renegade knew of the odious conduct of Louis. But what was his terror when he heard the queen solemnly address the assembly as follows:

"Christians, I bitterly deplore this tragical event, which hath changed a day of joy and triumph to one of sorrow and mourning; but justice must have its course. Count de Tendilla," she added, turning to the governor of Granada, "you shall answer to me for the person of Don Louis. Let him be kept in close confinement, but with all the respect due to his rank. And you, Lord Louis, prepare for a trial, which will probably end in capital punishment."

Rodrigo raised his eyes to the queen's face with a look of piteous supplication. As for Louis, he heard Isabella's words with less of fear than of indignation.

The most profound silence reigned in the hall long after the departure of the queen and her attendants. Mohabed and the other prisoners were removed, and Louis followed the Count de Tendilla to his palace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOUIS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH—RODRIGO ASKS PARDON FOR HIM, BUT IS REFUSED—PEDRO TAKES A LAST LEAVE OF HIS MASTER.

As the letter produced by Ulamalek was more than enough to convict Louis, the knight was condemned as a traitor to lose his head on the scaffold.

This sentence struck terror into all the people of Granada. The man who, a few days before, had been the object of general admiration, and who seemed destined for the highest honors and most important offices of the State, was then, by a sudden reverse of fortune, stript of his glory and condemned to a traitor's death.

Rodrigo, during the trial, had lost all hope of saving his friend. Still, when he heard the fatal sentence, he resolved to do his best to obtain at least a commutation of the penalty.

Several lords had already made intercession for the criminal. Isabella replied that she could not in justice interfere with the decision of the judges, especially as six Spaniards had lately been executed for the same offence. Rodrigo made his appearance, and, throwing himself at the queen's feet, implored pardon for his friend with all the eloquence of grief and tears. Isabella heard him kindly, but gave him no room to hope.

"Well!" cried the suppliant, almost in despair, "let him have his life and be banished!"

His tears flowed like rain; he clasped his hands and his whole body trembled. The queen was much affected; she could not understand how it was that instead of hating he could still love his unworthy cousin; but she could not assuage Rodrigo's affliction without failing in that even-handed justice which then constituted the glory and strength of the Spanish throne. She mildly told him to rise; but the youth was unable to obey. He remained kneeling, still hoping that he might at last obtain the favor so earnestly implored.

The queen, wishing to spare him a still more poignant grief, told him a second time to rise, but he neither could nor did understand the motive of such kind solicitude. An officer just then made his appearance, sent by the governor with a roll of parchment which he handed to the queen. The latter appeared much agitated, and a ray of ghastly light broke on the mind of Rodrigo.

"In the name of pity!" cried the heart-stricken youth, in an agony of despair, "in the name of that God-man who died forgiving His enemies, sign it not! Oh! not yet—not yet!"

But it was too late. Isabella had placed her name at the foot of the document, and Rodrigo fell senseless to the ground.

He was carried home in that state to his father's house, where he recovered the use of his senses; but alas! far from being able to console his son, the old man was himself a prey to the most violent affliction.

The sorrowful day drew to a close, and the people of Granada, assembled on the Vivarambla, could not behold without horror the instrument of death which was to rob the chivalry of Spain of one of its most distinguished members. It

seemed as though the entire city were in mourning, as on the day when Boabdil announced to the Moors that on the morrow they should pass under the Christian domination. Nevertheless, there was not one heard to question the justice of the fatal decree.

A strong guard surrounded the governor's house wherein Louis was confined. His former companions in arms were, however, permitted to visit him, which they did in such numbers that his apartment was more like a reception hall than a prison.

Louis appeared highly gratified by these marks of esteem. Pride was the original cause of his fall, and that same pride was flattered by the general interest which his condemnation had excited.

It was easy to see by his countenance that all hope was not yet extinguished in his soul. It seemed to him a thing impossible that the queen would sign the warrant for his execution. He dwelt with satisfaction on the high place he had held in the queen's favor and the numerous proofs of regard which he had received from her royal hand. To these soothing reminiscences he added the exertions which he knew were being made on his behalf by some of the noblest families in Spain, and he gave himself up to the sweet illusions of hope.

He was lost in one of these dreams when the Count de Tendilla entered his apartment.

"Lord Louis," said the governor, "I sincerely regret that I am now the harbinger of evil; but I know your firmness, and doubt not that you will hear with courage the news which I have to impart."

"Go on, I pray you," said Louis with a bitter smile, "leave me not so long in suspense!"

"The warrant is signed. You must prepare to die."

"To die!" repeated Louis with emotion. Then, recovering his self-control by a mighty effort, and hearkening only to the suggestions of his indomitable pride, he added sternly, and with forced composure: "It must be confessed that I have reason to be surprised at such a result. I expected, it is true, to be banished from Spain, but I thought not that in requital of the blood I have shed on the field of battle, the queen would condemn me to lose what remained on the scaffold."

"Lord Louis," replied the count with some asperity, "you are unjust towards the queen. She would make any sacrifice except that of duty, to avert your punishment."

"And when is the sentence to be put in execution?"

"To-morrow; unless you desire a further delay."

"Nay, I would be sorry, indeed, to disappoint the public, who are anxious, I doubt not, for the erection of the scaffold on which I am to receive the reward of my services."

He then folded his arms across his bosom, and began to pace the apartment to and fro, affecting the most complete indifference, though inwardly his agitation was excessive. In fact, no man can be calm in such a situation. Pride, it is true, may enable him to conceal his feelings, but not wholly to subdue them.

The Count de Tendilla watched him anxiously for a while; at last he said:

"In consideration of your rank and services, Lord Louis, the queen is disposed to grant you any favor you may choose to ask."

"Truly, that is a great stretch of kindness on the part of her majesty," replied Louis with a bitter sneer. "Well! it is my wish to go to the place of execution mounted on my war-horse, and escorted by a detachment of my brave followers."

"You shall have your wish, and I myself will accompany you with my guard."

These words were uttered by the governor in a significant tone, giving Louis to understand that if it were his intention to disturb the public tranquillity and endeavor to escape he would meet with opposition.

"Now," added the governor, "I must introduce a person who much desires to see you."

"And who is that charitable person?"

"Your young cousin Rodrigo."

Louis made a gesture of impatience, and replied with freezing coldness: "I am aware of the interest which my cousin is pleased to take in me; but I cannot consent to see him. I cannot, or will not, for reasons known to myself. I desire and hope that he will not insist further on obtaining an interview which I have already refused him."

It was true that Louis had already refused several times to receive his young kinsman. All the prayers, all the remonstrances of his friends could not prevail upon him to change this resolution, cruel as it was. The aversion with which he seemed to regard Rodrigo was, perhaps, owing to a secret remorse for what was past, or it might be that the knight would rather avoid a scene which could only awaken the most painful recollections.

He showed not the least repugnance to see Pedro, who had

also solicited the favor of being admitted. The poor man came in all trembling, and as soon as he perceived his former master, he began to weep.

He then threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, said :

“ My dear master, I will never rise from here till you grant me pardon for the part I was forced to take in your condemnation. Heaven is my witness that it was against my will I did it !”

“ Rise, Pedro, I forgive you with all my heart. Thou wert right in saying that thou wouldst prefer obscurity to the splendor of a great name. Thou seest what hath come of mine. Go, my friend, and be happy in thine humble lot !”

“ But have you no word for your poor cousin ? He is so overcome with sorrow. Ah ! he will not live long !”

“ Greet him well from me, and tell him I crave pardon at his hands. My intentions were not so bad as they appeared. . . . But farewell, Pedro, mine eyes begin to wax heavy : methinks an hour's sleep would do me good.”

“ Holy Virgin !” ejaculated Pedro, as he saw the prisoner bend his course towards his bed. “ Did I ever think that a man could sleep on the edge of the grave ! There he is going to rest, God help him ! Now, I am quite sure, if I were in his place, I would not close an eye all night long—or all day, either, for that matter.”

Pedro left the house and returned to the Monte-Calvo palace, weeping and wailing, and invoking all the Saints on behalf of his unfortunate master.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS OF RODRIGO—MARIANA RESTORES TO HIM THE QUEEN'S MEDALLION—HE PRESENTS HIMSELF BEFORE ISABELLA, AND HASTENS TO THE VIVARAMBLA WITH A REPRIEVE—LOUIS IS TOUCHED BY THE GENEROSITY OF HIS COUSIN.

ALL hope had then vanished! the fatal moment was at hand. Rodrigo, the unhappy Rodrigo, after a sleepless night, arose early, and, leaning against the window in a gloomy reverie, he fixed his haggard eyes on the moving crowd in the street below. The door opened and the Count de Monte-Calvo entered the room.

"My son," said he, "my dear son, you must leave this place."

"And whither go you, my father?"

"To Murcia."

"Oh father! I pray you let me remain here till the morrow. I will go again to the queen; perchance I may be more successful than I was before—her Highness may be touched by my sorrow."

"I doubt it, Rodrigo. But why dost thou grieve so for the fate of a wretch? Oh, my son! rend my heart no longer by the sight of thy tears—he for whom they fall is not worthy of them!"

"Father, how can I help it? my love for Louis hath ever

been stronger than my will itself. I know he hath wronged me, but remember, in sacrificing me he thought only of effacing a stain which he believed he had impressed on the honor of Spanish chivalry. Did he not know, moreover, that those to whom he delivered me would do me no harm? I was to serve as a hostage, and a hostage is always respected."

"Heaven bless you, my son, for these generous and noble sentiments, but interpret the conduct of Louis in the most favorable view, he is still most culpable, and justice requires that he be punished severely."

Rodrigo was about to reply, when a young Moor demanded admission, and was shown in.

"Lord Rodrigo," said the lad, "I come from Mariana, who requests you to repair without a moment's delay to her house. She is too much fatigued by her long journey to present herself before you here."

"I follow thee," said Rodrigo, and he went immediately.

After passing several streets, they reached the Albaycin, where they entered a house of mean exterior. They traversed a long and gloomy corridor, at the further end of which was a low room, where they found the wife of Ulamalek extended on a sort of couch.

"Pardon me, Lord Rodrigo," she said, raising herself with difficulty, "if I have asked you to come hither; but it was not possible for me to go to you. I arrived here but yestereve from Murcia, where I learned that you had already set out for Granada. I wished to return to you different objects which you gave me to keep for you in Alhacen, so that they might not fall into the hands of Canieri."

"I thank you, my good Mariana, for your intention," said Rodrigo.

"You thank me, but do you know for what? I see you pay but little attention to my coming, although I have journeyed when ill able to travel. Still, amongst the things which I have brought you back, there is one which you seemed to think of great value."

"Yes, the chain which I received from the queen," said Rodrigo, with a listless and abstracted air.

"I see grief has benumbed all your faculties, even memory itself. Did you not tell me that the queen, in giving you her portrait, promised——"

"Well?" interrupted Rodrigo, rather testily.

"Well! hath not the moment come to profit by her royal goodness?"

"O, Heaven! it is true!" cried the delighted youth. "My good Mariana, I thank you sincerely. But give, give quick, for time presses!"

"The execution was not to take place till noon. Nevertheless, it were ill to tarry."

So saying, she took from a package the precious object, and gave it to Rodrigo, who pressed it to his lips in an ecstasy of joy. But just as he was about to leave, Ulamalek entered.

"Hear me, Lord Rodrigo," said the renegade, "I know your purpose and will not seek to turn you from it. But think how unworthy of your sympathy or compassion is the man whose pride could induce him to betray his country and deliver his kinsman to the horrors of slavery amongst the enemies of the Christian name."

"I know it; but if religion commands us to forgive our enemies, how much more are we bound to pardon our friends and relatives. You say you have discharged a duty in deposing against my cousin: suffer me, in my turn, to do what friendship requires at my hands!"

"Go, Lord Rodrigo, go where your heart calls you; I will not restrain you. The vengeance which you propose taking on your cousin is too noble, too magnanimous not to be executed!"

Furnished with his precious talisman, Rodrigo rushed from the house, and ran to the queen's palace, followed by Ulamalek.

Meanwhile the people were assembling in crowds on the Vivarambla; all classes of society were attracted thither by the novelty of the spectacle about to be presented to their eyes. The history of Spain furnished no example of a general brought down from his car of triumph to mount the steps of the scaffold.

The whole multitude pitied the fate of Louis; yet with all their pity there was seen amongst the lower classes a species of satisfaction derived from the thought that before the law a great lord was no more than the humblest Spaniard.

In the midst of the square rose the scaffold, hung with black, as were most of the adjoining houses. A large body of veteran soldiers formed a square around the scaffold, whilst patrols of cavalry rode along the streets to prevent any commotion.

The agitation of the people was extreme; but when the deep peal of the cathedral bell announced that the funeral train was leaving the governor's house, a solemn silence suddenly fell on the multitude.

Louis, who had yet lost nothing of his composure, descended with a firm step from his apartment, and proceeded to where his escort awaited him. His features expressed no other feeling than unconquerable pride and sullen resentment. When about to mount his horse, he was met by the Countess de Tendilla who came, bathed in tears, to bid him farewell. He thanked her for the kindness she had shown him, and then bounded on his war-horse. Immediately the noble animal began to prance and paw the ground as though he were going to carry his master to a new victory.

Louis looked around and was much pleased to see that a detachment of his own troops was there to escort him, according to his wish. They were clad in mourning, as were also his own friends and relatives. As for him, he wore his most sumptuous apparel, and being resolved to show no weakness, he had assumed a martial and commanding air.

The procession moved slowly along amid the silence of the multitude that thronged the way, admiring the firmness displayed by the hero of that doleful tragedy. Behind the troop came monks of different orders whose solemn chant mingled strangely with the clarion's sound; thus in the same picture was seen all that can excite the soul to dreams of glory and ambition, together with the most majestic emblems of religion, inviting man to despise the pomp and glory of this world and direct his thoughts to eternity.

Arriving on the Vivarambla, Louis involuntarily shuddered; but he soon recovered his composure and cast a long look on the multitude. He was struck by the air of consternation visible on every face.

He then alighted from his horse, and after receiving the

final benediction of the priest who had prepared him for death, he advanced towards the scaffold. At the same moment a piercing cry was heard at one end of the square and a horseman was seen approaching at full gallop.

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed many voices, and immediately the crowd opened to make way for the approaching cavalier.

It was Rodrigo. He rode up to the Count de Tendilla and gave him a paper; then, mounting the steps of the scaffold, he advanced towards Louis who seemed to belong no more to this world, and embracing him tenderly:

"My dear cousin," said he, "there is still room for hope. If I bring you not your pardon, I am, at least, confident that it will not be long delayed. I presented to the queen the chain and medallion which she gave me at the tournament, and you are to appear once more in her presence."

Speaking thus, Rodrigo cast a terrified look around, and pressed more closely to his cousin's side as if to protect him.

The governor then commenced to read the queen's order, and the people soon learned with joy that the execution was suspended. Louis, hitherto so insensible to every feeling of gratitude, was softened when they told him that it was to Rodrigo's prayers the queen had granted this reprieve. The tears stood in his eyes; he pressed Rodrigo to his heart, and said in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"My dear Rodrigo, I am unworthy of being thy kinsman thou art nobly revenged!"

A moment after, the knight, leaning on Rodrigo's arm, descended the steps of the scaffold, and followed the governor to the queen's palace, whist the crowd, as he passed along, rent the air with joyous acclamations.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOUIS RECEIVES HIS PARDON—HE IS STRUCK WITH A POIGNARD
BY ONE OF CANIERI'S FOLLOWERS.

WHEN the cortége reached the palace, Louis found the queen seated in a vast hall, and surrounded by the same judges who had decreed his death. Every vacant seat was soon occupied by the lords who had accompanied the knight to the Vivar-rambla, whilst the hall was crowded with people whom curiosity had attracted thither.

The queen, addressing the judges, related the incident which had caused the execution of Don Louis to be postponed.

“At the moment when the criminal was about to expiate his crime,” said Isabella, “his young kinsman, Rodrigo de Monte-Calvo, came hither and presented to me a token which I gave him at the last tournament. You must know that in giving it to him, I made a sacred promise to grant him any such favor as he might choose to ask of me. See now whether, without infringing on the inviolable rights of justice, I may wholly remit the punishment which Don Louis has incurred, or, in case you deem him unworthy of a complete pardon, if I may commute the penalty of death for another less severe and less degrading.”

The judges put it to the vote, and the president, in the name of his colleagues, declared that the queen might, without a viola-

tion of justice, exercise that high prerogative of mercy which the law allowed her.

Isabella, happy in having to grant pardon, announced to Louis that the penalty of his crime was remitted, then she added: "It is to the generosity of your cousin that you owe your life. Any other but himself would have pursued you with his hatred; but he remembered that you were his kinsman and his friend; and, not content with forgiving, he hath never ceased to love you. If he could throw an eternal veil over your transgressions, he would willingly have done so. Be this a salutary lesson for you. Never forget that if lawful ambition commonly brings forth glorious exploits, inordinate and unbridled ambition ends but too often in ruin and disgrace."

Shouts of applause were heard from all parts of the hall, and were echoed back from the courts and avenues of the palace, where the populace awaited impatiently the result of the deliberation.

Rodrigo appeared to sink under the weight of his joy. He looked at his cousin with an indescribable feeling of happiness; it seemed to him as though he had just brought him back from the grave.

Louis, on the other hand, overcome by the sweet emotions of kindness and generosity which, for the first time, filled his heart, had been hitherto unable to express his gratitude. Still, he felt the necessity of saying something. Disengaging himself gently from Rodrigo's fond embrace, he went to throw himself at the feet of the queen.

Every eye was fixed upon him, when suddenly a man darted from the crowd. A dagger glittered in his hand, and, before

any one could parry the blow, he plunged it into the knight's bosom. Louis tottered and fell at the foot of the throne. Rodrigo uttered a piercing cry, and cast himself on the body of his cousin, whilst several physicians hastened to the spot, and confusion spread throughout the hall.

The queen alone appeared to preserve her presence of mind; she ordered the assassin to be seized. He still held in his hand the bloody weapon, and his face wore the malignant smile of a demon rejoicing in the evil he has wrought.

"God be praised!" exclaimed one of the surgeons, who had been examining the wound, "the knight will not lose his life."

"Your art is of no avail," cried the murderer, "the dagger is poisoned!"

A thrill of horror ran through the entire assembly.

"Wretch! who art thou?" demanded the Count de Tendilla. "Art thou a Spaniard?"

"Nay, I am not a Spaniard. Ulamalek will tell who I am."

He extended his arm towards the renegade, who, seated near Don Fernando, regarded the scene with utter amazement.

"I know him," said Ulamalek, "he is an emissary of Canieri's."

"Say rather a devoted servant of the rightful king of Granada. . . . Spaniards, hear me! After the treason and flight of Ulamalek, on whom my noble master had always counted (although the man was never sincerely attached to the Moorish faith), I was sent hither to remind him who now lies stretched before you, of the engagements which he had contracted and demand their re-fulfilment. In case he refused, I was charged to reveal his infamy to the world, for you hold it infamous for

a Christian to treat privately with the Moors. I arrived here at the very moment when the proud knight was condemned to a traitor's death. Finding my mission thus anticipated, I contented myself with the part of a spectator and accompanied him to the Vivarambla. It is hardly necessary to tell you why I followed him, when he was brought hither. The murder of my royal master Canieri demanded a glorious expiation."

Having thus spoken, the Moor resumed his impassibility; but his eyes fixed on the body of his victim as though involuntarily, with a look of ferocious joy, the joy of gratified revenge.

Meanwhile Louis was approaching his end; but his noble face betrayed no weakness. The thick blood oozed slowly from his wound, and the dark veil of death gradually overspread his features. He turned his failing eyes upon his murderer and said in a firm voice:

"May Heaven forgive thee as I do! Implore the queen's clemency——"

"I have no clemency to expect from any one," interrupted the Moor; "let them lead me to execution."

He cast a last look on Louis who was soon to be but a heap of senseless clay, and then, with a firm step, followed the soldiers charged to remove him.

Rodrigo, overwhelmed with grief, remained kneeling beside his cousin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISABELLA PROPOSES TO HAVE ULAMALEK ARRESTED—SHE IS DISSUADED FROM HER PURPOSE BY DON ROQUE VALADEZ, WHO RELATES THE HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF LANJARON, AT THE END OF WHICH HE WAS DELIVERED BY THE RENEGADE.

AFTER the body of Louis had been removed to his house to be exposed in state, according to the custom of the Spanish nobles of that day, Isabella returned to her palace, and sent for the Count de Tendilla.

The count hastened to obey the orders of his sovereign, but, instead of coming alone, he brought with him his only son, Don Roque Valadez, who, being taken prisoner at the siege of Lanjaron, had at length succeeded in returning to Granada, and desired to be presented to the queen.

"My lord count," said Isabella, addressing the governor, "this Ulamalek, on whose testimony Don Louis was convicted, doth he not appear to you a suspicious and dangerous character? Do not his attempts against our power, and the evil he hath done unto our brave Spaniards, demand a public investigation, ere he be admitted to enjoy the benefit of the amnesty? Would it not be advisable to secure his person?"

"I would have done so," answered the governor, "were it not for the assurance given me by the Count de Monte-Calvo that he had done much to exculpate himself as the accuser of his nephew and the deliverer of his son."

"Will your majesty permit me, also, to become his advocate?" added Don Roque, "for I owe my life to him."

"Willingly, sir knight," replied the queen with that winning smile which appeared on her lips when there was question of mercy or forgiveness. "But would you first satisfy my curiosity and tell me what you know concerning that extraordinary man whom one knows not whether to hate or admire?"

"Your majesty knows already the particulars of the siege of Lanjaron."

"Proceed, nevertheless," interrupted the queen; "we can never weary of hearing the exploits of Spanish arms. Besides," she added, "my godson, who hath just arrived from Toledo, will hear with pleasure the story of that memorable siege."

"Being sent by the Alcade de Los Donceles to reconnoitre the defences of Lanjaron before undertaking the attack of that place so important for the rebels, I was so imprudent as to advance too far, and fell into an ambuscade with three cavaliers who accompanied me.

"Brought before El Negro who commanded the fortress, I was loaded with chains; but instead of being shut up in a dungeon, I was condemned to follow the commander wherever he went. What his intentions were in acting so, I cannot say.

"El Negro was of low extraction; but his martial qualities and the services he had rendered to the cause of Islamism during the wars of Granada had won for him the confidence of his people, so that he was appointed to the important post which he then occupied. His manners were simple and unpretending, so that he would have been much beloved by his soldiers were it not for his too great severity.

"Meanwhile the Alcade's troops had completely surrounded Lanjaron, and by cutting off thus all communication between that place and the rebels of the mountains, had reduced it to a state of the utmost distress.

"In this extremity, El Negro, whom I was obliged to follow everywhere like his shadow, assembled the garrison, and by a discourse, short indeed but full of enthusiasm, he endeavored to impress upon his soldiers the importance of keeping possession of Lanjaron till such time as the other Moorish chiefs should have concerted their means of defence and attack.

"This harangue had all the effect which the orator could have desired. It was received with loud acclamations, and for some time the besieged vied with each other as to who should give the greatest proofs of courage and perseverance.

"But being soon driven to extremity by famine, they thought it their duty to make a last effort. They sallied forth and fought with desperation, but they were repulsed with loss, and this repulse discouraged even the most intrepid, whilst the populace began openly to murmur against the vain obstinacy of their chief

"Grieved, but not disheartened by these signs of discord, El Negro maintained his composure, and persevered in his projects. He employed all the means in his power to secure the fidelity of his troops; some he appeased by hopes and promises, others he punished with the cruelty of a ferocious beast.

"Three hideous and bloody heads were already hoisted over the battlements; yet this penalty inflicted on the leaders of the revolt, although it frightened the malcontents, could not succeed in reviving their courage.

"The garrison grew smaller day by day, and those whom famine and the Christian arms had spared thought only of capitulating. Some of the inhabitants had sent a messenger secretly to the Spanish camp, and they were assembled awaiting his return when El Negro appeared suddenly in their midst.

"'Traitors!' he cried in a rage, 'what meaneth this assembly? What is your purpose?'

"'To surrender to the Christians,' replied the chief man present, thinking he had nothing more to fear from El Negro.

"'Wretch!' exclaimed the commander, 'thou, at least, shall never enjoy the fruit of thy treachery!'—and drawing his terrible scimitar, he clove the unfortunate man to the shoulders, and his body rolled to my very feet. The assembly, as terrified as I was myself, kept a dead silence, whilst El Negro looked round with a menacing aspect, his trembling lips foaming with rage.

"'Get you hence!' he cried. 'Give up a cause which you are as unworthy of as unfit to sustain. Go, accept the disgraceful pardon offered by your enemies. I will remain here alone, to show posterity what can be done by a Moor who is deserving of his name; a Moor who remains faithful to the trust reposed in him; faithful to honor and patriotism!'

"So saying, he went to seek his standard, and ascending rapidly to the top of the fortress, he placed himself under the three blackening heads.

"The garrison, disgusted at this revolting spectacle, ran immediately to open the gates to the Christians, whilst the chief walked sadly to and fro on the ramparts. The Christians,

admiring his courage, and, willing to save his life, sent a herald to invite him to lay down his arms. El Negro received the message with a smile expressive at once of contempt and despair, and throwing down the shield which, according to custom, was offered him in token of peace, he trampled it under foot.

“ ‘Go,’ said he to the herald, ‘bear back that answer to those who sent thee hither.’

“ And folding his arms on his chest, he resumed his melancholy walk. The Alcade advanced to the foot of the walls.

“ ‘Yield thee, Moor,’ cried he to El Negro, ‘thou hast done thy duty; more thy nation cannot require at thy hands. Yield thee and accept a pardon!’

“ ‘Never,’ answered El Negro, proudly, ‘never will I yield to Christians. Boast not too much of thy victory, for if I am conquered, it is not by thine arms, but the treachery of my people. I leave to El Feri the care of avenging my death.’

“ He spoke, and grasping the banner with both hands, he sprang from the height of the tower. His body was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

“ Standing at a neighboring window, I had been witness of all that passed, and had heard the last words spoken by El Negro, when the two guards who had been placed in charge of me at the beginning of the siege dragged me roughly away and conveyed me to a cavern underneath the castle. Here we journeyed for a quarter of an hour, when we came to an opening somewhat like a well; through this we ascended, and found ourselves in the midst of a thick forest, so overgrown with brushwood as to be almost impassible.

"We contrived, however, to prosecute our way, and after walking till nightfall we met Ulamalek.

"'You must let the knight go free,' said the renegade to my guards in a tone of command; 'strike off his chains!'

"'We receive orders from no one, not even from thee, Ulamalek, when they are contrary to the interests of our cause.'

"Ulamalek insisted, and my guards thought it their duty to have recourse to their arms. Strong as they were, however, their adversary was stronger still, and found little difficulty in overcoming them. He slew them both, one after the other, and then took off my chains and conducted me to a neighboring cottage inhabited by some Moorish peasants. He commended me to their care, and after warning me repeatedly not to venture forth too soon, he departed and I saw him no more.

"I was well treated at the cottage, and hoped soon to be able to return home, when I was attacked by a severe illness, the effect of my wounds. The honest peasants amongst whom I was did all they possibly could for me, and if I was forced to languish so long far from friends and country, they certainly were not to blame. At length my wounds healed up, and my health was so far restored, that I thought myself able to undertake the journey, especially as it was not a long one. It was my kind host that brought me to the very gates of Granada. I would have given him money, but he refused to accept it, saying that he could not receive payment from a lodger who was recommended by Ulamalek."

This recital appeared to interest the queen very much, and she resolved to send for Ulamalek in order to hear his story from himself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IMPRESSION MADE ON THE PEOPLE OF GRANADA BY THE DEATH OF LOUIS—EL FERI APPEARS AGAIN FOR A MOMENT ON THE SCENE—ISABELLA RECEIVES ULAMALEK AND MARIANA—THE RENEGADE RELATES HIS HISTORY AND RECEIVES HIS PARDON FROM THE QUEEN—FUNERAL OF DON LOUIS.

DURING the three days that the mortal remains of Louis were kept in state, the chapel where the body lay was never empty. Knights and ladies of the highest quality arrived every moment, and the people were seen flocking in crowds. Yet it was not curiosity that drew so many thither, it was the deep impression made on the townspeople by the tragical end of the valiant Lord de Los Prados, whom they had seen within a few days triumphant, accused, condemned to a traitor's death, received back into favor, then falling at last beneath the stroke of a base assassin.

At sight of that body once so fair to look upon, then pale, and livid, and ghastly, one could not help recognizing the hand of divine justice which had struck down the perjurer at the very moment when he was escaping the justice of men; and this sentiment was not only common to the Christians, it was also shared by the Moors. They, too, perceived the hand of God in the fatal blow which had so suddenly terminated the glorious life of the Spanish hero.

Being debarred from entering the palace, the Moors assembled in groups in the streets, and chatted amongst themselves in low, cautious tones, so as not to awaken the suspicions of the Christians.

One of these groups was composed solely of young people. Animated by that thoughtless zeal which belongs to inexperienced persons, they pretended that the death of Louis was a warning given by Heaven to the Moors that they might not be discouraged by the successive reverses they had lately encountered.

"God is great," said one of them, who belonged to that class of Mahometan monks called *Santons*, who enjoyed amongst the Moors a great reputation for piety. "If he has delivered us to the mercy of the Christians, it is but to chastise us for our sins, as was said by our unhappy King Boabdil; but his anger will not last for ever. Why did he employ a Moorish hand to punish a felon knight, if not to let us see that it is for us to chastise in our turn the wretches who have dared to profane our mosques and drive us from our homes?"

He was continuing in this strain, when he was suddenly interrupted by a piercing glance from a Moor of lofty stature who had stopped at a little distance to hear him. This Moor had his turban drawn down over his brow, whilst the lower part of his face was concealed by a shawl muffled around his neck, so that scarce anything was seen except the eyes.

"You reason like a young man," said he to the *Santon* in a deep voice which appeared disguised. "That our sins may have drawn down upon us the evils which have overwhelmed us during this war, I will not deny. But let not the

Moors hope to see the throne of Granada rise again. The sway of the Crescent is over in Spain; the cross shall replace it evermore on the brow of Spain's rulers. It is not the will of God that his servants should honor Him on European ground, it is on the soil of Africa that he awaits the homage of all those who deserve the title of believers."

The young people regarded each other for a moment with surprise not unmixed with fear. They turned once more to try and discover who the mysterious stranger might be, but he had already disappeared.

"It is El Feri!" said the young Santon, suddenly turning pale.

But the name of El Feri had reached the ears of a patrol passing at the moment, and the young men, seeing the soldiers eyeing them inquisitively, thought it best to separate.

Soon after a carriage was seen to arrive drawn by eight mules and bearing the mourning livery of the royal family. The crowd made way, and the carriage having stopped at the door of the Los Prados palace, Don Juan, the king's son, stepped out, he, too, having come to pray for the soul of the deceased knight.

When he had resumed his seat in the carriage, Don Juan drove direct to the house of Don Fernando. Going in, he found Rodrigo leaning on a table, his head resting on his hands, and his face bathed in tears.

Having saluted Don Fernando, he advanced towards his son, who had risen on his entrance, and said:

"My poor young friend, it was but yesterday, on my return from Italy, that I came to learn the severe trials it has pleased

Heaven to send you. I shall not attempt to control your grief by vain words, for religion alone can console you; but you will permit me to divert your thoughts awhile from your gloomy reflections by asking you to bring us Ulamalek, whose story my mother would wish to know."

Rodrigo was unable to articulate a word. Don Fernando was obliged to answer for his son.

"We will follow your highness," said he to Don Juan; "her majesty's desire is entirely in accordance with my own, and I hasten to obey her orders."

An hour later, Don Fernando and his son, with Ulamalek and Mariana, were introduced by Don Juan into the apartments of Isabella.

No sooner had Mariana perceived the queen than she fell to the ground fainting under the weight of her sorrow. Ulamalek tried to raise her, but she was not able to keep her feet. Isabella, moved at the sight, forgot that she had women at her service, and moved forward a seat with her own hands for Mariana.

"Compose yourself, good mother," she said in a trembling voice; "it is not to reproach you that I have brought you hither. What right have I, a poor sinner, to bear hard on the faults of others?"

"Our crime hath been great!" exclaimed Mariana in a voice choked with sobs.

"My friends," interrupted the queen, "if God willeth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live, how can a frail creature such as I refuse mercy? Be reconciled with your God whom you have denied, return to

the communion of our holy mother the Church from which you have unhappily separated, and I will forget that you have been traitors to your sovereign and to your country. In calling you before me, I simply desired to learn from yourselves the story of your fall, the cause of your repentance. Speak, Ulamalek; I listen."

The renegade wiped his eyes, for he, as well as his wife, had been touched by the mild and gracious demeanor of the queen. He then commenced as follows:

"I was employed as steward in the household of the Count de Monte-Calvo, when Donna Inéz, his wife, gave birth to her last son, Rodrigo. The poor lady died a few days after, leaving her infant in such a state of weakness that the afflicted father had no hopes of preserving its life. Mariana was entrusted with the care of the babe, and by her constant and unwearied attention she succeeded in bringing it back from the verge of the grave.

"Desirous of proving his gratitude to Mariana for the preservation of his son's life, Don Fernando established us in a lucrative business in the city of Zahara, where both Mariana and I had first seen the light. Our affairs prospered beyond our hopes; but, at the same time, our success excited the jealousy of certain merchants of the same city who remembered our obscure condition before we went to Murcia. They sought to injure us by circulating many injurious reports which I disdained to notice. Soon, however, I began to feel the fatal effects of these odious machinations, and I resolved to take a signal vengeance on my enemies. Unfortunately, the opportunity soon presented itself.

"Muley-Aben-Hassan, who then occupied the throne of Granada, having learned that the fortress of Zahara was unaccountably neglected by the Spanish government, approached the city unperceived by a night-march through the mountains. He found the walls of the city and the ramparts of the castle deserted by their defenders, who had been driven from their posts by a violent storm which had, on the other hand, enabled him to accomplish his object. Having scaled the walls without any trouble, he fell upon the inhabitants and put them to the sword before they had even suspected the impending danger.

"I was one of the first awoke by the cry of alarm: 'The Moors! the Moors!' and I asked to be brought before the chief of the infidels. It was Muley who received me. Having obtained from him a promise to leave all my goods untouched, I showed him the place where my rivals had concealed their treasures at the beginning of the war, fearing an attack from the Moors. Muley thought that fear and self-interest were the only motives I had in making this disclosure, and I left him in that persuasion. A short time after, I set out with him for Granada, taking with me all my wealth.

"I then discovered the depth of the abyss into which I had been hurried by my thirst for vengeance. Not content with the treasures which I had been instrumental in procuring for them, the Moors further insisted that I should renounce the faith of my fathers. By a just punishment from God my understanding was darkened, and notwithstanding the tears and prayers of my wife, I consented to do all that was required of me. Before the principal mosque of Granada I trampled

under foot my Saviour's Cross. I was so base as to compel Mariana to follow my example. But when her turn came to pronounce the impious words she tottered and fell to the ground. The Moors insisted on no further renewal of this terrible trial, and suffered us to go in peace.

“But ever after I felt within me the gnawing worm of conscience, a reproachful voice which nothing could silence, and there was neither peace nor rest for me. The treasures which I thought to save by my apostacy were taken from me during the troubles which preceded the final fall of Granada. Instead of opening my eyes, I tried to plunge deeper and deeper into darkness; my first indifference was replaced by a fierce hatred of the Christian name, and with oaths which only the demons could suggest, I pledged myself to uphold the cause of the Moors, whatever might be the result of their efforts to recover their independence.

“All this time my poor wife ceased not to pray for me; and when she saw me disposed to hear her, she reproached me so mildly and with so many tears for the crime I had committed, that it was only the fear of being set down as a coward by the Moors that withheld me from asking pardon. It was owing to her entreaties that I never shed Christian blood, save on the field of battle, and defended as many of them as I could when taken prisoners.

“I met Don Rodrigo at Alhacen. The sight of him reminded me of all that I owed to his father, and so I contrived to free him from captivity as soon as opportunity offered. I found him again at Alhauzia, and learned at the same time what had taken place between Don Louis and Carieri regarding this

unfortunate youth. The indignation which I felt on discovering this new villainy gave a fresh impulse to the remorse by which I was agitated. I was ashamed of having lent my arm to such a wretch as Canieri, and so I left him, taking with me the son of my benefactor, and thinking only of asking pardon publicly of God and man for the many and grievous crimes which I had committed."

When Ulamalek had ceased to speak, Isabella arose, her eyes full of tears, and said :

"I grant you both the pardon which you ask of your queen; neither will the Lord refuse His, for He is the God of mercy. For myself, I will do what in my power lies to make you forget your misfortunes."

Penetrated with the liveliest gratitude, Ulamalek and his wife cast themselves on their knees before the queen and kissed the hem of her robe, but unable to express the fulness of their joy otherwise than by tears. They then retired with Don Fernando, the queen wishing to keep Rodrigo near her for some time longer; his affliction having excited her warmest sympathy and compassion.

Next day the funeral of Don Louis took place. All the nobility of Andalusia, brought to Granada by the news of his death, wished to accompany his remains to the cathedral where his obsequies were celebrated. The vast edifice was hung, throughout its whole extent, with black drapery adorned with gold and silver, and in the midst of the nave was erected a magnificent catafalque, surrounded by the arms of the house of Los Prados. More than two thousand tapers burned on the altar, the cornices, and around the catafalque.

It was on a chariot decorated with all knightly emblems that the coffin was brought to the cathedral. The chariot was preceded by the same troops who had escorted the knight to the scaffold, followed by all the members of his noble family. Amongst them was seen the Count de Monte-Calvo, leaning on the arm of Don Juan. The deep sadness imprinted on his face, his tottering step and head bowed down with sorrow, all inspired the beholder with pity. But Rodrigo was not there. The queen had insisted on his remaining with her till the end of the service.

When the obsequies were over the funeral procession returned to the house of the deceased. The coffin was lowered into the family-vault beneath the chapel. The usual prayers were recited, and then the mournful assembly separated in silence, each taking his own way through the crowds of Moors and Christians who blocked up the streets.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

APOSTOLIC EPAL OF FATHER MIGUEL—HE HEARS THE CONFESSION OF ULAMALEK AND MARIANA—THEY ARE BOTH RECEIVED BACK INTO THE CHURCH—MARIANA DIES, AND ULAMALEK RETIRES INTO SOLITUDE.

OUR readers may remember that some days after the arrival of Rodrigo at Alhacen, a Franciscan monk was rescued by Ulamalek, from the hands of a furious mob, at the very moment when, with Canieri's connivance, he was about to fall a victim to his charity and zeal. Father Miguel, as this venerable monk was called, had been subsequently promoted to one of the highest dignities of his order, in the new province of Granada, but he continued none the less his arduous and unremitting exertions for the conversion of the Infidels.

With no other escort than one of his brethren, he visited the towns and villages of the Sierra Nevada, everywhere announcing the word of God, and specially calling upon renegades to repent and do penance. At his voice, the Moors gathered around him, and he exposed to them in such glowing colors the sublime beauties of the Christian religion, that he never retired without having persuaded some of his auditors to ask for baptism. The truth was that, since the conquest of Granada by the Spanish army, and especially since the failure of the last grand attempt organized in the Alpuxarrás, the faith of the

Mahometans in the eternal duration promised to their empire had been much shaken, and hence it became comparatively easy to convince them of the absurdity of their doctrines.

Father Miguel was returning from one of his apostolic journeys on the banks of the Douro, and it so happened that he arrived in front of the Los Prados mansion, at the very moment when the funeral train was issuing forth, sad and silent; he stopped to ask what it meant, when all at once he saw Ulamalek and his wife fall at his feet.

The Franciscan remembered the features of the renegade, and guessing what was passing in his soul, he raised him up, saying :

“ My son, your place is not at my feet, but in my arms. Did I not tell you truly that God would not suffer to go unrewarded the service rendered by you to his unworthy servant? Not a day hath passed since without my praying for you, and I thank Heaven that my prayers are now heard.”

Turning then to Mariana, who was weeping and sobbing, he added :

“ Daughter, you, too, have sinned; but take courage, for of you may be said what the Saviour of the world said to the penitent Magdalen: ‘ Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much.’ Come, children, come, the Lord is waiting for you. His goodness is infinitely greater than your sin hath been, and He solemnly assures us by the mouth of His prophet that ‘ on what day the impious should do penance, He would no more remember his sins.’ ”

Encouraged by these mild words, Ulamalek and Mariana arose and followed Father Miguel to the Church of the Con-

vent where he had fixed his residence. There, kneeling before him whom they regarded as the minister of Divine justice, they humbly confessed their crime; and the confession was accompanied by such evident marks of repentance, that Father Miguel, who, as penitentiary, had power to absolve in reserved cases, would not defer a moment the absolution for which they had not dared to hope.

As to their public reconciliation with the Church, Father Miguel thought it his duty to confer first of all with the Archbishop of Granada. The latter was already made aware of the queen's intentions.

"I desire," said Isabella to the prelate, "that this ceremony may be performed with all possible splendor. Ulamalek has occupied so high a position amongst the Moorish chiefs that we can by no means treat him as an ordinary apostate. I myself will assist at his abjuration, with all my court."

In accordance with the pious wish of the queen, the walls of the Cathedral were no sooner stripped of their funeral drapery after the obsequies of Don Louis, than the Church was decorated with all the pomp usual on great solemnities.

The next day's sun had not yet appeared above the snowy peaks of the Sierra, when the vast edifice was already filled with the faithful, whilst the square in front was crowded with Moors of all ranks, who appeared as much interested in the ceremony as the Christians.

To make the greater impression on their uncultured minds, as they might not enter the sacred precincts, the portico was hung with the richest stuffs, over which ran garlands of flowers; to these were added branches of orange and myrtle.

the scent of which, mingling with that of the incense, perfumed the air around. A detachment of troops commanded by noble knights was stationed on the steps, but it was easy to see by their bearing that they were there for another purpose than that of maintaining order.

As soon as Isabella and her suite had taken their places on the platform erected within the church, a long procession of monks was seen to arrive. In the rear walked Ulamalek and Mariana, still clad in their Moorish costume. Mariana appeared to walk with difficulty, supported by the Countess de Tendilla and another lady of the court, whilst her husband was accompanied by Father Miguel, Rodrigo, and the Count de Monte-Calvo.

On reaching the portal, the two renegades knelt down. The Bishop advanced to meet them and asked what they desired.

Ulamalek answered for himself and his wife:

"We humbly ask to be again admitted into the Church from whose fold we have unhappily wandered."

"Is your repentance sincere?" pursued the bishop. "Do you feel disposed to worship anew that God whose image you have trodden under foot?"

"We do, as Heaven is our witness. Our only desire is to be reconciled with Jesus Christ whom we recognize as the Son of God and the Redeemer of mankind."

Ulamalek then made his abjuration, and, remembering that it was almost on the same spot he had taken those tremendous oaths which were to bind him forever to the cause of Islamism, he spoke in a voice so loud and clear that his words were heard all over the square, the deepest silence prevailing amongst the people.

Mariana having repeated the same formula, she and her husband were clothed with the white tunic given to catechumens when they present themselves at the baptismal font.

Seeing the impression made on the Mahometans by this ceremony, Father Miguel thought himself bound not to neglect such an opportunity of speaking to them concerning the God of Christians and the sublime doctrines bequeathed by Him to men. But even this was not enough for his zeal; after having addressed the Infidels, he would also exhort the Christians, and, having entered the church with Ulamalek and his wife, he ascended the pulpit. There, he spoke so fervently and so eloquently of the happiness of those who, being brought up in the true faith, endeavor to conform their lives to its teachings, that he drew tears from the eyes of all who heard him.

The bishop then ascended the altar to offer up the August Sacrifice. After his own Communion, he descended with the Sacred Host, and presenting it to the new Christians:

"Receive," said he, "the body and blood of that God whom you have called to witness the sincerity of your return to the faith. May you never forget the gratitude and love which you owe Him for the favor He has done you!"

Burning tears coursed each other down the cheeks of Ulamalek and Mariana, and their eyes sparkled with newly-awakened joy and hope.

After the *Te Deum* which concluded the ceremony, the Count de Monte-Calvo brought the two converts home to his palace. But a change was soon perceived in the countenance of Mariana; the delightful emotions of the day had exhausted

her little remaining strength, long since undermined by sorrow and remorse. Her heart beat violently, and her breathing became much obstructed.

"My kind husband," said she to Ulamalek, "my presentiment did not deceive me: I am going to die. Blessed be Heaven, my poor prayers were not rejected!"

Then in a voice almost supernaturally strong, she began to recite the canticle of Simeon: "Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." She had scarcely finished when her eyes closed and she breathed her last sigh.

Ulamalek mourned sincerely the death of his wife; yet, through the darkness of his sorrow, shone the mild and tranquil light of hope, the hope of the Christian who sees in the death of the just nothing more than the passage from a life of misery to one of eternal bliss.

A short time after, the Count de Tendilla made his appearance, sent by the queen to offer Ulamalek the office of steward in one of her castles.

"I am much beholden to her majesty for her royal goodness, whereof I am so little worthy, but I were ungrateful to God, if I refused to consecrate entirely to His service the little time that I have yet to live. Permit me only to render the last duties to my wife, and then to present myself before the archbishop, to ask his permission to live in solitude."

The prelate offered no opposition, but rather approved of such a pious intention, whereupon Ulamalek betook him to a Franciscan convent. Having taken the habit of the order, he retired to the Martyrs' Mountain, where we have seen Rodrigo delivered a second time to Canieri.

History has not recorded the year of his death, but it is said that towards the end of his life, he redoubled his austerities. Like a man running for a prize, he made new efforts according as he approached the goal, so much were his courage and fervor animated by the sight of that heaven towards which he was advancing.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MOORISH REBELS SUBMIT AND ACCEPT THE AMNESTY—
GRIEF UNDERMINES RODRIGO'S HEALTH—HE ASSISTS AT
THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR DON ALONZO—NEXT DAY HIS
FATHER FINDS HIM DEAD IN HIS GARDEN.

THREE months had passed away since the death of Don Louis, and the Christians of Granada were again gladdened by the triumph of the Spanish arms. The insurrection of the Moors was then entirely suppressed, thanks to the wise and prudent policy of Isabella, which had saved the country from the horrors of civil war.

The persons admitted to the queen's council were generally men of virtue and ability, animated by that spirit of charity becoming men who are called to govern nations, and although a certain number of voices were raised against the liberal measures proposed by Isabella, their objections were overruled, and resolutions were adopted, the most moderate and the best adapted to subdue the obstinacy of those Moors who still held out. A complete amnesty was offered to those; furthermore, the same privileges were given to them as to the Spaniards, with a solemn promise that no harsh measures should be employed to make them embrace the Christian religion. Full liberty was given to the Moors to pass over into Africa, if such

were their desire, or otherwise to remain in Spain, with the guarantee that their families and their property should be respected the same as those of the Christians.

These offers produced the effect which the queen expected. The Moors willingly accepted them, and the greater number hastened immediately to lay down their arms at the feet of the Alcade de Los Donceles, who still continued the war. Nevertheless, some Moors of high rank, who could not bring themselves to submit to the Spanish government, retired into Africa. Amongst these we may reckon the famous El Feri de Benas-tepar, for, as the historians of the time are silent as to the period of his death, we are to suppose that he had quitted Spain.

Tranquillity being thus restored, the city of Granada once more enjoyed the happy days it had known under the Moorish kings. But whilst all around were rejoicing, Rodrigo was a prey to grief.

When the body of Louis had been consigned to the tomb, Don Fernando would have persuaded his son to leave a city full of such cruel recollections, but Rodrigo implored him to postpone his departure, adding that he thought he had not long to live.

In fact he had passed so suddenly, and in the same day, from grief to the liveliest joy, and from joy to the most profound grief, that his constitution, however strong it might be, could not withstand such violent shocks. The grief which was consuming his heart could not fail to bring him to an untimely grave.

He had fallen into such a state of despondency, that neither the kind attention of his friends nor the tender solicitude of his

father could divert him, even for a moment, from the gloomy subject of his thoughts. The proofs of affection everywhere lavished upon him sometimes drew a faint smile to his lips; but alas! it was soon replaced by tears, and the hapless youth relapsed into that silent lethargy which generally succeeds the violent paroxysms of grief.

All day long he kept wandering around the house, like a perturbed spirit vainly seeking rest; and often in the dead of night, deep groans were heard to proceed from his apartment.

Don Fernando watched incessantly over the progress of his son's disease. The features of the youth gradually changed, and the faculties of his mind began to fail perceptibly. Nothing could any longer break in on the dull monotony of his thoughts; sometimes, when the evening shades were falling, he would glide like a phantom amongst the garden trees, in search of perfect solitude and a free indulgence of his grief.

This had been going on some time, when one day the Count de Monte-Calvo asked his son to assist with him at the requiem service about to be performed for the repose of the soul of Don Alonzo d'Aguilar.

As we have elsewhere said, this illustrious chief had been buried on the Sierra Bermeja, by order of El Feri. After the pacification of the kingdom, the Moors, who alone knew the place of his sepulture, made it known to the ministers of Isabella, who had the body immediately exhumed and conveyed to Granada, thence to Cordova, to be placed in the tomb of his ancestors.

When the funeral train entered the city of Granada, when the Christians beheld the coffin which contained the remains of

their favorite hero, and the war-horse on which they saw him set out for the Sierra, one universal cry of grief and despair burst forth on every side. The body was borne with much sorrow to the cathedral, and the queen, with her whole court, assisted at the service.

But this sight, far from distracting Rodrigo, as his father had hoped, from the remembrance of Louis, did but increase the malady which consumed him. He returned home sadder and more dejected than ever.

Next morning, however, Don Fernando was agreeably surprised to see his son with a calm and serene aspect. The melancholy which had so long clouded his brow had disappeared, and a sweet smile was on his lips.

The old man considered this change as a favorable symptom, and he could not help expressing to his son his newly-awakened hope.

"I know not how I feel," answered Rodrigo; "but it seems to me that my last hour is not far off."

"How silly it is of thee to talk so, my son!" replied Don Fernando. "Why wilt thou indulge in such idle fancies?"

"Forgive me, father; but I feel that I shall soon leave you. My comfort is, that our separation shall not be eternal. We shall meet again in the bosom of our God."

These words went to the old man's heart. He embraced his son weeping, and went to consult the physician on what had passed; the physician endeavored to calm his fears, but it was easy to see that he himself had renounced all hope.

Night came and the count saw nothing of his son. He waited a little, but seeing that Rodrigo did not appear, he

repaired to the garden where he knew the boy loved to walk.

Pedro, who since the death of his former master had attached himself to the family of Monte-Calvo, took a torch and accompanied the count into the garden.

"Rodrigo, my child! where art thou?" the old man cried, but echo alone replied to his plaintive voice.

He became alarmed and went hastily to the arbor situated at the extremity of the garden. There he perceived Rodrigo lying on a bank apparently sleeping. He approached and rebuked him tenderly for his absence.

"Awake, my son, awake!" said he, "why dost thou sleep thus in the open air? The night-dew may be fatal in thy present state of health."

But Rodrigo stirred not. Don Fernando took his hand, and addressing Pedro:

"Come hither," said he, "with the light."

Pedro obeyed weeping: he suspected the terrible truth.

Seeing the pale inanimate face of his son, and touching his icy limbs, the unfortunate father was struck with consternation. He raised the drooping head and pressed it to his bosom as if to warm it again by his caresses.

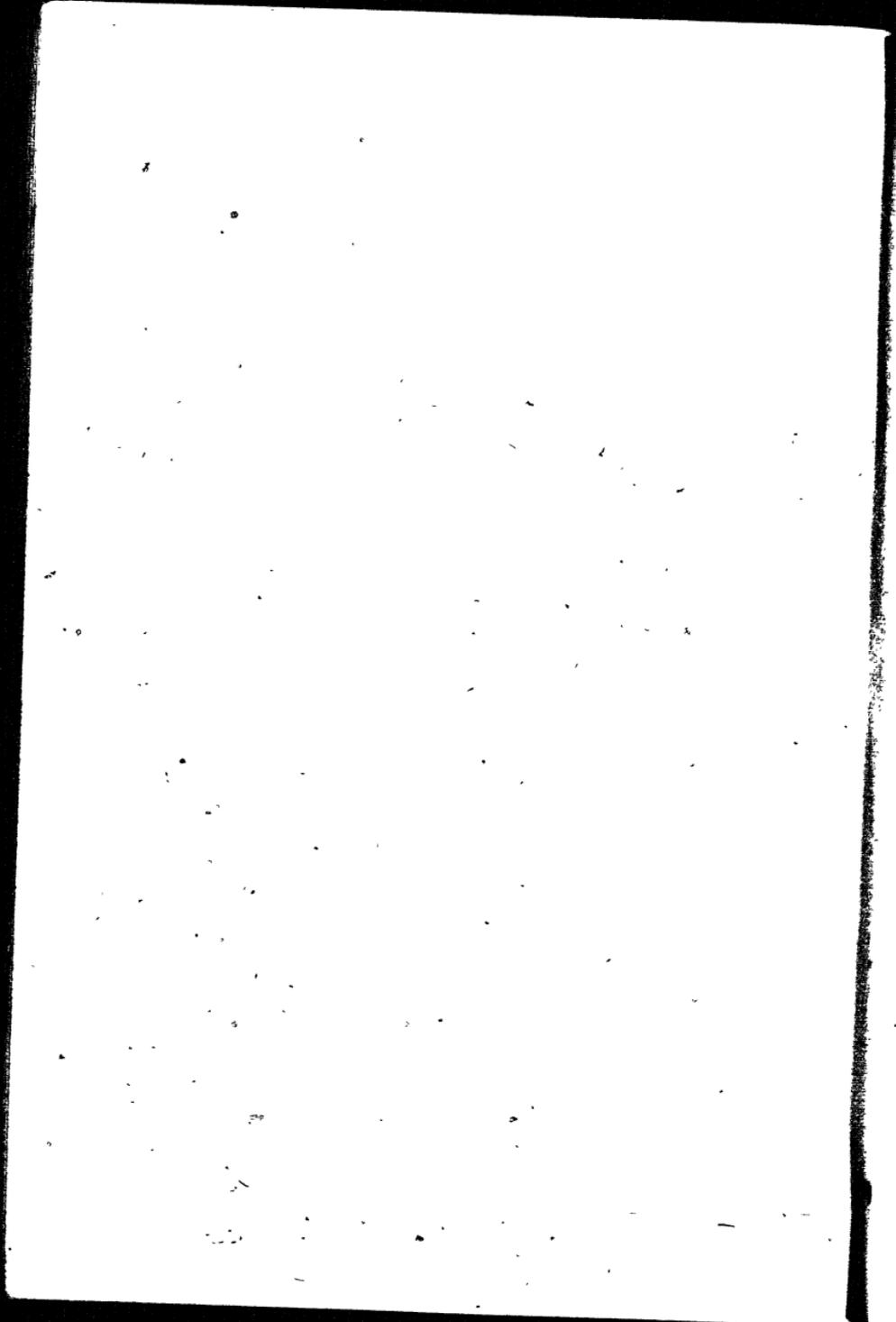
"My son! my Rodrigo!" he cried in piteous tones, "awake, I implore thee!—answer thy father!"

Rodrigo answered not: he slept the last sleep; the angel of death had passed that way and closed his eyes forever.

When Pedro tried to lift him up, Don Fernando saw a collar fall from his lifeless hands: it was that which had been worn by Louis on the day of his death. This mute evidence proved

that Rodrigo had but lately ceased to live, for it was wet with the tears he had been shedding over his cousin's fate; last effort of his expiring soul, last proof of his friendship for a man who had shown himself so little worthy of it.

THE END.



CATHOLIC YOUTH'S LIBRARY.

First Series, 12 volumes, Cloth, extra, in Box..... \$5.40
in Fancy Paper Covers..... 3.00
or sold separately—Cloth, 45c.; Paper, 25c. per volume.

IDLENESS; or, THE DOUBLE LESSON, and other Tales.

THE VANDETTA, and other Tales.

THE FATE OF FATHER SHEEHY. A Tale of Tipperary.

THE DAUGHTER OF TYRCONNELL. A Tale of the
Reign of James the First.

AGNES OF BRAUNSBURG, AND WILHELM; or, Chris-
tian Forgiveness.

LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.

TALES AND STORIES FROM THE FRENCH OF VIS-
COUNT WALSH.

THE EXILE OF TADMOR, and other Tales.

ART OF SUFFERING. Translated from the French.

BENJAMIN; or, Pupil of the Christian Brothers' Schools.

THE POPE'S NIECE, and other Tales.

CATHOLIC YOUTH'S LIBRARY,

SECOND SERIES, 12 VOLUMES, CONTAINING

THE ABBEY OF ROSS.; Its History and Details.

THE MYSTERIOUS HERMIT; or, The Grotto of Beatus.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER, and other Tales.

STORIES ON THE BEATITUDES.

TEN STORIES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE POACHERS, and other Tales.

ROBERT MAY, AND TOM HOWARD.

CLARA MITTLAND. A Tale.

SELM; or, The Pascha of Salonica.

THE PRETTY PLATE.

WINIFRIDE JONES; or, The Very Ignorant Girl.

KEIGHLEY HALL, and other Tales.

COTTAGE & PARLOR LIBRARY.

FIRST SERIES, 12 VOLUMES, 16MO. CLOTH.

OLD AND NEW; or TASTE vs. FASHION. By Mrs. J. SADLER	\$1 13
HERMIT OF THE ROCK. A Tale of Cashel. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 13
MACCARTHY MORE; or The Fortunes of an Irish Chief. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 00
OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE; or Recollections of a Prough. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 13
THE HEIRESS OF KILORGAN; or, Evenings with the Old Geraldines. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 50
CON O'REGAN; or, Scenes from Emigrant Life. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 00
MAUREN DIU; A Tale of the Claddagh of Galway. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 13
AUNT HONORS' KEEPSAKE. A Chapter from Life. By Mrs. J. SADLER	1 00
NEW LIGHTS; or, Life in Galway. By Mrs. J. SADLER.	1 00
THE CATHOLIC CRUSOE; or, Adventures of Owen Evans. By Dr. ANDERDON	1 00
EASTER IN HEAVEN. By Rev. F. X. WENINGER, S. J.	1 00
GOLESMITH'S POEMS. and Vicar WAKEFIELD.	1 00

COTTAGE & PARLOR LIBRARY.

SECOND SERIES, 12 VOLUMES, 16MO. CLOTH.

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES. Illustrating the Apostles Creed	\$ 75
CATHOLIC ANECDOTES. Illustrating the Commandments	1 00
CATHOLIC ANECDOTES. Illustrating the Sacraments.	1 00
BESSY CONWAY; or, The Irish Girl in America. By Mrs. J. SADLER	75
ELINOR PRESTON; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. J. SADLER	75
CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE. By Mrs. J. SADLER.	75
SPANISH CAVALIERS. A Tale of the Moorish Wars. By Mrs. J. SADLER	75
LOST SON. A Tale of the French Revolution	75
LOVE; or SELF SACRIFICE. By LADY HERBERT	75
WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE. By LADY DACRE	1 00
DISAPPOINTED AMBITION. By MISS STEWART	75
GUIDE TO CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN. By Rev. G. DUNN	90

000000
000000
000000
000000
000000



