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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

Tanto acrior apud majores, sicut virtutibus gloria, ita flagitiis pœnitentia, fuit. Sed hæc aliaque, ex veteri memoriâ petita, quotiens res locusque exempla recti, aut solatia mali, poscet, haud absurdè memorabimus.

TACITI *Hist. lib.* 3. *c.* 51.

TO

GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

IN LASTING MEMORIAL

OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

BY HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CONTENTS.

		Page
PREFACE		ix
ORIGINAL PREFACE		xxi
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS:		
I.	Roderick and Romano	1
II.	Roderick in Solitude	12
III.	Adosinda	21
IV.	The Monastery of St. Felix	35
V.	Roderick and Siverian	46
VI.	Roderick in Times past	59
VII.	Roderick and Pelayo	67
VIII.	Alphonso	74
IX.	Florinda	82
X.	Roderick and Florinda	87
XI.	Count Pedro's Castle	101
XII.	The Vow	108
XIII.	Count Eudon	116
XIV.	The Rescue	125
XV.	Roderick at Cangas	131
XVI.	Covadonga	141
XVII.	Roderick and Siverian	152
XVIII.	The Acclamation	161
XIX.	Roderick and Rusilla	173
XX.	The Moorish Camp	178
XXI.	The Fountain in the Forest	188
XXII.	The Moorish Council	204
XXIII.	The Vale of Covadonga	212
XXIV.	Roderick and Count Julian	222
XXV.	Roderick in Battle	232
NOTES		251

As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment, . . nay from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

WORDSWORTH.

PREFACE.

THIS poem was commenced at Keswick, Dec. 2. 1809, and finished there July 14. 1814.

A French translation, by M. B. de S., in three volumes 12mo., was published in 1820, and another by M. le Chevalier * * * in one volume 8vo., 1821. Both are in prose.

When the latest of these versions was nearly ready for publication, the publisher, who was also the printer, insisted upon having a life of the author prefixed. The French public, he said, knew nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the book sell, it must be managed to interest them for the writer. The Chevalier represented as a conclusive reason for not attempting any thing of the kind, that he was not acquainted with M. Southey's

private history. "Would you believe it?" says a friend of the translator's, from whose letter I transcribe what follows; "this was his answer *verbatim*: '*N'importe, écrivez toujours; brodez, brodez-la un peu; que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien; qui prendra la peine de s'informer?*'" Accordingly a *Notice sur M. Southey* was composed, not exactly in conformity with the publisher's notions of biography, but from such materials as could be collected from Magazines and other equally unauthentic sources.

In one of these versions a notable mistake occurs, occasioned by the French pronunciation of an English word. The whole passage indeed, in both versions, may be regarded as curiously exemplifying the difference between French and English poetry.

"The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern windows slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds
Or joyous motions of awakenin life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes
As if in mimicry of insect play,
Floated with mazy movement. Sloping down

Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,
And rested on the sinful woman's grave
As if it enter'd there, a light from Heaven.
So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!
As in a momentary interval,
When thought expelling thought, had left his mind
Open and passive to the influxes
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was there, . .
So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!
Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the groans
Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the dolorous house
Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts
And other duties than this garb, this night
Enjoin, should thus have past! Our mother-land
Exacted of my heart the sacrifice;
And many a vigil must thy son perform
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses,
And tented fields, outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day, before the sun begins his course." *

* See pages 77, 78. antè.

Il se livrait à toutes ces réflexions, quand la lumière des lampes et des cierges commença à pâlir, et que les premières teintes de l'aurore se montrèrent à travers les hautes croisées tournées vers l'orient. Le retour du jour ne ramena point dans ces murs des sons joyeux ni les mouvemens de la vie qui se réveille ; les seuls papillons de nuit, agitant leurs ailes pesantes, bourdonnaient encore sous les voûtes ténébreuses. Bientôt le premier rayon du soleil glissant obliquement par-dessus l'autel, vint s'arrêter sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel sembla y pénétrer. " Que ce présage s'accomplisse," s'écria Pelage, qui absorbé dans ses méditations, fixait en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau de sa mere ; "Dieu de miséricorde, qu'il en soit ainsi ! Puisse ta bonté vivifiante y verser de même le pardon ! Que les sanglots de la pénitence expirante, et que mes prières amères ne montent point en vain devant le trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre âme, qui de ton séjour douloureux de souffrances et de larmes, espères en moi pour abréger et adoucir ton supplice, temporaire, pardonne moi d'avoir, sous ces habits et dans cette nuit, détourné mes pensées sur d'autres devoirs. Notre patrie commune a exigé de moi ce sacrifice, et ton fils doit dorénavant accomplir plus d'une veille dans la profondeur des forêts, sur la cime des monts, dans les plaines couvertes de tentes, ob-

servant, pour l'amour de l'Espagne, la marche des astres de la nuit, et préparant l'ouvrage de sa journée avant que le soleil ne commence sa course."—T. i. pp. 175—177.

In the other translation the *motes* are not converted into moths, — but the image is omitted.

Consumées dans des soins pareils les rapides heures s'écouloient, les lampes et les torches commençoient à pâlir, et l'oblique rayon du matin doroit déjà les vitraux élevés qui regardoient vers l'Orient: le retour du jour ne ramenoit point, dans cette sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se reveille; mais, tombant d'en haut, le céleste rayon, passant au-dessus de l'autel, vint frapper le tombeau de la femme pécheresse. "Ainsi soit-il," s'écria Pelage; " ainsi soit-il, ô divin Créateur! Puisse ta vivifiante bonté verser ainsi le pardon en ce lieu! Que les gémissemens d'une mort pénitente, que mes amères prières ne soient pas arrivées en vain devant la trône de miséricorde! Et toi, qui, de ton séjour de souffrances et de larmes, regardes vers ton fils, pour abréger et soulager tes peines, pardonne, si d'autres devoirs ont rempli les heures que cette nuit et cet habit m'enjoignoient de te consacrer! Notre patrie exigeoit ce sacrifice; d'autres vigiles m'attendent dans les bois et les défilés de nos montagnes; et bientôt sous

la tente, il me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le ciel ne se couvre d'étoiles, être prêt pour le travail du jour, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course."— pp. 92, 93.

A very good translation in Dutch verse, was published in two volumes, 8vo. 1823-4, with this title:— "Rodrigo de Goth, Koning van Spanje. Naar het Engelsch van Southey gevolgd, door Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk. Te 's Gravenhage." It was sent to me with the following epistle from her husband, Mr. Willem Bilderdijk.

"Roberto Southey, viro spectatissimo,
Gulielmus Bilderdijk, S. P. D.

"Etsi ea nunc temporis passim invaluerit opinio, poetarum genus quam maxima gloriæ cupiditate flagrare, mihi tamen contraria semper insedit persuasio, qui divinæ Poëseos altitudinem veramque laudem non nisi ab iis cognosci putavi quorum præ cæteris e meliori luto finxerit præcordia Titan, neque aut verè aut justè judicari vatem nisi ab iis qui eodem afflatu moveantur. Sexagesimus autem jam agitur annus ex quo et ipse meos inter æquales poëta salutor, eumque locum quem ineunte adolescentia

occupare contigit, in hunc usque diem tenuisse videor, popularis auræ nunquam captator, quin immo perpetuus contemptor; parcus ipse laudator, censor gravis et nonnunquam molestus. Tuum vero nomen, Vir celeberrime ac spectatissime, jam antea veneratus, perlecto tuo de Roderico rege poëmate, non potui non summis extollere laudibus, quo doctissimo simul ac venustissimo opere, si minus *divinam Aeneida*, saltem immortalem Tassonis Epopeiam *tentasse*, quin et certo respectu ita superasse videris, ut majorum perpaucos, æqualium neminem, cum vera fide ac pietate in Deum, tum ingenio omnique poëtica dote tibi comparandum existimem. Ne mireris itaque, carminis tui gravitate ac dulcedine captam, meoque judicio fultam, non illaudatam in nostratibus Musam tuum illud nobile poëma fœminea manu sed non insueto labore attrectasse, Belgicoque sermone reddidisse. Hanc certe, per quadrantem seculi et quod excurrit felicissimo connubio mihi junctam, meamque in Divina arte alumnam ac sociam, nimium in eo sibi sumpsisse nemo facile arbitrabitur cui vel minimum Poëseos nostræ sensum usurpare contigerit, nec ego hos ejus conatus quos illustri tuo nomini dicandos putavit, tibi mea manu offerre dubitabam. Hæc itaque utriusque nostrum in te observantiæ specimina accipe, Vir illustrissime, ac si quod communium studiorum, si

quod veræ pietatis est vinculum, nos tibi ex animo habe addictissimos. Vale.

"Dabam Lugduni in Batavis. Ipsis idib. Februar. CIↃIↃCCCXXIV."

I went to Leyden in 1825, for the purpose of seeing the writer of this epistle, and the lady who had translated my poem, and addressed it to me in some very affecting stanzas. It so happened, that on my arrival in that city, I was laid up under a surgeon's care; they took me into their house, and made the days of my confinement as pleasurable as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more various and extensive knowledge than Bilderdijk, confessedly the most distinguished man of letters in his own country. His wife was worthy of him. I paid them another visit the following year. They are now both gone to their rest, and I shall not look upon their like again.

Soon after the publication of Roderick, I received the following letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, (who had passed a few days with me in the preceding autumn,) giving me an account of his endeavours to procure a favourable notice of the poem in the Edinburgh Review.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 15. 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I was very happy at seeing the post-mark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe my "Wake" has given to the beauteous and happy groupe at Greta Hall. Indeed few things could give me more pleasure, for I left my heart a sojourner among them. I have had a higher opinion of matrimony since that period than ever I had before, and I desire that you will positively give my kindest respects to each of them individually.

"The Pilgrim of the Sun is published, as you will see by the Papers, and if I may believe some communications that I have got, the public opinion of it is high; but these communications to an author are not to be depended on.

"I have read Roderick over and over again, and am the more and more convinced that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every particular. He says it is too long, and wants *elasticity*, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its

favour. I had even teazed him to let me review it for him, on account, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence out of the letter he sent in answer to mine:—

"'For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as his neighbour Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his Roderick; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over that and other kindred subjects with you; for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty according to my own apprehensions of it.'

"I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the marrow of the thing to come at as yet, and in that I was joined by Mr.

Alison. There was at the same time a Lady M—— joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—"Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

"I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do any thing, nor publish any thing that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed toward you.

"I am ever your's most truly,

"JAMES HOGG.

"I wish the Notes may be safe enough. I never looked at them. I wish these large quartos were all in hell burning."

The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say any thing which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

> But what success the Shepherd met
> Is to the world a secret yet.

There can be no reason, however, for withhold-

ing what was said in my reply of the *crushing* review which had been given to Wordsworth's great poem: — "*He* crush the Excursion!! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw!"

Keswick, 15 June, 1838.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

The history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasuintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chieftain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo, the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, recovered the throne, and put out Witiza's eyes in vengeance for his father; but he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a Priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the two sons of Witiza, by Pelayo's

mother. It may be convenient thus briefly to premise these circumstances of an obscure portion of history, with which few readers can be supposed to be familiar; and a list of the principal persons who are introduced, or spoken of, may as properly be prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

WITIZA, ... King of the Wisi-Goths; dethroned and blinded by Roderick.

THEODOFRED, . . . son of King Chindasuintho, blinded by King Witiza.

FAVILA, ... his brother; put to death by Witiza.

The Wife of Favila, Witiza's adulterous mistress.

(*These four persons are dead before the action of the poem commences.*)

* * * *

RODERICK, ... the last King of the Wisi-Goths: son of Theodofred.

PELAYO, ... the founder of the Spanish Monarchy: son of Favila.

GAUDIOSA, ... his wife.

GUISLA, ... his sister.

FAVILA, ... his son.

HERMESIND, ... his daughter.

RUSILLA, ... widow of Theodofred, and mother of Roderick.

COUNT PEDRO, . . } powerful Lords of Cantabria.
COUNT EUDON, . }

ALPHONSO, ... Count Pedro's son, afterwards King.

URBAN, ... Archbishop of Toledo.

ROMANO, ... a Monk of the Caulian Schools, near Merida.

ABDALAZIZ, ... the Moorish Governor of Spain.

EGILONA, ... formerly the wife of Roderick, now of Abdalaziz.

ABULCACEM, ...
ALCAHMAN, ...
AYUB, ... } Moorish Chiefs.
IBRAHIM, ...
MAGUED, ...

Orfas, ... brother to Witiza, and formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a renegade.

Sisibert, ... } sons of Witiza and of Pelayo's mother.
Ebba, ... }

Numacian, ... a renegade, governor of Gegio.

Count Julian, . . . a powerful Lord among the Wisi-Goths, now a renegade.

Florinda, ... his daughter, violated by King Roderick.

* * * * *

Adosinda, ... daughter of the Governor of Auria.

Odoar, ... Abbot of St. Felix.

Siverian, ... Roderick's foster-father.

Favinia, ... Count Pedro's wife.

The four latter persons are imaginary. All the others are mentioned in history. I ought, however, to observe, that Romano is a creature of monkish legends; that the name of Pelayo's sister has not been preserved; and that that of Roderick's mother, Ruscilo, has been altered to Rusilla, for the sake of euphony.

RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

I.

RODERICK AND ROMANO.

LONG had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven;
At length the measure of offence was full.
Count Julian call'd the invaders; not because
Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stain'd their country; not because a yoke
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd
The children of the soil; a private wrong
Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to wreak
His vengeance for his violated child
On Roderick's head, in evil hour for Spain,
For that unhappy daughter and himself,
Desperate apostate . . on the Moors he call'd;
And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend. A countless multitude they came;
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,

Persian and Copt and Tatar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoin'd, . . strong in the youth
And heat of zeal, . . a dreadful brotherhood,
In whom all turbulent vices were let loose;
While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them
All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
There on the beach the Misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze;
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd
With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land
Wafted, as from an open charnel-house,
The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up
Corruption through the infected atmosphere.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour
Was come, and Vengeance, long withheld, went loose.
Famine and Pestilence had wasted them,
And Treason, like an old and eating sore,
Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength;
And worst of enemies, their Sins were arm'd
Against them. Yet the sceptre from their hands
Pass'd not away inglorious, nor was shame
Left for their children's lasting heritage;
Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured, till perfidy
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk
Defeated, not dishonour'd. On the banks
Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was found,
His battle-horse Orelio, and that helm
Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did the stream
Receive him with the undistinguish'd dead,
Christian and Moor, who clogg'd its course that day?
So thought the Conqueror, and from that day forth,
Memorial of his perfect victory,
He bade the river bear the name of Joy.
So thought the Goths; they said no prayer for him,
For him no service sung, nor mourning made,
But charged their crimes upon his head, and curs'd
His memory.

Bravely in that eight-days fight
The King had striven, . . for victory first, while hope
Remain'd, then desperately in search of death.
The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,

Wretch that I am, extended over me?
Cried Roderick; and he dropt Orelio's reins,
And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer, . .
Death is the only mercy that I crave,
Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness!
Aloud he cried; but in his inmost heart
There answer'd him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgement after death,
And God's redeeming love, which fain would save
The guilty soul alive. 'T was agony,
And yet 't was hope; . . a momentary light,
That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross
To point salvation, then left all within
Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
Sudden and irresistible as stroke
Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Struck down, he knew not; loosen'd from his wrist
The sword-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glued there with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
His horned helmet and enamell'd mail,
He cast aside, and taking from the dead
A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved
Stole like a thief in darkness from the field.

Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With forms more horrible of eager fiends
That seem'd to hover round, and gulphs of fire
Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan

Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
Roused him from these dread visions, and he call'd
In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips
Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul
In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
As from perpetual springs, for ever flow'd.
No hart e'er panted for the water-brooks
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live:
But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell . .
Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends
Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head, . .
Florinda stood between, and warn'd him off
With her abhorrent hands, . . that agony
Still in her face, which, when the deed was done,
Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
That it invoked from Heaven .... Oh what a night
Of waking horrors! Nor when morning came
Did the realities of light and day
Bring aught of comfort; wheresoe'er he went
The tidings of defeat had gone before;
And leaving their defenceless homes to seek
What shelter walls and battlements might yield,
Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,
And widows with their infants in their arms,
Hurried along. Nor royal festival,
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
E'er fill'd the public way. All whom the sword
Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity

Alone was left behind; the cripple plied
His crutches, with her child of yesterday
The mother fled, and she whose hour was come
Fell by the road.
Less dreadful than this view
Of outward suffering which the day disclosed,
Had night and darkness seem'd to Roderick's heart,
With all their dread creations. From the throng
He turn'd aside, unable to endure
This burthen of the general woe; nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought,
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hasten'd on all day,
And with unslacken'd speed was travelling still
When evening gather'd round. Seven days from morn
Till night he travell'd thus; the forest oaks,
The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food; the hand
Of Heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond
All natural force of man.
When the eighth eve
Was come, he found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was the hour
Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,
Nor other sound, than of the passing stream,
Or stork, who flapping with wide wing the air,
Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower.
Brethren and pupils thence alike had fled

To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighbouring Merida. One aged Monk
Alone was left behind; he would not leave
The sacred spot beloved, for having served
There from his childhood up to ripe old age
God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, before that altar to await
The merciless misbelievers, and lay down
His life, a willing martyr. So he staid
When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps,
And kept devotedly the altar drest,
And duly offer'd up the sacrifice.
Four days and nights he thus had pass'd alone,
In such high mood of saintly fortitude,
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly joy;
And now at evening to the gate he went
If he might spy the Moors, . . for it seem'd long
To tarry for his crown.
Before the Cross
Roderick had thrown himself; his body raised,
Half kneeling, half at length he lay; his arms
Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
Tears streaming down bedew'd the senseless stone.
He had not wept till now, and at the gush
Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,
From a long winter's icey thrall let loose,
Had open'd to the genial influences
Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him up,

And took him by the arm, and led him in;
And there before the altar, in the name
Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung,
Spake comfort, and adjured him in that name
There to lay down the burthen of his sins.
Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
My spirit may receive the purple robe
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.
That God who willeth not the sinner's death
Hath led thee hither. Threescore years and five,
Even from the hour when I, a five-years child,
Enter'd the schools, have I continued here
And served the altar: not in all those years
Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appear'd before me. O my brother, Heaven
Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine,
That my last earthly act may reconcile
A sinner to his God.
Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried, . . thou seest, . . but memory
And suffocating thoughts repress'd the word,
And shudderings like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, . . Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell its whole abhorred history:

He not the less pursued, . . the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straighten'd down, and hands outspread, and eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Awaited life or death.
All night the old man
Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused
A healing hope of mercy that allay'd
Its heat of anguish. But Romano saw
What strong temptations of despair beset,
And how he needed in this second birth,
Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's care.
Father in Heaven, he cried, thy will be done!
Surely I hoped that I this day should sing
Hosannahs at thy throne; but thou hast yet
Work for thy servant here. He girt his loins,
And from her altar took with reverent hands
Our Lady's image down: In this, quoth he,
We have our guide and guard and comforter,
The best provision for our perilous way.
Fear not but we shall find a resting place,
The Almighty's hand is on us.
They went forth,
They cross'd the stream, and when Romano turn'd
For his last look toward the Caulian towers,
Far off the Moorish standards in the light
Of morn were glittering, where the miscreant host
Toward the Lusitanian capital

To lay their siege advanced; the eastern breeze
Bore to the fearful travellers far away
The sound of horn and tambour o'er the plain.
All day they hasten'd, and when evening fell
Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line
Of glory came from Heaven to point their course.
But feeble were the feet of that old man
For such a weary length of way; and now
Being pass'd the danger (for in Merida
Sacaru long in resolute defence
Withstood the tide of war,) with easier pace
The wanderers journey'd on; till having cross'd
Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zezere,
They from Albardos' hoary height beheld
Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair lake
Where Alcoa, mingled there with Baza's stream,
Rests on its passage to the western sea,
That sea the aim and boundary of their toil.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage
Was full, when they arrived where from the land
A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,
O'erhung the glittering beach; there on the top
A little lowly hermitage they found,
And a rude Cross, and at its foot a grave,
Bearing no name, nor other monument.
Where better could they rest than here, where faith
And secret penitence and happiest death
Had bless'd the spot, and brought good Angels down,
And open'd as it were a way to Heaven?
Behind them was the desert, offering fruit

And water for their need: on either side
The white sand sparkling to the sun; in front,
Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd
The wonders of the Almighty, filling thus
The pauses of their fervent orisons.
Where better could the wanderers rest than here?

II.

RODERICK IN SOLITUDE.

TWELVE months they sojourn'd in their solitude,
And then beneath the burthen of old age
Romano sunk. No brethren were there here
To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes strew
That penitential bed, and gather round
To sing his requiem, and with prayer and psalm
Assist him in his hour of agony.
He lay on the bare earth, which long had been
His only couch; beside him Roderick knelt,
Moisten'd from time to time his blacken'd lips,
Received a blessing with his latest breath,
Then closed his eyes, and by the nameless grave
Of the fore-tenant of that holy place
Consign'd him earth to earth.
Two graves are here,
And Roderick transverse at their feet began
To break the third. In all his intervals
Of prayer, save only when he search'd the woods
And fill'd the water-cruise, he labour'd there;
And when the work was done, and he had laid
Himself at length within its narrow sides
And measured it, he shook his head to think
There was no other business now for him.

Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he exclaim'd,
And would that night were come! . . It was a task,
All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled
The sense of solitude; but now he felt
The burthen of the solitary hours:
The silence of that lonely hermitage
Lay on him like a spell; and at the voice
Of his own prayers, he started half aghast.
Then too as on Romano's grave he sate
And pored upon his own, a natural thought
Arose within him, . . well might he have spared
That useless toil; the sepulchre would be
No hiding place for him; no Christian hands
Were here who should compose his decent corpse
And cover it with earth. There he might drag
His wretched body at its passing hour,
But there the Sea-Birds of her heritage
Would rob the worm, or peradventure seize,
Ere death had done its work, their helpless prey.
Even now they did not fear him: when he walk'd
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly
They saw his coming; and their whirring wings
Upon the height had sometimes fann'd his cheek,
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man were done away.
For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain; repentance had no pangs to spare
For trifles such as these, . . the loss of these
Was a cheap penalty; . . that he had fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,

His hope and consolation. But to lose
His human station in the scale of things, . .
To see brute nature scorn him, and renounce
Its homage to the human form divine; . .
Had then Almighty vengeance thus reveal'd
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed
Below fallen man, below redemption's reach, . .
Made lower than the beasts, and like the beasts
To perish! . . Such temptations troubled him
By day, and in the visions of the night;
And even in sleep he struggled with the thought,
And waking with the effort of his prayers
The dream assail'd him still.
A wilder form
Sometimes his poignant penitence assumed,
Starting with force revived from intervals
Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest;
When floating back upon the tide of thought
Remembrance to a self-excusing strain
Beguiled him, and recall'd in long array
The sorrows and the secret impulses
Which to the abyss of wretchedness and guilt
Led their unwary victim. The evil hour
Return'd upon him, when reluctantly
Yielding to worldly counsel his assent,
In wedlock to an ill-assorted mate
He gave his cold unwilling hand: then came
The disappointment of the barren bed,
The hope deceived, the soul dissatisfied,
Home without love, and privacy from which
Delight was banish'd first, and peace too soon
Departed. Was it strange that when he met

A heart attuned, . . a spirit like his own,
Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild,
And tender as a youthful mother's joy, . .
Oh was it strange if at such sympathy
The feelings which within his breast repell'd
And chill'd had shrunk, should open forth like flowers
After cold winds of night, when gentle gales
Restore the genial sun ? If all were known,
Would it indeed be not to be forgiven ? . .
(Thus would he lay the unction to his soul,)
If all were truly known, as Heaven knows all,
Heaven that is merciful as well as just, . .
A passion slow and mutual in its growth,
Pure as fraternal love, long self-conceal'd,
And when confess'd in silence, long controll'd;
Treacherous occasion, human frailty, fear
Of endless separation, worse than death, . .
The purpose and the hope with which the Fiend
Tempted, deceived, and madden'd him; . . . but then
As at a new temptation would he start,
Shuddering beneath the intolerable shame,
And clench in agony his matted hair;
While in his soul the perilous thought arose,
How easy 'twere to plunge where yonder waves
Invited him to rest.
Oh for a voice
Of comfort, . . for a ray of hope from Heaven !
A hand that from these billows of despair
May reach and snatch him ere he sink engulph'd !
At length, as life when it hath lain long time
Oppress beneath some grievous malady,
Seems to rouse up with re-collected strength,

And the sick man doth feel within himself
A second spring; so Roderick's better mind
Arose to save him. Lo! the western sun
Flames o'er the broad Atlantic; on the verge
Of glowing ocean rests; retiring then
Draws with it all its rays, and sudden night
Fills the whole cope of heaven. The penitent
Knelt by Romano's grave, and falling prone,
Claspt with extended arms the funeral mould.
Father! he cried; Companion! only friend,
When all beside was lost! thou too art gone,
And the poor sinner whom from utter death
Thy providential hand preserved, once more
Totters upon the gulph. I am too weak
For solitude, . . too vile a wretch to bear
This everlasting commune with myself.
The Tempter hath assail'd me; my own heart
Is leagued with him; Despair hath laid the nets
To take my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,
Haunts me, and drives me to the toils. O Saint,
While I was blest with thee, the hermitage
Was my sure haven! Look upon me still,
For from thy heavenly mansion thou canst see
The suppliant; look upon thy child in Christ.
Is there no other way for penitence?
I ask not martyrdom; for what am I
That I should pray for triumphs, the fit meed
Of a long life of holy works like thine;
Or how should I presumptuously aspire
To wear the heavenly crown resign'd by thee,
For my poor sinful sake? Oh point me thou
Some humblest, painfulest, severest path, . .

Some new austerity, unheard of yet
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow
With thorns, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,
Tracking the way with blood; there day by day
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed
Hang with extended limbs upon the Cross,
A nightly crucifixion! . . any thing
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,
Labour, and outward suffering, . . any thing
But stillness and this dreadful solitude!
Romano! Father! let me hear thy voice
In dreams, O sainted Soul! or from the grave
Speak to thy penitent; even from the grave
Thine were a voice of comfort.
Thus he cried,
Easing the pressure of his burthen'd heart
With passionate prayer; thus pour'd his spirit forth,
Till with the long impetuous effort spent,
His spirit fail'd, and laying on the grave
His weary head as on a pillow, sleep
Fell on him. He had pray'd to hear a voice
Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
Of consolation came. Roderick, it said, . .
Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,
Jesus have mercy on thee! . . . Not if Heaven
Had opened, and Romano, visible
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer; . .
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With such compunctious visitings, nor given

So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs,
Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And lo! his Mother stood
Before him in the vision; in those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She follow'd her dear lord Theodofred
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespake a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe, . .
Yea a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;
Cool'd his scorch'd lids with medicinal herbs,
And pray'd the while for patience for herself
And him, and pray'd for vengeance too, and found
Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,
Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
A benediction on him. But those hands
Were chain'd, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm
Is wither'd; . . Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope,
Dost thou too sleep? . . Awake, Pelayo! . . up! . .
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer? . . But with that
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!

Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross
Gleam'd on her breast-plate, in her shield display'd
Erect a lion ramp'd; her helmed head
Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crown'd
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
The shout of victory. . . Spain and Victory!
Roderick, as the strong vision master'd him,
Rush'd to the fight rejoicing: starting then,
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
He found himself upon that lonely grave
In moonlight and in silence. But the dream
Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart
Pant, and his wither'd arm was trembling still;
And still that voice was in his ear which call'd
On Jesus for his sake.

Oh, might he hear
That actual voice! and if Rusilla lived, . .
If shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
Had brought her to the grave, . . sure she would bless
Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which like precious balm,
Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son
For ever lost, cut off with all the weight

Of unrepented sin upon his head,
Sin which had weigh'd a nation down . . . what joy
To know that righteous Heaven had in its wrath
Remember'd mercy, and she yet might meet
The child whom she had borne, redeem'd, in bliss.
The sudden impulse of such thoughts confirm'd
That unacknowledged purpose, which till now
Vainly had sought its end. He girt his loins,
Laid holiest Mary's image in a cleft
Of the rock, where, shelter'd from the elements,
It might abide till happier days came on,
From all defilement safe; pour'd his last prayer
Upon Romano's grave, and kiss'd the earth
Which cover'd his remains, and wept as if
At long leave-taking, then began his way.

III.

ADOSINDA.

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Sun,
Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
Like pillars of the temple. With slow foot
Roderick pursued his way; for penitence,
Remorse which gave no respite, and the long
And painful conflict of his troubled soul,
Had worn him down. Now brighter thoughts arose,
And that triumphant vision floated still
Before his sight with all her blazonry,
Her castled helm, and the victorious sword
That flash'd like lightning o'er the field of blood.
Sustain'd by thoughts like these, from morn till eve
He journey'd, and drew near Leyria's walls.
'T was even-song time, but not a bell was heard;
Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,
Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd prayer,
The cryer stood, and with his sonorous voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight

Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The face of human-kind so long unseen
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With haggëd mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd,
And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans supprest; the Musselman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seem'd
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
So through the streets, and through the northern gate
Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place,

With feeble yet with hurried step pursue
His agitated way; and when he reach'd
The open fields, and found himself alone
Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt
Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
And shedding o'er that long untasted food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed
On heath and myrtle.
But when he arose
At day-break and pursued his way, his heart
Felt lighten'd that the shock of mingling first
Among his fellow-kind was overpast;
And journeying on, he greeted whom he met
With such short interchange of benison
As each to other gentle travellers give,
Recovering thus the power of social speech
Which he had long disused. When hunger prest
He ask'd for alms: slight supplication served;
A countenance so pale and woe-begone
Moved all to pity; and the marks it bore
Of rigorous penance and austerest life,
With something too of majesty that still
Appear'd amid the wreck, inspired a sense
Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills
Open'd his scrip for him; the babe in arms,
Affrighted at his visage, turn'd away,
And clinging to the mother's neck in tears
Would yet again look up, and then again,
Shrink back, with cry renew'd. The bolder imps

Sporting beside the way, at his approach
Brake off their games for wonder, and stood still
In silence; some among them cried, A Saint!
The village matron when she gave him food
Besought his prayers; and one entreated him
To lay his healing hands upon her child,
For with a sore and hopeless malady
Wasting, it long had lain, . . and sure, she said,
He was a man of God.
Thus travelling on
He past the vale where wild Arunca pours
Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
Of old Conimbrica, whose ruin'd towers
Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.
Mondego too he cross'd, not yet renown'd
In poets' amorous lay; and left behind
The walls at whose foundation pious hands
Of Priest and Monk and Bishop meekly toil'd, . .
So had the insulting Arian given command.
Those stately palaces and rich domains
Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age
Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke,
Before Fernando's banner through her gate
Shall pass triumphant, and her hallow'd Mosque
Behold the hero of Bivar receive
The knighthood which he glorified so oft
In his victorious fields. Oh if the years
To come might then have risen on Roderick's soul,
How had they kindled and consoled his heart! . . .
What joy might Douro's haven then have given,
Whence Portugal, the faithful and the brave,
Shall take her name illustrious! .. what, those walls

Where Mumadona one day will erect
Convent and town and towers, which shall become
The cradle of that famous monarchy!
What joy might these prophetic scenes have given, . .
What ample vengeance on the Musselman,
Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain;
And still pursued by that relentless sword,
Even to the farthest Orient, where his power
Received its mortal wound.
O years of pride!
In undiscoverable futurity,
Yet unevolved, your destined glories lay;
And all that Roderick in these fated scenes
Beheld, was grief and wretchedness, . . the waste
Of recent war, and that more mournful calm
Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.
'T was not the ruin'd walls of church or tower,
Cottage or hall or convent, black with smoke;
'T was not the unburied bones, which where the dogs
And crows had strewn them, lay amid the field
Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung his heart
With keenest anguish: 't was when he beheld
The turban'd traitor shew his shameless front
In the open eye of Heaven, . . the renegade,
On whose base brutal nature unredeem'd
Even black apostacy itself could stamp
No deeper reprobation, at the hour
Assign'd fall prostrate; and unite the names
Of God and the Blasphemer, . . impious prayer, . .
Most impious, when from unbelieving lips
The accursëd utterance came. Then Roderick's heart

With indignation burnt, and then he long'd
To be a King again, that so, for Spain
Betray'd and his Redeemer thus renounced,
He might inflict due punishment, and make
These wretches feel his wrath. But when he saw
The daughters of the land, . . who, as they went
With cheerful step to church, were wont to shew
Their innocent faces to all passers eyes,
Freely, and free from sin as when they look'd
In adoration and in praise to Heaven, . .
Now mask'd in Moorish mufflers, to the Mosque
Holding uncompanied their jealous way,
His spirit seem'd at that unhappy sight,
To die away within him, and he too
Would fain have died, so death could bring with it
Entire oblivion.
Rent with thoughts like these,
He reach'd that city, once the seat renown'd
Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of Rome
Degenerate long, the North's heroic race
Raised first a rival throne; now from its state
Of proud regality debased and fallen.
Still bounteous nature o'er the lovely vale,
Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,
Pour'd forth her gifts profuse; perennial springs
Flow'd for her habitants, and genial suns,
With kindly showers to bless the happy clime,
Combined in vain their gentle influences:
For patient servitude was there, who bow'd
His neck beneath the Moor, and silent grief
That eats into the soul. The walls and stones
Seem'd to reproach their dwellers; stately piles

Yet undecay'd, the mighty monuments
Of Roman pomp, Barbaric palaces,
And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons late
Gladden'd their faithful vassals with the feast
And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler's now.

Leaving these captive scenes behind, he crost
Cavado's silver current, and the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years,
Mournful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
Prolong'd its tuneful echoes. But when now
Beyond Arnoya's tributary tide,
He came where Minho roll'd its ampler stream
By Auria's ancient walls, fresh horrors met
His startled view; for prostrate in the dust
Those walls were laid, and towers and temples stood
Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
Had left them black and bare; and through the streets,
All with the recent wreck of war bestrewn,
Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay
Each where they fell; and blood-flakes, parch'd and
crack'd
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far
The wolf and raven, and to impious food
Tempted the houseless dog.
A thrilling pang,
A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul,
Came over Roderick. Soon they pass'd away,
And admiration in their stead arose,
Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,

With wrath, and hate, and sacred vengeance now
Indissolubly link'd. O valiant race,
O people excellently brave, he cried,
True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the last;
Though overpower'd, triumphant, and in death
Unconquer'd! Holy be your memory!
Bless'd and glorious now and evermore
Be your heroic names! . . Led by the sound,
As thus he cried aloud, a woman came
Toward him from the ruins. For the love
Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while
Thy charitable help! . . . Her words, her voice,
Her look, more horror to his heart convey'd
Than all the havoc round: for though she spake
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones
Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice
Pour'd forth its hymns in ecstasy to Heaven.
Her hands were bloody, and her garments stain'd
With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.
Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,
Had every charm of form and feature given;
But now upon her rigid countenance
Severest anguish set a fixedness
Ghastlier than death.
She led him through the streets
A little way along, where four low walls,
Heapt rudely from the ruins round, enclosed
A narrow space: and there upon the ground
Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,
Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore:
A venerable ancient, by his side
A comely matron, for whose middle age,

(If ruthless slaughter had not intervened,)
Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time, might well
Have many a calm declining year in store;
The third an armëd warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were cross'd.
There, . . with firm eye and steady countenance,
Unfaltering, she addrest him, . . there they lie,
Child, Husband, Parents, . . Adosinda's all!
I could not break the earth with these poor hands,
Nor other tomb provide, . . but let that pass!
Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants:— What better grave?
What worthier monument? . . Oh cover not
Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye blessëd Souls
Of Heroes and of murder'd Innocents,
Oh never let your everlasting cries
Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the Most High
For all these unexampled wrongs hath given
Full, . . overflowing vengeance!
While she spake
She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if
Calling for justice on the Judgement-seat;
Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning on
Bent o'er the open sepulchre.
But soon
With quiet mien collectedly, like one
Who from intense devotion, and the act
Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself
For this world's daily business, . . she arose,
And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise
The covering of the tomb.
With half-burnt planks,

Which she had gather'd for this funeral use
They roof'd the vault, then laying stones above
They closed it down; last, rendering all secure,
Stones upon stones they piled, till all appear'd
A huge and shapeless heap. Enough, she cried;
And taking Roderick's hands in both her own,
And wringing them with fervent thankfulness,
May God shew mercy to thee, she exclaim'd,
When most thou needest mercy! Who thou art
I know not; not of Auria, . . for of all
Her sons and daughters, save the one who stands
Before thee, not a soul is left alive.
But thou hast render'd to me, in my hour
Of need, the only help which man could give.
What else of consolation may be found
For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven
And from myself must come. For deem not thou
That I shall sink beneath calamity:
This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,
Hath scathed the fruit and blossom of my youth;
One hour hath orphan'd me, and widow'd me,
And made me childless. In this sepulchre
Lie buried all my earthward hopes and fears,
All human loves and natural charities; . .
All womanly tenderness, all gentle thoughts,
All female weakness too, I bury here,
Yea, all my former nature. There remain
Revenge and death: . . the bitterness of death
Is past, and Heaven already hath vouchsafed
A foretaste of revenge.
Look here! she cried,
And drawing back, held forth her bloody hands, .

'T is Moorish! . . . In the day of massacre,
A captain of Alcahman's murderous host
Reserved me from the slaughter. Not because
My rank and station tempted him with thoughts
Of ransom, for amid the general waste
Of ruin all was lost; . . . Nor yet, be sure,
That pity moved him, . . they who from this race
Accurst for pity look, such pity find
As ravenous wolves shew the defenceless flock.
My husband at my feet had fallen; my babe, . .
Spare me that thought, O God! .. and then .. even
then
Amid the maddening throes of agony
Which rent my soul, .. when if this solid Earth
Had open'd and let out the central fire
Before whose all-involving flames wide Heaven
Shall shrivel like a scroll and be consumed,
The universal wreck had been to me
Relief and comfort; . . . even then this Moor
Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and bade
His men reserve me safely for an hour
Of dalliance, . . me! . . me in my agonies!
But when I found for what this miscreant child
Of Hell had snatch'd me from the butchery,
The very horror of that monstrous thought
Saved me from madness; I was calm at once, . .
Yet comforted and reconciled to life:
Hatred became to me the life of life,
Its purpose and its power.
The glutted Moors
At length broke up. This hell-dog turn'd aside
Toward his home; we travell'd fast and far,

Till by a forest edge at eve he pitched
His tents. I wash'd and ate at his command,
Forcing revolted nature; I composed
My garments and bound up my scatter'd hair;
And when he took my hand, and to his couch
Would fain have drawn me, gently I retired
From that abominable touch, and said,
Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this day
A widow, as thou seest me, am I made;
Therefore, according to our law, must watch
And pray to-night. The loathsome villain paused
Ere he assented, then laid down to rest;
While at the door of the pavilion, I
Knelt on the ground, and bowed my face to earth;
But when the neighbouring tents had ceased their stir,
The fires were out, and all were fast asleep,
Then I arose. The blessed Moon from Heaven
Lent me her holy light. I did not pray
For strength, for strength was given me as I drew
The scymitar, and, standing o'er his couch,
Raised it in both my hands with steady aim
And smote his neck. Upward, as from a spring
When newly open'd by the husbandman,
The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice I struck,
So making vengeance sure; then, praising God,
Retired amid the wood, and measured back
My patient way to Auria, to perform
This duty which thou seest.

As thus she spake,
Roderick intently listening had forgot
His crown, his kingdom, his calamities,
His crimes, . . so like a spell upon the Goth

Her powerful words prevail'd. With open lips,
And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watch'd
Her features, caught the spirit that she breathed,
Mute and enrapt he stood, and motionless;
The vision rose before him; and that shout,
Which, like a thunder-peal, victorious Spain
Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul
Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow
The pride and power of former majesty
Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified:
Duty and high heroic purposes
Now hallow'd it, and as with inward light
Illumed his meagre countenance austere.

Awhile in silence Adosinda stood,
Reading his alter'd visage and the thoughts
Which thus transfigured him. Aye, she exclaim'd,
My tale hath moved thee! it might move the dead,
Quicken captivity's dead soul, and rouse
This prostrate country from her mortal trance:
Therefore I live to tell it; and for this
Hath the Lord God Almighty given to me
A spirit not mine own and strength from Heaven;
Dealing with me as in the days of old
With that Bethulian Matron when she saved
His people from the spoiler. What remains
But that the life which he hath thus preserved
I consecrate to him? Not veil'd and vow'd
To pass my days in holiness and peace;
Nor yet between sepulchral walls immured,
Alive to penitence alone; my rule
He hath himself prescribed, and hath infused

A passion in this woman's breast, wherein
All passions and all virtues are combined:
Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and despair,
And hope, and natural piety, and faith,
Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not
Revenge! thus sanctified and thus sublimed,
'T is duty, 't is devotion. Like the grace
Of God, it came and saved me; and in it
Spain must have her salvation. In thy hands
Here, on the grave of all my family,
I make my vow.
She said, and kneeling down,
Placed within Roderick's palms her folded hands.
This life, she cried, I dedicate to God,
Therewith to do him service in the way
Which he hath shown. To rouse the land against
This impious, this intolerable yoke, . .
To offer up the invader's hateful blood, . .
This shall be my employ, my rule and rite,
Observances and sacrifice of faith;
For this I hold the life which he hath given,
A sacred trust; for this, when it shall suit
His service, joyfully will lay it down.
So deal with me as I fulfil the pledge,
O Lord my God, my Saviour and my Judge.

Then rising from the earth, she spread her arms,
And looking round with sweeping eyes exclaim'd,
Auria, and Spain, and Heaven receive the vow!

IV.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX.

THUS long had Roderick heard her powerful words
In silence, awed before her; but his heart
Was fill'd the while with swelling sympathy,
And now with impulse not to be restrain'd
The feeling overpower'd him. Hear me too,
Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he cried; and thou
Who risest thus above mortality,
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,
For surely such thou art, . . receive in me
The first-fruits of thy calling. Kneeling then,
And placing as he spake his hand in her's,
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth pursued,
Even so I swear; my soul hath found at length
Her rest and refuge; in the invader's blood
She must efface her stains of mortal sin,
And in redeeming this lost land, work out
Redemption for herself. Herein I place
My penance for the past, my hope to come,
My faith and my good works; here offer up
All thoughts and passions of mine inmost heart,
My days and night, . . this flesh, this blood, this life,
Yea this whole being, do I here devote
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven,

And prosper its good end! . . . Clap now your wings,
The Goth with louder utterance as he rose
Exclaim'd, . . . clap now your wings exultingly,
Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in your dens
Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy;
For, lo! a nation hath this day been sworn
To furnish forth your banquet; for a strife
Hath been commenced, the which from this day forth
Permits no breathing-time, and knows no end
Till in this land the last invader bow
His neck beneath the exterminating sword.

Said I not rightly? Adosinda cried;
The will which goads me on is not mine own,
'T is from on high, . . yea, verily of Heaven!
But who art thou who hast profess'd with me,
My first sworn brother in the appointed rule?
Tell me thy name.
Ask any thing but that!
The fallen King replied. My name was lost
When from the Goths the sceptre pass'd away.
The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth and beautiful,
And like a spirit which hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain
Arise in glory. But for my good name
No resurrection is appointed here.
Let it be blotted out on earth: in Heaven
There shall be written with it penitence
And grace and saving faith and such good deeds
Wrought in atonement as my soul this day
Hath sworn to offer up.

Then be thy name,
She answer'd, Maccabee, from this day forth:
For this day art thou born again; and like
Those brethren of old times, whose holy names
Live in the memory of all noble hearts
For love and admiration, ever young, . .
So for our native country, for her hearths
And altars, for her cradles and her graves,
Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now
Each to our work. Among the neighbouring hills,
I to the vassals of my father's house;
Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there
What thou hast seen at Auria; and with him
Take counsel who of all our Baronage
Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,
And wear upon his brow the Spanish crown.
Now, brother, fare thee well! we part in hope,
And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King
Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,
As when Elisha, on the farther bank
Of Jordan, saw that elder prophet mount
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up the sky:
Thus gazing after her did Roderick stand;
And as the immortal Tishbite left behind
His mantle and prophetic power, even so
Had her inspiring presence left infused
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood,
As at a heavenly visitation there
Vouchsafed in mercy to himself and Spain;

And when the heroic mourner from his sight
Had pass'd away, still reverential awe
Held him suspended there and motionless.
Then turning from the ghastly scene of death
Up murmuring Lona, he began toward
The holy Bierzo his obedient way.
Sil's ample stream he crost, where through the vale
Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears
The whole collected waters; northward then,
Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he reach'd
That consecrated pile amid the wild,
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age mature,
Whose thoughtful visage and majestic mien
Bespake authority and weight of care,
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate,
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter said,
A stranger came from Auria, and required
His private ear. From Auria? said the old man,
Comest thou from Auria, brother? I can spare
Thy painful errand then, . . we know the worst.

Nay, answer'd Roderick, but thou hast not heard
My tale. Where that devoted city lies
In ashes, mid the ruins and the dead
I found a woman, whom the Moors had borne
Captive away; but she, by Heaven inspired
And her good heart, with her own arm had wrought
Her own deliverance, smiting in his tent
A lustful Moorish miscreant, as of yore

By Judith's holy deed the Assyrian fell.
And that same spirit which had strengthen'd her
Work'd in her still. Four walls with patient toil
She rear'd, wherein, as in a sepulchre,
With her own hands she laid her murder'd babe,
Her husband and her parents, side by side;
And when we cover'd in this shapeless tomb,
There on the grave of all her family,
Did this courageous mourner dedicate
All thoughts and actions of her future life
To her poor country. For she said, that Heaven
Supporting her, in mercy had vouchsafed
A foretaste of revenge; that, like the grace
Of God, revenge had saved her; that in it
Spain must have her salvation; and henceforth
That passion, thus sublimed and sanctified,
Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain
The pole-star of their faith, their rule and rite,
Observances and worthiest sacrifice.
I took the vow, unworthy as I am,
Her first sworn follower in the appointed rule;
And then we parted; she among the hills
To rouse the vassals of her father's house:
I at her bidding hitherward, to ask
Thy counsel, who of our old Baronage
Shall place upon his brow the Spanish crown.

The Lady Adosinda? Odoar cried.
Roderick made answer, So she call'd herself.

Oh none but she! exclaim'd the good old man,
Clasping his hands, which trembled as he spake

In act of pious passion raised to Heaven, . .
Oh none but Adosinda! . . none but she, . .
None but that noble heart, which was the heart
Of Auria while it stood, its life and strength,
More than her father's presence, or the arm
Of her brave husband, valiant as he was.
Hers was the spirit which inspired old age,
Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth,
And virgins in the beauty of their spring,
And youthful mothers, doting like herself
With ever-anxious love: She breathed through all
That zeal and that devoted faithfulness,
Which to the invader's threats and promises
Turn'd a deaf ear alike; which in the head
And flood of prosperous fortune check'd his course,
Repell'd him from the walls, and when at length
His overpowering numbers forced their way,
Even in that uttermost extremity
Unyielding, still from street to street, from house
To house, from floor to floor, maintain'd the fight:
Till by their altars falling, in their doors,
And on their household hearths, and by their beds
And cradles, and their fathers' sepulchres,
This noble army, gloriously revenged,
Embraced their martyrdom. Heroic souls!
Well have ye done, and righteously discharged
Your arduous part! Your service is perform'd,
Your earthly warfare done! Ye have put on
The purple robe of everlasting peace!
Ye have received your crown! Ye bear the palm
Before the throne of Grace!

With that he paused,

Checking the strong emotions of his soul.
Then with a solemn tone addressing him
Who shared his secret thoughts, thou knowest, he said,
O Urban, that they have not fallen in vain;
For by this virtuous sacrifice they thinn'd
Alcahman's thousands; and his broken force,
Exhausted by their dear-bought victory,
Turn'd back from Auria, leaving us to breathe
Among our mountains yet. We lack not here
Good hearts, nor valiant hands. What walls or towers
Or battlements are like these fastnesses,
These rocks and glens and everlasting hills?
Give but that Aurian spirit, and the Moors
Will spend their force as idly on these holds,
As round the rocky girdle of the land
The wild Cantabrian billows waste their rage.
Give but that spirit! . . Heaven hath given it us,
If Adosinda thus, as from the dead,
Be granted to our prayers!
And who art thou,
Said Urban, who hast taken on thyself
This rule of warlike faith? Thy countenance
And those poor weeds bespeak a life ere this
Devoted to austere observances.

Roderick replied, I am a sinful man,
One who in solitude hath long deplored
A life mis-spent; but never bound by vows,
Till Adosinda taught me where to find
Comfort, and how to work forgiveness out.
When that exalted woman took my vow,
She call'd me Maccabee; from this day forth

Be that my earthly name. But tell me now,
Whom shall we rouse to take upon his head
The crown of Spain? Where are the Gothic Chiefs?
Sacaru, Theudemir, Athanagild,
All who survived that eight days' obstinate fight,
When clogg'd with bodies Chrysus scarce could force
Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons,
Bad offspring of a stock accurst, I know,
Have put the turban on their recreant heads.
Where are your own Cantabrian Lords? I ween,
Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now
Have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo live,
His were the worthy heart and rightful hand
To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain.

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be
Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty, and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, . . forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than threescore winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed
That thou hast pass'd thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou would'st not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Theudemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacaru play'd a nobler part.
Long within Merida did he withstand

The invader's hot assault; and when at length,
Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up
The gates, disdaining in his father's land
To breathe the air of bondage, with a few
Found faithful till the last, indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown
To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian Chiefs
All have submitted, but the wary Moor
Trusteth not all alike: At his own Court
He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most
That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son
There too is held as hostage, and secures
His father's faith; Count Eudon is despised,
And so lives unmolested. When he pays
His tribute, an uncomfortable thought
May then perhaps disturb him: . . or more like
He meditates how profitable 't were
To be a Moor; and if apostacy
Were all, and to be unbaptized might serve, . .
But I waste breath upon a wretch like this;
Pelayo is the only hope of Spain,
Only Pelayo.
If, as we believe,
Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is here,
And dreadful though they be, yet for wise end
Of good, these visitations do its work;
And dimly as our mortal sight may scan
The future, yet methinks my soul descries
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplish'd. All too long,

Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yoke,
Punic and Roman, Kelt, and Goth, and Greek:
This latter tempest comes to sweep away
All proud distinctions which commingling blood
And time's long course have fail'd to efface; and now
Perchance it is the will of Fate to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in Pelayo's native line
The sceptre to the Spaniard.
Go thou, then,
And seek Pelayo at the Conqueror's court.
Tell him the mountaineers are unsubdued;
The precious time they needed hath been gain'd
By Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask
Is him to guide them on. In Odoar's name
And Urban's, tell him that the hour is come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pursued.
The rule which thou hast taken on thyself
Toledo ratifies: 't is meet for Spain,
And as the will divine, to be received,
Observed, and spread abroad. Come hither thou,
Who for thyself hast chosen the good part;
Let me lay hands on thee, and consecrate
Thy life unto the Lord.
Me! Roderick cried;
Me? sinner that I am! . . and while he spake
His wither'd cheek grew paler, and his limbs
Shook. As thou goest among the infidels,
Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt find
Fallen from the faith; by weakness some betray'd,

Some led astray by baser hope of gain,
And haply too by ill example led
Of those in whom they trusted. Yet have these
Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch
Of sickness, and that aweful power divine
Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
Move them with silent impulse; but they look
For help, and finding none to succour them,
The irrevocable moment passeth by.
Therefore, my brother, in the name of Christ
Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His name
Thou with His gracious promises may'st raise
The fallen, and comfort those that are in need,
And bring salvation to the penitent.
Now, brother, go thy way: the peace of God
Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us!

V.

RODERICK AND SIVERIAN.

Between St. Felix and the regal seat
Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
Lay many a long day's journey interposed;
And many a mountain range hath Roderick cross'd,
And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
Where Betis, winding through the unbounded plain,
Roll'd his majestic waters. There at eve
Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers round the crackling earth,
Where heath and cistus gave their flagrant flame.
That flame no longer, as in other times,
Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
And light discourse: the talk which now went round
Was of the grief that press'd on every heart;
Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the Goths
Broken; their nation and their name effaced;
Slaughter and mourning, which had left no house
Unvisited; and shame, which set its mark
On every Spaniard's face. One who had seen
His sons fall bravely at his side, bewail'd
The unhappy chance which, rescuing him from death,
Left him the last of all his family;
Yet he rejoiced to think that none who drew

Their blood from him remain'd to wear the yoke,
Be at the miscreant's beck, and propagate
A breed of slaves to serve them. Here sate one
Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes
To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft.
Another for a virgin daughter mourn'd,
The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth had seen
His only child forsake him in his age,
And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ.
His was the heaviest grief of all, he said;
And clenching as he spake his hoary locks,
He cursed King Roderick's soul.
Oh curse him not!
Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as he spake.
Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!
Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt
That lies upon his miserable soul!
O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to save!

But then an old man, who had sate thus long
A silent listener, from his seat arose,
And moving round to Roderick took his hand;
Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christian speech,
He said; and shame on me that any tongue
Readier than mine was found to utter it!
His own emotion fill'd him while he spake,
So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand
Shook like a palsied limb; and none could see
How, at his well-known voice, the countenance
Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed,
And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame

Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall
High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering play'd.

Oh it is ever thus! the old man pursued,
The crimes and woes of universal Spain
Are charged on him; and curses which should aim
At living heads, pursue beyond the grave
His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin
Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy!
As if the Musselmen in their career
Would ne'er have overleapt the gulf which parts
Iberia from the Mauritanian shore,
If Julian had not beckon'd them! . . . Alas!
The evils which drew on our overthrow,
Would soon by other means have wrought their end,
Though Julian's daughter should have lived and died
A virgin vow'd and veil'd.
Touch not on that,
Shrinking with inward shiverings at the thought,
The penitent exclaim'd. Oh, if thou lovest
The soul of Roderick, touch not on that deed!
God in his mercy may forgive it him,
But human tongue must never speak his name
Without reproach and utter infamy,
For that abhorred act. Even thou . . . But here
Siverian taking up the word, brake off
Unwittingly the incautious speech. Even I,
Quoth he, who nursed him in his father's hall, . .
Even I can only for that deed of shame
Offer in agony my secret prayers.
But Spain hath witness'd other crimes as foul:
Have we not seen Favila's shameless wife,

Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade
Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid
The murderous tyrant in her husband's blood
Dip his adulterous hand? Did we not see
Pelayo, by that bloody king's pursuit,
And that unnatural mother, from the land
With open outcry, like an outlaw'd thief,
Hunted? And saw ye not Theodofred,
As through the streets I guided his dark steps,
Roll mournfully toward the noon-day sun
His blank and senseless eye-balls? Spain saw this,
And suffer'd it! . . . I seek not to excuse
The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds
The burning tears I shed in solitude,
Knows how I plead for him in midnight prayer.
But if, when he victoriously revenged
The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house, his sword
Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge,
Oh what a day of glory had there been
Upon the banks of Chrysus! Curse not him,
Who in that fatal conflict to the last
So valiantly maintain'd his country's cause;
But if your sorrow needs must have its vent
In curses, let your imprecations strike
The caitiffs, who, when Roderick's hornëd helm
Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,
Betraying him who spared and trusted them,
Forsook their King, their Country, and their God,
And gave the Moor his conquest.

Aye! they said,
These were Witiza's hateful progeny;

And in an evil hour the unhappy King
Had spared the viperous brood. With that they talk'd
How Sisibert and Ebba through the land
Guided the foe: and Orpas, who had cast
The mitre from his renegado brow,
Went with the armies of the infidels;
And how in Hispalis, even where his hands
Had minister'd so oft the bread of life,
The circumcised apostate did not shame
To shew in open day his turban'd head.
The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaim'd;
Was she not married to the enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a heart
Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself
To rank among his herd of concubines,
Having been what she had been! And who could say
How far domestic wrongs and discontent
Had wrought upon the King!... Hereat the old man,
Raising beneath the knit and curly brow
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can tell,
That that unquiet spirit and unblest,
Though Roderick never told his sorrows, drove
Rusilla from the palace of her son.
She could not bear to see his generous mind
Wither beneath the unwholesome influence,
And cankering at the core. And I know well,
That oft when she deplored his barren bed,
The thought of Egilona's qualities
Came like a bitter medicine for her grief,
And to the extinction of her husband's line,
Sad consolation, reconciled her heart.

But Roderick, while they communed thus, had ceased
To hear, such painfulest anxiety
The sight of that old venerable man
Awoke. A sickening fear came over him:
The hope which led him from his hermitage
Now seem'd for ever gone, for well he knew
Nothing but death could break the ties which bound
That faithful servant to his father's house.
She then for whose forgiveness he had yearn'd,
Who in her blessing would have given and found
The peace of Heaven, . . she then was to the grave
Gone down disconsolate at last; in this
Of all the woes of her unhappy life
Unhappiest, that she did not live to see
God had vouchsafed repentance to her child.
But then a hope arose that yet she lived;
The weighty cause which led Siverian here
Might draw him from her side; better to know
The worst than fear it. And with that he bent
Over the embers, and with head half raised
Aslant, and shadow'd by his hand, he said,
Where is King Roderick's mother? lives she still?

God hath upheld her, the old man replied;
She bears this last and heaviest of her griefs,
Not as she bore her husband's wrongs, when hope
And her indignant heart supported her;
But patiently, like one who finds from Heaven
A comfort which the world can neither give
Nor take away. . . . Roderick inquired no more;
He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude,

Then wrapt his cloak around him, and lay down
Where he might weep unseen.
When morning came,
Earliest of all the travellers he went forth,
And linger'd for Siverian by the way,
Beside a fountain, where the constant fall
Of water its perpetual gurgling made,
To the wayfaring or the musing man
Sweetest of all sweet sounds. The Christian hand,
Whose general charity for man and beast
Built it in better times, had with a cross
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious work,
Which now the misbelievers had cast down,
And broken in the dust it lay defiled.
Roderick beheld it lying at his feet,
And gathering reverently the fragments up,
Placed them within the cistern, and restored
With careful collocation its dear form, . .
So might the waters, like a crystal shrine,
Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling then,
O'er the memorial of redeeming love
He bent, and mingled with the fount his tears,
And pour'd his spirit to the Crucified.

A Moor came by, and seeing him, exclaim'd,
Ah, Kaffer! worshipper of wood and stone,
God's curse confound thee! And as Roderick turn'd
His face, the miscreant spurn'd him with his foot
Between the eyes. The indignant King arose,
And fell'd him to the ground. But then the Moor
Drew forth his dagger, rising as he cried,
What, darëst thou, thou infidel and slave,

Strike a believer? and he aim'd a blow
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick caught his arm,
And closed, and wrench'd the dagger from his hold,..
Such timely strength did those emaciate limbs
From indignation draw, .. and in his neck
With mortal stroke he drove the avenging steel
Hilt deep. Then, as the thirsty sand drank in
The expiring miscreant's blood, he look'd around
In sudden apprehension, lest the Moors
Had seen them; but Siverian was in sight,
The only traveller, and he smote his mule
And hasten'd up. Ah, brother! said the old man,
Thine is a spirit of the ancient mould!
And would to God a thousand men like thee
Had fought at Roderick's side on that last day
When treason overpower'd him! Now, alas!
A manly Gothic heart doth ill accord
With these unhappy times. Come, let us hide
This carrion, while the favouring hour permits.

So saying he alighted. Soon they scoop'd
Amid loose-lying sand a hasty grave,
And levell'd over it the easy soil.
Father, said Roderick, as they journey'd on,
Let this thing be a seal and sacrament
Of truth between us: Wherefore should there be
Concealment between two right Gothic hearts
In evil days like ours? What thou hast seen
Is but the first fruit of the sacrifice,
Which on this injured and polluted soil,
As on a bloody altar, I have sworn
To offer to insulted Heaven for Spain,

Her vengeance and her expiation. This
Was but a hasty act, by sudden wrong
Provoked: but I am bound for Cordoba,
On weighty mission from Visonia sent,
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice
Of spirit-stirring power, which like the trump
Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead Spain.
The northern mountaineers are unsubdued;
They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
Odoar and Urban tell him that the hour
Is come. Thou too, I ween, old man, art charged
With no light errand, or thou wouldst not now
Have left the ruins of thy master's house.

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as he search'd
The wan and wither'd features of the King.
The face is of a stranger, but thy voice
Disturbs me like a dream.
Roderick replied,
Thou seest me as I am, .. a stranger; one
Whose fortunes in the general wreck were lost,
His name and lineage utterly extinct,
Himself in mercy spared, surviving all; ..
In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal
A soul diseased. Now, having cast the slough
Of old offences, thou beholdest me
A man new-born; in second baptism named,
Like those who in Judea bravely raised
Against the Heathen's impious tyranny
The banner of Jehovah, Maccabee;
So call me. In that name hath Urban laid
His consecrating hands upon my head;

And in that name have I myself for Spain
Devoted. Tell me now why thou art sent
To Cordoba; for sure thou goëst not
An idle gazer to the Conqueror's court.

Thou judgest well, the old man replied. I too
Seek the Cantabrian Prince, the hope of Spain,
With other tidings charged, for other end
Design'd, yet such as well may work with thine.
My noble Mistress sends me to avert
The shame that threats his house. The renegade
Numacian, he who for the infidels
Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos
His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
The unworthy Guisla hath inherited
Her Mother's leprous taint; and willingly
She to the circumcised and upstart slave,
Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.
The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,
With the quick foresight of maternal care,
The impending danger to her husband's house,
Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will brook
The base alliance. Guisla lewdly sets
His will at nought; but that vile renegade,
From hatred, and from avarice, and from fear,
Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.
This too my venerable Mistress sees;
Wherefore these valiant and high-minded dames
Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince
Cannot by timely interdiction stop
The irrevocable act of infamy,

He may at least to his own safety look,
Being timely warn'd.
Thy Mistress sojourns then
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall?
Said Roderick. 'T is her natural home, rejoin'd
Siverian: Chindasuintho's royal race
Have ever shared one lot of weal or woe:
And she who hath beheld her own fair shoot,
The goodly summit of that ancient tree,
Struck by Heaven's bolt, secks shelter now beneath
The only branch of its majestic stem
That still survives the storm.
Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba
Shining majestic in the light of eve.
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved

To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,
A joy for years to come. O Cordoba,
Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here; but happy now
Are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
Because they feel not in their graves the feet
That trample upon Spain. 'T is well that age
Hath made me like a child, that I can weep:
My heart would else have broken, overcharged,
And I, false servant, should lie down to rest
Before my work is done.
Hard by their path,
A little way without the walls, there stood
An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother, quoth he,
'T is like the urgency of our return
Will brook of no retardment; and this spot
It were a sin if I should pass, and leave
Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me,
The while I offer up one duteous prayer.

Roderick made no reply. He had not dared
To turn his face toward those walls; but now
He follow'd where the old man led the way.
Lord! in his heart the silent sufferer said,
Forgive my feeble soul, which would have shrunk
From this, .. for what am I that I should put
The bitter cup aside! O let my shame
And anguish be accepted in thy sight!

VI.

RODERICK IN TIMES PAST.

THE mansion whitherward they went, was one
Which in his youth Theodofred had built:
Thither had he brought home in happy hour
His blooming bride; there fondled on his knee
The lovely boy she bore him. Close beside,
A temple to that Saint he rear'd, who first,
As old tradition tells, proclaim'd to Spain
The gospel-tidings; and in health and youth,
There mindful of mortality, he saw
His sepulchre prepared. Witiza took
For his adulterous leman and himself
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre,
When from captivity and darkness death
Enlarged him, was Theodofred consign'd;
For that unhappy woman, wasting then
Beneath a mortal malady, at heart
Was smitten, and the Tyrant at her prayer
This poor and tardy restitution made.
Soon the repentant sinner follow'd him;
And calling on Pelayo ere she died,
For his own wrongs, and for his father's death,
Implored forgiveness of her absent child,..
If it were possible he could forgive

Crimes black as her's, she said. And by the pangs
Of her remorse, .. by her last agonies, ..
The unutterable horrors of her death, ..
And by the blood of Jesus on the cross
For sinners given, did she beseech his prayers
In aid of her most miserable soul.
Thus mingling sudden shrieks with hopeless vows,
And uttering franticly Pelayo's name,
And crying out for mercy in despair,
Here had she made her dreadful end, and here
Her wretched body was deposited.
That presence seem'd to desecrate the place:
Thenceforth the usurper shunn'd it with the heart
Of conscious guilt; nor could Rusilla bear
These groves and bowers, which, like funereal shades,
Opprest her with their monumental forms:
One day of bitter and severe delight,
When Roderick came for vengeance, she endured,
And then for ever left her bridal halls.

Oh when I last beheld yon princely pile,
Exclaim'd Siverian, with what other thoughts
Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass
Its joyous gates! The weedery which through
The interstices of those neglected courts
Uncheck'd had flourish'd long, and seeded there,
Was trampled then and bruised beneath the feet
Of thronging crowds. Here drawn in fair array,
The faithful vassals of my master's house,
Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners; high-plumed helms
Rose o'er the martial ranks. and prancing steeds

Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swell'd the shout
That hail'd victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation, when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off;
But nearer as the youthful hero came,
All sounds of all the multitude were hush'd,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here,
Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth, . .
Yea whom all Bætica, all Spain pour'd out
To greet his triumph, . . . not a whisper rose
To Heaven, such awe and reverence master'd them,
Such expectation held them motionless.
Conqueror and King he came; but with no joy
Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
That day display'd; for at his father's grave
Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
Of vengeance well perform'd. Three coal-black steeds
Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased,
Rusilla state; a deeper paleness blanch'd
Her faded countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.
Bound, and expecting at their hands the death
So well deserved, Witiza follow'd them;
Aghast and trembling, first he gazed around,
Wildly from side to side; then from the face
Of universal execration shrunk,
Hanging his wretched head abased; and poor
Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored

His fortune, not his crimes. With bolder front,
Confiding in his priestly character,
Came Orpas next; and then the spurious race
Whom in unhappy hour Favila's wife
Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill bestow'd,
When Roderick, in compassion for their youth,
And for Pelayo's sake, forebore to crush
The brood of vipers!

Err perchance he might,
Replied the Goth, suppressing as he spake
All outward signs of pain, though every word
Went like a dagger to his bleeding heart;..
But sure, I ween, that error is not placed
Among his sins. Old man, thou mayest regret
The mercy ill deserved, and worse return'd,
But not for this wouldst thou reproach the King!

Reproach him? cried Siverian;.. I reproach
My child,.. my noble boy,.. whom every tongue
Bless'd at that hour,.. whose love fill'd every heart
With joy, and every eye with joyful tears!
My brave, my beautiful, my generous boy!
Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,
Never so brave, so beautiful, so great
As then,.. not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate
Amid the thousands who acclaim'd him King,
Firm on the shield above their heads upraised,
Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword...
Why dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt?
I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short years
Have scarcely past away, since all within

The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girdle Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of fight...
Or doth aught ail thee, that thy body quakes
And shudders thus?
'Tis but a chill, replied
The King, in passing from the open air
Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.

Oh! if this scene awoke in thee such thoughts
As swell my bosom here, the old man pursued,
Sunshine, or shade, and all things from without,
Would be alike indifferent. Gracious God,
Only but ten short years,.. and all so changed!
Ten little years since in yon court he check'd
His fiery steeds. The steeds obey'd his hand,
The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leapt
Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,
In their deep silence, open-ear'd, the sound.
With slower movement from the ivory seat
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,
Extended to her son's supporting hand;
Not for default of firm or agile strength,
But that the feeling of that solemn hour
Subdued her then, and tears bedimm'd her sight.
Howbeit when to her husband's grave she came,
On the sepulchral stone she bow'd her head
Awhile; then rose collectedly, and fix'd
Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.
Roderick,.. oh when did valour wear a form
So beautiful, so noble, so august?
Or vengeance, when did it put on before

A character so aweful, so divine?
Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!
Father! I stand before thee once again,
According to thy prayer, when kneeling down
Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
And vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
Her silent anguish, and the grief which then
Even from thee she did not seek to hide,
That if our cruel parting should avail
To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
Surely should my avenging sword fulfil
Whate'er he omen'd. Oh that time, I cried,
Would give the strength of manhood to this arm,
Already would it find a manly heart
To guide it to its purpose! And I swore
Never again to see my father's face,
Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I brought,
Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
Boy as I was, before all Saints in Heaven,
And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,
I made the vow. According to thy prayer,
In all things, O my father, is that vow
Perform'd, alas too well! for thou didst pray,
While looking up I felt the burning tears
Which from thy sightless sockets stream'd, drop down,..
That to thy grave, and not thy living feet,
The oppressor might be led. Behold him there, ..
Father! Theodofred! no longer now
In darkness, from thy heavenly seat look down,

And see before thy grave thine enemy
In bonds, awaiting judgment at my hand!

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half-raised, toward his sentence turn'd;
His eye-lids stiffen'd and pursed up, .. his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when the King
Had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking. At length upon his knees he fell,
And lifting up his trembling hands, outstretch'd
In supplication, .. Mercy! he exclaim'd, ..
Chains, dungeons, darkness, .. any thing but death!..
I did not touch his life.
Roderick replied,
His hour, whenever it had come, had found
A soul prepared: he lived in peace with Heaven,
And life prolong'd for him, was bliss delay'd.
But life, in pain and darkness and despair,
For thee, all leprous as thou art with crimes,
Is mercy ... Take him hence, and let him see
The light of day no more!
Such Roderick was
When last I saw these courts, .. his theatre
Of glory; .. such when last I visited
My master's grave! Ten years have hardly held
Their course, .. ten little years .. break, break, old
heart ..
Oh why art thou so tough!
As thus he spake
They reach'd the church. The door before his hand

Gave way; both blinded with their tears, they went
Straight to the tomb; and there Siverian knelt,
And bow'd his face upon the sepulchre,
Weeping aloud; while Roderick, overpower'd,
And calling upon earth to cover him,
Threw himself prostrate on his father's grave.

Thus as they lay, an aweful voice in tones
Severe address'd them. Who are ye, it said,
That with your passion thus, and on this night,
Disturb my prayers? Starting they rose; there stood
A man before them of majestic form
And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of foot,
Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his head.

VII.

RODERICK AND PELAYO.

'Twas not in vain that on her absent son,
Pelayo's mother from the bed of death
Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony
Besought his prayers; all guilty as she was,
Sure he had not been human, if that cry
Had fail'd to pierce him. When he heard the tale
He bless'd the messenger, even while his speech
Was faltering, . . while from head to foot he shook
With icey feelings from his inmost heart
Effused. It changed the nature of his woe,
Making the burthen more endurable:
The life-long sorrow that remain'd, became
A healing and a chastening grief, and brought
His soul, in close communion, nearer Heaven.
For he had been her first-born, and the love
Which at her breast he drew, and from her smiles,
And from her voice of tenderness imbibed,
Gave such unnatural horror to her crimes,
That when the thought came over him, it seem'd
As if the milk which with his infant life
Had blended, thrill'd like poison through his frame.
It was a woe beyond all reach of hope,
Till with the dreadful tale of her remorse
Faith touch'd his heart; and ever from that day

Did he for her who bore him, night and morn,
Pour out the anguish of his soul in prayer:
But chiefly as the night return'd, which heard
Her last expiring groans of penitence,
Then through the long and painful hours, before
The altar, like a penitent himself,
He kept his vigils; and when Roderick's sword
Subdued Witiza, and the land was free,
Duly upon her grave he offer'd up
His yearly sacrifice of agony
And prayer. This was the night, and he it was
Who now before Siverian and the King
Stood up in sackcloth.
The old man, from fear
Recovering and from wonder, knew him first.
It is the Prince! he cried, and bending down
Embraced his knees. The action and the word
Awaken'd Roderick; he shook off the load
Of struggling thoughts, which pressing on his heart,
Held him like one entranced; yet, all untaught
To bend before the face of man, confused
Awhile he stood, forgetful of his part.
But when Siverian cried, My Lord, my Lord,
Now God be praised that I have found thee thus,
My Lord and Prince, Spain's only hope and mine!
Then Roderick, echoing him, exclaim'd, My Lord,
And Prince, Pelayo!..and approaching near,
He bent his knee obeisant: but his head
Earthward inclined; while the old man, looking up
From his low gesture to Pelayo's face,
Wept at beholding him for grief and joy.

Siverian! cried the chief, . . of whom hath Death
Bereaved me, that thou comest to Cordoba? . .
Children, or wife? . . Or hath the merciless scythe
Of this abhorr'd and jealous tyranny
Made my house desolate at one wide sweep?

They are as thou couldst wish, the old man replied,
Wert thou but lord of thine own house again,
And Spain were Spain once more. A tale of ill
I bear, but one that touches not the heart
Like what thy fears forebode. The renegade
Numacian woos thy sister, and she lends
To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear:
The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warn'd her of all the evils which await
A union thus accurst: she sets at nought
Her faith, her lineage, and thy certain wrath.

Pelayo hearing him, remain'd awhile
Silent; then turning to his mother's grave, . .
O thou poor dust, hath then the infectious taint
Survived thy dread remorse, that it should run
In Guisla's veins? he cried; . . I should have heard
This shameful sorrow any where but here! . .
Humble thyself, proud heart; thou, gracious Heaven,
Be merciful! . . it is the original flaw, . .
And what are we? . . a weak unhappy race,
Born to our sad inheritance of sin
And death! . . He smote his forehead as he spake,
And from his head the ashes fell, like snow
Shaken from some dry beech-leaves, when a bird
Lights on the bending spray. A little while

In silence, rather than in thought, he stood
Passive beneath the sorrow: turning then,
And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me?
He ask'd the old man; for she hath ever been
My wise and faithful counsellor . . . He replied,
The Lady Gaudiosa bade me say
She sees the danger which on every part
Besets her husband's house.. Here she had ceased;
But when my noble Mistress gave in charge,
How I should tell thee that in evil times
The bravest counsels ever are the best;
Then that high-minded Lady thus rejoin'd,
Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he knows
I bear a mind prepared.
Brave spirits! cried
Pelayo, worthy to remove all stain
Of weakness from their sex! I should be less
Than man, if, drawing strength where others find
Their hearts most open to assault of fear,
I quail'd at danger. Never be it said
Of Spain, that in the hour of her distress
Her women were as heroes, but her men
Perform'd the woman's part.
Roderick at that
Look'd up, and taking up the word, exclaim'd,
O Prince, in better days the pride of Spain,
And prostrate as she lies, her surest hope,
Hear now my tale. The fire which seem'd extinct
Hath risen revigorate: a living spark
From Auria's ashes, by a woman's hand
Preserved and quicken'd, kindles far and wide
The beacon-flame o'er all the Asturian hills.

There hath a vow been offer'd up, which binds
Us and our children's children to the work
Of holy hatred. In the name of Spain
That vow hath been pronounced, and register'd
Above, to be the bond whereby we stand
For condemnation or acceptance. Heaven
Received the irrevocable vow, and Earth
Must witness its fulfilment; Earth and Heaven
Call upon thee, Pelayo! Upon thee
The spirits of thy royal ancestors
Look down expectant; unto thee, from fields
Laid waste, and hamlets burnt, and cities sack'd,
The blood of infancy and helpless age
Cries out; thy native mountains call for thee,
Echoing from all their armëd sons thy name.
And deem not thou that hot impatience goads
Thy countrymen to counsels immature.
Odoar and Urban from Visonia's banks
Send me, their sworn and trusted messenger,
To summon thee, and tell thee in their name
That now the hour is come: For sure it seems,
Thus saith the Primate, Heaven's high will to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The sceptre to the Spaniard. Worthy son
Of that most ancient and heroic race,
Which with unweariable endurance still
Hath striven against its mightier enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
So often by superior arms oppress'd,
More often by superior arts beguiled;
Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste

Of sword and fire remorselessly employ'd,
Unconquer'd and unconquerable still; . .
Son of that injured and illustrious stock,
Stand forward thou, draw forth the sword of Spain,
Restore them to their rights, too long withheld,
And place upon thy brow the Spanish crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely Mountaineer
Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,
With eyes intently fix'd, and thoughtful brow;
Then turning to the altar, he let fall
The sackcloth robe, which late with folded arms
Against his heart was prest; and stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaim'd,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy aweful presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,
Could I so fitly answer to the call
Of Spain; and for her sake, and in thy name,
Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers me!

And where but here, said Roderick in his heart,
Could I so properly, with humbled knee
And willing soul, confirm my forfeiture? . .
The action follow'd on that secret thought:
He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and cried,
First of the Spaniards, let me with this kiss
Do homage to thee here, my Lord and King! .
With voice unchanged and steady countenance
He spake; but when Siverian follow'd him,
The old man trembled as his lips pronounced
The faltering vow; and rising he exclaim'd,

God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate
Than thy poor kinsman's, who in happier days
Received thy homage here! Grief choak'd his speech
And, bursting into tears, he sobb'd aloud.
Tears too adown Pelayo's manly cheek
Roll'd silently. Roderick alone appear'd
Unmoved and calm; for now the royal Goth
Had offer'd his accepted sacrifice,
And therefore in his soul he felt that peace
Which follows painful duty well perform'd, . .
Perfect and heavenly peace, . . the peace of God.

VIII.

ALPHONSO.

FAIN would Pelayo have that hour obey'd
The call, commencing his adventurous flight,
As one whose soul impatiently endured
His country's thraldom, and in daily prayer
Imploring her deliverance, cried to Heaven,
How long, O Lord, how long! .. But other thoughts
Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile
Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone,
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors
Watch'd with regard of wary policy, . .
Knowing his powerful name, his noble mind,
And how in him the old Iberian blood,
Of royal and remotest ancestry,
From undisputed source flow'd undefiled;
His mother's after-guilt attainting not
The claim legitimate he derived from her,
Her first-born in her time of innocence.
He too of Chindasuintho's regal line
Sole remnant now, drew after him the love
Of all true Goths, uniting in himself
Thus by this double right, the general heart
Of Spain. For this the renegado crew,
Wretches in whom their conscious guilt and fear

Engender'd cruellest hatred, still advised
The extinction of Pelayo's house; but most
The apostate Prelate, in iniquity
Witiza's genuine brother as in blood,
Orpas, pursued his life. He never ceased
With busy zeal, true traitor, to infuse
His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief;
Their only danger, ever he observed,
Was from Pelayo; root his lineage out,
The Caliph's empire then would be secure,
And universal Spain, all hope of change
Being lost, receive the Prophet's conquering law.
Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor at once
To cut off future peril, telling him
Death was a trusty keeper, and that none
E'er broke the prison of the grave. But here
Keen malice overshot its mark: the Moor,
Who from the plunder of their native land
Had bought the recreant crew that join'd his arms,
Or cheaplier with their own possessions bribed
Their sordid souls, saw through the flimsy show
Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak
Old enmity, and selfish aims: he scorn'd
To let their private purposes incline
His counsels, and believing Spain subdued,
Smiled, in the pride of power and victory,
Disdainful at the thought of farther strife.
Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court,
And told him that until his countrymen
Submissively should lay their weapons down,
He from his children and paternal hearth

Apart must dwell; nor hope to see again
His native mountains and their vales beloved,
Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian hills
Had bow'd before the Caliph; Cordoba
Must be his nightly prison till that hour.
This night, by special favour from the Moor
Ask'd and vouchsafed, he pass'd without the walls
Keeping his yearly vigil; on this night
Therefore the princely Spaniard could not fly,
Being thus in strongest bonds by honour held;
Nor would he by his own escape expose
To stricter bondage, or belike to death,
Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity
Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
Had, like a thing forgotten, pass'd away;
He pitied child and parent, separated
By the stern mandate of unfeeling power,
And almost with a father's eyes beheld
The boy, his fellow in captivity.
For young Alphonso was in truth an heir
Of nature's largest patrimony; rich
In form and feature, growing strength of limb,
A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,
A joyous spirit fill'd with generous thoughts,
And genius heightening and ennobling all;
The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious Heaven,
In this ungenial season perilous, . .
Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe in prayer
The aspirations of prophetic hope, . .
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree! and let

This goodly promise, for thy people's sake,
Yield its abundant fruitage.
When the Prince,
With hope and fear and grief and shame disturb'd,
And sad remembrance, and the shadowy light
Of days before him, thronging as in dreams,
Whose quick succession fill'd and overpower'd
Awhile the unresisting faculty,
Could in the calm of troubled thoughts subdued
Seek in his heart for counsel, his first care
Was for the boy; how best they might evade
The Moor, and renegade's more watchful eye;
And leaving in some unsuspicious guise
The city, through what unfrequented track
Safeliest pursue with speed their dangerous way.
Consumed in cares like these, the fleeting hours
Went by. The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern window slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds
Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes
As if in mimicry of insect play,
Floated with mazy movement. Sloping down
Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,
And rested on the sinful woman's grave
As if it enter'd there, a light from Heaven.
So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!
As in a momentary interval,
When thought expelling thought, had left his mind
Open and passive to the influxes
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was there, . .

So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!
Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the groans
Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the dolorous house
Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts
And other duties than this garb, this night
Enjoin, should thus have past! Our mother-land
Exacted of my heart the sacrifice;
And many a vigil must thy son perform
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses,
And tented fields, outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day, before the sun begins his course.

The noble Mountaineer, concluding then
With silent prayer the service of the night,
Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him
He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro
With patient step and eye reverted oft.
He, springing forward when he heard the door
Move on its heavy hinges, ran to him,
And welcomed him with smiles of youthful love.
I have been watching yonder moon, quoth he,
How it grew pale and paler as the sun
Scatter'd the flying shades; but woe is me,
For on the towers of Cordoba the while
That baleful crescent glitter'd in the morn,
And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock

The omen I had found... Last night I dreamt
That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain,
And I was at thy side: the infidels
Beset us round, but we with our good swords
Hew'd out a way. Methought I stabb'd a Moor
Who would have slain thee; but with that I woke
For joy, and wept to find it but a dream.

Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'erspread
His cheek, and starting tears again suffused
The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince
Regarded him a moment stedfastly,
As if in quick resolve; then looking round
On every side with keen and rapid glance,
Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart
Throbb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd
The calmness of Pelayo's countenance
Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing now
High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed
All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd.
If, said the Prince, thy dream were verified,
And I indeed were in the field in arms
For Spain,.. wouldst thou be at Pelayo's side?..
If I should break these bonds, and fly to rear
Our country's banner on our native hills,
Wouldst thou, Alphonso, share my dangerous flight,
Dear boy,.. and wilt thou take thy lot with me
For death, or for deliverance?
Shall I swear?
Replied the impatient boy; and laying hand
Upon the altar, on his knee he bent,
Looking towards Pelayo with such joy

Of reverential love, as if a God
Were present to receive the eager vow.
Nay, quoth Pelayo: what hast thou to do
With oaths? .. Bright emanation as thou art,
It were a wrong to thy unsullied soul,
A sin to nature, were I to require
Promise or vow from thee! Enough for me
That thy heart answers to the stirring call.
Alphonso, follow thou in happy faith
Alway the indwelling voice that counsels thee;
And then, let fall the issue as it may,
Shall all thy paths be in the light of Heaven,
The peace of Heaven be with thee in all hours.

How then, exclaim'd the boy, shall I discharge
The burthen of this happiness, .. how ease
My overflowing soul! .. Oh gracious God,
Shall I behold my mother's face again, ..
My father's hall, .. my native hills and vales,
And hear the voices of their streams again, ..
And free as I was born amid those scenes
Beloved, maintain my country's freedom there, ..
Or, failing in the sacred enterprise,
Die as becomes a Spaniard? ... Saying thus,
He lifted up his hands and eyes toward
The image of the Crucified, and cried,
O Thou who didst with thy most precious blood
Redeem us, Jesu! help us while we seek
Earthly redemption from this yoke of shame
And misbelief and death.

The noble boy

Then rose, and would have knelt again to clasp
Pelayo's knees, and kiss his hand in act
Of homage; but the Prince, preventing this,
Bent over him in fatherly embrace,
And breathed a fervent blessing on his head.

IX.

FLORINDA.

THERE sate a woman like a supplicant,
Muffled and cloak'd, before Pelayo's gate,
Awaiting when he should return that morn.
She rose at his approach, and bow'd her head,
And, with a low and trembling utterance,
Besought him to vouchsafe her speech within
In privacy. And when they were alone,
And the doors closed, she knelt and clasp't his knees,
Saying, a boon! a boon! This night, O Prince,
Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's soul:
For her soul's sake, and for the soul of him
Whom once, in happier days, of all mankind
Thou heldest for thy chosen bosom friend,
Oh for the sake of his poor suffering soul,
Refuse me not!
How should I dare refuse,
Being thus adjured? he answer'd. Thy request
Is granted, woman, .. be it what it may,
So it be lawful, and within the bounds
Of possible atchievement: .. aught unfit
Thou wouldst not with these adjurations seek.
But who thou art, I marvel, that dost touch
Upon that string, and ask in Roderick's name! ..

She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
Florinda!.. Shrinking then, with both her hands
She hid herself, and bow'd her head abased
Upon her knee,.. as one who, if the grave
Had oped beneath her, would have thrown herself,
Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.

Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter since in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved;
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence,.. than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now had he seen her in her winding-sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved;
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak
In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothed and melted her;
And when the Prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Pass'd slowly over her pale countenance,

Like moonlight on a marble statue. Heaven
Requite thee, Prince! she answer'd. All I ask
Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein
A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
May wait for its deliverance. Even this
My most unhappy fate denies me here.
Griefs which are known too widely and too well
I need not now remember. I could bear
Privation of all Christian ordinances,
The woe which kills hath saved me too, and made
A temple of this ruin'd tabernacle,
Wherein redeeming God doth not disdain
To let his presence shine. And I could bear
To see the turban on my father's brow, . .
Sorrow beyond all sorrows, . . shame of shames, . .
Yet to be borne, while I with tears of blood,
And throes of agony, in his behalf
Implore and wrestle with offended Heaven.
This I have borne resign'd: but other ills
And worse assail me now; the which to bear,
If to avoid be possible, would draw
Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured Priest,
The apostate Orpas, claims me for his bride.
Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes
My sacred woe, and woos me to his bed,
The thing I am, . . the living death thou seest!

Miscreant! exclaim'd Pelayo. Might I meet
That renegado, sword to scymitar,
In open field, never did man approach
The altar for the sacrifice in faith
More sure, than I should hew the villain down!

But how should Julian favour his demand? . .
Julian, who hath so passionately loved
His child, so dreadfully revenged her wrongs!

Count Julian, she replied, hath none but me,
And it hath, therefore, been his heart's desire
To see his ancient line by me preserved.
This was their covenant when in fatal hour
For Spain, and for themselves, in traitorous bond
Of union they combined. My father, stung
To madness, only thought of how to make
His vengeance sure; the Prelate, calm and cool,
When he renounced his outward faith in Christ,
Indulged at once his hatred of the King,
His inbred wickedness, and a haughty hope,
Versed as he was in treasons, to direct
The invaders by his secret policy,
And at their head, aided by Julian's power,
Reign as a Moor upon that throne to which
The priestly order else had barr'd his way.
The African hath conquer'd for himself;
But Orpas coveteth Count Julian's lands,
And claims to have the covenant perform'd.
Friendless, and worse than fatherless, I come
To thee for succour. Send me secretly, . .
For well I know all faithful hearts must be
At thy devotion, . . with a trusty guide
To guard me on the way, that I may reach
Some Christian land, where Christian rites are free,
And there discharge a vow, alas! too long,
Too fatally delay'd. Aid me in this

For Roderick's sake, Pelayo! and thy name
Shall be remember'd in my latest prayer.

Be comforted! the Prince replied; but when
He spake of comfort, twice did he break off
The idle words, feeling that earth had none
For grief so irremediable as hers.
At length he took her hand, and pressing it,
And forcing through involuntary tears
A mournful smile affectionate, he said,
Say not that thou art friendless while I live!
Thou couldst not to a readier ear have told
Thy sorrows, nor have ask'd in fitter hour
What for my country's honour, for my rank,
My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am bound
In duty to perform; which not to do
Would show me undeserving of the names
Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man. This day,
Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me,
And soon as evening closes meet me here.
Duties bring blessings with them, and I hold
Thy coming for a happy augury,
In this most aweful crisis of my fate.

X.

RODERICK AND FLORINDA.

With sword and breast-plate, under rustic weeds
Conceal'd, at dusk Pelayo pass'd the gate,
Florinda following near, disguised alike.
Two peasants on their mules they seem'd, at eve
Returning from the town. Not distant far,
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,
With anxious eye and agitated heart,
Watch'd for the Prince's coming. Eagerly
At every foot-fall through the gloom he strain'd
His sight, nor did he recognize him when
The Chieftain thus accompanied drew nigh;
And when the expected signal called him on,
Doubting this female presence, half in fear
Obey'd the call. Pelayo too perceived
The boy was not alone; he not for that
Delay'd the summons, but lest need should be,
Laying hand upon his sword, toward him bent
In act soliciting speech, and low of voice
Enquired if friend or foe. Forgive me, cried
Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this,
Full as I was of happiness, before.
'T is Hoya, servant of my father's house,

Unto whose dutiful care and love, when sent
To this vile bondage, I was given in charge.
How could I look upon my father's face
If I had in my joy deserted him,
Who was to me found faithful? . . Right! replied
The Prince; and viewing him with silent joy,
Blessed the Mother, in his heart he said,
Who gave thee birth! but sure of womankind
Most blessed she whose hand her happy stars
Shall link with thine! and with that thought the form
Of Hermesind, his daughter, to his soul
Came in her beauty.

Soon by devious tracks
They turn'd aside. The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen. Before their feet
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
Among the hills they travell'd silently;
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of Heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Look'd for the appointed meeting. Halting there,
They from the burthen and the bit relieved

Their patient bearers, and around the fire
Partook of needful food and grateful rest.

Bright rose the flame replenish'd; it illumed
The cork-tree's furrow'd rind, its rifts and swells
And redder scars, . . and where its aged boughs
O'erbower'd the travellers, cast upon the leaves
A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam.
Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath
Lay carelessly dispread, in happy dreams
Of home; his faithful Hoya slept beside.
Years and fatigue to old Siverian brought
Easy oblivion; and the Prince himself,
Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,
Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sate
Beholding Roderick with fix'd eyes intent,
Yet unregardant of the countenance
Whereon they dwelt; in other thoughts absorb'd,
Collecting fortitude for what she yearn'd,
Yet trembled to perform. Her steady look
Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little ween'd
What agony awaited him that hour.
Her face, well nigh as changed as his, was now
Half-hidden, and the lustre of her eye
Extinct; nor did her voice awaken in him
One startling recollection when she spake,
So altered were its tones.

Father, she said,
All thankful as I am to leave behind
The unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less
Of consolation doth my heart receive
At sight of one to whom I may disclose

The sins which trouble me, and at his feet
Lay down repentantly, in Jesu's name,
The burthen of my spirit. In his name
Hear me, and pour into a wounded soul
The balm of pious counsel . . . Saying thus,
She drew toward the minister ordain'd,
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou know
The wretch who kneels beside thee? she enquired,
He answered, Surely we are each to each
Equally unknown.
Then said she, Here thou seest
One who is known too fatally for all, . .
The daughter of Count Julian. . . . Well it was
For Roderick that no eye beheld him now;
From head to foot a sharper pang than death
Thrill'd him; his heart, as at a mortal stroke,
Ceased from its functions: his breath fail'd, and when
The power of life recovering set its springs
Again in action, cold and clammy sweat
Starting at every pore suffused his frame.
Their presence help'd him to subdue himself;
For else, had none been nigh, he would have fallen
Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,
And in that mutual agony belike
Both souls had taken flight. She mark'd him not;
For having told her name, she bow'd her head,
Breathing a short and silent prayer to Heaven,
While, as a penitent, she wrought herself
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness

On Roderick, load his memory with reproach,
And with their curses persecute his soul. . . .
Why shouldst thou tell me this? exclaim'd the Goth,
From his cold forehead wiping as he spake
The death-like moisture; . . Why of Roderick's guilt
Tell me? Or thinkest thou I know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick's shame! Babes learn it from their nurses,
And children, by their mothers unreproved,
Link their first execrations to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,
That, like Iscariot's, through all time shall last,
Reeking and fresh for ever!
There! she cried,
Drawing her body backward where she knelt,
And stretching forth her arms with head upraised, . .
There! it pursues me still! . . I came to thee,
Father, for comfort, and thou heapest fire
Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee; self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come; . .
I come a self-accuser, self-condemn'd
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drank the cup of bitterness,
And having drank therein of heavenly grace,
I must not put away the cup of shame.

Thus as she spake she falter'd at the close,
And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness. Thou! . .
Thou self-abased! exclaim'd the astonish'd King; . .
Thou self-condemn'd! . . The cup of shame for thee!

Thee.. thee, Florinda!... But the very excess
Of passion check'd his speech, restraining thus
From farther transport, which had haply else
Master'd him; and he sate like one entranced,
Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,
So changed: her face, raised from its muffler now,
Was turn'd toward him, and the fire-light shone
Full on its mortal paleness; but the shade
Conceal'd the King.
She roused him from the spell
Which held him like a statue motionless.
Thou too, quoth she, dost join the general curse,
Like one who when he sees a felon's grave,
Casting a stone there as he passes by,
Adds to the heap of shame. Oh what are we,
Frail creatures as we are, that we should sit
In judgement man on man! and what were we,
If the All-merciful should mete to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes! But God beholds
The secrets of the heart,.. therefore his name
Is Merciful. Servant of God, see thou
The hidden things of mine, and judge thou then
In charity thy brother who hath fallen....
Nay, hear me to the end! I loved the King,..
Tenderly, passionately, madly loved him.
Sinful it was to love a child of earth
With such entire devotion as I loved
Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious Goth!
And yet methought this was its only crime,
The imaginative passion seem'd so pure:
Quiet and calm like duty, hope nor fear

Disturb'd the deep contentment of that love;
He was the sunshine of my soul, and like
A flower, I lived and flourish'd in his light.
Oh bear not with me thus impatiently!
No tale of weakness this, that in the act
Of penitence, indulgent to itself,
With garrulous palliation half repeats
The sin it ill repents. I will be brief,
And shrink not from confessing how the love
Which thus began in innocence, betray'd
My unsuspecting heart; nor me alone,
But him, before whom, shining as he shone
With whatsoe'er is noble, whatsoe'er
Is lovely, whatsoever good and great,
I was as dust and ashes, . . him, alas!
This glorious being, this exalted Prince,
Even him, with all his royalty of soul,
Did this ill-omen'd, this accursëd love,
To his most lamentable fall betray
And utter ruin. Thus it was: The King,
By counsels of cold statesmen ill-advised,
To an unworthy mate had bound himself
In politic wedlock. Wherefore should I tell
How Nature upon Egilona's form,
Profuse of beauty, lavishing her gifts,
Left, like a statue from the graver's hands,
Deformity and hollowness beneath
The rich external? For the love of pomp
And emptiest vanity, hath she not incurr'd
The grief and wonder of good men, the gibes
Of vulgar ribaldry, the reproach of all;
Profaning the most holy sacrament

Of marriage, to become chief of the wives
Of Abdalaziz, of the Infidel,
The Moor, the tyrant-enemy of Spain!
All know her now; but they alone who knew
What Roderick was can judge his wretchedness,
To that light spirit and unfeeling heart
In hopeless bondage bound. No children rose
From this unhappy union, towards whom
The springs of love within his soul confined
Might flow in joy and fulness; nor was he
One, like Witiza, of the vulgar crew,
Who in promiscuous appetite can find
All their vile nature seeks. Alas for man!
Exuberant health diseases him, frail worm!
And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtue from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.
Aye, thou mayest groan for poor mortality, . .
Well, Father, mayest thou groan!
My evil fate
Made me an inmate of the royal house,
And Roderick found in me, if not a heart
Like his, . . for who was like the heroic Goth? . . .
One which at least felt his surpassing worth,
And loved him for himself. . . . A little yet
Bear with me, reverend Father, for I touch
Upon the point, and this long prologue goes,
As justice bids, to palliate his offence,
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought
Such as fond sisters for a brother feel,
Grew day by day, and strengthen'd in its growth,
Till the beloved presence had become

Needful as food or necessary sleep,
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing.
Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived
Contented with this pure idolatry,
Had he been happy: but I saw and knew
The inward discontent and household griefs
Which he subdued in silence; and alas!
Pity with admiration mingling then,
Alloy'd and lower'd and humanized my love,
Till to the level of my lowliness
It brought him down; and in this treacherous heart
Too often the repining thought arose,
That if Florinda had been Roderick's Queen,
Then might domestic peace and happiness
Have bless'd his home and crown'd our wedded loves.
Too often did that sinful thought recur,
Too feebly the temptation was repell'd.

See, Father, I have probed my inmost soul;
Have search'd to its remotest source the sin;
And tracing it through all its specious forms
Of fair disguisement, I present it now,
Even as it lies before the eye of God,
Bare and exposed, convicted and condemn'd.
One eve, as in the bowers which overhang
The glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks
I roam'd alone, alone I met the King.
His countenance was troubled, and his speech
Like that of one whose tongue to light discourse
At fits constrain'd, betrays a heart disturb'd:
I too, albeit unconscious of his thoughts,
With anxious looks reveal'd what wandering words

In vain essay'd to hide. A little while
Did this oppressive intercourse endure,
Till our eyes met in silence, each to each
Telling their mutual tale, then consciously
Together fell abash'd. He took my hand
And said, Florinda, would that thou and I
Earlier had met! oh what a blissful lot
Had then been mine, who might have found in thee
The sweet companion and the friend endear'd,
A fruitful wife and crown of earthly joys!
Thou too shouldst then have been of womankind
Happiest, as now the loveliest. . . And with that,
First giving way to passion first disclosed,
He press'd upon my lips a guilty kiss, . .
Alas! more guiltily received than given.
Passive and yielding, and yet self-reproach'd,
Trembling I stood, upheld in his embrace;
When coming steps were heard, and Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,
Queen of my heart! Oh meet me here again,
My own Florinda, meet me here again! . .
Tongue, eye, and pressure of the impassion'd hand
Solicited and urged the ardent suit,
And from my hesitating hurried lips
The word of promise fatally was drawn.
O Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told me all
Thy purpose at that hour, from what a world
Of woe had thou and I....The bitterness
Of that reflection overcame her then,
And choak'd her speech. But Roderick sate the while
Covering his face with both his hands close-prest,
His head bow'd down, his spirit to such point

Of sufferance knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword.
Till now, said she,
Resuming her confession, I had lived,
If not in innocence, yet self-deceived,
And of my perilous and sinful state
Unconscious. But this fatal hour reveal'd
To my awakening soul her guilt and shame;
And in those agonies with which remorse,
Wrestling with weakness and with cherish'd sin,
Doth triumph o'er the lacerated heart,
That night.. that miserable night.. I vow'd,
A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
Immured; and, like redeemëd Magdalen,
Or that Egyptian penitent, whose tears
Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round her cave
The thirsty desert, so to mourn my fall.
The struggle ending thus, the victory
Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I believed
My soul was calm, and that the peace of Heave
Descended to accept and bless my vow;
And in this faith, prepared to consummate
The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
See, Father, what a snare had Satan laid!
For Roderick came to tell me that the Church
From his unfruitful bed would set him free,
And I should be his Queen.
O let me close
The dreadful tale! I told him of my vow;
And from sincere and scrupulous piety,
But more, I fear me, in that desperate mood
Of obstinate will perverse, the which, with pride

And shame and self-reproach, doth sometimes make
A woman's tongue, her own worst enemy,
Run counter to her dearest heart's desire, . .
In that unhappy mood did I resist
All his most earnest prayers to let the power
Of holy Church, never more rightfully
Invoked, he said, than now in our behalf,
Release us from our fatal bonds. He urged
With kindling warmth his suit, like one whose life
Hung on the issue; I dissembled not
My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,
Yet desperately maintain'd the rash resolve;
Till in the passionate argument he grew
Incensed, inflamed, and madden'd or possess'd, . .
For Hell too surely at that hour prevail'd,
And with such subtile toils enveloped him,
That even in the extremity of guilt
No guilt he purported, but rather meant
An amplest recompence of life-long love
For transitory wrong, which fate perverse,
Thus madly he deceived himself, compell'd,
And therefore stern necessity excused.
Here then, O Father, at thy feet I own
Myself the guiltier; for full well I knew
These were his thoughts, but vengeance master'd me,
And in my agony I cursed the man
Whom I loved best.
Dost thou recall that curse?
Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward voice,
Still with his head depress'd, and covering still
His countenance. Recall it? she exclaim'd;
Father, I come to thee because I gave

The reins to wrath too long, .. because I wrought
His ruin, death, and infamy ... O God,
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged,
As I forgive the King! ... But teach me thou
What reparation more than tears and prayers
May now be made; .. how shall I vindicate
His injured name, and take upon myself.....
Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,
Speak not of that, I charge thee! On his fame
The Ethiop dye, fixed ineffaceably,
For ever will abide; so it must be,
So should be: 'tis his rightful punishment;
And if to the full measure of his sin
The punishment hath fallen, the more our hope
That through the blood of Jesus he may find
That sin forgiven him.
Pausing then, he raised
His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay
Stretch'd on the heath. To that old man, said he,
And to the mother of the unhappy Goth,
Tell, if it please thee, .. not what thou hast pour'd
Into my secret ear, but that the child
For whom they mourn with anguish unallay'd,
Sinn'd not from vicious will, or heart corrupt,
But fell by fatal circumstance betray'd.
And if in charity to them thou sayest
Something to palliate, something to excuse
An act of sudden frenzy when the Fiend
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick
All he could ask thee, all that can be done
On earth, and all his spirit could endure.

Venturing towards her an imploring look,
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in prayer?
He said, and trembled as he spake. That voice
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence,
Wounding at once and comforting the soul.
O Father, Christ requite thee! she exclaim'd;
Thou hast set free the springs which withering griefs
Have closed too long. Forgive me, for I thought
Thou wert a rigid and unpitying judge;
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself
No flaw of frailty, heard impatiently
Of weakness and of guilt. I wrong'd thee Father!..
With that she took his hand, and kissing it,
Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer speech,
For Roderick, for Count Julian and myself,
Three wretchedest of all the human race,
Who have destroyed each other and ourselves,
Mutually wrong'd and wronging, let us pray!

XI.

COUNT PEDRO'S CASTLE.

TWELVE weary days with unremitting speed,
Shunning frequented tracks, the travellers
Pursued their way; the mountain path they chose,
The forest or the lonely heath wide-spread,
Where cistus shrubs sole-seen exhaled at noon
Their fine balsamic odour all around;
Strew'd with their blossoms, frail as beautiful,
The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun
Relumed the gladden'd earth, opening anew
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
Whiten'd again the wilderness. They left
The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and cross'd
The wilds where Ana in her native hills
Collects her sister springs, and hurries on
Her course melodious amid loveliest glens,
With forest and with fruitage overbower'd.
These scenes profusely blest by Heaven they left,
Where o'er the hazel and the quince the vine
Wide-mantling spreads; and clinging round the cork
And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves
Garlands of brightest hue, with reddening fruit
Pendant, or clusters cool of glassy green.
So holding on o'er mountain and o'er vale,

Tagus they cross'd where midland on his way
The King of Rivers rolls his stately stream;
And rude Alverches wide and stony bed,
And Duero distant far, and many a stream
And many a field obscure, in future war
For bloody theatre of famous deeds
Foredoom'd; and deserts where in years to come
Shall populous towns arise, and crested towers
And stately temples rear their heads on high.

Cautious with course circuitous they shunn'd
The embattled city, which in eldest time
Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so fables say,
Now subjugate, but fated to behold
Ere long the heroic Prince (who passing now
Unknown and silently the dangerous track,
Turns thither his regardant eye) come down
Victorious from the heights, and bear abroad
Her banner'd Lion, symbol to the Moor
Of rout and death through many an age of blood.
Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west,
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of Leon, and with evening premature.
Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line
Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,
When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird of Jove
Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north, before
The travellers the Erbasian mountains rise,
Bounding the land beloved, their native land

How then, Alphonso, did thy eager soul
Chide the slow hours and painful way, which seem'd
Lengthening to grow before their lagging pace!
Youth of heroic thought and high desire,
'T is not the spur of lofty enterprize
That with unequal throbbing hurries now
The unquiet heart, now makes it sink dismay'd;
'T is not impatient joy which thus disturbs
In that young breast the healthful spring of life;
Joy and ambition have forsaken him
His soul is sick with hope. So near his home,
So near his mother's arms;.. alas! perchance
The long'd-for meeting may be yet far off
As earth from heaven. Sorrow in these long months
Of separation may have laid her low;
Or what if at his flight the bloody Moor
Hath sent his ministers of slaughter forth,
And he himself should thus have brought the sword
Upon his father's head?.. Sure Hoya too
The same dark presage feels, the fearful boy
Said in himself; or wherefore is his brow
Thus overcast with heaviness, and why
Looks he thus anxiously in silence round?

Just then that faithful servant raised his hand,
And turning to Alphonso with a smile,
He pointed where Count Pedro's towers far off
Peer'd in the dell below; faint was the smile,
And while it sate upon his lips, his eye
Retain'd its troubled speculation still.
For long had he look'd wistfully in vain,

Seeking where far or near he might espy
From whom to learn if time or chance had wrought
Change in his master's house: but on the hills
Nor goat-herd could he see, nor traveller,
Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,
Nor angler following up the mountain glen
His lonely pastime; neither could he hear
Carol, or pipe, or shout of shepherd's boy,
Nor woodman's axe, for not a human sound
Disturb'd the silence of the solitude.

Is it the spoiler's work? At yonder door
Behold the favourite kidling bleats unheard;
The next stands open, and the sparrows there
Boldly pass in and out. Thither he turn'd
To seek what indications were within;
The chesnut-bread was on the shelf, the churn,
As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh;
The recent fire had moulder'd on the hearth;
And broken cobwebs mark'd the whiter space
Where from the wall the buckler and the sword
Had late been taken down. Wonder at first
Had mitigated fear, but Hoya now
Return'd to tell the symbols of good hope,
And they prick'd forward joyfully. Ere long
Perceptible above the ceaseless sound
Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,
As if in loud acclaim, was heard far off;
And nearer as they drew, distincter shouts
Came from the dell, and at Count Pedro's gate
The human swarm were seen, .. a motley group,
Maids, mothers, helpless infancy, weak age,

And wondering children and tumultuous boys,
Hot youth and resolute manhood gather'd there,
In uproar all. Anon the moving mass
Falls in half circle back, a general cry
Bursts forth, exultant arms are lifted up,
And caps are thrown aloft, as through the gate
Count Pedro's banner came. Alphonso shriek'd
For joy, and smote his steed and gallop'd on.

Fronting the gate the standard-bearer holds
His precious charge. Behind the men divide
In order'd files; green boyhood presses there,
And waning eld, pleading a youthful soul,
Intreats admission. All is ardour here,
Hope and brave purposes and minds resolved.
Nor where the weaker sex is left apart
Doth aught of fear find utterance, though perchance
Some paler cheeks might there be seen, some eyes
Big with sad bodings, and some natural tears.
Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant space
Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,
And gazing round upon the martial show,
Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,
And snorts and champs the bit, and neighing shrill
Wakes the near echo with his voice of joy.
The page beside him holds his master's spear
And shield and helmet. In the castle-gate
Count Pedro stands, his countenance resolved
But mournful, for Favinia on his arm
Hung, passionate with her fears, and held him back.
Go not, she cried, with this deluded crew!
She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic words

Bereft thy faculty, . . she is crazed with grief,
And her delirium hath infected these:
But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost not share
The madness of the crowd; thy sober mind
Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
And sees the certain ruin, . . for thou know'st
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy man,
Why then for this most desperate enterprize
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only child?
Not for myself I plead, nor even for thee;
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not fear
The face of death; and I should welcome it
As the best visitant whom Heaven could send.
Not for our lives I speak then, . . were they worth
The thought of preservation; . . Nature soon
Must call for them; the sword that should cut short
Sorrow's slow work were merciful to us.
But spare Alphonso! there is time and hope
In store for him. O thou who gavest him life,
Seal not his death, his death and mine at once!

Peace! he replied: thou know'st there is no choice,
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
Its course aside! but where yon banner goes
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare me then,
Favinia, lest I hear thy honour'd name
Now first attainted with deserved reproach.
The boy is in God's hands. He who of yore
Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the fire,
And from the lion's den drew Daniel forth
Unhurt, can save him, . . if it be his will.

Even as he spake, the astonish'd troop set up
A shout of joy which rung through all the hills.
Alphonso heeds not how they break their ranks
And gather round to greet him; from his horse
Precipitate and panting off he springs.
Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his sight;
Favinia claspt her hands, and looking up
To Heaven as she embraced the boy, exclaim'd,
Lord God, forgive me for my sinful fears;
Unworthy that I am, . . my son, my son!

XII.

THE VOW.

ALWAYS I knew thee for a generous foe,
Pelayo! said the Count; and in our time
Of enmity, thou too, I know, didst feel
The feud between us was but of the house,
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms henceforth
We stand or fall together: nor will I
Look to the event with one misgiving thought, . .
That were to prove myself unworthy now
Of Heaven's benignant providence, this hour,
Scarcely by less than miracle, vouchsafed.
I will believe that we have days in store
Of hope, now risen again as from the dead, . .
Of vengeance, . . of portentous victory, . .
Yea, maugre all unlikelihoods, . . of peace.
Let us then here indissolubly knit
Our ancient houses, that those happy days,
When they arrive, may find us more than friends,
And bound by closer than fraternal ties.
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom my heart
Yearns now, as if in winning infancy
Her smiles had been its daily food of love.
I need not tell thee what Alphonso is, . .
Thou know'st the boy!

Already had that hope,
Replied Pelayo, risen within my soul.
O Thou, who in thy mercy from the house
Of Moorish bondage hast deliver'd us,
Fulfil the pious purposes for which
Here, in thy presence, thus we pledge our hands!

Strange hour to plight espousals! yielding half
To superstitious thoughts, Favinia cried,
And these strange witnesses!.. The times are strange,
With thoughtful speech composed her Lord replies,
And what thou seest accords with them. This day
Is wonderful; nor could auspicious Heaven
With fairer or with fitter omen gild
Our enterprize, when strong in heart and hope
We take the field, preparing thus for works
Of piety and love. Unwillingly
I yielded to my people's general voice,
Thinking that she who with her powerful words
To this excess had roused and kindled them,
Spake from the spirit of her griefs alone,
Not with prophetic impulse. Be that sin
Forgiven me! and the calm and quiet faith
Which, in the place of incredulity,
Hath fill'd me, now that seeing I believe,
Doth give of happy end to righteous cause
A presage, not presumptuous, but assured.

Then Pedro told Pelayo how from vale
To vale the exalted Adosinda went,
Exciting sire and son, in holy war
Conquering or dying, to secure their place

In Paradise: and how reluctantly,
And mourning for his child by his own act
Thus doom'd to death, he bade with heavy heart
His banner be brought forth. Devoid alike
Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
To march toward the western Mountaineers,
Where Odoar by his counsel might direct
Their force conjoin'd. Now, said he, we must haste
To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,
With timely speed, I trust in God, thy house.

Then looking to his men, he cried, Bring forth
The armour which in Wamba's wars I wore. . .
Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious words.
Count Pedro mark'd the rising glow of joy, . .
Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pursued,
This day above all other days is blest,
From whence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
Thy life in arms!
Rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike
To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time

Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro then
Would smile, and in his heart rejoice to see
The noble instinct manifest itself.
Then too Favinia with maternal pride
Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
And in that silent language bid him mark
His spirit in his boy; all danger then
Was distant, and if secret forethought faint
Of manhood's perils, and the chance of war,
Hateful to mothers, pass'd across her mind,
The ill remote gave to the present hour
A heighten'd feeling of secure delight.

No season this for old solemnities,
For wassailry and sport; . . the bath, the bed,
The vigil, . . all preparatory rites
Omitted now, . . here in the face of Heaven,
Before the vassals of his father's house,
With them in instant peril to partake
The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,
The hose, the sleeves of mail; bareheaded then
He stood. But when Count Pedro took the spurs
And bent his knee in service to his son,
Alphonso from that gesture half drew back,

Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue
Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'd his cheeks.
Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
So shall the ceremony of this hour
Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.
The Prince from Hoya's faithful hand receiv'd
The sword; he girt it round the youth, and drew
And placed it in his hand; unsheathing then
His own good falchion, with its burnish'd blade
He touch'd Alphonso's neck, and with a kiss
Gave him his rank in arms.
Thus long the crowd
Had look'd intently on, in silence hush'd;
Loud and continuous now with one accord,
Shout following shout, their acclamations rose;
Blessings were breathed from every heart, and joy,
Powerful alike in all, which as with force
Of an inebriating cup inspired
The youthful, from the eye of age drew tears.
The uproar died away, when standing forth,
Roderick with lifted hand besought a pause
For speech, and moved towards the youth. I too,
Young Baron, he began, must do my part;
Not with prerogative of earthly power,
But as the servant of the living God,
The God of Hosts. This day thou promisest
To die when honour calls thee for thy faith,
For thy liege Lord, and for thy native land;
The duties which at birth we all contract,
Are by the high profession of this hour
Made thine especially. Thy noble blood,
The thoughts with which thy childhood hath been fed,

And thine own noble nature more than all,
Are sureties for thee. But these dreadful times
Demand a farther pledge; for it hath pleased
The Highest, as he tried his Saints of old,
So in the fiery furnace of his wrath
To prove and purify the sons of Spain;
And they must knit their spirits to the proof,
Or sink, for ever lost. Hold forth thy sword,
Young Baron, and before thy people take
The vow which, in Toledo's sacred name,
Poor as these weeds bespeak me, I am here
To minister with delegated power.

With reverential awe was Roderick heard
By all, so well authority became
That mien and voice and countenance austere.
Pelayo with complacent eye beheld
The unlook'd-for interposal, and the Count
Bends toward Alphonso his approving head.
The youth obedient loosen'd from his belt
The sword, and looking, while his heart beat fast,
To Roderick, reverently expectant stood.

O noble youth, the Royal Goth pursued,
Thy country is in bonds; an impious foe
Oppresses her; he brings with him strange laws,
Strange language, evil customs, and false faith,
And forces them on Spain. Swear that thy soul
Will make no covenant with these accursed,
But that the sword shall be from this day forth
Thy children's portion, to be handed down
From sire to son, a sacred heritage,

Through every generation, till the work
Be done, and this insulted land hath drunk
In sacrifice, the last invader's blood!

Bear witness, ancient Mountains! cried the youth,
And ye, my native Streams, who hold your course
For ever;.. this dear Earth, and yonder Sky,
Be witness! for myself I make the vow,
And for my children's children. Here I stand
Their sponsor, binding them in sight of Heaven,
As by a new baptismal sacrament,
To wage hereditary holy war,
Perpetual, patient, persevering war,
Till not one living enemy pollute
The sacred soil of Spain.
So as he ceased,
While yet toward the clear blue firmament
His eyes were raised, he lifted to his lips
The sword, with reverent gesture bending then
Devoutly kiss'd its cross.
And ye! exclaimed
Roderick, as turning to the assembled troop
He motion'd with authoritative hand,..
Ye children of the hills and sons of Spain!

Through every heart the rapid feeling ran,..
For us! they answer'd all with one accord,
And at the word they knelt: People and Prince,
The young and old, the father and the son,
At once they knelt; with one accord they cried,
For us, and for our seed! with one accord
They cross'd their fervent arms, and with bent head

Inclined toward that aweful voice from whence
The inspiring impulse came. The Royal Goth
Made answer, I receive your vow for Spain
And for the Lord of Hosts: your cause is good,
Go forward in his spirit and his strength.

Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderick
With such commanding majesty dispensed
His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
When with slow movement, solemnly upraised,
Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration. Silently
The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry,
Who far above them, at her highest flight
A speck scarce visible, gyred round and round,
Was heard distinctly; and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant glen sent forth its sounds
Wafted upon the wind, grew audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.

XIII.

COUNT EUDON.

THAT aweful silence still endured, when one,
Who to the northern entrance of the vale
Had turn'd his casual eye, exclaim'd, The Moors! ..
For from the forest verge a troop were seen
Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their forward speed
Was check'd when they beheld his banner spread,
And saw his order'd spears in prompt array
Marshall'd to meet their coming. But the pride
Of power and insolence of long command
Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous: We are come
Late for prevention, cried the haughty Moor,
But never time more fit for punishment!
These unbelieving slaves must feel and know
Their master's arm! .. On, faithful Musselmen,
On .. on, .. and hew down the rebellious dogs! ..
Then as he spurr'd his steed, Allah is great!
Mahommed is his Prophet! he exclaim'd,
And led the charge.
Count Pedro met the Chief
In full career; he bore him from his horse
A full spear's length upon the lance transfix'd;
Then leaving in his breast the mortal shaft,
Pass'd on, and breaking through the turban'd files
Open'd a path. Pelayo, who that day

Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war
Yet unequipp'd, pursued and smote the foe,
But ever on Alphonso at his side
Retain'd a watchful eye. The gallant boy
Gave his good sword that hour its earliest taste
Of Moorish blood,.. that sword whose hungry edge,
Through the fair course of all his glorious life
From that auspicious day, was fed so well.
Cheap was the victory now for Spain achieved;
For the first fervour of their zeal inspired
The Mountaineers,.. the presence of their Chiefs,
The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,
The air they breathed, the soil whereon they trod,
Duty, devotion, faith, and hope and joy.
And little had the misbelievers ween'd
In such impetuous onset to receive
A greeting deadly as their own intent;
Victims they thought to find, not men prepared
And eager for the fight; their confidence
Therefore gave way to wonder, and dismay
Effected what astonishment began.
Scatter'd before the impetuous Mountaineers,
Buckler and spear and scymitar they dropt,
As in precipitate route they fled before
The Asturian sword: the vales and hills and rocks
Received their blood, and where they fell the wolves
At evening found them.

From the fight apart
Two Africans had stood, who held in charge
Count Eudon. When they saw their countrymen
Falter, give way, and fly before the foe,
One turn'd toward him with malignant rage,

And saying, Infidel! thou shalt not live
To join their triumph! aim'd against his neck
The moony falchion's point. His comrade raised
A hasty hand and turn'd its edge aside,
Yet so that o'er the shoulder glancing down
It scarr'd him as it pass'd. The murderous Moor,
Not tarrying to secure his vengeance, fled;
While he of milder mood, at Eudon's feet
Fell and embraced his knees. The mountaineer
Who found them thus, withheld at Eudon's voice
His wrathful hand, and led them to his Lord.

Count Pedro and Alphonso and the Prince
Stood on a little rocky eminence
Which overlook'd the vale. Pedro had put
His helmet off, and with sonorous horn
Blew the recall; for well he knew what thoughts,
Calm as the Prince appear'd and undisturb'd,
Lay underneath his silent fortitude;
And how at this eventful juncture speed
Imported more than vengeance. Thrice he sent
The long-resounding signal forth, which rung
From hill to hill, re-echoing far and wide.
Slow and unwillingly his men obey'd
The swelling horn's reiterated call;
Repining that a single foe escaped
The retribution of that righteous hour.
With lingering step reluctant from the chase
They turn'd,—their veins full-swoln, their sinews strung
For battle still, their hearts unsatisfied;
Their swords were dropping still with Moorish blood,
And where they wiped their reeking brows, the stain

Of Moorish gore was left. But when they came
Where Pedro, with Alphonso at his side,
Stood to behold their coming, then they press'd
All emulous, with gratulation round,
Extolling for his deeds that day display'd
The noble boy. Oh! when had Heaven, they said,
With such especial favour manifest
Illustrated a first essay in arms!
They bless'd the father from whose loins he sprung,
The mother at whose happy breast he fed;
And pray'd that their young hero's fields might be
Many, and all like this.
Thus they indulged
The honest heart, exuberant of love,
When that loquacious joy at once was check'd,
For Eudon and the Moor were brought before
Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and pale,
But with a different fear: the African
Felt at this crisis of his destiny
Such apprehension as without reproach
Might blanch a soldier's cheek, when life and death
Hang on another's will, and helplessly
He must abide the issue. But the thoughts
Which quail'd Count Eudon's heart, and made his limbs
Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Old enmity, and that he stood in power
Of hated and hereditary foes.
I came not with them willingly! he cried,
Addressing Pedro and the Prince at once,
Rolling from each to each his restless eyes
Aghast, .. the Moor can tell I had no choice;
They forced me from my castle: .. in the fight

They would have slain me:.. see I bleed! The Moor
Can witness that a Moorish scymitar
Inflicted this:.. he saved me from worse hurt:..
I did not come in arms:..he knows it all;..
Speak, man, and let the truth be known to clear
My innocence!

Thus as he ceased, with fear
And rapid utterance panting open-mouth'd,
Count Pedro half represt a mournful smile,
Wherein compassion seem'd to mitigate
His deep contempt. Methinks, said he, the Moor
Might with more reason look himself to find
An intercessor, than be call'd upon
To play the pleader's part. Didst thou then save
The Baron from thy comrades?

Let my Lord
Show mercy to me, said the Musselman,
As I am free from falsehood. We were left,
I and another, holding him in charge;
My fellow would have slain him when he saw
How the fight fared: I turn'd the scymitar
Aside, and trust that life will be the meed
For life by me preserved.

Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoin'd the Count, be vain. Say farther now,
From whence ye came?.. your orders what?.. what force
In Gegio? and if others like yourselves
Are in the field?

The African replied,
We came from Gegio, order'd to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee here

To bear thee hence in bonds. A messenger
From Cordoba, whose speed denoted well
He came with urgent tidings, was the cause
Of this our sudden movement. We went forth
Three hundred men; an equal force was sent
For Cangas, on like errand as I ween.
Four hundred in the city then were left.
If other force be moving from the south,
I know not, save that all appearances
Denote alarm and vigilance.
The Prince
Fix'd upon Eudon then his eye severe;
Baron, he said, the die of war is cast;
What part art thou prepared to take? against,
Or with the oppressor?
Not against my friends, . .
Not against you! . . the irresolute wretch replied,
Hasty, yet faltering in his fearful speech:
But . . have ye weigh'd it well? . . It is not yet
Too late, . . their numbers, . . their victorious force,
Which hath already trodden in the dust
The sceptre of the Goths: . . the throne destroy'd, .
Our towns subdued, . . our country overrun, . .
The people to the yoke of their new Lords
Resign'd in peace. . . Can I not mediate? . .
Were it not better through my agency
To gain such terms, . . such honourable terms. . . .

Terms! cried Pelayo, cutting short at once
That dastard speech, and checking, ere it grew
Too powerful for restraint, the incipient wrath
Which in indignant murmurs breathing round,

Rose like a gathering storm, learn thou what terms
Asturias, this day speaking by my voice,
Doth constitute to be the law between
Thee and thy Country. Our portentous age,
As with an earthquake's desolating force,
Hath loosen'd and disjointed the whole frame
Of social order, and she calls not now
For service with the force of sovereign will.
That which was common duty in old times,
Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now;
And every one, as between Hell and Heaven,
In free election must be left to chuse.
Asturias asks not of thee to partake
The cup which we have pledged; she claims from none
The dauntless fortitude, the mind resolved,
Which only God can give; . . therefore such peace
As thou canst find where all around is war,
She leaves thee to enjoy. But think not, Count,
That because thou art weak, one valiant arm,
One generous spirit must be lost to Spain!
The vassal owes no service to the Lord
Who to his Country doth acknowledge none.
The summons which thou hast not heart to give,
I and Count Pedro over thy domains
Will send abroad; the vassals who were thine
Will fight beneath our banners, and our wants
Shall from thy lands, as from a patrimony
Which hath reverted to the common stock,
Be fed: such tribute, too, as to the Moors
Thou renderest, we will take: It is the price
Which in this land for weakness must be paid

While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!
Fear is a treacherous counsellor! I know
Thou thinkëst that beneath his horses's hoofs
The Moor will trample our poor numbers down;
But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,
His multitudes! for if thou shouldst be found
Against thy country, on the readiest tree
Those recreant bones shall rattle in the wind,
When the birds have left them bare.
As thus he spake,
Count Eudon heard and trembled: every joint
Was loosen'd, every fibre of his flesh
Thrill'd, and from every pore effused, cold sweat
Clung on his quivering limbs. Shame forced it forth,
Envy, and inward consciousness, and fear
Predominant, which stifled in his heart
Hatred and rage. Before his livid lips
Could shape to utterance their essay'd reply,
Compassionately Pedro interposed.
Go, Baron, to the Castle, said the Count;
There let thy wound be look'd to, and consult
Thy better mind at leisure. Let this Moor
Attend upon thee there, and when thou wilt,
Follow thy fortunes. . . . . To Pelayo then
He turn'd, and saying, All-too-long, O Prince,
Hath this unlook'd-for conflict held thee here, . .
He bade his gallant men begin their march.

Flush'd with success, and in auspicious hour,
The Mountaineers set forth. Blessings and prayers
Pursued them at their parting, and the tears
Which fell were tears of fervour, not of grief.

The sun was verging to the western slope
Of Heaven, but they till midnight travell'd on;
Renewing then at early dawn their way,
They held their unremitting course from morn
Till latest eve, such urgent cause impell'd;
And night had closed around, when to the vale
Where Sella in her ampler bed receives
Pionia's stream they came. Massive and black
Pelayo's castle there was seen; its lines
And battlements against the deep blue sky
Distinct in solid darkness visible.
No light is in the tower. Eager to know
The worst, and with that fatal certainty
To terminate intolerable dread,
He spurr'd his courser forward. All his fears
Too surely are fulfill'd, . . for open stand
The doors, and mournfully at times a dog
Fills with his howling the deserted hall.
A moment overcome with wretchedness,
Silent Pelayo stood! recovering then,
Lord God, resign'd he cried, thy will be done!

XIV.

THE RESCUE.

Count, said Pelayo, Nature hath assign'd
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;
Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak and to the wounded balm;
And strenuous action next. Think not I came
With unprovided heart. My noble wife,
In the last solemn words, the last farewell
With which she charged her secret messenger,
Told me that whatsoe'er was my resolve,
She bore a mind prepared. And well I know
The evil, be it what it may, hath found
In her a courage equal to the hour.
Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,
She in her children may be doom'd to feel,
Will never make that steady soul repent
Its virtuous purpose. I too did not cast
My single life into the lot, but knew
These dearer pledges on the die were set;
And if the worst have fallen, I shall but bear
That in my breast, which, with transfiguring power
Of piety, makes chastening sorrow take
The form of hope, and sees, in Death, the friend
And the restoring Angel. We must rest

Perforce, and wait what tidings night may bring,
Haply of comfort. Ho there! kindle fires,
And see if aught of hospitality
Can yet within these mournful walls be found!

Thus while he spake, lights were descried far off
Moving among the trees, and coming sounds
Were heard as of a distant multitude.
Anon a company of horse and foot,
Advancing in disorderly array,
Came up the vale; before them and beside
Their torches flash'd on Sella's rippling stream;
Now gleam'd through chesnut groves, emerging now,
O'er their huge boughs and radiated leaves
Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.
That sight inspired with strength the mountaineers;
All sense of weariness, all wish for rest
At once were gone; impatient in desire
Of second victory alert they stood;
And when the hostile symbols, which from far
Imagination to their wish had shaped,
Vanish'd in nearer vision, high-wrought hope
Departing, left the spirit pall'd and blank.
No turban'd race, no sons of Africa
Were they who now came winding up the vale,
As waving wide before their horses' feet
The torch-light floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.
Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
And spears erect; and nearer as they drew
Were the loose folds of female garments seen
On those who led the company. Who then

Had stood beside Pelayo, might have heard
The beating of his heart.
But vainly there
Sought he with wistful eye the well-known forms
Beloved; and plainly might it now be seen
That from some bloody conflict they return'd
Victorious, . . for at every saddle-bow
A gorey head was hung. Anon they stopt,
Levelling in quick alarm their ready spears.
Hold! who goes there? cried one. A hundred tongues
Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved the lights, . .
The people knew their Lord.
Then what a shout
Rung through the valley! From their clay-built nests,
Beneath the overbrowing battlements,
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted martins flew,
And uttering notes of terror short and shrill,
Amid the yellow glare and lurid smoke
Wheel'd giddily. Then plainly was it shown
How well the vassals loved their generous Lord,
How like a father the Asturian Prince
Was dear. They crowded round; they claspt his knees;
They snatch'd his hand; they fell upon his neck, . .
They wept; . . they blest Almighty Providence,
Which had restored him thus from bondage free;
God was with them and their good cause, they said;
His hand was here. . . His shield was over them, . .
His spirit was abroad, . . His power display'd:
And pointing to their bloody trophies then,
They told Pelayo there he might behold
The first-fruits of the harvest they should soon

Reap in the field of war! Benignantly,
With voice and look and gesture, did the Prince
To these warm greetings of tumultuous joy
Respond; and sure if at that moment aught
Could for awhile have overpower'd those fears
Which from the inmost heart o'er all his frame
Diffused their chilling influence, worthy pride,
And sympathy of love and joy and hope,
Had then possess'd him wholly. Even now
His spirit rose; the sense of power, the sight
Of his brave people, ready where he led
To fight their country's battles, and the thought
Of instant action, and deliverance, . .
If Heaven, which thus far had protected him,
Should favour still, . . revived his heart, and gave
Fresh impulse to its spring. In vain he sought
Amid that turbulent greeting to enquire
Where Gaudiosa was, his children where,
Who call'd them to the field, who captain'd them;
And how these women, thus with arms and death
Environ'd, came amid their company?
For yet, amid the fluctuating light
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had found in her
A willing and concerted prisoner.
Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade
On whom her loose and shameless love was bent,
Had she set forth; and in her heart she cursed
The busy spirit, who, with powerful call
Rousing Pelayo's people, led them on
In quick pursual, and victoriously

Achieved the rescue, to her mind perverse
Unwelcome as unlook'd for. With dismay
She recognized her brother, dreaded now
More than he once was dear; her countenance
Was turn'd toward him, . . not with eager joy
To court his sight, and meeting its first glance,
Exchange delightful welcome, soul with soul;
Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot chuse
But look to what it fears. She could not shun
His presence, and the rigid smile constrain'd,
With which she coldly drest her features, ill
Conceal'd her inward thoughts, and the despite
Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant shame.
Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,
Waiting the greeting which she did not dare
Bring on. But who is she that at her side,
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand? A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve
Is stiff with blood. An unregardant eye,
As one whose thoughts were not of earth, she cast
Upon the turmoil round. One countenance
So strongly mark'd, so passion-worn was there,
That it recall'd her mind. Ha! Maccabee!
Lifting her arm, exultingly she cried,
Did I not tell thee we should meet in joy?
Well, Brother, hast thou done thy part, . . I too

Have not been wanting! Now be His the praise,
From whom the impulse came!
That startling call,
That voice so well remember'd, touch'd the Goth
With timely impulse now; for he had seen
His Mother's face, . . and at her sight, the past
And present mingled like a frightful dream,
Which from some dread reality derives
Its deepest horror. Adosinda's voice
Dispersed the waking vision. Little deem'd
Rusilla at that moment that the child,
For whom her supplications day and night
Were offer'd, breathed the living air. Her heart
Was calm; her placid countenance, though grief
Deeper than time had left its traces there,
Retain'd its dignity serene; yet when
Siverian, pressing through the people, kiss'd
Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran down.
As she approach'd the Prince, the crowd made way
Respectful. The maternal smile which bore
Her greeting, from Pelayo's heart at once
Dispell'd its boding. What he would have ask'd
She knew, and bending from her palfrey down,
Told him that they for whom he look'd were safe,
And that in secret he should hear the rest.

XV.

RODERICK AT CANGAS.

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awefully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moon-light well-nigh quench'd
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,

And to the Virgin Mother silently
Prefers her hymn of praise.
The mountaineers
Before the castle, round their mouldering fires,
Lie on the hearth outstretch'd. Pelayo's hall
Is full, and he upon his careful couch
Hears all around the deep and long-drawn breath
Of sleep: for gentle night hath brought to these
Perfect and undisturb'd repose, alike
Of corporal powers and inward faculty.
Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by hope
Than grief or anxious thoughts possess'd, .. though
grief
For Guisla's guilt, which freshen'd in his heart
The memory of their wretched mother's crime,
Still made its presence felt, like the dull sense
Of some perpetual inward malady;
And the whole peril of the future lay
Before him clearly seen. He had heard all;
How that unworthy sister, obstinate
In wrong and shameless, rather seem'd to woo
The upstart renegado than to wait
His wooing; how, as guilt to guilt led on,
Spurning at gentle admonition first,
When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore
From farther counsel, then in sullen mood
Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate
The virtuous presence before which she felt
Her nature how inferior, and her fault
How foul. Despiteful thus she grew, because
Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could say
To what excess bad passions might impel

A woman thus possess'd? She could not fail
To mark Siverian's absence, for what end
Her conscience but too surely had divined;
And Gaudiosa, well aware that all
To the vile paramour was thus made known,
Had to safe hiding-place with timely fear
Removed her children. Well the event had proved
How needful was that caution; for at night
She sought the mountain solitudes, and morn
Beheld Numacian's soldiers at the gate.
Yet did not sorrow in Pelayo's heart
For this domestic shame prevail that hour,
Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit down.
The anticipated meeting put to flight
These painful thoughts: to-morrow will restore
All whom his heart holds dear; his wife beloved,
No longer now remember'd for regret,
Is present to his soul with hope and joy;
His inward eye beholds Favila's form
In opening youth robust, and Hermesind,
His daughter, lovely as a budding rose;
Their images beguile the hours of night,
Till with the earliest morning he may seek
Their secret hold.

The nightingale not yet
Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark
Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince
Upward beside Pionia took his way
Toward Auseva. Heavily to him,
Impatient for the morrow's happiness,
Long night had linger'd, but it seem'd more long
To Roderick's aching heart. He too had watch'd

For dawn, and seen the earliest break of day,
And heard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince
Went forth, the melancholy man was seen
With pensive pace upon Pionia's side
Wandering alone and slow. For he had left
The wearying place of his unrest, that morn
With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow,
And with its breath allay the feverish heat
That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn
Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!
How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how make
His secret known, and from that voice revered
Obtain forgiveness, . . all that he has now
To ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace
He lay his head resign'd? In silent prayer
He supplicated Heaven to strengthen him
Against that trying hour, there seeking aid
Where all who seek shall find; and thus his soul
Received support, and gather'd fortitude,
Never than now more needful, for the hour
Was nigh. He saw Siverian drawing near,
And with a dim but quick foreboding met
The good old man; yet when he heard him say,
My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell
To one expecting and prepared for death,
But fearing the dread point that hastens on,
It smote his heart. He follow'd silently,
And knit his suffering spirit to the proof.

He went resolved to tell his Mother all,
Fall at her feet, and drinking the last dregs
Of bitterness, receive the only good

Earth had in store for him. Resolved for this
He went; yet was it a relief to find
That painful resolution must await
A fitter season, when no eye but Heaven's
Might witness to their mutual agony.
Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla sate;
Both had been weeping, both were pale, but calm.
With head as for humility abased
Roderick approach'd, and bending, on his breast
He cross'd his humble arms. Rusilla rose
In reverence to the priestly character,
And with a mournful eye regarding him,
Thus she began. Good Father, I have heard
From my old faithful servant and true friend,
Thou didst reprove the inconsiderate tongue,
That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.
O Father Maccabee, this is a hard world,
And hasty in its judgements! Time has been,
When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name,
Lest, if the conscious air had caught the sound,
The vengeance of the honest multitude
Should fall upon the traitorous head, or brand
For life-long infamy the lying lips.
Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,
'T is noted for a wonder, and the man
Who utters the strange speech shall be admired
For such excess of Christian charity.
Thy Christian charity hath not been lost; . .
Father, I feel its virtue: . . it hath been
Balm to my heart; .. with words and grateful tears, . .

All that is left me now for gratitude, . .
I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers
That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name.

Roderick so long had to this hour look'd on,
That when the actual point of trial came,
Torpid and numb'd it found him ; cold he grew,
And as the vital spirits to the heart
Retreated, o'er his wither'd countenance,
Deathy and damp, a whiter paleness spread.
Unmoved the while, the inward feeling seem'd,
Even in such dull insensibility
As gradual age brings on, or slow disease,
Beneath whose progress lingering life survives
The power of suffering. Wondering at himself,
Yet gathering confidence, he raised his eyes,
Then slowly shaking as he bent his head,
O venerable Lady, he replied,
If aught may comfort that unhappy soul,
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.
She whom he most hath wrong'd, she who alone
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,
She hath forgiven him ; and thy blessing now
Were all that he could ask, . . all that could bring
Profit or consolation to his soul,
If he hath been as sure we may believe,
A penitent sincere.
Oh had he lived,
Replied Rusilla, never penitence
Had equall'd his ! full well I know his heart,
Vehement in all things. He would on himself
Have wreak'd such penance as had reach'd the height

Of fleshly suffering. . . yea, which being told
With its portentuous rigour should have made
The memory of his fault, o'erpower'd and lost
In shuddering pity and astonishment,
Fade like a feebler horror. Otherwise
Seem'd good to Heaven. I murmur not, nor doubt
The boundless mercy of redeeming love.
For sure I trust that not in his offence
Harden'd and reprobate was my lost son,
A child of wrath, cut off! . . that dreadful thought,
Not even amid the first fresh wretchedness,
When the ruin burst around me like a flood,
Assail'd my soul. I ever deem'd his fall
An act of sudden madness; and this day
Hath in unlook'd-for confirmation given
A livelier hope, a more assurëd faith.
Smiling benignant then amid her tears,
She took Florinda by the hand, and said,
I little thought that I should live to bless
Count Julian's daughter! She hath brought to me
The last, the best, the only comfort earth
Could minister to this afflicted heart,
And my grey hairs may now unto the grave
Go down in peace.

Happy, Florinda cried,
Are they for whom the grave hath peace in store!
The wrongs they have sustain'd, the woes they bear,
Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals
The broken heart. O Lady, thou may'st trust
In humble hope, through Him who on the Cross
Gave his atoning blood for lost mankind,
To meet beyond the grave thy child forgiven.

I too with Roderick there may interchange
Forgiveness. But the grief which wastes away
This mortal frame, hastening the happy hour
Of my enlargement, is but a light part
Of what my soul endures! . . that grief hath lost
Its sting: . . I have a keener sorrow here, . .
One which, . . but God forefend that dire event, . .
May pass with me the portals of the grave,
And with a thought, like sin which cannot die,
Embitter Heaven. My father hath renounced
His hope in Christ! It was his love for me
Which drove him to perdition. . . I was born
To ruin all who loved me, . . all I loved!
Perhaps I sinn'd in leaving him; . . that fear
Rises within me to disturb the peace
Which I should else have found.
To Roderick then
The pious mourner turn'd her suppliant eyes:
O Father, there is virtue in thy prayers! . .
I do beseech thee offer them to Heaven
In his behalf! For Roderick's sake, for mine,
Wrestle with Him whose name is Merciful,
That Julian may with penitence be touch'd,
And clinging to the Cross, implore that grace
Which ne'er was sought in vain. For Roderick's sake
And mine, pray for him! We have been the cause
Of his offence! What other miseries
May from that same unhappy source have risen,
Are earthly, temporal, reparable all; . .
But if a soul be lost through our misdeeds,
That were eternal evil! Pray for him,

Good Father Maccabee, and be thy prayers
More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommix'd with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfulest, thrill'd through the King;
But he to self-controul now long inured,
Repress his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yet so that still
He shunn'd the meeting of her eye, he said,
Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For Heaven, O Lady, I must think the man
Hath not by his good Angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Lord
Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join. . .
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised!

Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Follow'd his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master, . . Theron, none but thou!

XVI.

COVADONGA.

MEANTIME Pelayo up the vale pursued
Eastward his way, before the sun had climb'd
Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering beams
Upon Europa's summit, where the snows
Through all revolving seasons hold their seat.
A happy man he went, his heart at rest,
Of hope and virtue and affection full,
To all exhilarating influences
Of earth and heaven alive. With kindred joy
He heard the lark, who from her airy height,
On twinkling pinions poised, pour'd forth profuse,
In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
As one whose joyous nature overflow'd
With life and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
The early bee, buzzing along the way,
From flower to flower, bore gladness on its wing
To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,
With quicken'd eye alert, the frolic hare,
Where from the green herb in her wanton path
She brush'd away the dews. For he long time,
Far from his home and from his native hills,
Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,

Which he had with the breath of infancy
Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
As if the seasons had roll'd back, and life
Enjoy'd a second spring.
Through fertile fields
He went, by cots with pear-trees overbower'd,
Or spreading to the sun their trelliced vines;
Through orchards now, and now by thymy banks,
Where wooden hives in some warm nook were hid
From wind and shower; and now thro' shadowy paths,
Where hazels fringed Pionia's vocal stream;
Till where the loftier hills to narrower bound
Confine the vale, he reach'd those huts remote
Which should hereafter to the noble line
Of Soto origin and name impart:
A gallant lineage, long in fields of war
And faithful chronicler's enduring page
Blazon'd: but most by him illustrated,
Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown,
Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
Could satisfy insatiate, nor the fame
Of that wide empire overthrown appease;
But he to Florida's disastrous shores
In evil hour his gallant comrades led,
Through savage woods and swamps, and hostile tribes,
The Apalachian arrows, and the snares
Of wilier foes, hunger, and thirst, and toil;
Till from ambition's feverish dream the touch
Of Death awoke him; and when he had seen
The fruit of all his treasures, all his toil,
Foresight, and long endurance, fade away,
Earth to the restless one refusing rest,

In the great river's midland bed he left
His honour'd bones.
A mountain rivulet,
Now calm and lovely in its summer course,
Held by those huts its everlasting way
Towards Pionia. They whose flocks and herds
Drink of its water call it Deva. Here
Pelayo southward up the ruder vale
Traced it, his guide unerring. Amid heaps
Of mountain wreck, on either side thrown high,
The wide-spread traces of its wintry might,
The tortuous channel wound; o'er beds of sand
Here silently it flows; here from the rock
Rebutted, curls and eddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here roaring among crags,
It leaps and foams and whirls and hurries on.
Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
The mossy side; their wreath'd and knotted feet
Bared by the current, now against its force
Repaying the support they found, upheld
The bank secure. Here, bending to the stream,
The birch fantastic stretch'd its rugged trunk,
Tall and erect from whence, as from their base,
Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
The cherry here hung for the birds of heaven
Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
Heavily hanging. Here, amid the brook,
Grey as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock;
And there its parent lifts a lofty head,
And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind

With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts.
Soon had the Prince
Behind him left the farthest dwelling-place
Of man; no fields of waving corn were here,
Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain,
Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful grove;
Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse;
Bare here, and striated with many a hue,
Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here
Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.
Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes
Where crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended, there beheld his country's strength
Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.
Oh that the Musselman were here, he cried,
With all his myriads! While thy day endures,
Moor! thou may'st lord it in the plains; but here
Hath Nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power,
No might of human tyranny can pierce.

The tears which started then sprang not alone
From lofty thoughts of elevating joy;
For love and admiration had their part,
And virtuous pride. Here then thou hast retired,
My Gaudiosa! in his heart he said;
Excellent woman! ne'er was richer boon

By fate benign to favour'd man indulged,
Than when thou wert before the face of Heaven
Given me to be my children's mother, brave
And virtuous as thou art! Here thou hast fled,
Thou who wert nurst in palaces, to dwell
In rocks and mountain caves!.. The thought was proud,
Yet not without a sense of inmost pain;
For never had Pelayo till that hour
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soar'd serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Bask'd in the sun: no living creature else
In this remotest wilderness was seen;
Nor living voice was there,.. only the flow
Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs
Long in the distance heard, which nearer now,
With endless repercussion deep and loud,
Throbb'd on the dizzy sense.
The ascending vale,
Long straiten'd by the narrowing mountains, here
Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far
All edifice of human power, by King
Or Caliph, or barbaric Sultan rear'd,
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,
Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride;
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,
Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose.
Here, in two sources, from the living rock
The everlasting springs of Deva gush'd.
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,
By Nature there as for an altar drest,

They join'd their sister stream, which from the earth
Well'd silently. In such a scene rude man
With pardonable error might have knelt,
Feeling a present Deity, and made
His offering to the fountain Nymph devout.

The arching rock disclosed above the springs
A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,
That e'er of old in forest of romance
'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,
Erect within the portal might have stood.
The broken stone allow'd for hand and foot
No difficult ascent, above the base
In height a tall man's stature, measured thrice.
No holier spot than Covadonga Spain
Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms
Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom
In elder or in later days enrich'd,
And glorified with tales of heavenly aid
By many a miracle made manifest;
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame
Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.
Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit
Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,
Following the pleasure of his straggling flock,
None knew the place.
Pelayo, when he saw
Those glittering sources and their sacred cave,
Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,
And with a breath long drawn and slow expired
Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls
Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return

When from the chace he came. At the first sound
Favila started in the cave, and cried,
My father's horn! .. A sudden flush suffused
Hermesind's cheek, and she with quicken'd eye
Look'd eager to her mother silently;
But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,
Doubting her sense deceived. A second time
The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad;
And Hermesind around her mother's neck
Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaim'd,
'T is he! .. But when a third and broader blast
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,
With magic power endued, call up a sight
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude
It seem'd, when from the bowels of the rock
The mother and her children hastened forth;
She in the sober charms and dignity
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet
Upon decay; in gesture like a Queen,
Such inborn and habitual majesty
Ennobled all her steps, .. or Priestess, chosen
Because within such faultless work of Heaven
Inspiring Deity might seem to make
Its habitation known ... Favila such
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,
When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased
Beheld the boy divine his growing strength
Against some shaggy lionet essay,
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,
Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.
But like a creature of some higher sphere
His sister came; she scarcely touch'd the rock,

So light was Hermesind's aërial speed.
Beauty and grace and innocence in her
In heavenly union shone. One who had held
The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought
She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,
Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train
The youngest and the loveliest: yea she seem'd
Angel, or soul beatified, from realms
Of bliss, on errand of parental love
To earth re-sent, .. if tears and trembling limbs
With such celestial natures might consist.

Embraced by all, in turn embracing each,
The husband and the father for awhile
Forgot his country and all things beside:
Life hath few moments of such pure delight,
Such foretaste of the perfect joy of Heaven.
And when the thought recurr'd of sufferings past,
Perils which threaten'd still, and arduous toil
Yet to be undergone, remember'd griefs
Heighten'd the present happiness; and hope
Upon the shadows of futurity
Shone like the sun upon the morning mists,
When driven before his rising rays they roll,
And melt and leave the prospect bright and clear.

When now Pelayo's eyes had drank their fill
Of love from those dear faces, he went up
To view the hiding place. Spacious it was
As that Sicilian cavern in the hill
Wherein earth-shaking Neptune's giant son
Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock,

Ere the wise Ithacan, over that brute force
By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night
Seel'd his broad eye. The healthful air had here
Free entrance, and the cheerful light of heaven;
But at the end, an opening in the floor
Of rock disclosed a wider vault below,
Which never sun-beam visited, nor breath
Of vivifying morning came to cheer.
No light was there but that which from above
In dim reflection fell, or found its way,
Broken and quivering, through the glassy stream,
Where through the rock it gush'd. That shadowy light
Sufficed to show, where from their secret bed
The waters issued; with whose rapid course,
And with whose everlasting cataracts
Such motion to the chill damp atmosphere
Was given, as if the solid walls of rock
Were shaken with the sound.
Glad to respire
The upper air, Pelayo hasten'd back
From that drear den. Look! Hermesind exclaim'd,
Taking her father's hand, thou hast not seen
My chamber:.. See!.. did ever ring-dove chuse
In so secure a nook her hiding-place,
Or build a warmer nest? 'T is fragrant too,
As warm, and not more sweet than soft; for thyme
And myrtle with the elastic heath are laid,
And, over all, this dry and pillowy moss...
Smiling she spake. Pelayo kiss'd the child,
And, sighing, said within himself, I trust
In Heaven, whene'er thy May of life is come,
Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a blither bower!

Fitlier, he thought, such chamber might beseem
Some hermit of Hilarion's school austere,
Or old Antonius, he who from the hell
Of his bewilder'd phantasy saw fiends
In actual vision, a foul throng grotesque
Of all horrific shapes and forms obscene
Crowd in broad day before his open eyes.
That feeling cast a momentary shade
Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper thoughts,
If he might have foreseen the things to come,
Would there have fill'd him; for within that cave
His own remains were one day doom'd to find
Their final place of rest; and in that spot,
Where that dear child with innocent delight
Had spread her mossy couch, the sepulchre
Shall in the consecrated rock be hewn,
Where with Alphonso, her beloved lord,
Laid side by side, must Hermesind partake
The everlasting marriage-bed, when he,
Leaving a name perdurable on earth,
Hath changed his earthly for a heavenly crown.
Dear child, upon that fated spot she stood,
In all the beauty of her opening youth,
In health's rich bloom, in virgin innocence,
While her eyes sparkled and her heart o'erflow'd
With pure and perfect joy of filial love.

Many a slow century since that day hath fill'd
Its course, and countless multitudes have trod
With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave;
Yet not in all those ages, amid all
The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln

With such emotions as Pelayo felt
That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim'd,
And thou couldst seek for shelter here, amid
This aweful solitude, in mountain caves!
Thou noble spirit! Oh when hearts like thine
Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be
In me, thy husband, double infamy,
And tenfold guilt, if I despair'd of Spain?
In all her visitations, favouring Heaven
Hath left her still the unconquerable mind;
And thus being worthy of redemption, sure
Is she to be redeem'd.
Beholding her
Through tears he spake, and prest upon her lips
A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus,
She answer'd, and that faith will give the power
In which it trusts. When to this mountain hold
These children, thy dear images, I brought,
I said within myself, where should they fly
But to the bosom of their native hills?
I brought them here as to a sanctuary,
Where, for the temple's sake, the indwelling God
Would guard his supplicants. O my dear Lord,
Proud as I was to know that they were thine,
Was it a sin if I almost believed,
That Spain, her destiny being link'd with theirs,
Must save the precious charge?
So let us think,
The chief replied, so feel and teach and act.
Spain is our common parent: let the sons
Be to the parent true, and in her strength
And Heaven, their sure deliverance they will find.

XVII.

RODERICK AND SIVERIAN.

O HOLIEST Mary, Maid and Mother! thou
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive most perfect! Faithful love,
Long crost by envious stars, hath there attain'd
Its crown, in endless matrimony given;
The youthful mother there hath to the font
Her first-born borne, and there, with deeper sense
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeem'd
From threatening death, return'd to pay her vows.
But ne'er on nuptial, nor baptismal day,
Nor from their grateful pilgrimage discharged,
Did happier group their way down Deva's vale
Rejoicing hold, than this blest family,
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the Land
Spread his protecting wings. The children, free
In youthhead's happy season from all cares
That might disturb the hour, yet capable
Of that intense and unalloyed delight
Which childhood feels when it enjoys again
The dear parental presence long deprived;
Nor were the parents now less bless'd than they,
Even to the height of human happiness;

For Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour
Let no misgiving thoughts intrude: she fix'd
Her hopes on him, and his were fix'd on Heaven;
And hope in that courageous heart derived
Such rooted strength and confidence assured
In righteousness, that 't was to him like faith . .
An everlasting sunshine of the soul,
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.
He sate with folded arms and head declined
Upon his breast, feeding on bitter thoughts,
Till nature gave him in the exhausted sense
Of woe a respite something like repose;
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
And waters with their lulling consonance
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within
Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
Of outward nature, . . of the whispering leaves
That soothed his ear, . . the genial breath of Heaven
That fann'd his cheek, . . the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
Like time toward eternity, ran by.
Resting his head upon his master's knees,
Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.

What matters change of state and circumstance,
Or lapse of years, with all their dread events,
To him? What matters it that Roderick wears
The crown no longer, nor the sceptre wields? . .
It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly touch
Had flatter'd him so oft; it is the voice,
At whose glad summons to the field so oft
From slumber he had started, shaking off
Dreams of the chace, to share the actual joy;
The eye, whose recognition he was wont
To watch and welcome with exultant tongue.

A coming step, unheard by Roderick, roused
His watchful ear, and turning he beheld
Siverian. Father, said the good old man,
As Theron rose and fawn'd about his knees,
Hast thou some charm, which draws about thee thus
The hearts of all our house, . . even to the beast
That lacks discourse of reason, but too oft,
With uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith,
Puts lordly man to shame? . . The king replied,
'T is that mysterious sense by which mankind
To fix their friendships and their loves are led,
And which with fainter influence doth extend
To such poor things as this. As we put off
The cares and passions of this fretful world,
It may be too that we thus far approach
To elder nature, and regain in part
The privilege through sin in Eden lost.
The timid hare soon learns that she may trust
The solitary penitent, and birds
Will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.

Thus Roderick answer'd in excursive speech,
Thinking to draw the old man's mind from what
Might touch him else too nearly, and himself
Disposed to follow on the lure he threw,
As one whom such imaginations led
Out of the world of his own miseries.
But to regardless ears his words were given,
For on the dog Siverian gazed the while,
Pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast not felt,
Exclaim'd the old man, the earthquake and the storm;
The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of Spain,
The ruin of thy royal master's house,
Have reach'd not thee! . . Then turning to the King,
When the destroying enemy drew nigh
Toledo, he continued, and we fled
Before their fury, even while her grief
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave behind
This faithful creature. Well we knew she thought
Of Roderick then, although she named him not;
For never since the fatal certainty
Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,
Save in her prayers, been known to pass her lips
Before this day. She names him now, and weeps;
But now her tears are tears of thankfulness,
For blessed hath thy coming been to her
And all who loved the King.

His faltering voice
Here fail'd him, and he paused: recovering soon,
When that poor injured Lady, he pursued,
Did in my presence to the Prince absolve
The unhappy King . . . . .

Absolve him! Roderick cried,

And in that strong emotion turn'd his face
Sternly toward Siverian, for the sense
Of shame and self-reproach drove from his mind
All other thoughts. The good old man replied,
Of human judgements humanly I speak.
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath been?
Not happier in all dear domestic ties,
Than worthy for his virtue of the bliss
Which is that virtue's fruit; and yet did he
Absolve, upon Florinda's tale, the King.
Siverian, thus he said, what most I hoped,
And still within my secret heart believed,
Is now made certain. Roderick hath been
More sinn'd against than sinning. And with that
He clasp't his hands, and, lifting them to Heaven,
Cried, Would to God that he were yet alive!
For not more gladly did I draw my sword
Against Witiza in our common cause,
Than I would fight beneath his banners now,
And vindicate his name!
Did he say this?
The Prince? Pelayo? in astonishment
Roderick exclaim'd... He said it, quoth the old man.
None better knew his kinsman's noble heart,
None loved him better, none bewail'd him more:
And as he felt, like me, for his reproach
A deeper grief than for his death, even so
He cherish'd in his heart the constant thought
Something was yet untold, which, being known,
Would palliate his offence, and make the fall
Of one till then so excellently good,

Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.

While thus he spake, the fall'n King felt his face
Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down, guilty thoughts!
Firmly he said within his soul; lie still,
Thou heart of flesh! I thought thou hadst been quell'd,
And quell'd thou shalt be! Help me, O my God.
That I may crucify this inward foe!
Yea, thou hast help'd me, Father! I am strong,
O Saviour, in thy strength.
As he breath'd thus
His inward supplications, the old man
Eyed him with frequent and unsteady looks.
He had a secret trembling on his lips,
And hesitated, still irresolute
In utterance to embody the dear hope:
Fain would he have it strengthen'd and assured
By this concording judgement, yet he fear'd
To have it chill'd in cold accoil. At length
Venturing, he brake with interrupted speech
The troubled silence. Father Maccabee,
I cannot rest till I have laid my heart
Open before thee. When Pelayo wish'd
That his poor kinsman were alive to rear
His banner once again, a sudden thought..
A hope..a fancy..what shall it be call'd?
Possess'd me, that perhaps the wish might see
Its glad accomplishment,..that Roderick lived,
And might in glory take the field once more
For Spain....I see thou startest at the thought!
Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief,

As though 't were utterly beyond the scope
Of possible contingency. I think
That I have calmly satisfied myself
How this is more than idle fancy, more
Than mere imaginations of a mind
Which from its wishes builds a baseless faith.
His horse, his royal robe, his horned helm,
His mail and sword were found upon the field;
But if King Roderick had in battle fallen,
That sword, I know, would only have been found
Clench'd in the hand which, living, knew so well
To wield the dreadful steel! Not in the throng
Confounded, nor amid the torpid stream,
Opening with ignominious arms a way
For flight, would he have perish'd! Where the strife
Was hottest, ring'd about with slaughter'd foes,
Should Roderick have been found: by this sure mark
Ye should have known him, if nought else remain'd,
That his whole body had been gored with wounds,
And quill'd with spears, as if the Moors had felt
That in his single life the victory lay,
More than in all the host!
Siverian's eyes
Shone with a youthful ardour while he spake,
His gathering brow grew stern, and as he raised
His arm, a warrior's impulse character'd
The impassion'd gesture. But the King was calm
And heard him with unchanging countenance;
For he had taken his resolve, and felt
Once more the peace of God within his soul,
As in that hour when by his father's grave
He knelt before Pelayo.

Soon the old man
Pursued in calmer tones,.. Thus much I dare
Believe, that Roderick fell not on that day
When treason brought about his overthrow.
If yet he live, for sure I think I know
His noble mind, 't is in some wilderness,
Where, in some savage den inhumed, he drags
The weary load of life, and on his flesh
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immitigable hand.
Oh that I knew but where to bend my way
In his dear search! my voice perhaps might reach
His heart, might reconcile him to himself,
Restore him to his mother ere she dies,
His people and his country: with the sword,
Them and his own good name should he redeem.
Oh might I but behold him once again
Leading to battle these intrepid bands,
Such as he was,.. yea rising from his fall
More glorious, more beloved! Soon I believe
Joy would accomplish then what grief hath fail'd
To do with this old heart, and I should die
Clasping his knees with such intense delight,
That when I woke in Heaven, even Heaven itself
Could have no higher happiness in store.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious tears
Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the Royal Goth,
Since he came forth again among mankind,
Had trembled lest some curious eye should read
His lineaments too closely; now he long'd
To fall upon the neck of that old man,

And give his full heart utterance. But the sense
Of duty, by the pride of self-controul
Corroborate, made him steadily repress
His yearning nature. Whether Roderick live,
Paying in penitence the bitter price
Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath given
Rest to his earthly part, is only known
To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world;
And let not these imaginations rob
His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid
Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.
The faithful love that mitigates his fault,
Heavenward addrest, may mitigate his doom.
Living or dead, old man, be sure his soul, ..
It were unworthy else, .. doth hold with thine
Entire communion! Doubt not he relies
Firmly on thee, as on a father's love,
Counts on thy offices, and joins with thee
In sympathy and fervent act of faith,
Though regions, or though worlds, should intervene.
Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be
Thy first, best, dearest duty; next must be
To hold right onward in that noble path,
Which he would counsel, could his voice be heard.
Now therefore aid me, while I call upon
The Leaders and the People, that this day
We may acclaim Pelayo for our King.

XVIII.

THE ACCLAMATION.

Now, when from Covadonga, down the vale
Holding his way, the princely mountaineer
Came with that happy family in sight
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off
He saw before the gate, in fair array,
The assembled land. Broad banners were display'd,
And spears were sparkling to the sun, shields shone,
And helmets glitter'd, and the blairing horn,
With frequent sally of impatient joy,
Provoked the echoes round. Well he areeds,
From yonder ensigns and augmented force,
That Odoar and the Primate from the west
Have brought their aid; but wherefore all were thus
Instructed as for some great festival,
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy
Leapt up, and clapping his exultant hands,
Shouted, King! King! my father shall be King
This day! Pelayo started at the word,
And the first thought which smote him brought a sigh
For Roderick's fall; the second was of hope,
Deliverance for his country, for himself
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.

That high prophetic forethought gather'd strength,
As looking to his honour'd mate, he read
Her soul's accordant augury; her eyes
Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the blood
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek,
And on her lips there sate a smile which spake
The honourable pride of perfect love,
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to share
The lot he chose, the perils he defied,
The lofty fortune which their faith foresaw.

Roderick, in front of all the assembled troops,
Held the broad buckler, following to the end
That steady purpose to the which his zeal
Had this day wrought the Chiefs. Tall as himself,
Erect it stood beside him, and his hands
Hung resting on the rim. This was an hour
That sweeten'd life, repaid and recompensed
All losses; and although it could not heal
All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.
The active agitating joy that fill'd
The vale, that with contagious influence spread
Through all the exulting mountaineers, that gave
New ardour to all spirits, to all breasts
Inspired fresh impulse of excited hope,
Moved every tongue, and strengthen'd every limb, . .
That joy which every man reflected saw
From every face of all the multitude,
And heard in every voice, in every sound,
Reach'd not the King. Aloof from sympathy,
He from the solitude of his own soul
Beheld the busy scene. None shared or knew

His deep and incommunicable joy;
None but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Sees and rewards the secret sacrifice.

Among the chiefs conspicuous, Urban stood,
He whom, with well-weigh'd choice, in arduous time,
To arduous office the consenting Church
Had call'd when Sindered fear-smitten fled;
Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most
In peril and in suffering they required
A pastor's care. Far off at Rome he dwells
In ignominious safety, while the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name,
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls,
Blots it, unworthy to partake her prayers.
Urban, to that high station thus being call'd,
From whence disanimating fear had driven
The former primate, for the general weal
Consulting first, removed with timely care
The relics and the written works of Saints,
Toledo's choicest treasure, prized beyond
All wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed,
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. To things of state
Then giving thought mature, he held advice
With Odoar, whom of counsel competent

And firm of heart he knew. What then they plann'd,
Time and the course of over-ruled events
To earlier act had ripen'd, than their hope
Had ever in its gladdest dream proposed;
And here by agents unforeseen, and means
Beyond the scope of foresight brought about,
This day they saw their dearest heart's desire
Accorded them: All-able Providence
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this hour
With happiest omens, and on surest base,
Should from its ruins rear again her throne.

For acclamation and for sacring now
One form must serve, more solemn for the breach
Of old observances, whose absence here
Deeplier impress'd the heart, than all display
Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,
Of vestments radiant with their gems, and stiff
With ornature of gold; the glittering train,
The long procession, and the full-voiced choir.
This day the forms of piety and war,
In strange but fitting union must combine.
Not in his alb and cope and orary
Came Urban now, nor wore he mitre here,
Precious or auriphrygiate; bare of head
He stood, all else in arms complete, and o'er
His gorget's iron rings the pall was thrown
Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
Gregory had laid, and sanctified with prayer;
That from the living Pontiff and the dead
Replete with holiness, it might impart
Doubly derived its grace. One Page beside

Bore his broad-shadow'd helm; another's hand
Held the long spear, more suited in these times
For Urban, than the crosier richly wrought
With silver foliature, the elaborate work
Of Grecian or Italian artist, train'd
In the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,
Still o'er the West predominant, though fallen.
Better the spear befits the shepherd's hand
When robbers break the fold. Now he had laid
The weapon by, and held a natural cross
Of rudest form, unpeel'd, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.

Mutilate alike
Of royal rites was this solemnity.
Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre where,
And where the golden pome, the proud array
Of ermines, aurcate vests, and jewelry,
With all which Leuvigild for after kings
Left, ostentatious of his power? The Moor
Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
Utterly is it lost; nor ever more
Herald or antiquary's patient search
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
Those blazon'd arms, so fatally of old
Renown'd through all the affrighted Occident.
That banner, before which imperial Rome
First to a conqueror bow'd her head abased;
Which when the dreadful Hun, with all his powers,

Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His force, till then resistless ; which so oft
Had with alternate fortune braved the Frank :
Driven the Byzantine from the farthest shores
Of Spain, long lingering there, to final flight ;
And of their kingdoms and their name despoil'd
The Vandal, and the Alan, and the Sueve ;
Blotted from human records is it now
As it had never been. So let it rest
With things forgotten ! But Oblivion ne'er
Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor Time,
Who changeth all, obscure that fated sign,
Which brighter now than mountain snows at noon
To the bright sun displays its argent field.

Rose not the vision then upon thy soul,
O Roderick, when within that argent field
Thou saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if
Upon some noblest quarry he had roll'd,
Rejoicing in his satiate rage, and drunk
With blood and fury ? Did the auguries
Which open'd on thy spirit bring with them
A perilous consolation, deadening heart
And soul, yea worse than death, . . that thou through all
Thy checquer'd way of life, evil and good,
Thy errors and thy virtues, had'st but been
The poor mere instrument of things ordain'd, . .
Doing or suffering, impotent alike
To will or act, . . perpetually bemock'd
With semblance of volition, yet in all
Blind worker of the ways of destiny !

That thought intolerable, which in the hour
Of woe indignant conscience had repell'd,
As little might it find reception now,
When the regenerate spirit self-approved
Beheld its sacrifice complete. With faith
Elate, he saw the banner'd Lion float
Refulgent, and recall'd that thrilling shout
Which he had heard when on Romano's grave
The joy of victory woke him from his dream,
And sent him with prophetic hope to work
Fulfilment of the great events ordain'd,
There in imagination's inner world
Prefigured to his soul.

Alone, advanced
Before the ranks, the Goth in silence stood,
While from all voices round, loquacious joy
Mingled its buzz continuous with the blast
Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cymbals' clash,
And sound of deafening drum. But when the Prince
Drew nigh, and Urban with the Cross upheld
Stept forth to meet him, all at once were still'd
With instantaneous hush; as when the wind,
Before whose violent gusts the forest oaks,
Tossing like billows their tempestuous heads,
Roar like a raging sea, suspends its force,
And leaves so dead a calm that not a leaf
Moves on the silent spray. The passing air
Bore with it from the woodland undisturb'd
The ringdove's wooing, and the quiet voice
Of waters warbling near.

Son of a race
Of Heroes and of Kings! the Primate thus

Address'd him, Thou in whom the Gothic blood,
Mingling with old Iberia's, hath restored
To Spain a ruler of her native line,
Stand forth, and in the face of God and man
Swear to uphold the right, abate the wrong,
With equitable hand, protect the Cross
Whereon thy lips this day shall seal their vow,
And underneath that hallow'd symbol, wage
Holy and inextinguishable war
Against the accursëd nation that usurps
Thy country's sacred soil!
So speak of me
Now and for ever, O my countrymen!
Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me
Here and hereafter, thou, Almighty God,
In whom I put my trust!
Lord God of Hosts,
Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men
Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,
Ruler of Earth and Heaven,.. look down this day,
And multiply thy blessings on the head
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy sight!
Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his strength;
Crown him with justice, and with fortitude,
Defend him with thine all-sufficient shield,
Surround him every where with the right hand
Of thine all-present power, and with the might
Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen Angels forth, that potently
And royally against all enemies
He may endure and triumph! Bless the land

O'er which he is appointed; bless thou it
With the waters of the firmament, the springs
Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which Sun
And Moon mature for man, the precious stores
Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
Of Earth, its wealth and fulness!
Then he took
Pelayo's hand, and on his finger placed
The mystic circlet... With this ring, O Prince,
To our dear Spain, who like a widow now
Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:
For weal or woe thou takest her, till death
Dispart the union: Be it blest to her,
To thee, and to thy seed!
Thus when he ceased,
He gave the awaited signal. Roderick brought
The buckler: Eight for strength and stature chosen
Came to their honour'd office: Round the shield
Standing, they lower it for the Chieftain's feet,
Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders, lift
The steady weight. Erect Pelayo stands,
And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd sword,
While Urban to the assembled people cries,
Spaniards, behold your King! The multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
Raising the loud *Real;* thrice did the word
Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf

Skulk'd through the thicket to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
Roused up and answer'd with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.

Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who bore
Firm to the last your part in that dread strife,
When Julian and Witiza's viler race
Betray'd their country, hear ye from yon Heaven
The joyful acclamation which proclaims
That Spain is born again! O ye who died
In that disastrous field, and ye who fell
Embracing with a martyr's love your death
Amid the flames of Auria; and all ye
Victims innumerable, whose cries unheard
On earth, but heard in Heaven, from all the land
Went up for vengeance; not in vain ye cry
Before the eternal throne!.. Rest innocent blood!
Vengeance is due, and vengeance will be given,
Rest innocent blood! The appointed age is come!
The star that harbingers a glorious day
Hath risen! Lo there the Avenger stands! Lo there
He brandishes the avenging sword! Lo there
The avenging banner spreads its argent field
Refulgent with auspicious light!.. Rejoice,
O Leon, for thy banner is displayed,
Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy vales
And streams! And thou, O Spain, through all thy realms,
For thy deliverance cometh! Even now,
As from all sides the miscreant hosts move on;..

From southern Betis; from the western lands,
Where through redundant vales smooth Minho flows,
And Douro pours through vine-clad hills the wealth
Of Leon's gathered waters; from the plains
Burgensian, in old time Vardulia call'd,
But in their castellated strength ere long
To be design'd Castille, a deathless name;
From midland regions where Toledo reigns
Proud city on her royal eminence,
And Tagus bends his sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall; from rich Rioja's fields;
Dark Ebro's shores; the walls of Salduba,
Seat of the Sedetanians old, by Rome
Cæsarian and August denominate,
Now Zaragoza, in this later time
Above all cities of the earth renown'd
For duty perfectly perform'd;.. East, West
And South, where'er their gather'd multitudes
Urged by the speed of vigorous tyranny,
With more than with commeasurable strength
Haste to prevent the danger, crush the hopes
Of rising Spain, and rivet round her neck
The eternal yoke,... the ravenous fowls of heaven
Flock there presentient of their food obscene,
Following the accursed armies, whom too well
They know their purveyors long. Pursue their march,
Ominous attendants! Ere the moon hath fill'd
Her horns, these purveyors shall become the prey,
And ye on Moorish not on Christian flesh
Wearying your beaks, shall clog your scaly feet
With foreign gore. Soon will ye learn to know,
Followers and harbingers of blood, the flag

Of Leon where it bids you to your feast!
Terror and flight shall with that flag go forth,
And Havoc and the Dogs of War and Death.
Thou Covadonga with the tainted stream
Of Deva, and this now rejoicing vale,
Soon its primitial triumphs wilt behold!
Nor shall the glories of the noon be less
Than such miraculous promise of the dawn:
Witness Clavijo, where the dreadful cry
Of Santiago, then first heard, o'erpower'd
The Akbar, and that holier name blasphemed
By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou
Be witness! And do ye your record bear,
Tolosan mountains, where the Almohade
Beheld his myriads scatter'd and destroy'd,
Like locusts swept before the stormy North!
Thou too, Salado, on that later day
When Africa received her final foil,
And thy swoln stream incarnadined, roll'd back
The invaders to the deep, . . there shall they toss
Till on their native Mauritanian shore
The waves shall cast their bones to whiten there.

XIX.

RODERICK AND RUSILLA.

When all had been perform'd, the royal Goth
Look'd up towards the chamber in the tower,
Where gazing on the multitude below,
Alone Rusilla stood. He met her eye,
For it was singling him amid the crowd;
Obeying then the hand which beckon'd him,
He went with heart prepared, nor shrinking now,
But arm'd with self-approving thoughts that hour.
Entering in tremulous haste, he closed the door,
And turn'd to clasp her knees; but lo, she spread
Her arms, and catching him in close embrace,
Fell on his neck, and cried, My Son, my Son!...
Ere long, controlling that first agony
With effort of strong will, backward she bent,
And gazing on his head now shorn and grey,
And on his furrow'd countenance, exclaim'd,
Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble mind!
The same heroic heart! Still, still, my Son;...
Changed,.. yet not wholly fallen,.. not wholly lost,
He cried,.. not wholly in the sight of Heaven
Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!
She lock'd her arms again around his neck,

Saying, Lord, let me now depart in peace!
And bow'd her head again, and silently
Gave way to tears.
When that first force was spent,
And passion in exhaustment found relief, . .
I knew thee, said Rusilla, when the dog
Rose from my feet, and lick'd his master's hand.
All flash'd upon me then; the instinctive sense
That goes unerringly where reason fails, . .
The voice, the eye, . . a mother's thoughts are quick, . .
Miraculous as it seem'd, . . Siverian's tale, . .
Florinda's, . . every action, . . every word, . .
Each strengthening each, and all confirming all,
Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I restrain'd
My heart, and yielded to thy holier will
The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet
Wean'd wholly from the world.
What thoughts? replied
Roderick. That I might see thee yet again
Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not alone
To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself, . .
Thy Crown, . . thy Country, . . all within thy reach;
Heaven so disposing all things, that the means
Which wrought the ill, might work the remedy.
Methought I saw thee once again the hope, . .
The strength, . . the pride of Spain! The miracle
Which I beheld made all things possible.
I know the inconstant people, how their mind,
With every breath of good or ill report,
Fluctuates, like summer corn before the breeze;
Quick in their hatred, quicker in their love,
Generous and hasty, soon would they redress

All wrongs of former obloquy. . . I thought
Of happiness restored, . . the broken heart
Heal'd, . . and Count Julian, for his daughter's sake,
Turning in thy behalf against the Moors
His powerful sword : . . all possibilities
That could be found or fancied, built a dream
Before me ; such as easiest might illude
A lofty spirit train'd in palaces,
And not alone amid the flatteries
Of youth with thoughts of high ambition fed
When all is sunshine, but through years of woe,
When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld
By honourable pride and earthly hopes.
I thought I yet might nurse upon my knee
Some young Theodofred, and see in him
Thy Father's image and thine own renew'd,
And love to think the little hand which there
Play'd with the bauble, should in after days
Wield the transmitted sceptre ; . . that through him
The ancient seed should be perpetuate, . .
That precious seed revered so long, desired
So dearly, and so wonderously preserved.

Nay, he replied, Heaven hath not with its bolts
Scathed the proud summit of the tree, and left
The trunk unflaw'd ; ne'er shall it clothe its boughs
Again, nor push again its scyons forth,
Head, root, and branch, all mortified alike ! . .
Long ere these locks were shorn had I cut off
The thoughts of royalty ! Time might renew
Their growth, as for Manoah's captive son,
And I too on the miscreant race, like him,

Might prove my strength regenerate; but the hour,
When in its second best nativity,
My soul was born again through grace, this heart
Died to the world. Dreams such as thine pass now
Like evening clouds before me; if I think
How beautiful they seem, 't is but to feel
How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in.
But in that World to which my hopes look on,
Time enters not, nor Mutability;
Beauty and goodness are unfading there;
Whatever there is given us to enjoy,
That we enjoy for ever, still the same. . .
Much might Count Julian's sword atchieve for Spain
And me, but more will his dear daughter's soul
Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be there
An Angel at the throne of Grace, to plead
In his behalf and mine.
I knew thy heart,
She answer'd, and subdued the vain desire.
It was the World's last effort. Thou hast chosen
The better part. Yes, Roderick, even on earth
There is a praise above the monarch's fame,
A higher, holier, more enduring praise,
And this will yet be thine!
O tempt me not,
Mother! he cried; nor let ambition take
That specious form to cheat us! What but this,
Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven?
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, content
Of private life, the general good report,
Power, reputation, happiness, . . whate'er
The heart of man desires to constitute

His earthly weal, . . unerring Justice claim'd
In forfeiture. I with submitted soul
Bow to the righteous law and kiss the rod.
Only while thus submitted, suffering thus, . .
Only while offering up that name on earth,
Perhaps in trial offer'd to my choice,
Could I present myself before thy sight;
Thus only could endure myself, or fix
My thoughts upon that fearful pass, where Death
Stands in the Gate of Heaven! . . Time passes on,
The healing work of sorrow is complete;
All vain desires have long been weeded out,
All vain regrets subdued; the heart is dead,
The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.
Bless me, my Mother! and come when it will
The inevitable hour, we die in peace.

So saying, on her knees he bow'd his head;
She raised her hands to Heaven and blest her child;
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced
And claspt him to her heart, and cried, Once more
Theodofred, with pride behold thy son!

XX.

THE MOORISH CAMP.

THE times are big with tidings; every hour
From east and west and south the breathless scouts
Bring swift alarums in; the gathering foe,
Advancing from all quarters to one point,
Close their wide crescent. Nor was aid of fear
To magnify their numbers needed now,
They came in myriads. Africa had pour'd
Fresh shoals upon the coast of wretched Spain;
Lured from their hungry deserts to the scene
Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,
Fierce, unrelenting, habited in crimes,
Like bidden guests the mirthful ruffians flock
To that free feast which in their Prophet's name
Rapine and Lust proclaim'd. Nor were the chiefs
Of victory less assured, by long success
Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming strength,
Which, surely they believed, as it had roll'd
Thus far uncheck'd would roll victorious on,
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's name;
And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic shores,
Tread with religious feet the burning sands
Of Araby, and Mecca's stony soil.

Thenceforth their spirits from all earthly fear.
This was their only care; but other thoughts
Were rankling in that elder villain's mind,
Their kinsman Orpas, he of all the crew
Who in this fatal visitation fell,
The foulest and the falsest wretch that e'er
Renounced his baptism. From his cherish'd views
Of royalty cut off, he coveted
Count Julian's wide domains, and hopeless now
To gain them through the daughter, laid his toils
Against the father's life, . . the instrument
Of his ambition first, and now design'd
Its victim. To this end with cautious hints,
At favouring season ventured, he possess'd
The leader's mind; then, subtly fostering
The doubts himself had sown, with bolder charge
He bade him warily regard the Count,
Lest underneath an outward show of faith
The heart uncircumcised were Christian still:
Else, wherefore had Florinda not obey'd
Her dear loved sire's example, and embraced
The saving truth? Else, wherefore was her hand,
Plighted to him so long, so long withheld,
Till she had found a fitting hour to fly
With that audacious Prince, who now in arms,
Defied the Caliph's power; . . for who could doubt
That in his company she fled, perhaps
The mover of his flight? What if the Count
Himself had plann'd the evasion which he feign'd
In sorrow to condemn? What if she went
A pledge assured, to tell the mountaineers
That when they met the Musselmen in the heat

Of fight, her father passing to their side
Would draw the victory with him?..Thus he breathed
Fiend-like in Abulcacem's ear his schemes
Of murderous malice; and the course of things,
Ere long, in part approving his discourse,
Aided his aim, and gave his wishes weight.
For scarce on the Asturian territory
Had they set foot, when, with the speed of fear,
Count Eudon, nothing doubting that their force
Would like a flood sweep all resistance down,
Hasten'd to plead his merits:..he alone,
Found faithful in obedience through reproach
And danger, when the madden'd multitude
Hurried their chiefs along, and high and low
With one infectious frenzy seized, provoked
The invincible in arms. Pelayo led
The raging crew,..he doubtless the prime spring
Of all these perilous movements; and 't was said
He brought the assurance of a strong support,
Count Julian's aid, for in his company
From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter came.

Thus Eudon spake before the assembled chiefs;
When instantly a stern and wrathful voice
Replied, I know Pelayo never made
That senseless promise! He who raised the tale
Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy
That ever hunted for Pelayo's life
Hath never with the charge of falsehood touch'd
His name.
The Baron had not recognized
Till then, beneath the turban's shadowing folds,

Julian's swart visage, where the fiery skies
Of Africa, through many a year's long course,
Had set their hue inburnt. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and busily diffused,
And that no enmity had moved his speech
Repeating rumour's tale. Julian replied,
Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me
Excuse is needed here. The path I tread
Is one wherein there can be no return,
No pause, no looking back! A choice like mine
For time and for eternity is made,
Once and for ever! and as easily
The breath of vain report might build again
The throne which my just vengeance overthrew,
As in the Caliph and his Captain's mind
Affect the opinion of my well-tried truth.
The tidings which thou givest me of my child
Touch me more vitally; bad though they be,
A secret apprehension of aught worse
Makes me with joy receive them.
Then the Count
To Abulcacem turn'd his speech, and said,
I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger
By whom I may to this unhappy child
Dispatch a father's bidding, such as yet
May win her back. What I would say requires
No veil of privacy; before ye all
The errand shall be given.
Boldly he spake,
Yet wary in that show of open truth,
For well he knew what dangers girt him round

Amid the faithless race. Blind with revenge,
For them in madness had he sacrificed
His name, his baptism, and his native land,
To feel, still powerful as he was, that life
Hung on their jealous favour. But his heart
Approved him now, where love, too long restrain'd,
Resumed its healing influence, leading him
Right on with no misgiving. Chiefs, he said,
Hear me, and let your wisdom judge between
Me and Prince Orpas! . . . Known it is to all,
Too well, what mortal injury provoked
My spirit to that vengeance which your aid
So signally hath given. A covenant
We made when first our purpose we combined,
That he should have Florinda for his wife,
My only child, so should she be, I thought,
Revenged and honour'd best. My word was given
Truly, nor did I cease to use all means
Of counsel or command, entreating her
Sometimes with tears, seeking sometimes with threats
Of an offended father's curse to enforce
Obedience; that, she said, the Christian law
Forbade, moreover she had vow'd herself
A servant to the Lord. In vain I strove
To win her to the Prophet's saving faith,
Using perhaps a rigour to that end
Beyond permitted means, and to my heart,
Which loved her dearer than its own life-blood,
Abhorrent. Silently she suffer'd all,
Or when I urged her with most vehemence,
Only replied, I knew her fix'd resolve,
And craved my patience but a little while

Till death should set her free. Touch'd as I
I yet persisted, till at length to escape
The ceaseless importunity, she fled:
And verily I fear'd until this hour,
My rigour to some fearfuller resolve
Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs, I appeal
To each and all, and Orpas to thyself
Especially, if, having thus essay'd
All means that law and nature have allow'd
To bend her will, I may not rightfully
Hold myself free, that promise being void
Which cannot be fulfill'd.
Thou sayest then,
Orpas replied, that from her false belief
Her stubborn opposition drew its force.
I should have thought that from the ways corrupt
Of these idolatrous Christians, little care
Might have sufficed to wean a duteous child,
The example of a parent so beloved
Leading the way; and yet I will not doubt
Thou didst enforce with all sincerity
And holy zeal upon thy daughter's mind
The truths of Islam.
Julian knit his brow,
And scowling on the insidious renegade,
He answer'd, By what reasoning my poor mind
Was from the old idolatry reclaim'd,
None better knows than Seville's mitred chief,
Who first renouncing errors which he taught,
Led me his follower to the Prophet's pale.
Thy lessons I repeated as I could;
Of graven images, unnatural vows,

False records, fabling creeds, and juggling priests,
Who making sanctity the cloak of sin,
Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity
They fatten'd. To these arguments, whose worth
Prince Orpas, least of all men, should impeach,
I added, like a soldier bred in arms,
And to the subtleties of schools unused,
The flagrant fact, that Heaven with victory,
Where'er they turn'd, attested and approved
The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou wert still
The mitred Metropolitan, and I
Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race,
Thy proper business then might be to pry,
And question me for lurking flaws of faith.
We Musselmen, Prince Orpas, live beneath
A wiser law, which with the iniquities
Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this
Its foulest practice!

As Count Julian ceased,
From underneath his black and gather'd brow
There went a look, which with these wary words
Bore to the heart of that false renegade
Their whole envenom'd meaning. Haughtily
Withdrawing then his alter'd eyes, he said
Too much of this! return we to the sum
Of my discourse. Let Abulcacem say,
In whom the Caliph speaks, if with all faith
Having essay'd in vain all means to win
My child's consent, I may not hold henceforth
The covenant discharged.

The Moor replied,
Well hast thou said, and rightly may'st assure

Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy law
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand now;
The messenger is here.
Then Julian said,
Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat
Admittance to my child, where'er she be.
Say to her, that her father solemnly
Annuls the covenant with Orpas pledged,
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,
Will urge her more, nor from that liberty
Of faith restrain her, which the Prophet's law,
Liberal as Heaven from whence it came, to all
Indulges. Tell her that her father says
His days are number'd, and beseeches her
By that dear love, which from her infancy
Still he hath borne her, growing as she grew,
Nursed in our weal and strengthen'd in our woe,
She will not in the evening of his life
Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough
Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries
Brought on her father's head; let not her act
Thus aggravate the burden. Tell her too,
That when he pray'd her to return, he wept
Profusely as a child; but bitterer tears
Than ever fell from childhood's eyes, were those
Which traced his hardy cheeks.
With faltering voice
He spake, and after he had ceased from speech
His lip was quivering still. The Moorish chief
Then to the messenger his bidding gave.
Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels,
Thus Abulcacem in the Caliph's name

Exhorteth them: Repent and be forgiven!
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of war,
Which conquering and to conquer must fulfil
Its destined circle, rolling eastward now
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep
Thrones and dominions down, till in the bond
Of unity all nations join, and Earth
Acknowledge, as she sees one Sun in heaven,
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and one Law.
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows
To holier Mecca's creed; the Crescent shines
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids;
On the cold altars of the worshippers
Of Fire, moss grows, and reptiles leave their slime;
The African idolatries are fallen,
And Europe's senseless gods of stone and wood
Have had their day. Tell these misguided men,
A moment for repentance yet is left,
And mercy the submitted neck will spare
Before the sword is drawn: but once unsheath'd,
Let Auria witness how that dreadful sword
Accomplisheth its work! They little know
The Moors who hope in battle to withstand
Their valour, or in flight escape their rage!
Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven,.. wings do not save them! Nor shall rocks,
And holds, and fastnesses, avail to save
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth the Lord's?
And we, his chosen people, whom he sends
To conquer and possess it in his name?

XXI.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST.

THE second eve had closed upon their march
Within the Asturian border, and the Moors
Had pitch'd their tents amid an open wood
Upon the mountain side. As day grew dim,
Their scatter'd fires shone with distincter light
Among the trees, above whose top the smoke
Diffused itself, and stain'd the evening sky.
Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,
And all the murmur of the busy host
Subsiding died away, as through the camp
The crier from a knoll proclaim'd the hour
For prayer appointed, and with sonorous voice,
Thrice in melodious modulation full,
Pronounced the highest name. There is no God
But God, he cried; there is no God but God!
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord!
Come ye to prayer! to prayer! The Lord is great!
There is no God but God!.. Thus he pronounced
His ritual form, mingling with holiest truth
The audacious name accurst. The multitude
Made their ablutions in the mountain stream
Obedient, then their faces to the earth
Bent in formality of easy prayer.

An arrow's flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where underneath
A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
O'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots
Emboss'd the bank, and on their tufted bark
Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade;
Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green
Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
Made itself felt, just touch'd with gentle dip
The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,
Save when a bubble rising from the depth
Burst, and with faintest circles mark'd its place,
Or if an insect skimm'd it with its wing,
Or when in heavier drops the gather'd rain
Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
When, having drank there, he would bound across,
Drew up upon the bank his meeting feet,
And put forth half his force. With silent lapse
From thence through mossy banks the water stole,
Then murmuring hastened to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest; and when she stoopt
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crown'd, reflected there.

Beside that spring
Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon the glade;
There his ablutions Moor-like he perform'd,
And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head
Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound
Of voices at the tent when he arose,

And lo! with hurried step a woman came
Toward him; rightly then his heart presaged,
And ere he could behold her countenance,
Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
Embraced her sire. He raised her from the ground.
Kiss'd her, and claspt her to his heart, and said,
Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!
Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate
May in the world which is to come, divide
Our everlasting destinies, in this
Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!
And then with deep and interrupted voice,
Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,
A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false,
It should not lose its worth! .. She lock'd her hands
Around his neck, and gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,
Here or hereafter, never let us part!
And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,
The name of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

Whom hast thou there? cried Julian, and drew back,
Seeing that near them stood a meagre man
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
On a long staff, bending his head like one
Who when he hears the distant vesper-bell,
Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,
Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.
She answered, Let not my dear father frown
In anger on his child! Thy messenger
Told me that I should be restrain'd no more

From liberty of faith, which the new law
Indulged to all; how soon my hour might come
I knew not, and although that hour will bring
Few terrors, yet methinks I would not be
Without a Christian comforter in death.

A Priest! exclaimed the Count, and drawing back,
Stoopt for his turban that he might not lack
Some outward symbol of apostacy;
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
Nor for the scymitar had changed the sword
Accustomed to his hand. He covered now
His short grey hair, and under the white folds
His swarthy brow, which gather'd as he rose,
Darken'd. Oh frown not thus! Florinda said,
A kind and gentle counsellor is this,
One who pours balm into a wounded soul,
And mitigates the griefs he cannot heal.
I told him I had vow'd to pass my days
A servant of the Lord, yet that my heart,
Hearing the message of thy love, was drawn
With powerful yearnings back. Follow thy heart,..
It answers to the call of duty here,
He said, nor canst thou better serve the Lord
Than at thy father's side.
Count Julian's brow,
While thus she spake, insensibly relax'd.
A Priest, cried he, and thus with even hand
Weigh vows and natural duty in the scale?
In what old heresy hath he been train'd?
Or in what wilderness hath he escaped

The domineering Prelate's fire and sword?
Come hither, man, and tell me who thou art!

A sinner, Roderick, drawing nigh, replied;
Brought to repentance by the grace of God,
And trusting for forgiveness through the blood
Of Christ in humble hope.
A smile of scorn
Julian assumed, but merely from the lips
It came; for he was troubled while he gazed
On the strong countenance and thoughtful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim'd,
Said he, which overthrows in its career
The Christian altars of idolatry.
What think'st thou of the Prophet? .. Roderick
Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,
And he who asketh is a Musselman.
How then should I reply? ... Safely, rejoin'd
The renegade, and freely may'st thou speak
To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke
Of Mecca easy, and its burden light? ...
Spain hath not found it so, the Goth replied,
And groaning, turn'd away his countenance.

Count Julian knit his brow, and stood awhile
Regarding him with meditative eye
In silence. Thou art honest too! he cried;
Why 'twas in quest of such a man as this
That the old Grecian search'd by lantern light
In open day the city's crowded streets,
So rare he deem'd the virtue. Honesty
And sense of natural duty in a Priest!

Now for a miracle, ye Saints of Spain!
I shall not pry too closely for the wires,
For, seeing what I see, ye have me now
In the believing mood!
O blessed Saints,
Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
Not from the hardness of the heart, he speaks!
Hear him! and in your goodness give the scoff
The virtue of a prayer! So saying, she raised
Her hands in fervent action clasped to Heaven:
Then as, still clasped, they fell, toward her sire
She turn'd her eyes, beholding him through tears.
The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,
Soften'd her father's heart, which in this hour
Was open to the influences of love.
Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,
Said Julian, if its mighty power were used
To lessen human misery, not to swell
The mournful sum, already all-too-great.
If, as thy former counsel should imply,
Thou art not one who would for his craft's sake
Fret with corrosives and inflame the wound,
Which the poor sufferer brings to thee in trust
That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind it up,..
If, as I think, thou art not one of those
Whose villainy makes honest men turn Moors,
Thou then wilt answer with unbiass'd mind
What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus
The sick and feverish conscience of my child,
From inbred phantoms, fiend-like, which possess
Her innocent spirit. Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime

Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life,
All tongues, all colours: neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints,..white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,
Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;
The All-Father, He in whom we live and move,
He the indifferent Judge of all, regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike;
According to their works shall they be judged
When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs. All creeds, I ween,
Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian paused,
As if he waited for acknowledgement
Of that plain truth, in motion of assent
Inclined his brow complacently, and said,
Even so: What follows?..This; resumed the Count,
That creeds like colours being but accident,
Are therefore in the scale imponderable;..
Thou seest my meaning;..that from every faith
As every clime, there is a way to Heaven,
And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick fervently,
And smote his breast. Oh grant it, gracious God!
Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant that he
And I may meet before the Mercy-throne!
That were a triumph of Redeeming Love,
For which admiring Angels would renew
Their hallelujahs through the choir of Heaven!

Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore art thou moved
To this strange passion? I require of thee
Thy judgement, not thy prayers!
Be not displeased!
In gentle voice subdued the Goth replies;
A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow,
By thine own rule should find the way to Heaven,
So that the heart in its sincerity
Straight forward breathe it forth. I, like thyself,
Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech,
Nor competent of this great argument
Thou openest; and perhaps shall answer thee
Wide of the words, but to the purport home.
There are to whom the light of gospel truth
Hath never reach'd; of such I needs must deem
As of the sons of men who had their day
Before the light was given. But, Count, for those
Who, born amid the light, to darkness turn,
Wilful in error, ... I dare only say,
God doth not leave the unhappy soul without
An inward monitor, and till the grave
Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and shook
His head in scorn. What is not in the craft
Is error, and for error there shall be
No mercy found in Him whom yet ye name
The Merciful!
Now God forbid, rejoin'd
The fallen King, that one who stands in need
Of mercy for his sins should argue thus
Of error! Thou hast said that thou and I,

Thou dying in name a Musselman, and I
A servant of the Cross, may meet in Heaven.
Time was when in our fathers' ways we walk'd
Regardlessly alike; faith being to each, . .
For so far thou hast reason'd rightly, . . like
Our country's fashion and our mother-tongue,
Of mere inheritance, . . no thing of choice
In judgement fix'd, nor rooted in the heart.
Me have the arrows of calamity
Sore stricken; sinking underneath the weight
Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppress'd
Beneath the burthen of my sins, I turn'd
In that dread hour to Him who from the Cross
Calls to the heavy-laden. There I found
Relief and comfort; there I have my hope,
My strength and my salvation; there, the grave
Ready beneath my feet, and Heaven in view,
I to the King of Terrors say, Come, Death, . .
Come quickly! Thou too wert a stricken deer,
Julian, . . God pardon the unhappy hand
That wounded thee! . . but whither didst thou go
For healing? Thou hast turn'd away from Him,
Who saith, Forgive as ye would be forgiven;
And that the Moorish sword might do thy work,
Received the creed of Mecca: with what fruit
For Spain, let tell her cities sack'd, her sons
Slaughter'd, her daughters than thine own dear child
More foully wrong'd, more wretched! For thyself,
Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and perhaps
The cup was sweet: but it hath left behind
A bitter relish! Gladly would thy soul
Forget the past; as little canst thou bear

To send into futurity thy thoughts:
And for this Now, what is it, Count, but fear..
However bravely thou may'st bear thy front,..
Danger, remorse, and stinging obloquy?
One only hope, one only remedy,
One only refuge yet remains.... My life
Is at thy mercy, Count! Call, if thou wilt,
Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me!
Or strike thyself! Death were from any hand
A welcome gift; from thine, and in this cause,
A boon indeed! My latest words on earth
Should tell thee that all sins may be effaced,
Bid thee repent, have faith, and be forgiven!
Strike, Julian, if thou wilt, and send my soul
To intercede for thine, that we may meet,
Thou and thy child and I, beyond the grave.

Thus Roderick spake, and spread his arms as if
He offer'd to the sword his willing breast,
With looks of passionate persuasion fix'd
Upon the Count, who in his first access
Of anger, seem'd as though he would have call'd
His guards to seize the Priest. The attitude
Disarm'd him, and that fervent zeal sincere,
And more than both, the look and voice, which like
A mystery troubled him. Florinda too
Hung on his arm with both her hands, and cried,
O father, wrong him not! he speaks from God!
Life and salvation are upon his tongue!
Judge thou the value of that faith whereby,
Reflecting on the past, I murmur not,

And to the end of all look on with joy
Of hope assured!
Peace, innocent! replied
The Count, and from her hold withdrew his arm.
Then with a gather'd brow of mournfulness
Rather than wrath, regarding Roderick, said,
Thou preachest that all sins may be effaced:
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick's crime? .. For Roderick and for thee,
Count Julian, said the Goth, and as he spake
Trembled through every fibre of his frame,
The gate of Heaven is open. Julian threw
His wrathful hand aloft, and cried, Away!
Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me!

My father, say not thus! Florinda cried;
I have forgiven him! I have pray'd for him!
For him, for thee, and for myself I pour
One constant prayer to Heaven! In passion then
She knelt, and bending back, with arms and face
Raised toward the sky, the supplicant exclaim'd,
Redeemer, heal his heart! It is the grief
Which festers there that hath bewilder'd him!
Save him, Redeemer! by thy precious death
Save, save him, O my God! Then on her face
She fell, and thus with bitterness pursued
In silent throes her agonizing prayer.

Afflict not thus thyself, my child, the Count
Exclaim'd; O dearest, be thou comforted;
Set but thy heart at rest, I ask no more!

Peace dearest, peace! . . and weeping as he spake,
He knelt to raise her. Roderick also knelt;
Be comforted, he cried, and rest in faith
That God will hear thy prayers! they must be heard.
He who could doubt the worth of prayers like thine
May doubt of all things! Sainted as thou art
In sufferings here, this miracle will be
Thy work and thy reward!
Then raising her,
They seated her upon the fountain's brink,
And there beside her sate. The moon had risen,
And that fair spring lay blackened half in shade,
Half like a burnish'd mirror in her light.
By that reflected light Count Julian saw
That Roderick's face was bathed with tears, and pale
As monumental marble. Friend, said he,
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent
Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to man,
Thy heart is true: and had the mitred Priest
Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou held
The place he fill'd; . . . but this is idle talk, . . .
Things are as they will be; and we, poor slaves,
Fret in the harness as we may, must drag
The Car of Destiny where'er she drives,
Inexorable and blind!
Oh wretched man!
Cried Roderick, if thou seekest to assuage
Thy wounded spirit with that deadly drug,
Hell's subtlest venom; look to thine own heart,
Where thou hast Will and Conscience to belie
This juggling sophistry, and lead thee yet
Through penitence to Heaven!

Whate'er it be
That governs us, in mournful tone the Count
Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah's will,
Or reckless Fortune, still the effect the same,
A world of evil and of misery!
Look where we will we meet it; wheresoe'er
We go we bear it with us. Here we sit
Upon the margin of this peaceful spring,
And oh! what volumes of calamity
Would be unfolded here, if either heart
Laid open its sad records! Tell me not
Of goodness! Either in some freak of power
This frame of things was fashion'd, then cast off
To take its own wild course, the sport of chance;
Or the bad Spirit o'er the Good prevails,
And in the eternal conflict hath arisen
Lord of the ascendant!
Rightly would'st thou say
Were there no world but this! the Goth replied.
The happiest child of earth that e'er was mark'd
To be the minion of prosperity,
Richest in corporal gifts and wealth of mind,
Honour and fame attending him abroad,
Peace and all dear domestic joys at home,
And sunshine till the evening of his days
Closed in without a cloud, . . even such a man
Would from the gloom and horror of his heart
Confirm thy fatal thought, were this world all,
Oh! who could bear the haunting mystery,
If death and retribution did not solve
The riddle, and to heavenliest harmony
Reduce the seeming chaos! . . . Here we see

The water at its well-head; clear it is,
Not more transpicuous the invisible air;
Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here to life
And good directed all its uses serve.
The herb grows greener on its brink; sweet flowers
Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshened roots;
The red-breast loves it for his wintry haunts;
And when the buds begin to open forth,
Builds near it with his mate their brooding nest;
The thirsty stag with widening nostrils there
Invigorated draws his copious draught;
And there amid its flags the wild-boar stands,
Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
Through woodlands wild and solitary fields
Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;
But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there defiles
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
Through all its way it hastens, 't is received,
And, losing all pollution, mingles there
In the wide world of waters. So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she chuseth for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall be permanent.

But guilt,
And all our suffering? said the Count. The Goth
Replied, Repentance taketh sin away,
Death remedies the rest.... Soothed by the strain
Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
And sate contemplating. Florinda too
Was calm'd: If sore experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,
She said, alas! who better learn'd than I
In that sad school! Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 't is shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling Moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opake would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavey silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams

Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have mouldered, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

XXII.

THE MOORISH COUNCIL.

THUS they beside the fountain sate, of food
And rest forgetful, when a messenger
Summon'd Count Julian to the Leader's tent.
In council there at that late hour he found
The assembled Chiefs, on sudden tidings call'd
Of unexpected weight from Cordoba.
Jealous that Abdalazis had assumed
A regal state, affecting in his court
The forms of Gothic sovereignty, the Moors,
Whom artful spirits of ambitious mould
Stirr'd up, had risen against him in revolt:
And he who late had in the Caliph's name
Ruled from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,
A mutilate and headless carcase now,
From pitying hands received beside the road
A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure.
She, too, who in the wreck of Spain preserved
Her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick first,
Of Abdalazis after, and to both
Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now
Her counsels had brought on; for she had led
The infatuate Moor, in dangerous vauntery,
To these aspiring forms, . . so should he gain

Respect and honour from the Musselmen,
She said, and that the obedience of the Goths
Follow'd the sceptre. In an evil hour
She gave the counsel, and in evil hour
He lent a willing ear; the popular rage
Fell on them both; and they to whom her name
Had been a mark for mockery and reproach,
Shudder'd with human horror at her fate.
Ayub was heading the wild anarchy;
But where the cement of authority
Is wanting, all things there are dislocate:
The mutinous soldiery, by every cry
Of rumour set in wild career, were driven
By every gust of passion, setting up
One hour, what in the impulse of the next,
Equally unreasoning, they destroy'd: thus all
Was in misrule where uproar gave the law,
And ere from far Damascus they could learn
The Caliph's pleasure, many a moon must pass.
What should be done? should Abulcacem march
To Cordoba, and in the Caliph's name
Assume the power which to his rank in arms
Rightly devolved, restoring thus the reign
Of order? or pursue with quicken'd speed
The end of this great armament, and crush
Rebellion first, then to domestic ills
Apply his undivided mind and force
Victorious? What in this emergency
Was Julian's counsel, Abulcacem ask'd,
Should they accomplish soon their enterprize?
Or would the insurgent infidels prolong
The contest, seeking by protracted war

To weary them, and trusting in the strength
Of these wild hills?
Julian replied, The Chief
Of this revolt is wary, resolute,
Of approved worth in war: a desperate part
He for himself deliberately hath chosen,
Confiding in the hereditary love
Borne to him by these hardy mountaineers,
A love which his own noble qualities
Have strengthen'd so that every heart is his.
When ye can bring them to the open proof
Of battle, ye will find them in his cause
Lavish of life; but well they know the strength
Of their own fastnesses, the mountain paths
Impervious to pursuit, the vantages
Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and ravine;
And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
These natural aids wherein they put their trust
As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
Deem'd by themselves invincible, and so
By Roman found and Goth ... beneath whose sway
Slowly persuaded rather than subdued
They came, and still through every change retain'd
Their manners obstinate and barbarous speech.
My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure
With strong increase of force the adjacent posts,
And chiefly Gegio, leaving them so mann'd
As may abate the hope of enterprize
Their strength being told. Time in a strife like this
Becomes the ally of those who trust in him:
Make then with Time your covenant. Old feuds
May disunite the chiefs: some may be gain'd

By fair entreaty, others by the stroke
Of nature, or of policy, cut off.
This was the counsel which in Cordoba
I offer'd Abdalazis: in ill hour
Rejecting it, he sent upon this war
His father's faithful friend! Dark are the ways
Of destiny! had I been at his side
Old Muza would not now have mourn'd his age
Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy
The Caliph's represented power. The case
Calls for thine instant presence, with the weight
Of thy legitimate authority.

Julian said Orpas, turning from beneath
His turban to the Count a crafty eye,
Thy daughter is return'd; doth she not bring
Some tidings of the movements of the foe?
The Count replied, When child and parent meet
First reconciled from discontents which wrung
The hearts of both, ill should their converse be
Of warlike matters! There hath been no time
For such enquiries, neither should I think
To ask her touching that for which I know
She hath neither eye nor thought.
There was a time,
Orpas with smile malignant thus replied,
When in the progress of the Caliph's arms
Count Julian's daughter had an interest
Which touch'd her nearly! But her turn is served,
And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget
Indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny
Still guideth to the service of the faith

The wayward heart of woman; for as one
Delivered Roderick to the avenging sword,
So hath another at this hour betray'd
Pelayo to his fall. His sister came
At nightfall to my tent a fugitive.
She tells me that on learning our approach
The rebel to a cavern in the hills
Had sent his wife and children, and with them
Those of his followers, thinking there conceal'd
They might be safe. She, moved, by injuries
Which stung her spirit, on the way escaped,
And for revenge will guide us. In reward
She asks her brother's forfeiture of lands
In marriage with Numacian: something too
Touching his life, that for her services
It might be spared, she said;.. an after-thought
To salve decorum, and if conscience wake
Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall smite
Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween
That a thin kerchief will dry all the tears
The Lady Guisla sheds!
'T is the old taint!
Said Julian mournfully; from her mother's womb
She brought the inbred wickedness which now
In ripe infection blossoms. Woman, woman,
Still to the Goths art thou the instrument
Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice
Fatal alike to them!
Say rather, cried
The insidious renegade, that Allah thus
By woman punisheth the idolatry
Of those who raise a woman to the rank

Of godhead, calling on their Mary's name
With senseless prayers. In vain shall they invoke
Her trusted succour now! like silly birds
By fear betray'd, they fly into the toils;
And this Pelayo, who in lengthen'd war
Baffling our force, has thought perhaps to reign
Prince of the Mountains, when we hold his wife
And offspring at our mercy, must himself
Come to the lure.
Enough, the Leader said;
This unexpected work of favouring Fate
Opens an easy way to our desires,
And renders farther counsel needless now.
Great is the Prophet whose protecting power
Goes with the faithful forth! the rebels' days
Are number'd; Allah hath deliver'd them
Into our hands!
So saying he arose;
The Chiefs withdrew, Orpas alone remain'd
Obedient to his indicated will.
The event, said Abulcacem, hath approved
Thy judgement in all points; his daughter comes
At the first summons, even as thou saidst;
Her errand with the insurgents done, she brings
Their well-concerted project back, a safe
And unexpected messenger;.. the Moor,..
The shallow Moor,.. must see and not perceive;
Must hear and understand not; yea must bear,
Poor easy fool, to serve their after mirth,
A part in his own undoing! But just Heaven
With this unlook'd-for incident hath marr'd

Their complots, and the sword shall cut this web
Of treason.
Well, the renegade replied,
Thou knowest Count Julian's spirit, quick in wiles,
In act audacious. Baffled now, he thinks
Either by instant warning to apprize
The rebels of their danger, or preserve
The hostages when fallen into our power,
Till secret craft contrive, or open force
Win their enlargement. Haply too he dreams
Of Cordoba, the avenger and the friend
Of Abdalazis, in that cause to arm
Moor against Moor, preparing for himself
The victory o'er the enfeebled conquerors.
Success in treason hath embolden'd him,
And power but serves him for fresh treachery, false
To Roderick first, and to the Caliph now.

The guilt, said Abulcacem, is confirm'd,
The sentence past; all that is now required
Is to strike sure and safely. He hath with him
A veteran force devoted to his will,
Whom to provoke were perilous; nor less
Of peril lies there in delay: what course
Between these equal dangers should we steer?

They have been train'd beneath him in the wars
Of Africa, the renegade replied;
Men are they who, from their youth up, have found
Their occupation and their joy in arms;
Indifferent to the cause for which they fight,
But faithful to their leader, who hath won
By licence largely given, yet temper'd still

With exercise of firm authority,
Their whole devotion. Vainly should we seek
By proof of Julian's guilt to pacify
Such martial spirits, unto whom all creeds
And countries are alike; but take away
The head, and forthwith their fidelity
Goes at the market price. The act must be
Sudden and secret; poison is too slow.
Thus it may best be done; the Mountaineers,
Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with some spur
Of sudden enterprise: at such a time
A trusty minister approaching him
May smite him, so that all shall think the spear
Comes from the hostile troops.
Right counsellor!
Cried Abulcacem, thou shalt have his lands,
The proper meed of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou may'st take or leave. Go now
And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect! ... And when 't is done,
The Moor, as Orpas from the tent withdrew,
Muttering pursued, .. look for a like reward
Thyself! that restless head of wickedness
In the grave will brood no treasons. Other babes
Scream when the Devil, as they spring to life,
Infects them with his touch; but thou didst stretch
Thine arms to meet him, and like mother's milk
Suck the congenial evil! Thou hast tried
Both laws, and were there aught to gain, wouldst prove
A third as readily; but when thy sins
Are weigh'd, 't will be against an empty scale,
And neither Prophet will avail thee then!

XXIII.

THE VALE OF COVADONGA.

THE camp is stirring, and ere day hath dawn'd
The tents are struck. Early they rise whom hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with whom
She goes companion of the way. By noon
Hath Abulcacem in his speed attain'd
The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty scouts
Observe his march, and fleet as mountain roes,
From post to post with instantaneous speed
The warning bear: none else is nigh; the vale
Hath been deserted, and Pelayo's hall
Is open to the foe, who on the tower
Hoist their white signal-flag. In Sella's stream
The misbelieving multitudes perform,
With hot and hasty hand, their noontide rite,
Then hurryingly repeat the Impostor's prayer.
Here they divide; the Chieftain halts with half
The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widen'd he disposed,
Liable to first attack, that so the deed
Of murder plann'd with Orpas might be done.
The other force the Moor Alcahman led,
Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream
Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with him,

Proud of Granada's snowy heights subdued,
And boasting of his skill in mountain war;
Yet sure he deem'd an easier victory
Awaited him this day. Little, quoth he,
Weens the vain Mountaineer who puts his trust
In dens and rocky fastnesses, how close
Destruction is at hand! Belike he thinks
The Humma's happy wings have shadow'd him,
And therefore Fate with royalty must crown
His chosen head! Pity the scymitar
With its rude edge so soon should interrupt
The pleasant dream!
There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter, cried
Alcahman; yield they must, or from their holes
Like bees we smoke them out. The Chief perhaps
May reign awhile King of the wolves and bears,
Till his own subjects hunt him down, or kites
And crows divide what hunger may have left
Upon his ghastly limbs. Happier for him
That destiny should this day to our hands
Deliver him; short would be his sufferings then;
And we right joyfully should in one hour
Behold our work accomplish'd, and his race
Extinct.
Thus these in mockery and in thoughts
Of bloody triumph, to the future blind,
Indulged the scornful vein; nor deem'd that they
Whom to the sword's unsparing edge they doom'd,
Even then in joyful expectation pray'd
To Heaven for their approach, and at their post
Prepared, were trembling with excess of hope.

Here in these mountain straits the Mountaineer
Had felt his country's strength insuperable;
Here he had pray'd to see the Musselman
With all his myriads; therefore had he look'd
To Covadonga as a sanctuary
Apt for concealment, easy of defence;
And Guisla's flight, though to his heart it sent
A pang more poignant for their mother's sake,
Yet did it further in its consequence
His hope and project, surer than decoy
Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.
That sullen and revengeful mind, he knew,
Would follow to the extremity of guilt
Its long fore-purposed shame: the toils were laid,
And she who by the Musselmen full sure
Thought on her kindred her revenge to wreak,
Led the Moors in.

Count Pedro and his son
Were hovering with the main Asturian force
In the wider vale to watch occasion there,
And with hot onset when the alarm began
Pursue the vantage. In the fated straits
Of Deva had the King disposed the rest:
Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
A long mile's length on either side its bed,
They lay. The lever and the axe and saw
Had skilfully been plied; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag and shelf
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.
The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home;.

Scarce more impatiently the horse endures
The rein, when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
Rings in his joyous ears, than at their post
The Mountaineers await their certain prey;
Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subdued by minds well-master'd, they expect
The appointed signal.
Hand must not be raised,
Foot stirr'd, nor voice be utter'd, said the Chief,
Till the word pass: impatience would mar all.
God hath deliver'd over to your hands
His enemies and ours, so we but use
The occasion wisely. Not till the word pass
From man to man transmitted, "In the name
"Of God, for Spain and Vengeance!" let a hand
Be lifted; on obedience all depends,
Their march below with noise of horse and foot
And haply with the clang of instruments,
Might drown all other signal, this is sure;
But wait it calmly; it will not be given
Till the whole line hath enter'd in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the Mountaineers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone
He doubted, that the Musselmen might see
The perils of the vale, and warily
Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
As Guisla told, the main Asturian force

Seeking concealment there, no other aid
Soliciting from these their native hills;
And that the babes and women having fallen
In thraldom, they would lay their weapons down.
And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
They enter'd; for the morn had risen o'ercast,
And when the Sun had reach'd the height of heaven.
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Scarce heavier than the summer's evening dew,
Descended,.. through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless trees
Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
None falling till from its own weight o'erswoln
The motion came.
Low on the mountain side
The fleecey vapour hung, and in its veil
With all their dreadful preparations wrapt
The Mountaineers;.. in breathless hope they lay,
Some blessing God in silence for the power
This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
Of prayer and vow invoked the Mother-Maid,
Beseeching her that in this favouring hour
She would be strongly with them. From below
Meantime distinct they heard the passing tramp
Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues commixt
With laughter, and with frequent shouts,.. for all
Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches, over whom the ruin hung!

They say, quoth one, that though the Prophet's soul
Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
Life hath not left his body, which bears up
By its miraculous power the holy tomb,
And holds it at Medina in the air
Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof:
And there the Angels fly to him with news
From East, West, North, and South, of what befalls
His faithful people. If when he shall hear
The tale of this day's work, he should for joy
Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad, . .
It were as good a miracle as when
He sliced the moon! Sir Angel hear me now,
Whoe'er thou be'st who art about to speed
From Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
The Prophet's ear, be sure thou tellest him
How bravely Ghauleb did his part to-day,
And with what special reverence he alone
Desired thee to commend him to his grace! . .
Fie on thee, scoffer that thou art! replied
His comrade; thou wilt never leave these gibes
Till some commission'd arrow through the teeth
Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
The ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Whereon 't is written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting take,
And earth to earth return? How knowest thou
But that the Spirit who compounded thee,
To distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
Awaits thee at this hour? . . Little thought he

Who spake, that in that valley at that hour
One death awaited both!
Thus they pursued
Toward the cave their inauspicious way.
Weak childhood there and ineffective age
In the chambers of the rock were placed secure;
But of the women, all whom with the babes
Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft
To aid in the destruction; by the side
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, station'd there
They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave
With the venerable primate took his post.
Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,
Vigilant sentinels with eye intent
Observe his movements, when to take the word
And pass it forward. He in arms complete
Stands in the portal: a stern majesty
Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,
And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy
Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them!
He said; the measure of their crimes is full!
O Vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be
From this day forth for ever; and to these
Thy springs shall unborn generations come
In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
The cradle of their native monarchy!

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist
Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
Upon the right projected o'er the stream,

Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full compass, make
Its clear articulation heard distinct.
A venturous dalesman, once ascending there
To rob the eagle's nest, hath fallen, and hung
Among the heather, wonderously preserved:
Therefore had he with pious gratitude
Placed on that overhanging brow a Cross,
Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Pronounced his name,.... Alcahman! hoa, look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
It had divided there, and open'd round
The Cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecey folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
The other raised in menacing act; below
Loose flow'd her raiment, but her breast was arm'd,
And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour

I summon thee to judgement! . . . In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!
Thus she closed
Her speech; for taking from the Primate's hand
That oaken cross which at the sacring rites
Had served for crosier, at the cavern's mouth
Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
From voice to voice on either side it pass'd
With rapid repetition, . . In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and stones,
And loosen'd crags, down down they roll'd with rush
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundations is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long strait, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
And death, . . the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelm'd.
Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish there, . .
Horsemen and infantry they perish all, . .
The outward armour and the bones within
Broken and bruised and crush'd. Echo prolong'd
The long uproar: a silence then ensued,

Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet;
The lingering groan, the faintly-utter'd prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death,
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
Fierce and immitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

XXIV.

RODERICK AND COUNT JULIAN.

THOU hast been busy, Death! this day, and yet
But half thy work is done; the Gates of Hell
Are throng'd, yet twice ten thousand spirits more,
Who from their warm and healthful tenements
Fear no divorce, must ere the sun go down
Enter the world of woe! the Gate of Heaven
Is open too, and Angels round the throne
Of Mercy on their golden harps this day
Shall sing the triumphs of Redeeming Love.

There was a Church at Cangas dedicate
To that Apostle unto whom his Lord
Had given the keys; a humble edifice,
Whose rude and time-worn structure suited well
That vale among the mountains. Its low roof
With stone plants and with moss was overgrown,
Short fern, and richer weeds which from the eaves
Hung their long tresses down. White lichens clothed
The sides, save where the ivy spread, which bower'd
The porch, and clustering round the pointed wall,
Wherein two bells, each open to the wind,
Hung side by side, threaded with hairy shoots

The double nich; and climbing to the cross,
Wreathed it and half conceal'd its sacred form
With bushy tufts luxuriant. Here in the font, . .
Borne hither with rejoicing and with prayers
Of all the happy land who saw in him
The lineage of their ancient Chiefs renew'd, . .
The Prince had been immersed: and here within
An oaken galilee, now black with age,
His old Iberian ancestors were laid.

Two stately oaks stood nigh, in the full growth
Of many a century. They had flourish'd there
Before the Gothic sword was felt in Spain,
And when the ancient sceptre of the Goths
Was broken, there they flourish'd still. Their boughs
Mingled on high, and stretching wide around,
Form'd a deep shade, beneath which canopy
Upon the ground Count Julian's board was spread,
For to his daughter he had left his tent
Pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the board
Sate with his trusted Captains, Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,
Basil and Cottila, and Virimar,
Men through all fortunes faithful to their Lord,
And to that old and tried fidelity,
By personal love and honour held in ties
Strong as religious bonds. As there they sate,
In the distant vale a rising dust was seen,
And frequent flash of steel, .. the flying fight
Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued,
Put forth their coursers at full speed, to reach
The aid in which they trust. Up sprung the Chiefs,

And hastily taking helm and shield, and spear,
Sped to their post.
Amid the chesnut groves
On Sella's side, Alphonso had in charge
To watch the foe; a prowling band came nigh,
Whom with the ardour of impetuous youth
He charged and followed them in close pursuit:
Quick succours join'd them; and the strife grew hot,
Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,
Or Julian and his Captains, .. bent alike
That hour to abstain from combat, (for by this
Full sure they deem'd Alcahman had secured
The easy means of certain victory,) ..
Could reach the spot. Both thus in their intent
According, somewhat had they now allay'd
The fury of the fight, though still spears flew,
And strokes of sword and mace were interchanged,
When passing through the troop a Moor came up
On errand from the Chief, to Julian sent;
A fatal errand fatally perform'd
For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,
And all that host of Musselmen he brought;
For while with well-dissembled words he lured
The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd
The favouring moment and unguarded place,
And plunged a javelin in his side. The Count,
Fell, but in falling called to Cottila,
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor!.. He too on whom
He call'd had seen the blow from whence it came,
And seized the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaim'd,
Who set thee on? The Musselman, who saw
His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,

Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse ill
Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;
The service of the Caliph and the Faith
Required the blow.
The Prophet and the Fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottila; meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly meed;
Villain!.. and lifting as he spake the sword,
He smote him on the neck: the trenchant blade
Through vein and artery pass'd and yielding bone;
And on the shoulder, as the assassin dropt,
His head half-severed fell. The curse of God
Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee!
Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued;
African dogs, thus is it ye requite
Our services?.. But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work!.. O Fellow-soldiers, here,
Stretching his hands toward the host, he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,
Here he lies foully murdered,.. by the Moors,..
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!
Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!
Amid the grief,
Tumult, and rage, of those who gather'd round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life,
He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
To yonder Mountaineers, and tell their Chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day

Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gunderick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redress'd the wrongs of your old General,
Ye will not let his death go unrevenged!..
Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
And vows with imprecations mix'd went forth,
And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me apart,
Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pitying throng
Divide before her. Eagerly she came;
A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe,..pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans;..within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her aweful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour!
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee; said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employ'd; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.
Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die!..They raised him from the earth;

He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees.... Now, friends, said he,
Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my death
Among ye, like a soldier,.. but not thus!
Go join the Asturians; and in after years,
When of your old commander ye shall talk,
How well he loved his followers, what he was
In battle, and how basely he was slain,
Let not the tale its fit completion lack,
But say how bravely was his death revenged.
Vengeance! in that good word doth Julian make
His testament; your faithful swords must give
The will its full performance. Leave me now,
I have done with worldly things. Comrades, farewell,
And love my memory!
They with copious tears
Of burning anger, grief exasperating
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,
Hasten'd to form their ranks against the Moors.
Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd
His languid eyes: That Image, is it not
St. Peter, he inquired, he who denied
His Lord and was forgiven?.. Roderick rejoin'd,
It is the Apostle; and may that same Lord,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless
The seasonable thought!

The dying Count
Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
No time, said he, is this for bravery,
As little for dissemblance. I would fain
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy. . .
A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
The Impostor's faith, which never in that soul
Obtain'd a place, . . if at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief! . .
If this in the sincerity of death
Sufficeth. . . Father, let me from thy lips
Receive the assurances with which the Church
Doth bless the dying Christian.
Roderick raised
His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
Hath sinn'd and gone astray: but hast not Thou
Said, When the sinner from his evil ways
Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven?
Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
Into thy family receive again
Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
The Penitent. . . . So saying on the head

Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,
Julian! receive from me the Bread of Life!
In silence reverently the Count partook
The reconciling rite, and to his lips
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
Had listen'd speechlessly; Thou Man of God,
I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament,.. one hour,.. one grave,..
One resurrection!
That dread office done,
Count Julian with amazement saw the Priest
Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
In this most aweful moment; by that hope,..
That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
Behold the man who most hath injured thee!
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
Of all thy guilt,.. the unworthy instrument
Of thy redemption,.. kneels before thee here,
And prays to be forgiven!
Roderick! exclaim'd
The dying Count,.. Roderick!.. and from the floor
With violent effort half he raised himself;
The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
And weakness overcame him, that he fell
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he,..
Passing his hand across his cold damp brow,..

Thou tamest the strong limb, and conquerest
The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
One Heaven could not contain mine enemy
And me: and now I lift my dying voice
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive
Him who hath done the wrong!..He closed his eyes
A moment; then with sudden impulse cried,..
Roderick, thy wife is dead,..the Church hath power
To free thee from thy vows,..the broken heart
Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
And these cursed Africans...Oh for a month
Of that waste life which millions misbestow!..
His voice was passionate, and in his eye
With glowing animation while he spake
The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
In slow and difficult utterance he pursued,..
Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,
And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
We but the poor occasion! Death will make
All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
Complete our union there! Do for me now
One friendly office more:..draw forth the spear,
And free me from this pain!...Receive his soul,
Saviour! exclaim'd the Goth, as he perform'd
The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend!..
True friend!..and gave to him his dying hand.
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
Thou followest!..kiss me, child!..and now good night!
When from her father's body she arose,

Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes there beam'd
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed
While underneath the emotions of that hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all, . .
All . . in one hour! . . and round his neck she threw
Her arms and cried, My Roderick! mine in Heaven!
Groaning, he clasp't her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

XXV.

RODERICK IN BATTLE.

EIGHT thousand men had to Asturias march'd
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the remains
Of that brave army which in Africa
So well against the Musselman made head,
Till sense of injuries insupportable,
And raging thirst of vengeance, overthrew
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge
His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field
Of Xeres, when the sceptre from the Goths
By righteous Heaven was reft. Others had fallen
Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor
To the front of war opposed. The policy,
With whatsoever show of honour cloak'd,
Was gross, and this surviving band had oft
At their carousals, of the flagrant wrong,
Held such discourse as stirs the mounting blood,
The common danger with one discontent
Affecting chiefs and men. Nor had the bonds
Of rooted discipline and faith attach'd,
Thus long restrain'd them, had they not known well
That Julian in their just resentment shared,
And fix'd their hopes on him. Slight impulse now
Sufficed to make these fiery martialists
Break forth in open fury; and though first

Count Pedro listen'd with suspicious ear
To Julian's dying errand, deeming it
Some new decoy of treason, .. when he found
A second legate follow'd Virimar,
And then a third, and saw the turbulence
Of the camp, and how against the Moors in haste
They form'd their lines, he knew that Providence
This hour had for his country interposed,
And in such faith advanced to use the aid
Thus wondrously ordain'd. The eager Chiefs
Hasten to greet him, Cottila and Paul,
Basil and Miro, Theudered, Gunderick,
Felix, and all who held authority;
The zealous services of their brave host
They proffer'd, and besought him instantly
To lead against the African their force
Combined, and in good hour assail a foe
Divided, nor for such attack prepared.

While thus they communed, Roderick from the church
Came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his way
Toward them. Sirs, said he, the Count is dead;
He died a Christian, reconciled to Heaven,
In faith; and when his daughter had received
His dying breath, her spirit too took flight.
One sacrament, one death, united them;
And I beseech ye, ye who from the work
Of blood which lies before us may return, ..
If, as I think, it should not be my fate ..
That in one grave with Christian ceremonies
Ye lay them side by side. In Heaven I ween
They are met through mercy: .. ill befall the man

Who should in death divide them!.. Then he turn'd
His speech to Pedro in an under voice;
The King, said he, I know with noble mind
Will judge of the departed; Christian-like
He died, and with a manly penitence:
They who condemn him most should call to mind
How grievous was the wrong which madden'd him;
Be that remember'd in his history,
And let no shame be offer'd his remains.

As Pedro would have answer'd, a loud cry
Of menacing imprecation from the troops
Arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief
Sent to allay the storm his villainy
Had stirr'd, came hastening on a milk-white steed,
And at safe distance having check'd the rein,
Beckon'd for parley. 'Twas Orelio
On which he rode, Roderick's own battle-horse,
Who from his master's hand had wont to feed,
And with a glad docility obey
His voice familiar. At the sight the Goth
Started, and indignation to his soul
Brought back the thoughts and feelings of old times.
Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer him,
And hold these back the while! Thus having said,
He waited no reply, but as he was,
Bareheaded, in his weeds, and all unarm'd,
Advanced toward the renegade. Sir Priest,
Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk
With thee; my errand is with Gunderick
And the Captains of the host, to whom I bring
Such liberal offers and clear proof...

The Goth,

Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaim'd,
What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
I should have thought some sleek and sober mule
Long train'd in shackles to procession pace,
More suited to my lord of Seville's use
Than this good war-horse, .. he who never bore
A villain, until Orpas cross'd his back! ...
Wretch! cried the astonish'd renegade, and stoopt,
Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow
To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand
Trembling in passion could perform its will,
Roderick had seized the reins. How now, he cried,
Orelio! old companion, .. my good horse, ..
Off with this recreant burthen! ... And with that
He raised his hand, and rear'd and back'd the steed,
To that remember'd voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderick over him
Thrice led with just and unrelenting hand
The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
And tell him Roderick sent thee!
At that sight,
Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
With louder acclamation was renew'd,
When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse!
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
Patting his high-arch'd neck! the renegade,
I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!

Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,
Once more thou bearest to the field thy Lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,
He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
My beautiful Orelio, .. to the last ...
The happiest of his fields! ... Then he drew forth
The scymitar, and waving it aloft,
Rode toward the troops; its unaccustom'd shape
Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him; to the Chiefs
Then said, If I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestowed
On this right hand!.. Go some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipp'd; .. haste there and strip
Yon villain of his armour!
Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armour cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouch'd
The unguarded life he ventures ... Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel

With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge! . . Make ready for the charge!
They come . . they come! . . On, brethren, to the field! . .
The word is Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it pass'd,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds return'd
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry
Deliberately with slow and steady step
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting; shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the Chiefs
Of Julian's army in that hour support
Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
Alphonso through the host of infidels
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
But there was worst confusion and uproar,
There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Of his recover'd Lord, Orelio plunged
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns

The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
Appall'd they say, who to the front of war
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
They said, this is no human foe!.. Nor less
Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
How flight and terror went before his way,
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
With what command and knightly ease he sits
The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
Bestrode with such command and majesty
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some Saint
Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven
Hath ever with especial bounty blest
Above all other lands its favour'd Spain;
Chusing her children forth from all mankind
For its peculiar people, as of yore
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the Law.
Who knows not how on that most holy night
When peace on Earth by Angels was proclaim'd,
The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain? not just display'd,
As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn;

All the long winter hours from eve till morn
Her forests and her mountains and her plains,
Her hills and valleys were embathed in light,
A light which came not from the sun or moon
Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed,
But from the fountain-springs, the Light of Light
Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe
That this may be some Saint or Angel, charged
To lead us to miraculous victory?
Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified
With feet adorable our happy soil? ...
Mark'd ye not, said another, how he cast
In wrath the unhallow'd scymitar away,
And called for Christian weapon? Oh be sure
This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades, on!
A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain!
Victory and Vengeance! Hew the miscreants down,
And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice!
God is with us! his Saints are in the field!
Victory! miraculous Victory!
Thus they
Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire
Of vengeance on their enemies abhorr'd,
The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlooked the fight
From an eminence, and cursed the renegade
Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect
Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the East
Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives
Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up,
From Covadonga flying, and the rear
Of that destruction, scarce with breath to tell
Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard,

Stricken with horror, like a man bereft
Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he exclaim'd,
A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
This day upon thy servant! Must I then
Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
Fate's irreversible decrees, or why
Murmur at what must be? They who survive
May mourn the evil which this day begins:
My part will soon be done!... Grief then gave way
To rage, and cursing Guisla, he pursued,
Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
It were a consolation to give her
The evil death she merits!
That reward
She hath had, a Moor replied. For when we reach'd
The entrance of the vale, it was her choice
There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
Lest she should see her brother's face; but thence
We found her flying at the overthrow,
And visiting the treason on her head,
Pierced her with wounds... Poor vengeance for a host
Destroyed! said Abulcacem in his soul.
Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,
Strike off Count Eudon's head! he cried; the fear
Which brought him to our camp will bring him else
In arms against us now; For Sisibert
And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
Their uncle's fate for ever bars all plots
Of treason on their part; no hope have they
Of safety but with us. He call'd them then
With chosen troops to join him in the front

Of battle, that by bravely making head,
Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer raged
The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
Mingling with imprecations and with prayers,
Rose through the din of war.
By this the blood
Which Deva down her fatal channel pour'd,
Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd and stain'd
The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
Where down the vale impatient to complete
The glorious work so well that day begun,
Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken Cross
Triumphant borne on high, precedes their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner shone.
Roderick, who dealing death from side to side,
Had through the Moorish army now made way,
Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
Approach'd, with sudden impulse that way rode,
To tell of what had pass'd, . . lest in the strife
They should engage with Julian's men, and mar
The mighty consummation. One ran on
To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
Halted awhile to let Orelio breathe.
Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntery
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.

But thou shouldst know him best; regard him well:
Is 't not Orelio?
Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself
In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch,
And answer to the voice which praises him.
Can it be Maccabee? rejoin'd the King,
Or are the secret wishes of my soul
Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave given up
Its dead? . . . So saying, on the old man he turn'd
Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told
The incipient thought that for incredible
He spake no farther. But enough had pass'd,
For old Siverian started at the words
Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaim'd,
Blind that I was to know him not till now!
My Master, O my Master!
He meantime
With easy pace moved on to meet their march.
King, to Pelayo he began, this day
By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
Is stablish'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
Treacherously slain, Count Julian will be found

Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
Which at Visonia by the Primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am, . . yet sure I think
Not without mystery as the event hath shown, . .
Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter gone to rest.
Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the Tree falls
So it shall lie?
In this and all things else,
Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turn'd
His head away in silence. But the old man
Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
In his master's face, weeping and silently.
Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone? . . Thou seest I am unarm'd;
Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,
Clean through yon miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.

Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . . nay, . .
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to oppose me when my will was known!
To thee methinks I should be still the King.

Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
Within the trees. Roderick alighted there,
And in the old man's armour dight himself.
Dost thou not marvel by what wonderous chance,
Said he, Orelio to his master's hand
Hath been restored? I found the renegade
Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down
Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
His recreant burthen off, and trample out
The life which once I spared in evil hour.
Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
In yonder field, and then I may go rest
In peace, .. my work is done!
And nobly done!
Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
Than in that glorious hour of victory
When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
The prisoner of thy hand! . . Roderick replied,
O good Siverian, happier victory
Thy son hath now achieved, . . the victory
Over the world, his sins and his despair.
If on the field my body should be found,
See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
And let no idle ear be told for whom
Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelio
As doth beseem the steed which hath so oft
Carried a King to battle; . . he hath done

Good service for his rightful Lord to-day,
And better yet must do. Siverian, now
Farewell! I think we shall not meet again
Till it be in that world where never change
Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
That never man enjoy'd a heavenlier peace
Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful friend,
How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's neck;
Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
And soon rejoin'd the host. On, comrades, on!
Victory and Vengeance! he exclaim'd, and took
The lead on that good charger, he alone
Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
Victory and Vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and roll'd it round.
Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and return'd the glad acclaim.
The astonish'd Musselmen, on all sides charged,
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and every where with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found,
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
Ever before this hour achieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert

Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay'd beneath his horse's feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the Prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
He said, and turn'd aside. Fitliest from me!
Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orelio forced his way; fitliest from me
Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well-bestow'd. He in the seat
Totter'd and fell. The Avenger hasten'd on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
Roderick the Goth! ... his war-cry known so well.
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
With louder acclamations had that name
Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
If it had pass'd their lips, would with a curse
Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came
From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd

To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
And overthrew, and scatter'd, and destroy'd,
And trampled down; and still at every blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!
Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying through the astonish'd ranks,
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,
Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift
Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun
With dazzling splendour, flash'd. The Goth objects
His shield, and on its rim received the edge
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
On either part, and many a foin and thrust
Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow
Straight, or reverse, delivered and repell'd.
Roderick at length with better speed hath reach'd
The apostate's turban, and through all its folds
The true Cantabrian weapon making way

Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the avenger cried,
It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the Goth,
Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betray'd!
Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
With all thy treasons! Saying thus he seized
The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,
Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
Backing Orelio, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learnt creed, and called
On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth pass'd on,
Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted ranks.

O who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
And prayers, which mingled with the din of arms
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
While over all predominant was heard,
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! . . . Woe for Africa!
Woe for the circumcised! Woe for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The Chiefs
Have fallen; the Moors, confused and captainless,
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,
Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,

The enemy is there; look where they will,
Death hath environed their devoted ranks:
Fly where they will, the avenger and the sword
Await them, . . wretches! whom the righteous arm
Hath overtaken! . . . Join'd in bonds of faith
Accurs'd, the most flagitious of mankind
From all parts met are here; the apostate Greek,
The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
The Persian cruel and corrupt of soul,
The Arabian robber, and the prowling sons
Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands
Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way. Conjoined
Beneath an impious faith, which sanctifies
To them all deeds of wickedness and blood, . .
Yea, and halloos them on, . . here are they met
To be conjoin'd in punishment this hour.
For plunder, violation, massacre,
All hideous, all unutterable things,
The righteous, the immitigable sword
Exacts due vengeance now! the cry of blood
Is heard: the measure of their crimes is full;
Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,
Such mercy hath he found this dreadful hour!

The evening darken'd, but the avenging sword
Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains then
Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom
All look'd with most expectance. He full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end

Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble union join'd.
But still where through the press of war he went
Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows past him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet; he, when he beheld
The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bowed before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smeared
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seem'd
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day? ...

Days, months, and years, and generations pass'd,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

NOTES.

Count Julian called the invaders. — I. p. 1.

The story of Count Julian and his daughter has been treated as a fable by some authors, because it is not mentioned by the three writers who lived nearest the time. But those writers state the mere fact of the conquest of Spain as briefly as possible, without entering into particulars of any kind; and the best Spanish historians and antiquaries are persuaded that there is no cause for disbelieving the uniform and concurrent tradition of both Moors and Christians.

For the purposes of poetry, it is immaterial whether the story be true or false. I have represented the Count as a man both sinned against and sinning, and equally to be commiserated and condemned. The author of the Tragedy of Count Julian has contemplated his character in a grander point of view, and represented him as a man self-justified in bringing an army of foreign auxiliaries to assist him in delivering his country from a tyrant, and foreseeing, when it is too late to recede, the evils which he is thus bringing upon her.

> Not victory that o'ershadows him, sees he!
> No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to sooth him; all are quell'd
> Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men:
> As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
> Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,

Stands solitary, stands immoveable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Parts of this tragedy are as fine in their kind as any thing which can be found in the whole compass of English poetry.

Juan de Mena places Count Julian with Orpas, the renegado Archbishop of Seville, in the deepest pit of hell.

No buenamente te puedo callar
Orpas maldito, ni a ti Julian,
Pues soys en el valle mas hondo de afan,
Que no se redime jamas por llorar :
Qual ya crueza vos pudo indignar
A vender un dia las tierras y leyes
De Espana, las quales pujança de reyes
En años a tantos no pudo cobrar.

Copla 91.

A Portugueze poet, Andre da Sylva Mascarenhas, is more indulgent to the Count, and seems to consider it as a mark of degeneracy in his own times, that the same crime would no longer provoke the same vengeance. His catalogue of women who have become famous by the evil of which they have been the occasion, begins with Eve, and ends with Anne Boleyn.

Louvar se pode ao Conde o sentimento
Da offensa da sua honestidade,
Se o nam vituperara co cruento
Disbarate da Hispana Christandade;
Se hoje ouvera stupros cento e cento
Nesta nossa infeliz lasciva idade,
Non se perdera nam a forte Espanha,
Que o crime frequentado nam se estranha.

Por mulheres porem se tem perdido
Muitos reynos da outra e desta vida ;

Por Eva se perdeo o Ceo sobido,
Por Helena a Asia esclarecida;
Por Cleopatra o Egypto foi vencido,
Assiria por Semiramis perdida,
Por Cava se perdeo a forte Espanha,
E por Anna Bolena a Gram Bretanha.
Destruicam de Espanha, p. 9.

Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stain'd their country. — I. p. 1.

Never has any country been so cursed by the spirit of persecution as Spain. Under the Heathen Emperors it had its full share of suffering, and the first fatal precedent of appealing to the secular power to punish heresy with death, occurred in Spain. Then came the Arian controversy. There was as much bigotry, as much rancour, as little of the spirit of Christianity, and as much intolerance, on one part as on the other; but the successful party were better politicians, and more expert in the management of miracles.

Near to the city of Osen, or Ossel, there was a famous Catholic church, and a more famous baptistery, which was in the form of a cross. On holy Thursday in every year, the bishop, the clergy, and the people assembled there, saw that the baptistery was empty, and enjoyed a marvellous fragrance which differed from that of any, or all, flowers and spices, for it was an odour which came as the vesper of the divine virtue that was about to manifest itself: Then they fastened the doors of the church and sealed them. On Easter Eve the doors were opened, the baptistery was found full of water, and all the children born within the preceding twelve months were baptized. Theudiselo, an Arian king, set his seal also upon the doors for two successive years, and set a guard there. Still the miraculous baptistery was filled. The third year he suspected pipes, and ordered a trench to be dug round the building; but before the day of trial arrived, he was murdered, as opportunely as Arius himself. The trench was dry, but the workmen did not dig deep enough, and the miracle was con-

tinued. When the victory of the catholic party was complete, it was no longer necessary to keep it up. The same baptistery was employed to convince the Spaniards of their error in keeping Easter. In Brito's time, a few ruins called Oscla, were shown near the river Cambria; the broken baptistery was then called the Bath, and some wild superstitions which the peasantry related bore traces of the original legend. The trick was not uncommon; it was practised in Sicily and in other places. The story, however, is of some value, as showing that baptism was administered* only once a year, (except in cases of danger,) that immersion was the manner, and that infants were baptized.

Arianism seems to have lingered in Spain long after its defeat. The names Pelayo (Pelagius), and Arias, certainly appear to indicate a cherished heresy, and Brito† must have felt this when he deduced the former name from Saint Pelayo of the tenth century; for how came the Saint by it, and how could Brito have forgotten the founder of the Spanish monarchy?

In the latter half of the eleventh century, the Count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer, *Cap de estopa*, as he was called, for his bushy head, made war upon some Christians who are said to have turned Arians, and took the castles into which they retired.‡ By the number of their castles, which he gave to those chiefs who assisted him in conquering them, they appear to have been numerous. It is not improbable that those people were really what they are called; for Arian has never been, like Manichæan, a term ignorantly and indiscriminately given to heretics of all descriptions; and there is no heresy which would be so well understood in Spain, and so likely to have revived there.

The feelings of the triumphant party toward their oppo-

* In the seventeenth, and last council of Toledo, it was decreed that the baptistery should be shut up, and sealed with the episcopal seal, during the whole year, till Good Friday; on that day the bishop, in his pontificals, was to open it with great solemnity, in token that Christ, by his passion and resurrection, had opened the way to heaven for mankind, as on that day the hope was opened of obtaining redemption through the holy sacrament of baptism.—*Morales*, 12. 62. 3.

† Monarchia Lusitana, 2. 7. 19.

‡ Père Tomich. c. 34. ff. 26.

nents, are well marked by the manner in which St. Isidore speaks of the death of the Emperor Valens. *Thraciam ferro incendiisque depopulantur, deletoque Romanorum exercitu ipsum Valentem jaculo vulneratum, in quadam villa fugientem succenderunt, ut merito ipse ab eis vivus temporali cremaretur incendio, qui tam pulchras animas ignibus æternis* tradiderat.* If the truth of this opinion should be doubted, there is a good Athanasian miracle in the Chronicon† of S. Isidore and Melitus, to prove it. A certain Arian, by name Olympius, being in the bath, blasphemed the Holy Trinity, and, behold! being struck by an angel with three fiery darts, he was visibly consumed.

With regard to the Arians, the Catholics only did to the others as the others would have done to them; but the persecution of the Jews was equally unprovoked and inhuman. They are said to have betrayed many towns to the Moors; and it would be strange indeed if they had not, by every means in their power, assisted in overthrowing a government under which they were miserably oppressed. St. Isidore has a memorable passage relating to their cruel persecution and compulsory conversion under Sisebut; *Qui initio regni Judæos ad Fidem Christianam permovens æmulationem quidem habuit, sed non secundum scientiam: potestate enim compulit, quos provocare fidei ratione oportuit. Sed sicut est scriptum sive per occasionem sive per veritatem, Christus annuntiatur, in hoc gaudeo et gaudebo.* — S. Isidor. Christ. Goth. Espana Sagrada, 6. 502.

The Moorish conquest procured for them an interval of repose, till the Inquisition was established, and by its damnable acts put all former horrors out of remembrance. When Toledo was recovered from the Moors by Alonso VI., the Jews of that city waited upon the conqueror, and assured him that they were part of the ten tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain; not the descendants of the Jerusalem Jews who had crucified Christ. Their ancestors, they said, were entirely innocent of the crucifixion; for when Caiaphas the high-priest had written to the Toledan synagogues to ask their

* Hist. Goth. apud Florez. Espana Sagrada, t. 6. 486.
† Espana Sagrada, t. 6. 474.

advice respecting the person who called himself the Messiah, and whether he should be slain, the Toledan Jews returned for answer, that in their judgement the prophecies seemed to be fulfilled in this person, and, therefore, he ought not by any means to be put to death. This reply they produced in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as it had been translated by command of King Galifre. Alonso gave ear to the story, had the letter rendered into Latin and Castilian, and deposited it among the archives of Toledo. The latter version is thus printed by Sandoval: —

Levi Archisinagogo, et Samuel, et Joseph, homes bonos del Aljama de Toledo, a Eleazur Muyd gran Sacerdote, e a Samuel Canud, y Anas, y Cayphas, homes bonos de la Aljama de la Terra Santa, Salud en el Dios de Israel.

Azarias voso home, Maeso en ley nos aduxo las cartas que vos nos embiavades, por las quales nos faziades saber cuemo passava la facienda del Propheta Nazaret, que diz que facie muchas sennas. Colo por esta vila, non ha mucho, un cierto Samuel, fil de Amavias, et fablo nusco, et reconto muchas bondades deste home, que ye, que es home homildoso et manso, que fabla con los laçeriados, que faz a todos bien, e que faciendole a el mal, el non faz mal a ninguem; et que es home fuerte con superbos et homes malos, et que vos malamente teniades enemiga con ele, por quanto en faz el descubria vosos pecados, ca por quanto facia esto, le aviades mala voluntad. Et perquirimos deste home, en que año, o mes o dia, avia nacido: et que nos lo dixesse: fulamos que el dia de la sua Natividade foron vistos en estas partes tres soles muelle a muelle, fizieron soldemente un sol; et cuemo nosos padres cataron esta senna, asmados dixeron que cedo el Messias naceria, et que por aventura era ja nacido. Catad hermanos si por aventura ha ja venido et non le ayades acatado. Relataba tambien el susodicho home, que el suo pay le recontava, que ciertos Magos, homes de mucha sapiencia, en la sua Natividade legaron a tierra santa, perquiriendo logar donde el niño sancto era nacido; y que Herodes voso Rey se asmo, et diposito junto a homes sabios de sua vila, e perquirio donde nasceria el Infante, por quien per-

quirian Magos, et le respondieron, en Betlem de Juda, segun que Micheas depergino profeto. Et que dixeron aqueles Magos, que una estrella de gran craredad, de luenne aduxo a tierra santa: catad non sea esta quela profezia, cataran Reyes, et andaran en craridad de la sua Natividade. Otrosi, catad non persigades al que forades tenudos mucho honrar et recibir de bon talante. Mais fazed lo que tuvieres por bien aguisada; nos vos dezimos que nin por consejo, nin por noso alvedrio veniremos en consentimiento de la sua morte. Ca, si nos esto fiziessemos, logo seria nuesco, que la profezia que diz, congregaronse de consuno contra el Sennor, et contra el suo Messias. E damos vos este consejo, maguera sodes homes de muyta supença, que tengades grande aficamento sobre tamana fazienda, porque el Dios de Israel enojado con vusco, non destruya casa segunda de voso segundo templo. Ca sepades cierto, cedo ha de ser destruyda; et por esta rason nosos antepassados, que salieron de captiverio de Babylonia, siendo suo Capitane Pyrro, que embio Rey Cyro, et aduxo nusco muytas riqueças que tollo de Babylonia el ano de scsenta et nueve de captividade, et foron recebidos en Toledo de Gentiles que y moravan, et edificaron una grande Aljama, et non quisieron bolver a Jerusalem otra vegada a edificar Temple, aviendo ser destruido otra vegada. De Toledo catorze dias del mes Nisan, Era de Cesar diez y ocho, y de Augusto Octaviano setenta y uno. — Sandoval, 71.

Had Alonso been as zealous as some of his Gothic predecessors, or his most Catholic successors, he might have found a fair pretext in this letter for ordering all the Jews of Toledo to the font, unless they would show cause why they should adhere to the opinion of Caiaphas and the Jerusalem Jews, rather than to that of their own ancestors.

General Vallancy believes that the Spanish Jews were brought into the Peninsula by Nebuchadnezzar, and admits these Toledans as authority. He quotes Count de Gebelin, and refers to Strabo and Ezekiel. The proof from Ezekiel rests upon the word Orb, Earb, Warb, or Gharb; which is made into Algarve!

A Jew in Tirante el Blanco (p. 2. c. 74. f. 243.) explains

the difference between the different races of Jews. They are three, he says. One the progeny of those who took counsel for the death of Christ; and they were known by this, that they were in continual motion, hands and feet, and never could rest; neither could their spirit ever be still, and they had very little shame. The second were the descendants of those who put in execution and assisted at the various parts of the sufferings and death of Christ, and they never could look any man in the face, nor could they, without great difficulty, ever look up to heaven. The third were the children of David, who did all they could to prevent the death of Christ, and shut themselves up in the temple that they might not witness it. These are affable, good men, who love their neighbours; a quiet peaceable race, who can look any where.

Thomas Tamaio de Vargas, the editor of the spurious Luitprand, says, that not only many Hebrew words are mixed with the old Spanish, but that, *prô dolor!* the black and stinking Jewish blood had been mingled with the most pure blood of the Spaniards. (p. 96.) They were very anxious, he says, to intermarry, and spoil the pure blood. And he adds, that the Spaniards call them *putos*, quia *putant*. "But," says Sir Thomas Browne, "that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious, or national to the Jews, we cannot well concede. And if, (according to good relations,) where they may freely speak it, they forbear not to boast that there are at present many thousand Jews in Spain, France, and England, and some dispensed withal even to the degree of priesthood, it is a matter very considerable, and could they be smelled out, would much advantage not only the church of Christ, but also the coffers of princes. — The ground that begat or propagated this assertion might be the distasteful averseness of the Christian from the Jew upon the villainy of that fact, which made them abominable, and 'stink in the nostrils of all men.' Which real practice and metaphorical expression did after proceed into a literal construction, but was a fraudulent illation; for such an evil savour their father Jacob acknowledged in himself, when he said his sons had made him stink in the land, that is, to be

abominable unto the inhabitants thereof. — Another cause is urged by Campegius, and much received by Christians; that this ill savour is a curse derived upon them by Christ, and stands as a badge or brand of a generation that crucified their *Salvator*. But this is a conceit without all warrant, and an easy way to take off dispute in what point of obscurity soever." *Vulgar Errors*, Book iv. ch. 10.

The Mahommedans also hold a like opinion of the unsavouriness of the Jews, and account for it by this legend which is given by Sale. "Some of the children of Israel abandoned their dwellings because of a pestilence, or, as others say, to avoid serving in a religious war; but as they fled, God struck them all dead in a certain valley. About eight days or more after, when their bodies were corrupted, the Prophet Ezekiel happening to pass that way, at the sight wept; whereupon God said to him, 'Call to them, O Ezekiel, and I will restore them to life.' And accordingly, on the prophet's call, they all arose, and lived several years after; but they retained the colour and stench of dead corpses as long as they lived, and the clothes they wore were changed as black as pitch, which qualities they transmitted to their posterity."

One of our own travellers* tells us of a curious practical application of this belief in Barbary. "The Moors of Tangier," he says, "when they want rain, and have prayed in vain for it, set the Jews to work, saying, that though God would not grant it to the prayers of the faithful, he would to the Jews, in order to be rid of their stink." Ludicrous as this is, South has a passage concerning the Jews, which is little more reasonable, in one of his sermons. "The truth is," he says, "they were all along a cross, odd, untoward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen, and (as the Prophets sometimes phrase it) to have espoused to himself, upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe, only for her extreme ill conditions, above all that he could possibly find or pick out of that sex: and so the fittest argument both to

* Hist. of the Captivity of Thomas Pellew, p. 257.

exercise and declare his admirable patience to the world." — Vol. i. 421.

A yoke
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd
The children of the soil. — I. p. 1.

Of the condition of slaves under the Spanish Wisigoths, I have given an account in the Introduction to the Chronicle of the Cid. This also, like the persecution of the Jews, must greatly have facilitated the Moorish conquest. Another facilitating cause was, that notwithstanding their frequent civil disturbances, they had in great measure ceased to be a warlike people. The many laws in the Fuero Juzgo, for compelling men to military service, prove this. These laws are full of complaints that the people would avoid the service if they could. Habits of settled life seem throughout Europe to have effeminated the northern conquerors, till the Normans renovated the race, and the institutions of chivalry and the crusades produced a new era.

Thou, Calpe, sawest their coming: ancient Rock
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
The name of thy new conqueror. — I. p. 2.

Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general. Its former appellations may be seen in the *Historia de Gibraltar*, by Don Ignacio Lopez de Ayala. The derivation of the word Calpe is not known: Florian de Ocampo identifies it with the English word *galloping*, in a passage which may amuse the Spanish scholar. "*La segunda nombradia fue lla-*

marle Calpe, cuya ruzon, segun dicen algunos, procedio de que los Andaluces ancianos en su lengua vieja solian llamar Calepas y Calpes a qualesquier cosas enhiestas y levantadas, agora fuesen peñascos, o pizarras, o maderos, o piedras menores, como lo significamos en los diez y ocho capitulos precedentes : y dicen que con estar alli junto de Gibraltar sobre sus marinas el risco, que ya dixe muy encumbrado y enhiesto, qual hoy dia parece, lo llamaban Calpes aquellos Andaluces pasados : y por su respecto la mesma poblacion vino tambien a tener despues aquel proprio nombre. No faltan otras personas que siguiendo las Escrituras Griegas pongan esta razon del nombre Calpes mucho diversamente, diciendo, que quando los cosarios Argonautas desembarcaron en Espa˜a, cerca del estrecho, segun ya lo declaramos, el tiempo que hacian sus exercicios arriba dichos, de saltos y luchas, y musicas acordadas, bien asi como los pastores Españoles comarcanos recibian contentamientos grande, mirado las tales desenvolturas y ligerezas, no menos aquellos Griegos recien venidos notaban algunos juegos, dado que trabajosos y dificiles, que los mesmos pastores obraban entre si para su recreacion y deporte ; particularmente consideraran un regocijo de caballos, donde ciertos dias aplazados venian todos a se juntar como para cosa de gran pundonor.

" El qual regocijo hacian desta manera. Tomaban yeguas en pelo, quanto mas corredoras y ligeras podian haber, y puestos ellos encima desnudos sin alguna ropa, ataban en las quixadas barbicachos de rama, torcidos y majados a manera de freno, con que salian del puesto dos a dos a la par corriendo lo mas que sus yeguas podian, para llegar a cierta senal de pizarras enhiestas o de maderos hincados y levantados en fin de la carrera. Venidos al medio trecho de su corrida saltaban de las yeguas en tierra, no las parando ni deteniendo : y asi trabados por el barbicacho, corrian tambien ellos á pie, sin las dexar, puesto que mas furia llevasen : porque si las dexaban ó se desprendian dellas, y no sustentaban el freno continuamente, hasta ser pasada la carrera, perdian la reputation y las apuestas, quedando tan amenguados y vencidos, quanto quedaria triunfante quien primero llegase con su yegua para tomar la presa que tenian en el fin de la carrera sobre las pizarras o maderos hincados. Quando saltaban de sus ye-

guas, dicen que les iban hablando porque no se detuviesen, voceandoles y diciendoles a menudo palabras animosos y dulces: llamabanles pies hermosas, generosas en el correr, casta real, hembras preciosas, acrecentadoras de sus honras, y mas otras razones muchas con que las tenian vezadas, a no se parar ni perder el impetu comenzado: de manera que los tropeles en este punto, los pundonores y regocijos de correr, y de no mostrar floxedad era cosa mucho de notar, asi por la parte de los hombres, como por parte de las yeguas. A los Griegos Argonautas les parecio juego tan varonil que muchas veces lo probaron tambien ellos a revuelta de los Espanoles, como quiera que jamas pudieron tener aquella vigilancia ni ligereza, ni reciura que tenian estos otros para durar con sus yeguas. Y dado que las tales yeguas corriesen harto furiosas, y les ensenasen muchos dias antes a seguir estas parejas, quanto mejor entendian a la verdad, ni las de los unos, ni las de los otros corrian tanto despues que saltaban dellas, como quando los traian encima: y asi las palabras que los Griegos en aquella sazon puestos a pie hablaban eran tambien al mesmo proposito conformes a las de los Andaluces Españoles en su lengua provincial, nombrandolas Calopes, Calopes, Calopes a la contina, que fue palabra Griega, compuesta de dos vocablos: uno Calos, que significa cosa hermosa, ligera y agraciada: otro Pus, que quiere decir pie, como que las llamasen pies agraciados, o pies desenvueltos y ligeros: y por abreviar mas el vocablo, para que sus yeguas lo pudiesen mas presto sentir, acortabanlo con una letra menos en el medio, y en lugar de nombrarlas Calopes, les deciam Calpes, que significa lo mesmo Calopes: la qual palabra me parece dura todavia hasta nuestro siglo presente, donde pocas letras mudadas, por decir Calopes o Calpes, lo pronunciamos Galopes, quando los caballos y yeguas, o qualesquier otros animales, no corren a todo poder sino trote largo seguido. Vino desto que las mesmas fiestas y manera del juego se nombraron Calpes: dado que para conmigo bastara saber la victoria deste juego consistir en ligereza de pies, y por eso solo deberse llamar Calopes a Calpe, sin anadir lo que hablaban a las yeguas, pues aquello primero comprehende bastantemente la razon deste vocablo. Pero si todavia fue cierto que les decian aquellas palabras quando

corrian sus parejas, ninguna cosa daña dexarlas aqui puestas."— Coronica General de Espana, c. 38.

Famine and Pestilence had wasted them. — I. p. 3.

In the reign of Egica, Witiza's father, — *plaga inguinalis immisericorditer illabitur.* (Isid. Pacensis.) And for two years before the Moorish invasion, — *habia habido continua hambre y pestilencia en Espana, con que se habian debilitado mucho los cuerpos, sin lo que el ocio las habia emflaquecido.* — Morales, 12. 69. 5.

St. Isidore, in his History of the Goths, distinctly describes the Northern Lights among the signs that announced the wars of Attila. " *Multa eodem tempore cœli et terræ signa præcesserunt, quorum prodigiis tam crudele bellum significaretur. Nam, assiduis terræ motibus factis, a parte Orientis Luna fuscata est, a solis occasu stella cometes apparuit, atque ingenti magnitudine aliquandiu fulsit.* Ab aquilonis plaga cœlum rubens, sicut ignis aut sanguis, effectus est, permistis perigneum ruborem lineis clarioribus in speciem hastarum rutilantium deformatis. *Nec mirum, ut in tam ingenti cæsorum strage, divinitus tam multa signorum demonstraretur ostensio.*" — España Sagrada, t. vi. 491.

And worst of enemies, their Sins were arm'd
Against them. — I. p. 3.

The following description of the state of the Christian world when the Saracens began their conquests, is taken from a singular manuscript, " wherein the history of the Cruisades and of all the Mahommedan emperors from A. D. 558, to A. D. 1588, is gathered out of the Chronikes of William Archbishop of Tyreus, the protoscribe of Palestine, of Basilius Jhohannes Heraldus, and sundry others, and reduced into a poem epike by Robert Barret, 1610." The author was an

old soldier, whose language is a compound of Josuah Sylvester and King Cambyses, with a strong relish of Ancient Pistol.

Now in this sin-flood age not only in East
Did the impious imps the faithful persecute,
But like affliction them pursued in West,
And in all parts the good trod under foot;
For Faith in some was cold, from others fled,
And fear of God dislodged out human hearts;
Astrea flown to skies, and in her stead
Iniquity enthronized; in all parts
Violence had vogue, and on sathanized earth
Fraud, Mischief, Murder martialled the camp;
Sweet Virtue fled the field: Hope, out of breath;
And Vice, all-stainer, every soul did stamp;
So that it seem'd World drew to's evening tide,
Nought else expecting but Christ's second coming;
For Charity was cold on every side,
And Truth and Trust were gone from earth a-mumming.
All things confused ran, so that it seemed
The World return would to his chaos old;
Princes the path of justice not esteemed,
Headlong with prince ran people young and old.
All sainct confederations infringed,
And for light cause would prince with prince enquarrel;
Countries bestreamed with blood, with fire besinged,
All set to each, all murders sorts unbarrelled.
No wight his own could own; 'twas current coin
Each man to strip, provided he were rich.
The church sacriledged, choir made cot for swine,
And zealous ministers were made to scritche.
Robbing was made fair purchase, murder manhood,
And none secure by land ne sea could pass;
The humble heartless, ireful hearts ran wood,
Esteemed most who mischief most could dress
All lubrick lusts shamelese without comptroll
Ran full career; each would a rider be;

And Heaven's friend, all sainct Continency,
Was banished quite: Lasciviousness did roll,
Frugality, healthful Sobriety
No place could find; all parts enquartered were
With Bacchus-brutes and Satyres-luxury.
All lawless games bore sway, with blasphemes roare,
'Twixt Clerk and Laick difference was none,
Disguized all, phantastick out of norme;
But as the Prophet says, as Priests do run,
So run the people, peevish in disform.
The Bishops graded once, dumb dogs become,
Their heads sin vyncting, flocks abandon soon;
Princes applauders, person-acceptors,
The good's debarrers and the bad's abetters;
Fleshly all, all filthy simonized,
Preferring profit 'fore the Eternal's praise.
The church enschismed, court all atheized,
The commons kankred, all all in distrayes;
The plotting politician's pate admired,
Their skill consisting in preventions scull,
Pathicks preferred, Cyprin ware desired,
Ocean of mischiefs flowing moon-tide full:
So that it seem'd that all flesh desperately
Like wolf-scared sheep were plunged headlong down
In pit of hell: puddled all pestfully
The court, church, commons, province, city, town;
All haggards; none reclaimed once could be,
Ne by the word, the word 'bused by organs bad,
Ne yet by signs that spotted chrystal sky,
Ne other prodigies, presages sad,
Neither gust shakings of this settled globe;
Neither sharpe pencil of war, famine, pest,
Could once one ray engrave in steeled breast,
Or Christians cause their sin-jagged robe disrobe.

Thus stood the sad state of that sin-stain'd time,
And Christians of this our all-zeal cold time,

Let us now par'llel that time with our time,
Our parallel'd time will parallel that time,
Then triple-sainct, thou just geometer true,
Our time not parallel by thy justice line,
But with thy mercy's paralleling brow,
Reform our crimeful Angles by grace thine.

Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured.—I. p. 3.

Ocho veces la lampara febea
Salio alumbrando el mundo, y ocho veces
La negra sombra de la noche fea
De la luna alteró las blancas teces ;
Y tantos dias la mortal pelea,
El sol y las estrellas por jueces,
En España duro, sin durar ella
Mas en su libertad, que en fenecella.
Balbuena, El Bernardo, t. ii. 275.

Roderick's royal car. —I. p. 3.

" Roderike, the first day after the battayle, observing the auncient guise of his countrey, came into the fielde apparailled in a gowne of beaten golde, having also on his head a crown of gold, and golden shoes, and all his other apparaile set with rich pearles and precious stones, ryding in a horse-litter of ivorie, drawne by two goodly horses; which order the Goths used alwayes in battailes for this consideration, that the souldiours, well knowing their king could not escape away by flight from them, shuld be assured that there was none other way but either to die togither in that place, or else to winne the victorie; for it had bene a thing most shamefull and reproachful to forsake their prince and anoynted soveraigne. Which custome and maner many free confederate cities of Italie folowing, trimmed and adorned for the warres a certain

chayre of estate, called *Carocio*, wherein were set the penons and ensigns of all the confederates; this chayre, in battaile, was drawn by many oxen, wherby the whole hoast was given to understand that they could not with any honesty flie, by reason of the slow pace and unweldinesse of those heavie beasts." — *A Notable Historie of the Saracens, drawen out of Augustine Curio, and sundry other good Authours. By Thomas Newton*, 1575.

En ruedas de marfil, envuelto en sedas,
De oro la frente orlada, y mas dispuesto
Al triunfo y al festin que a la pelea,
El sucesor indigno de Alarico
Llevo tras si la maldicion eterna.
Ah! yo la vi: la lid por siete dias
Duro, mas no fue lid, fue una sangrienta
Carniceria: huyeron los cobardes
Los traidores vendieron sus banderas,
Los fuertes, los leales perecieron. — QUINTANA.

The author of the chivalrous Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo gives a singular description of this car, upon the authority of his pretended original Eleastras; for he, "seeing that calamities went on increasing, and that the destruction of the Goths was at hand, thought that if things were to end as they had begun, it would be a marvel if there should be in Spain any king or lord of the lineage of the Goths after the death of King Don Rodrigo; and therefore it imported much that he should leave behind him a remembrance of the customs of the Gothic kings, and of the manner in which they were wont to enter into battle and how they went to war. And he says, that the king used to go in a car made after a strange fashion. The wheels of this car were made of the bones of elephants, and the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the perch was of fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were of great size and gentle; and upon the car there was pitched a tent, so

large that it covered the whole car, and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which were wrought all the great feats in arms which had been achieved until that time; and the pillar of the tent was of gold, and many stones of great value were set in it, which sent forth such splendour, that by night there was no need of any other light therein. And the car and the horses bore the same adornments as the king, and these were full of pearls the largest which could be found. And in the middle of the car there was a seat placed against the pillar of the tent; and this seat was of great price, insomuch that the value of it cannot be summed up, so many and so great were the stones which were set in it; and it was wrought so subtly, and of such rare workmanship, that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And upon this seat the king was seated, being lifted up so high that all in the host, little or great, might behold him. And in this manner it was appointed that the king should go to war. And round about the car there were to go a thousand knights, who had all been knighted by the hand of the king, all armed; and in the day of battle they were to be on foot round about the car; and all plighted homage to the king not to depart from it in any manner whatsoever, and that they would rather receive their death there, than go from their place beside the car. And the king had his crown upon his head. And in this guise all the kings of the Goths, who had been lords of Spain, were to go to battle; and this custom they had all observed till the King Don Rodrigo; but he, because of the great grief which he had in his heart, would never ascend the car, neither did he go in it into the battle."—Part i. c. 215.

Entrò Rodrigo en la batalla fiera,
Armado en blanco de un arnes dorado,
El yelmo coronado de una esfera
Que en luzes vence al circulo estrellado:
En unas ricas andas, ó litera
Que al hijo de Climene despeñado
Engañaran mejor que el carro de oro
De ygual peligro, y de mayor tesoro.

La purpura real las armas cubre,
El grave rostro en magestad le baña,
El ceptro por quien era le descubre
Rodrigo ultimo Godo Rey de Espana:
Mas de la suerte que en lluvioso Otubre
Lo verde que le veste ya compaña,
Desnuda al olmo blanco, rompe y quita
Vulturno ayrado que al invierno incita.

Caen las hojas sobre el agua clara
Que le bañava el pie, y el ornamento
Del tronco imita nuestra edad que para
En su primero humilde fundamento:
Desierta queda la frondosa vara,
Sigue la rama, en remolino, al viento,
Que la aparta del arbol, que saltea
Su blanca, verde, y palida librea.

Assi Rodrigo el miserable dia
Ultimo de esta guerra desdichada,
Quedo en el campo, donde ya tenia
La magestad del ombro derribada:
Alli la rota purpura yazia
Teñida en sangre, y en sudor vañada,
Alli el verde laurel, y el ceptro de oro,
Siendo el arbol su cuerpo, el viento el Moro.

LOPE DE VEGA. Jerusalen Conquistada, l. vi. f. 136.

That helm
Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had mark'd his presence. — I. p. 3.

Morales describes this horned helmet from a coin. "*Tiene de la una parte su rostro, harto diferente de los que en las otras Monedas de estas Reyes parecen. Tiene manera de estar armado, y salenle por cima de la celada unas puntas como cuernos pequeños*

y derechos por ambos lados, que lo hacen estraño y espantable." Florez has given this coin in his *Medullas de Espana*, from the only one which was known to be in existence, and which was then in the collection of the Infante D. Gabriel. It was struck at Egitania, the present Idana, and, like all the coins of the Visigoth kings, is of the rudest kind. The lines which Morales describes are sufficiently apparent, and if they are not intended for horns, it is impossible to guess what else they may have been meant to represent.

"These Gothic coins," says P. D. Jeronymo Contador de Argote, "have a thousand barbarisms, as well in their letters as in other circumstances. They mingle Greek characters with Latin ones; and in what regards the relief or figure, nothing can be more dissimilar than the representation to the thing which it is intended to represent. I will relate what happened to me with one, however much D. Egidio de Albornos de Macedo may reprehend me for it in his *Parecer Anathomico*. Valerio Pinto de Sa, an honourable citizen of Braga, of whom, in various parts of these Memoirs, I have made well-deserved mention, and of whose friendship I have been proud ever since I have been in that city, gave me, some six or seven years ago, a gold coin of King Leovigildo, who was the first of the Gothic kings of Spain that coined money, for till then both Goths and Sueves used the Roman. I examined it leisurely, and what I clearly saw was a cross on the one side upon some steps, and some ill-shaped letters around it; and on the reverse something, I knew not what: It seemed to me like a tree, or a stake which shot out some branches: Round about were some letters, more distinct; I could not, however, ascertain what they signified. It happened about that time that I had the honour of a visit from the most illustrious Sr. D. Francisco de Almeida, then a most worthy Academician of the Royal Academy, and at present a most deserving and eminent Principal of the Holy Patriarchal Church. He saw this coin, and he also was puzzled by the side which represented what I called a tree. He asked me to lend it him, that he might examine it more at leisure. He took it

away, and after some days returned it, saying, that he had examined it with a microscope, and that what I had taken for a stake was without question the portrait of King Leovigildo. I confess that I was not yet entirely satisfied: however, I showed it afterwards to divers persons, all of whom said they knew not what the said figure could be; but when I desired them to see if it could be this portrait, they all agreed that it was. This undeceived me, and by looking at the coin in every possible light, at last I came to see it also, and acknowledge the truth with the rest. And afterwards I found in the Dialogues of Antonio Agostinho, treating of these Gothic coins, that there are some of such rude workmanship, that where a face should be represented, some represent a pitcher, and others an urn." — *Memorias de Braga*, t. iii. p. lix.

He bade the river bear the name of Joy. — I. p. 3.

Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez. (Espana Sagrada, t. 9. p. 53.) Earlier writers had asserted (but without proof), that the Ancients called it Lethe, and the Moors added to these names their word for river. Lope de Vega alludes to this opinion:

Siempre lamentable Guadalete
Que llevo tanta sangre al mar de España,
Si por olvido se llamava el Lete
Trueque este nombre la vitoria estraña,
Y llamase memoria deste dia
En que Espana perdio la que tenia.

Que por donde à la mar entrava apenas
Diferenciando el agua, ya se via
Con roxo humor de las sangrientas venas
Por donde le cortava y dividia:

Gran tiempo conservaron sus arenas
(Y pienso que ha llegado a la edad mia)
Reliquias del estrago y piedras echas
Armas, hierros de lanza y de flechas.
Jerusalen Conquistada, l. vi. ff. 136.

The date of the battle is given with grandiloquous circumstantiality by Miguel de Barrios.

Salio la tercer alva del tonante
Noviembre, con vestido nebuloso,
sobre el alado bruto que al brillante
carro, saca del pielago espumoso;
y en el frio Escorpion casa rotante
del fiero Marte, el Astro luminoso
al son que compasso sus plantas sueltas
dio setecientas y catorze bueltas.
Coro de las Musas, p. 100.

He states the chronology of Pelayo's accession in the same taste.

Era el pontificado del Segundo
Gregorio; Emperador Leon Tercero
del docto Griego; y del Persiano inmundo,
Zuleyman Miramamolin guerrero;
y de Daphne el amante rubicundo
surcava el mar del fulgido Carnero
sietecientas y diez y ocho vezes,
dexando el puerto de los aureos Pesces.
Coro de las Musas, p. 102.

The arrows pass'd him by to right and left.—I. p. 3.

The French jesuits relate of one of their converts in Canada à Huron, by name Jean Armand Andeouarahen, that once *estant en guerre eschauffé au combat, il s'enfonça si avant dans les darts et les flêches des ennemis, qu'il fut abandonné des*

siens dans le plus fort de la meslée. Ce fut alors qu'il se recommenda plus particulièrement à Dieu: il sentit pour lors un secours si présent, que du depuis, appuyé sur cette mesme confiance, il est toûjours le premier et le plus avant dans les périls, et jamais ne pâlit, pour quelque danger qu'il envisage. Je voyois, disoit-il, comme une gresle de flêches venir fondre sur moy; je n'avois point d'autre bouclier pour les arrester, que la croyance seule que Dieu disposant de ma vie, il en feroit selon sa volonté. Chose étrange! les flêches s'écartoient à mes deux costez, ainsi, disoit-il, que fait l'eau lors qu'elle rencontre la pointe d'un vaisseau qui va contre marée.—*Relation de la N. France*, 1642, p. 129.

He found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian schools. — I. p. 6.

The site of this monastery, which was one of the most flourishing seminaries of that age, is believed to have been two leagues from Merida, upon the Guadiana, where the Ermida, or Chapel of Cubillana, stands at present, or was standing a few years ago. The legend, from which I have taken such circumstances as might easily have happened, and as suited my plan, was invented by a race of men who, in the talent of invention, have left all poets and romancers far behind them. Florez refers to Brito for it, and excuses himself from relating it, because it is not necessary to his * subject; — in reality he neither believed the story, nor chose to express his objections to it. His disbelief was probably founded upon the suspicious character of Brito, who was not at that time so decidedly condemned by his countrymen as he is at present. I give the legend from this veracious Cistercian. Most of his other fabrications have been exploded, but this has given rise to a popular and fashionable idolatry, which still maintains its ground.

"The monk did not venture to leave him alone in that disconsolate state, and taking him apart, besought him by the

* España Sagrada, t. xiii. p. 242.

passion of Jesus Christ to consent that they twain should go together, and save a venerable image of the Virgin Mary our Lady, which in that convent flourished with great miracles, and had been brought from the city of Nazareth by a Greek monk, called Cyriac, at such time as a heresy in the parts of the East arose against the use and veneration of images; and with it a relic of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, and another of St. Bras, which were kept in an ivory coffer, for it would be a great sacrilege to leave them exposed to the ill-treatment of barbarians, who, according to public fame, left neither temple nor sacred place which they did not profane, casting the images into the fire, and dragging them at their horses's tails for a greater opprobrium to the baptized people. The King, seeing himself thus conjured by the passion of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, in whom alone he had consolation and hope of remedy, and considering the piety of the thing in which he was chosen for companion, let himself be overcome by his entreaties; and taking in his arms the little image of our Lady, and Romano the coffer with the relics, and some provision for the journey, they struck into the middle of Portugal, having their faces alway towards the west, and seeking the coast of the ocean sea, because in those times it was a land more solitary, and less frequented by people, where they thought the Moors would not reach so soon, because, as there were no countries to conquer in those parts, there was no occasion which should lead them thither. Twenty-and-six days the two companions travelled without touching at any inhabited place, and after enduring many difficulties in crossing mountains and fording rivers, they had sight of the ocean sea on the 22d of November, being the day of the Virgin Martyr St. Cecilia; and as if in that place they should have an end of their labours, they took some comfort, and gave thanks to God, for that he had saved them from the hand of their enemies. The place which they reached is in the *Coutos* of Alcobaça, near to where we now see the town of Pederneira, on the eastern side of which there rises, in the midst of certain sands, a hill of rock and firm land, somewhat prolonged from north to south, so lofty and well

proportioned that it seemeth miraculously placed in that site, being surrounded on all sides with plains covered with sand, without height or rock to which it appears connected. And forasmuch as the manner thereof draws to it the eyes of whosoever beholds this work of nature, the king and the monk desired to ascend the height of it, to see whether it would afford a place for them in which to pass their lives. They found there a little hermitage with a holy crucifix, and no other signs of man, save only a plain tomb, without writing or epitaph to declare whose it might be. The situation of the place, which, ascending to a notable height, gives a prospect by sea and by land as far as the eyes can reach, and the sudden sight of the crucifix, caused in the mind of the king such excitement and so great consolation, that embracing the foot of the cross, he lay there melting away in rivers of tears, not now of grief for the kingdoms and dominions which he had lost, but of consolation in seeing that in exchange the crucified Jesus himself had in this solitary mountain offered himself to him, in whose company he resolved to pass the remainder of his life; and this he declared to the monk, who, to content him, and also because he saw that the place was convenient for contemplation, approved the king's resolve, and abode there with him some days; during which perceiving some inconvenience in living upon the summit of the mountain, from whence it was necessary to descend with much labour, whenever they would drink, or seek for herbs and fruits for their food; and moreover understanding that it was the king's desire to remain there alone, that he might vent himself in tears and exclamations, which he made oftentimes before the image of Christ, he went with his consent to a place little more than a mile from the mountain, which being on the one side smooth and of easy approach, hangs on the other over the sea with so huge a precipice that it is two hundred fathoms in perpendicular height, from the top of the rock to the water. There, between two great rocks, each of which projects over the sea, hanging suspended from the height in such a form, that they seem to threaten destruction to him who sees them from the

beach, Romano found a little cave, made naturally in the cliff, which he enlarged with some walls of loose stone, built up with his own hands, and having thus made a sort of hermitage, he placed therein the image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, which he had brought from the Caulinean convent, and which being small, and of a dark colour, with the infant Jesus in its arms, hath in the countenance a certain perfection, with a modesty so remarkable, that at first sight it presents something miraculous; and having been known and venerated so great a number of years, during many of which it was in a place which did not protect it from the injuries of weather, it hath never been painted, neither hath it been found necessary to renew it. The situation of this hermitage was, and is now, within sight of the mountain where the king dwelt; and though the memorials from whence I am deriving the circumstances of these events do not specify it, it is to be believed that they often saw each other, and held such divine communion as their mode of life and the holiness of the place required; especially considering the great temptations of the Devil which the king suffered at the beginning of his penitence, for which the counsels and instructions of the monk would be necessary, and the aid of his prayers, and the presence of the relics of St. Bartholomew, which miraculously saved him many times from various illusions of the enemy. And in these our days there are seen upon the top of the mountain, in the living rock, certain human footsteps, and others of a different form, which the common people, without knowing the person, affirm to be the footsteps of St. Bartholomew and the Devil, who was there defeated and his illusions confounded by the saint, coming in aid of a devout man who called upon him in the force of his tribulation. This must have been the king, (though the common people know it not,) whom the saint thus visibly aided, and he chose that for a memorial of this aid, and of the power which God has given him over the evil spirits, these marks should remain impressed upon the living rock. And the ancient name of the mountain being Seano, it was changed into that of the Apostle, and is called at present St. Bartholomew's; and the hermitage which

remains upon the top of it is under the invocation of the same saint and of St. Bras, which must have arisen from the relics of these two saints that Romano brought with him and left with the king for his consolation, when he withdrew with the image of Our Lady to the place of which we have spoken, where he lived little more than a year; and then knowing the time of his death, he communicated it to the king, beseeching him that, in requital for the love with which he had accompanied him, he would remember to pray to God for his soul, and would give his body to the earth, from which it had sprung; and that having to depart from that land, he would leave there the image and the relics, in such manner as he should dispose them before he died. With that Romano departed to enjoy the reward deserved by his labours, leaving the king with fresh occasion of grief for want of so good a companion. Of what more passed in this place, and of the temptations and tribulations which he endured till the end of his life, there is no authentic historian, nor memorial which should certify them, more than some relations mingled with fabulous tales in the ancient Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo, where, among the truths which are taken from the Moor Rasis, there are many things notoriously impossible; such as the journey which the king took, being guided by a white cloud till he came near Viseo; and the penance in which he ended his life there, inclosing himself alive in a certain tomb with a serpent which he had bred for that purpose. But as these are things difficult to believe, we will pass them over in silence, leaving to the judgement of the curious the credit which an ancient picture deserves, still existing near Viseo, in the church of St. Michael, over the tomb of the said King Don Roderick, in which is seen a serpent painted with two heads; and in the tomb itself, which is of wrought stone, a round hole, through which they say that the snake entered. That which is certain of all this is, as our historians relate, that the king came to this place, and in the hermitage of St. Michael, which we now see near Viseo, ended his days in great penance, no man knowing the manner thereof; neither was there any other memorial

clearer than that in process of time a writing was found upon a certain tomb in this church with these words; HIC REQVIESCIT RUDERICUS ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM, Here rests Roderick, the last King of the Goths. I remember to have seen these very words written in black upon an arch of the wall, which is over the tomb of the king, although the Archbishop Don Rodrigo, and they who follow him, give a longer inscription, not observing that all which he has added are his own curses and imprecations upon Count Don Julian, (as Ambrosio de Morales has properly remarked, following the Bishop of Salamanca and others,) and not parts of the same inscription, as they make them. The church in which is the tomb of the king is at present very small, and of great antiquity, especially the first chapel, joined to which on either side is a cell of the same length, but narrow, and dark also, having no more light than what enters through a little window opening to the east. In one of these cells (that which is on the south side) it is said that a certain hermit dwelt, by whose advice the king governed himself in the course of his penance; and at this time his grave is shown close to the walls of the chapel, on the Epistle side. In the other cell (which is on the north) the king passed his life, paying now, in the straitness of that place, for the largeness of his palaces, and the liberties of his former life, whereby he had offended his Creator. And in the wall of the chapel which answers to the Gospel side, there remains a sort of arch, in which the tomb is seen, wherein are his bones; and it is devoutly visited by the natives, who believe that through his means the Lord does miracles there upon persons afflicted with agues and other like maladies. Under the said arch, in the part answering to it in the inside of the cell, I saw painted on the wall the hermit and the king, with the serpent with two heads, and I read the letters which are given above, all defaced by time, and bearing marks of great antiquity, yet so that they could distinctly be seen. The tomb is flat and made of a single stone, in which a man's body can scarcely find room. When I saw it it was open, the stone which had served to cover it not being there, neither the bones

of the king, which they told me had been carried into Castille some years before, but in what manner they knew not, nor by whose order; neither could I discover, by all the enquiries which I made among the old people of that city, who had reason to be acquainted with a thing of so much importance, if it were as certain as some of them affirmed it to be."—Brito, *Monarchia Lusitania*, P. ii. l. 7. c. 3.

"The great venerableness of the Image of our Lady of Nazareth which the king left hidden in the very place where Romano in his lifetime had placed it, and the continual miracle which she showed formerly, and still shows," induced F. Bernardo de Brito to continue the history of this Image, which, no doubt, he did the more willingly because he bears a part in it himself. In the days of Affonso Henriquez, the first king of Portugal, this part of the country was governed by D. Fuas Roupinho, a knight famous in the Portugueze chronicles, who resided in the castle at Porto de Mos. This Dom Fuas "when he saw the land secure from enemies, used often to go out hunting among the sands and thickets between the town and the sea, where, in those days, there used to be great store of game, and even now, though the land is so populous, there is still some; and as he followed this exercise, the proper pastime of noble and spirited men, and came sometimes to the sea-shore, he came upon that remarkable rock, which being level on the side of the north, and on a line with the flat country, ends towards the south in a precipice over the waves of the sea, of a prodigious height, causing the greater admiration to him who, going over the plain country without finding any irregularity, finds himself, when least expecting it, suddenly on the summit of such a height. And as he was curiously regarding this natural wonder, he perceived between the two biggest cliffs which stand out from the ground and project over the sea, a sort of house built of loose stones, which, from its form and antiquity, made him go himself to examine it; and descending by the chasm between the two rocks, he entered into a low cavern, where, upon a little altar, he saw the venerable Image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, being of

such perfection and modesty as are found in very few images of that size. The catholic knight venerated it with all submission, and would have removed it to his castle of Porto de Mos, to have it held in more veneration, but that he feared to offend it if he should move it from a habitation where it had abode for so many years. This consideration made him leave it for the present in the same place and manner in which he found it; and although he visited it afterwards when in course of the chase he came to those parts, nevertheless he never took in hand to improve the poor hermitage in which it was, nor would he have done it, if the Virgin had not saved him from a notorious danger of death, which, peradventure, God permitted, as a punishment for his negligence, and in this manner to make the virtue of the Holy Image manifest to the world. It was thus, that going to his ordinary exercise of the chase, in the month of September, in the year of Christ 1182, and on the 14th of the month, being the day on which the church celebrates the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross upon the which Christ redeemed the human race, as the day rose thick with clouds, which ordinarily arise from the sea, and the country round about could not be seen by reason of the clouds, save for a little space, it befell that the dogs put up a stag, (if indeed it were one,) and Dom Fuas pressing his horse in pursuit, without fear of any danger, because he thought it was all plain ground, and the mist hindered him from seeing where he was, found himself upon the very edge of the rock on the precipice, two hundred fathoms above the sea, at a moment when it was no longer in his power to turn the reins, nor could he do any thing more than invoke the succours of the Virgin Mary, whose image was in that place; and she succoured him in such a manner, that less than two palms from the edge of the rock, on a long and narrow point thereof, the horse stopt as if it had been made of stone, the marks of his hoofs remaining in proof of the miracle imprinted in the living rock, such as at this day they are seen by all strangers and persons on pilgrimage, who go to visit the Image of Our Lady; and it is a notable thing, and deserving of serious con-

sideration, to see that in the midst of this rock, upon which the miracle happened, and on the side towards the east, and in a part where, because it is suspended in the air, it is not possible that any human being could reach, Nature herself has impressed a cross as if nailed to the hardness of the rock, as though she had sanctified that cliff therewith, and marked it with that holy sign, to be the theatre in which the miraculous circumstance was to be celebrated; which, by reason that it took place on the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, seemed as if it showed the honour and glory which should from thence redound to the Lord who redeemed us thereon. Dom Fuas seeing himself delivered from so great danger, and knowing from whence the grace had come to him, went to the little hermitage, where, with that great devotion which the presence of the miracle occasioned, he gave infinite thanks to Our Lady, accusing himself before her of having neglected to repair the house, and promising all the amends which his possibility permitted. His huntsmen afterwards arrived, following the track of the horse, and knowing the marvel which had occurred, they prostrated themselves before the Image of Our Lady, adding with their astonishment to the devotion of Dom Fuas, who, hearing that the stag had not been seen, and that the dogs had found no track of him in any part, though one had been represented before him to draw him on, understood that it was an illusion of the Devil, seeking by that means to make him perish miserably. All these considerations enhanced the greatness of the miracle, and the obligations of Dom Fuas, who, tarrying there some days, made workmen come from Leyria and Porto de Mos, to make another hermitage, in which the Lady should be more venerated; and as they were demolishing the first, they found placed between the stones of the altar a little box of ivory, and within it relicks of St. Bras, St. Bartholomew, and other saints, with a parchment, wherein a relation was given of how, and at what time those relicks and the image were brought there, according as has been aforesaid. A vaulted chapel was soon made, after a good form for times so ancient, over the very place where the Lady

had been; and to the end that it might be seen from all sides, they left it open with four arches, which in process of time were closed, to prevent the damage which the rains and storms did within the chapel, and in this manner it remains in our days. The Lady remained in her place, being soon known and visited by the faithful, who flocked there upon the fame of her appearance: the valiant and holy king D. Affonso Henriquez, being one of the first whom Dom Fuas advised of what had happened, and he, accompanied with the great persons of his court, and with his son, D. Sancho, came to visit the Image of the Lady, and see with his own eyes the marks of so rare a miracle as that which had taken place; and with his consent, D. Fuas made a donation to the Lady of a certain quantity of land round about, which was at that time a wild thicket, and for the greater part is so still, being well nigh all wild sands incapable of giving fruit, and would produce nothing more than heath and some wild pine-trees. And because it establishes the truth of all that I have said, and relates in its own manner the history of the Image of the Lady, I will place it here in the form in which I saw it in the Record Room at Alcobaça, preserving throughout the Latin and the barbarism of its composition; which is as follows: —

" *Sub nomine Patris, nec non et ejus prolis, in unius potentia Deitatis, incipit carta donationis, necnon et devotionis, quam ego Fuas Ropinho tenens Porto de Mos, et terram de Albardos usque Leirenam, et Turres Veteres, facio Ecclesiæ Santæ Mariæ de Nazareth, quæ de pauco tempore surgit fundata super mare, ubi de sæculis antiquis jacebat, inter lapides et spinas multas, de tota illa terra quæ jacet inter flumina quæ venit per Alcoubaz, et aquam nuncupatam de furaturio, et dividitur de isto modo: de illa foz de flumine Alcobaz, quomodo vadit per aquas bellas, deinde inter mare et mata de Patayas usque; finir in ipso furaturio, quam ego obtinui de rege Alfonso, et per suum consensum facio præsentem seriem ad prædictam Ecclesiam Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, quam feci supra mare, ut in sæculis perpetuis memorentur mirabilia Dei, et sit notum omnibus hominibus, quomodo a morte fue-*

rim salvatus per pietatem Dei et Beatæ Mariæ quam vocant de Nazaret, tali sucesu. Cum manerem in castro Porto de Mos, et inde veniebam ad ocidendos venatos, per Melvam et matam de Patayas usque ad mare, supra quam inveni furnam, et parvam domunculam inter arbustas et vepres, in qua erat una Imago Virginis Mariæ, et veneravimus illam, et abivimus inde; veni deindè xviii kal. Octobris, circa dictum locum, cum magna obscuratione nebulæ sparza super totam terram, et invenimus venatum, tres quem fui in meo equo, usque venirem ad esbarrondadeiro supra mare, quod cadit ajuso sine mensura hominis et pavet visus si cernit furnum cadentem ad aquas. Pavi ego miser peccator, et venit ad remembrancam de imagine ibi posita, et magna voce dixi, Sancta Maria val. *Benedicta sit illa in mulieribus, quia meum equum sicut si esset lapis fecit stare, pedibus fixis in lapide, et erat jam vazatus extra terram in punta de saxo super mare. Descendi de equo, et veni ad locum ubi erat imago, et ploravi et gratias feci, et venerunt monteiros et viderunt, et laudaverunt Deum et Beatam Mariam; Misi homines per Leirenam et Porto de Mos, et per loca vicina, ut venirent Alvanires, et facerent ecclesiam bono opere operatam de fornice et lapide, et jam laudetur Deus finita est. Nos vero non sciebamus unde esset, et unde venisset ista imago; sed ecce cum destruebatur altare per Alvanires, inventa est arcula de ebore antiquo, et in illa uno envoltorio in quo erant ossa aliquorum sanctorum, et cartula cum hac inscriptione: Hic sunt reliquiæ Sanctorum Blasii et Bartholomei Apostoli, quas detulit a Monasterio Cauliniana Romanus monachus, simul cum venerabili Imagine Virginis Mariæ de Nazareth, quæ olim in Nazareth Civitate Galileæ multis miraculis claruerat, et inde asportata per Græcum monachum nomine Cyriacum, Gothorum Regum tempore, in prædicto monasterio per multum temporis manserat, quo usque Hispania à Mauris debelata, et Rex Rodericus superatus in prælio, solus, lacrymabilis, abjectus, et pene defficiens pervenit ad præfatum monasterium Cauliniana, ibique a prædicto Romano pœnitentiæ et Eucharistiæ Sacramentis susceptis, pariter cum illo, cum imagine, et reliquiis ad Seanum montem pervenerunt* 10 *kal. Decemb. in quo rex solus per annum*

integrum permansit, in Ecclesia ibi inventa cum Christi crucifixi imagine, et ignoto sepulchro. Romanus vero cum hac Sacra Virginis effigie inter duo ista saxa, usque ad extremum vitæ permansit; et ne futuris temporibus aliquem ignorantia teneat, hæc cum reliquiis sacris in hac extremæ orbis parte recondimus. Deus ista omnia a Maurorum manibus servet. Amen. De his lectis et a Presbyteris apertis satis multum sumus gavisi, quia nomen de sanctis reliquiis, et de Virgine scivimus, et ut memorentur per semper in ista serie testamenti scribere fecimus. Do igitur prædictam hæreditatem pro reparatione prefatæ Ecclesiæ cum pascuis, et aquis, de monte in fonte, ingressibus et regressibus, quantum a prestitum hominis est, et illam in melhiorato foro aliquis potest habere per se. Ne igitur aliquis homo de nostris vel de estraneis hoc factum nostrum ad irrumpendum veniat, quod si tentaverit peche ad dominum terræ trecentos marabitinos, et carta nihilominus in suo robore permaneat, et insuper sedeat excommunicatus et cum Juda proditore pœnas luat damnatorum. Facta series testamenti vi Idus Decemb. era M, CLXX, Alfonsus Portugaliæ Rex confirm. Sancius Rex confirm. Regina Dona Tarasia confirm. Petrus Fernandez, regis Sancii dapifer confirm. Menendus Gunsalui, ejusdem signifer confirm. Donus Joannes Fernandez curiæ regis maiordomus confirm. Donus Julianus Cancellarius regis confirm. Martinus Gonsalui Pretor Colimbriæ confirm. Petrus Omariz Capellanus regis confirm. Menendus Abbas confirm. Theotonius conf. Fernandus Nuniz, testis. Egeas Nuniz, testis. Dn Telo, testis. Petrus Nuniz, testis. Fernandus Vermundi, testis. Lucianus Præsbyter notavit."

This deed, which establishes all the principal facts that I have related, did not take effect, because the lands of which it disposed were already part of the *Coutos* of Alcobaça, which King Don Affonso had given some years before to our father St. Bernard; and Dom Fuas compensated for them with certain properties near Pombal, as is proved by another writing annexed to the former, but which I forbear to insert, as appertaining little to the thread of my history: and resuming the course thereof, you must know, that the image of the Virgin

Mary of Nazareth remained in the chapel which Dom Fuas made for it, till the year of Christ, 1377, in the which, King Dom Fernando of Portugal founded for it the house in which it now is, having been enlarged and beautified by Queen Dona Lianor, wife of King Dom Joam II., and surrounded with porticoes by King Dom Manoel. And now in our times a chapel (*Capela mor*) of good fabric has been built, with voluntary contributions, and the rents of the brotherhood; and in the old hermitage founded by Dom Fuas I., with the help of some devout persons, had another chapel opened under ground, in order to discover the very rock and cavern in which the Holy Image had been hidden so great a number of years; there is a descent to it by eight or ten steps, and a notable consolation it is to those who consider the great antiquity of that sanctuary. And for that the memory of things so remarkable ought not to be lost, I composed an inscription briefly recounting the whole: and Dr. Ruy Lourenço, who was then Provedor of the Comarca of Leyria, and visitor of the said church for the king, ordered it to be engraven in marble. It is as follows:—

"*Sacra Virginis Mariæ veneranda Imago, a Monasterio Cauliniana prope Emeritam, quo Gothorum tempore, a Nazareth translata, miraculis claruerat, in generali Hispaniæ clade, Ann. Dni. DCCXIIII. a Romano monacho, comite, ut fertur, Roderico Rege, ad hanc extremam orbis partem adducitur, in qua dum unus moritur, alter proficiscitur, per CCCCLXIX. annos inter duo hæc prærupta saxa sub parvo delituit tugurio: deinde a Fua Ropinio, Portus Molarum duce, anno Domini MCLXXXII, (ut ipse in donatione testatur) inventa, dum incaute agitato equo fugacem, fictumque forte, insequitur cervum, ad ultimumque immanis hujus præcipitii cuneum, jam jam ruiturus accedit, nomine Virginis invocato, a ruina, et mortis faucibus ereptus, hoc ei prius dedicat sacellum; tandem a Ferdinando Portugaliæ Rege, ad majus aliud templum, quod ipse a fundamentis erexerat tranfertur. Ann. Domini MCCCLXXVII. Virgini et perpetuitati. D.D. F.B.D.B. ex voto.*"

From these things, taken as faithfully as I possibly could from the deed of gift and from history, we see clearly the great antiquity of this sanctuary, since it is 893 years since the Image of the Lady was brought to the place where it now is; and although we do not know the exact year in which it was brought from Nazareth, it is certain at least that it was before King Recaredo, who began to reign in the year of Christ 586; so that it is 1021 years, a little more or less, since it came to Spain; and as it came then, as one well known, and celebrated for miracles in the parts of the East, it may well be understood that this is one of the most famous and ancient Images, and nearest to the times of the apostles, that the world at present possesses.—*Brito Monarchia Lusitana*, p. 2. l. 7. c 4.

This legend cannot have been invented before Emanuel's reign, for Duarte Galavam says nothing of it in his Chronicle of Affonso Henriquez, though he relates the exploits and death of D. Fuas Roupinho. I believe there is no earlier authority for it than Bernardo de Brito himself. It is one of many articles of the same kind from the great manufactory of Alcobaça, and is at this day as firmly believed by the people of Portugal as any article of the Christian faith. How indeed should they fail to believe it? I have a print, it is one of the most popular devotional prints in Portugal, which represents the miracle. The diabolical stag is flying down the precipice, and looking back with a wicked turn of the head, in hopes of seeing Dom Fuas follow him; the horse is rearing up with his hind feet upon the brink of the precipice; the knight has dropt his hunting-spear, his cocked hat is falling behind him, and an exclamation to the Virgin is coming out of his mouth. The Virgin with a crown upon her head, and the Babe with a crown upon his, at her breast, appear in the sky amidst clouds of glory. *N. S. de Nazaré*, is written above this precious print, and this more precious information below it,— *O. Emo. Snr. Cardeal Patriarcha concede 50 dias de Indulgª. a qm. rezar huma have Ma. diante desta Image.* His Eminency the Cardinal Patriarch grants fifty days indulgence to whosoever shall

say an Ave-Maria before this Image. The print is included, and plenty of Ave-Marias are said before it in full faith, for this *Nossa Senhora de Nazaré* is in high vogue. Before the French invasion, this famous Image used annually to be escorted by the Court to Cape Espichel. In 1796 I happened to be upon the Tagus at the time of her embarkation at Belem. She was carried in a sort of sedan-chair, of which the fashion resembled that of the Lord Mayor's coach; a processional gun-boat preceded the Image and the Court, and I was literally caught in a shower of rockets, if any of which had fallen upon the heretical heads of me and my companion, it would not improbably have been considered as a new miracle, wrought by the wonder-working Senhora.

In July 1808, the French, under General Thomieres, robbed this church of Our Lady of Nazareth; their booty, in jewels and plate, was estimated at more than 200,000 cruzados. Jose Accursio das Neves, the Portugueze historian of those disastrous times, expresses his surprise that no means should have been taken by those who had the care of these treasures, for securing them in time. Care, however, seems to have been taken of the Great Diana of the Temple, for though it is stated that they destroyed or injured several images, no mention is made of any insult or damage having been offered to this. They sacked the town and set fire to it, but it escaped with the loss of only thirteen or fourteen houses; the suburb or village, on the beach, was less fortunate: there only four houses of more than 300 remained unconsumed, and all the boats and fishing-nets were destroyed. — *Historia da Invasam, &c.*, t. 4. p. 85.

Spreading his hands and lifting up his face, &c.—I. p. 8.

My friend Walter Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick* supplies a singular contrast to the picture which is represented in this passage. I have great pleasure in quoting the stanzas; if the contrast had been intentional, it could not have been more complete.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold,
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's look.

This part of the story is thus nakedly stated by Dr. Andre da Sylva Mascarenhas, in a long narrative poem with this title, —*A destruiçam de Espanha, Restauraçam Summaria de mesma.*

Achouse o pobre Rey em Cauliniana
Mosteiro junto ao rio Guadiana.

Eram os frades fugidos do Mosteiro
Com receos dos Barbaros malvados,
De bruços esteve el Rey hum dia inteiro
Na Igreja, chorando seus peccados:
Hum Monge veo alli por derradeiro
A conhecer quem era, ouvindo os brados
Que o disfarçado Rey aos ares dava,
Este Monge Romano se chamava.

Perguntoulhe quem era, e donde vinha,
Por ver no pobre traje gram portento;
El Rey lhe respondeo como convinha
Sem declarar seu posto, ou seu intento;
Pediulhe confissam, e o Monge asinha
Lhu concedeo e o Santo Sacramento
Era força que el Rey na confissam
Lhe declarasse o posto e a tencam.

Como entendeo o bom Religioso
Que aquelle era seu Rey que por estranhas
Terras andava roto e lacrimoso,
Mil ays tirou das intimas entranhas:
Lançousilhe aos pes, e com piedoso
Affecto o induziu e varias manhas,
O quizesse tambem levar consigo
Por socio no desterro e no perigo.—P. 278.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage.—I. p. 10.

Dias vinte e sete na passagem
Gastaram, desviandosse do humano
Trato, e maos encontros que este mundo
Tras sempre a quem busca o bem profundo.
Destruiçam de Espanha, p. 279.

Some new austerity, unheard of yet
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt. —II. p. 17.

Egypt has been, from the earliest ages, the theatre of the most abject and absurd superstitions, and very little benefit

was produced by a conversion which exchanged crocodiles and monkies for monks and mountebanks. The first monastery is said to have been established in that country by St. Anthony the Great, towards the close of the third century. He who rests in solitude, said the saint, is saved from three conflicts,— from the war of hearing, and of speech, and of sight; and he has only to maintain the struggle against his own heart. (*Acta Sanctorum*, t. ii, p. 143.) Indolence was not the only virtue which he and his disciples introduced into the catalogue of Christian perfections. S. Eufraxia entered a convent consisting of an hundred and thirty nuns, not one of whom had ever washed her feet; the very mention of the bath was an abomination to them. — (*Acta Sanctorum, March* 13.) St. Macarius had renounced most of the decencies of life; but he returned one day to his convent, humbled and mortified, exclaiming,— I am not yet a monk, but I have seen monks! for he had met two of these wretches stark naked. — *Acta Sanctorum*, i. p. 107.

The principles which these madmen established were, that every indulgence is sinful; that whatever is gratifying to the body, must be injurious to the soul; that in proportion as man inflicts torments upon himself, he pleases his Creator; that the ties of natural affection wean the heart from God; and that every social duty must be abandoned by him who would be perfect. The doctrine of two principles has never produced such practical evils in any other system as in the Romish. Manes, indeed, attributes all evil to the equal power of the Evil Principle, (that power being only for a time,) but some of the corrupted forms of Christianity actually exclude a good one!

There is a curious passage in the Bibliotheca Orientalis of Assemanus, in which the deserts are supposed to have been originally intended for the use of these saints, compensating for their sterility by the abundant crop of virtues which they were to produce! *In illâ vero soli vastitate, quæ procul a Nili ripis quaquaversus latissime protenditur, non urbes, non domicilia, non agri, non arbores, sed desertum, arena, feræ; non tamen hanc terræ partem* (*ut Eucherii verbis utar*) *inutilem, et inhonoratam*

dimisit Deus, quum in primordiis rerum omnia in sapientiâ faceret, et singula quæque futuris usibus apta distingueret; sed cuncta non magis præsentis magnificentiâ, quam futuri præscientiâ creans, venturis, ut arbitror, Sanctis Eremum paravit. Credo, his illam locupletem fructibus voluit, et pro indulgentioris naturæ vice, hanc Sanctorum dare fœcundiam, ut sic pinguescerent fines deserti: Et quum irrigaret de superioribus suis montes, abunduret quoque multiplicata fruge convalles locorumque damna supplicet, quum habitationem sterilem habitatore ditaret.

" If the ways of religion," says South, " are ways of pleasantness, such as are not ways of pleasantness, are not truly and properly ways of religon. Upon which ground it is easy to see what judgement is to be passed upon all those affected, uncommanded, absurd austerities, so much prized and exercised by some of the Romish profession. Pilgrimages, going barefoot, hair-shirts and whips, with other such gospel-artillery, are their only helps to devotion; things never enjoined, either by the prophets under the Jewish, or by the apostles under the Christian economy, who yet surely understood the proper and the most efficacious instruments of piety, as well as any confessor or friar of all the order of St. Francis, or any casuist whatsoever.

" It seems that with them a man sometimes cannot be a penitent unless he also turns vagabond, and foots it to Jerusalem, or wanders over this or that part of the world to visit the shrines of such or such a pretended saint, though perhaps in his life ten times more ridiculous than themselves. Thus, that which was Cain's error, is become their religion. He that thinks to expiate a sin by going barefoot, only makes one folly the atonement for another. Paul, indeed, was scourged and beaten by the Jews, but we never read that he beat or scourged himself; and if they think that his *keeping under of his body* imports so much, they must first prove that the body cannot be kept under by a virtuous mind, and that the mind cannot be made virtuous but by a scourge, and consequently that thongs and whip-cord are means of grace, and things ne-

cessary to salvation. The truth is, if men's religion lies no deeper than their skin, it is possible that they may scourge themselves into very great improvements.

"But they will find that bodily exercise touches not the soul, and that neither pride, nor lust, nor covetousness, was ever mortified by corporal discipline; 'tis not the back, but the heart that must bleed for sin; and, consequently, that in their whole course they are like men out of their way; let them lash on never so fast, they are not at all the nearer to their journey's end; and howsoever they deceive themselves and others, they may as well expect to bring a cart as a soul to Heaven by such means."—*Sermons*, vol. i. p. 34.

In those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She follow'd her dear lord Theodofred,
Rusilla laid aside.—II. p. 18.

Vide nuper ipse in Hispaniis constitutis et admiratus sum antiquum hunc morem, ab Hispanis adhuc omnibus observari; mortuâ quippe uxore maritus, mortuo marito conjux, mortuis filiis patres, mortuis patribus filii, defunctis quibuslibet cognatis cognati, extinctis, quodlibet casu amicis amici, statim arma deponunt, sericas vestes, peregrinarum pellium tegmina abjiciunt, totumque penitus multi colorem, ac pretiosum habitum abdicantes, nigris tantum vilibusque indumentis se contegunt. Sic crinibus propriis sic jumentorum suorum caudis decurtatis, seque et ipsa atro prorsus colore denigrant. Talibus luctui dolorisve insignibus, subtractos charissimos deflent, et integri ad minus spatium anni, in tali mœrore publica lege consumant.—Petri Venerabilis Epist. quoted in Yepes, t. vii. ff. 21.

Her eyeless husband.—II. p. 18.

Witiza put out the eyes of Theodofred, *inhabilitandole para*

la monarchia, says Ferraras. This was the common mode of incapacitating a rival for the throne.

Un Conde de Gallicia que fuera valiado,
Pelayo avie nombre, ome fo desforzado,
Perdio la vision, andaba embargado,
Ca ome que non vede, non debie seer nado.
Gonzalo de Berceo. S. Dom. 388.

The history of Europe during the dark ages abounds with examples of *exoculation,* as it was called by those writers who endeavoured, towards the middle of the 17th century, to introduce the style-ornate into our prose after it had been banished from poetry. In the East, the practice is still continued. When Alboquerque took possession of Ormuz, he sent to Portugal fifteen of its former kings, whom he found there, each of whom, in his turn, had been deposed and blinded!

In the semi-barbarous stage of society, any kind of personal blemish seems to have been considered as disqualifying a prince from the succession, like the law of the Nazarenes. Yorwerth, the son of Owen Gwynedh, was set aside in Wales because of his broken nose; Count Oliba, in Barcelona, because he could never speak till he had stamped with his foot three times like a goat. *Aquest Oliba frare del Conte en Grifa no era a dret de sos membras. Car lo dit Oliba james no podia parlar, si primer no donas colps ab lo peu en terra quart o sinc vegades, axi comsi fos cabra; e per aquesta raho li fou imposat lo nom, dient li Olibra Cabreta, e per aquest accident lo dit Oliba perde la successio del frare en lo Comtat de Barcelona, e fou donat lo dit Comtat o en Borrell, Comte de Urgell, qui era son cosin germa.* — Père Tomich, c. xxviii. ff. 20.

In the treaty between our Henry V. and Charles VI. of France, by which Henry was appointed King of France after Charles's decease, it was decreed that the French should "swear to become liege men and vassals to our said son King Henry, and obey him as the true King of France, and without any opposition or dispute shall receive him as such, and never pay

obedience to any other as king or regent of France, but to our said son King Henry, unless our said son should lose life or *limb*, or be attacked by a *mortal disease*, or suffer diminution in person, state, honour *, or goods."

Lope de Vega alludes to the blindness of Theodofred in his Jerusalem Conquistada: —

Criavase con otras bellas damas
Florinda bella, ——
Esta miro Rodrigo desdichado,
Ay si como su padre fuera ciego!
Saco sus ojos Witisa ayrado,
Fuera mejor los de Rodrigo luego:
Gozara España el timbre coronado
De sus castillos en mayor sossiego
Que le dio Leovigildo, y no se viera
Estampa de Africano en su ribera.

L. vi. ff. 131.

A remarkable instance of the inconvenient manner in which the *b* and the *v* are indiscriminately used by the Spaniards, occurs here in the original edition. The *w* not being used in that language, it would naturally be represented by *vv;* and here, the printer, using most unluckily his typographical licence, has made the word *Vbitisa.*

"The Spaniards," says that late worthy Jo. Sandford, some time fellow of Magdalane college, in Oxford, (in his Spanish Grammar, 1632) "do with a kind of wantonness so confound the sound of *b* with *v*, that it is hard to determine when and in what words it should retain its own power of a labial letter, which gave just cause of laughter at that Spaniard who, being in conversation with a French lady, and minding to commend her children for fair, said unto her, using the Spanish liberty in pronouncing the French, — *Madame, vous avez des veaux enfans*, telling her that she had calves to her children, instead of

* Johnes's Monstrellet, vol. v. p. 190.

saying, *beaux enfans*, fair children. Neither can I well justify him who wrote *veneficio* for *beneficio*."

Conimbrica, whose ruined towers
Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.—III. 24.

The Roman Conimbrica stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condeyxa Velha. Ataces, king of the Alanes, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for its obstinate resistance, dispeopled it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra where it now stands. Hermenerico, the king of the Sueves, attacked him while thus employed, but was defeated and pursued to the Douro; peace was then made, and Sindasunda, daughter of the conquered, given in marriage to the conqueror. In memory of the pacification thus effected, Ataces bore upon his banners a damsel in a tower, with a dragon vert on one side, and a lion rouge on the other, the bearings of himself and his marriage-father; and this device being sculptured upon the towers of Coimbra, still remains as the city arms. Two letters of Arisbert, bishop of Porto, to Samerius, archdeacon of Braga, which are preserved at Alcobaça, relate these events as the news of the day,—that is, if the authority of Alcobaçan records, and of Bernardo de Brito can be admitted.—*Mon. Lus.* 26. 3.

Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.

Mumadona.—III. p. 25.

Gasper Estaço has shown that this is the name of the foundress of Guimaraens, and that it is not, as some writers had supposed, erroneously thus written, because the words Muma and Dona followed each other in the deeds of gift wherein it is

preserved; the name being frequently found with its title affixed thus, Dma Mumadna.

· the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years,
Mournful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
Prolong'd its tuneful echoes. — III. p. 27.

Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portugueze poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery. Some of his sonnets will bear comparison with the best poems of their kind. There is a charge of plagiarism against him for having printed several of Camoens's sonnets as his own; to obtain any proofs upon this subject would be very difficult; this, however, is certain, that his own undisputed productions resemble them so closely in unaffected tenderness, and in sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author.

Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants. — III. p. 29.

The present Orense. The Moors entirely destroyed it; *depopulavit usque ad solum*, are the words of one of the old brief chronicles. In 832, Alonzo el Casto found it too completely ruined to be restored. — *Espana Sagrada*, xvii. p. 48.

That consecrated pile amid the wild,
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks. — IV. 38.

Of this saint, and the curious institutions which he formed, and the beautiful track of country in which they were placed, I have given an account in the third edition of Letters from Spain and Portugal, vol. i. p. 103.

Sacaru . . . . . indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown
To seek for freedom. — IV. p. 43.

This tale, which is repeated by Bleda, rests on no better authority than that of Abulcacim*, which may, however, be admitted, so far as to show that it was a prevalent opinion in his time.

Antonio Galvam, in his *Tratado dos Descobrimentos Antigos e Modernos*, relates a current, and manifestly fabulous story, which has been supposed to refer to Sacaru, and the companions of his emigration. "They say," he says, "that at this time, A. D. 1447, a Portugueze ship sailing out of the Straits of Gibraltar, was carried by a storm much farther to the west than she had intended, and came to an island where there were seven cities, and where our language was spoken; and the people asked whether the Moors still occupied Spain, from whence they had fled after the loss of King Don Rodrigo. The contramaster of the ship said, that he brought away a little sand from the island, and sold it to a goldsmith in Lisbon, who extracted from it a good quantity of gold. It is said that the Infante D. Pedro, who governed at that time, ordered these things to be written in the Casa do Tombo. And some will have it that these lands and islands at which the Portugueze touched, were those which are now called the Antilhas and New Spain." (P. 24.)

This Antilia, or Island of the Seven Cities, is laid down in Martin Behaim's map; the story was soon improved by giving seven bishops to the seven cities: and Galvam has been accused by Hornius of having invented it to give his countrymen the honour of having discovered the West Indies! Now it is

* C. 13.

evident that Antonio Galvam relates the story as if he did not believe it, — *contam* — they relate, — and, *diz*, it is said, — never affirming the fact, nor making any inference from it, but merely stating it as a report: and it is certain, which perhaps Hornius did not know, that there never lived a man of purer integrity than Antonio Galvam; a man whose history is disgraceful, not to his country, but to the government under which he lived, and whose uniform and unsullied virtue entitles him to rank among the best men that have ever done honour to human nature.

The writers who repeat this story of the Seven Islands and their bishops, have also been pleased to find traces of Sacaru in the new world, for which the imaginary resemblances to Christianity which were found in Yucatan and other places, serve them as proofs. — *Gregorio Garcia, Origen de los Indios*, l. iv. c. 20.

The work of Abulcacim, in which the story first appears, has been roundly asserted to be the forgery of the translator, Miguel de Luna. The Portugueze academician, Contador de Argote, speaking of this romantic history, acquits him of the fraud, which has with little reflection been laid to his charge. Pedraça, he says, in the Grandezas de Granada, and Rodrigo Caro, in the Grandezas de Sevilla, both affirm that the original Arabic exists in the Escurial, and Escolano asserts the same, although Nicholas Antonio says that the catalogues of that library do not make mention of any such book. If Luna had forged it, it would not have had many of those blunders which are observed in it; nor is there any reason for imputing such a fraud to Luna, a man well skilled in Arabic, and of good reputation. What I suspect is, that the book was composed by a Granadan Moor, and the reason which induces me to form this opinion is, the minuteness with which he describes the conquest which Tarif made of those parts of the kingdom of Granada, of the Alpuxarras and the Serra Neveda, pointing out the etymologies of the names of places, and other circumstances, which any one who reads with attention will observe.

As to the time in which the composer of this amusing romance flourished, it was certainly after the reign of Bedeci Aben Habuz, who governed, and was Lord of Granada about the year 1013, as Marmol relates, after the Arabian writers; and the reason which I have for this assertion is, that in the romance of Abulcacim the story is told which gave occasion to the said Bedeci Aben Habuz to set up in Granada that famous vane, which represents a knight upon horseback in bronze, with a spear in the right hand, and a club in the left, and these words in Arabic, — Bedeci Aben Habuz says, that in this manner Andalusia must be kept! the figure moves with every wind, and veers about from one end to another. — *Memorias de Braga*, t. iii. p. 120.

In the fabulous Chronicle of D. Rodrigo, Sacarus, as he is there called, is a conspicuous personage; but the tale of his emigration was not then current, and the author kills him before the Moors appear upon the stage. He seems to have designed him as a representation of perfect generosity.

All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yoke. — IV. p. 43.

There had been a law to prohibit intermarriages between the Goths and Romans; this law Recesuintho annulled* observing in his edict, that the people ought in no slight degree to rejoice at the repeal. It is curious that the distinction should have existed so long; but it is found also in a law of Wamba's, and doubtless must have continued till both names were lost together in the general wreck. The vile principle was laid down in the laws of the Wisigoths, that such as the root is, such ought the branch to be, — *gran confusion es de linage, quando el fiyo non semeya al padre, que aquelo ques de la*

* Fuero Juzgo, L. 3. tit. 1. leg. 1.

raiz, deba ser en a cima, and upon this principle a law was made to keep the children of slaves, slaves also.

"Many men well versed in history," says Contador de Argote, (Memorias de Braga, 3. 273.) "think, and think rightly, that this was a civil war, and that the monarchy was divided into two factions, of which the least powerful availed itself of the Arabs as auxiliaries; and that these auxiliaries made themselves masters, and easily effected their intent by means of the divisions in the country."

"The natives of Spain," says Joam de Barros, "never bore much love to the Goths, who were strangers and comelings, and when they came had no right there, for the whole belonged to the Roman empire. It is believed that the greater part of those whom the Moors slew were Goths, and it is said that, on one side and on the other, in the course of two years there were slain by the sword seven hundred thousand men. The Christians who escaped chose that the name of Goths should be lost: and though some Castillians complain that the race should be extinguished, saying with Don Jorge Manrique,

Pues la sangre de los Godos
y el linage y la nobleza
tan crecida,
por quantas vias y modos
se sume su grande alteza
en esta vida,

I must say that I see no good foundation for this; for they were a proud nation and barbarous, and were a long time heretics of the sects of Arius and Eutychius and Pelagius, and can be praised as nothing except as warriors, who were so greedy for dominion, that wherever they reached they laid every thing bare like locusts, and therefore the emperor ceded to them this country. The people who dwelt in it before were a better race, always praised and feared and re-

spected by the Romans, loyal and faithful and true and reasonable: and if the Goths afterwards were worthy of any estimation they became so here: for as plants lose their bitterness and improve by being planted and translated into a good soil (as is said of peaches), so does a good land change its inhabitants, and of rustic and barbarous make them polished and virtuous.

"The Moors did not say that they came against the Christians, but against the Goths, who had usurped Spain; and it appears that to the people of the land it mattered little whether they were under Goths or Moors; or indeed it might not be too much to say that they preferred the Moors, not only because all new things and changes would be pleasing, but because they were exasperated against the Goths for what they had done against the Christians, (*i. e.* the Catholicks,) and for the bad government of King Witiza."

"You are not to think," says the Chronicler, "that Count Don Julian and the Bishop Don Orpas came of the lineage of the Goths, but of the lineage of the Cæsars, and therefore they were not grieved that the good lineage should be destroyed." — *Chr. del K. D. Rodrigo*, p. i. c. 248.

Favila. — V. p. 48.

Barrios, taking a punster's licence in orthography, plays upon the name of Pelayo's father: —

- del gran Favila (que centella
significa) Pelayo, marcial llama,
restauro el Leones reyno con aquella
luz que alcanzo la victoriosa rama.

Coro de las Musas, p. 102.

The Queen too, Egilona, —
Was she not married to the enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? — V. p. 50.

For this fact there is the unquestionable testimony of Isidorus Pacensis. *Per idem tempus in Æra* 735, *anno imperii ejus* 9. *Arabum* 97. *Abdalaziz omnem Hispaniam per tres annos sub censuario jugo pacificans, cum Hispali divitiis et honorum fascibus cum Regina Hispaniæ in conjugio copulata, filias Regum ac Principum pellicatas, et imprudenter distractas æstuaret, seditione suorum facta, orationi instans, consilio Ajub, occiditur; atque eo Hispaniam retinente, mense impleto, Alahor in regno Hesperiæ per principalia jussa succedit, cui de morte Abdallaziz ita edicitur, ut quasi consilio Egilonis Regiæ conjugis quondam Ruderici regis, quam sibi sociaberat, jugum Arabicum a sua cervice conaretur avertere, et regnum in vasum Hiberiæ sibimet retemptare.* — Espana Sagrada, t. viii. 302.

Florez relates the story in the words of the old translation of an Arabic original imputed to Rasis. " When Belazin, the son of Muza, remained for Lord of Spain, and had ordered his affairs right well, they told him tidings of Ulaca, who had been the wife of King D. Rodrigo, that she was a right worthy dame, and right beautiful, and of a great lineage, and that she was a native of Africa; whereupon he sent for her, and ordered that beasts should be given her, and much property, and men-servants and maid-servants, and all things that she could require, till she could come to him. And they brought her unto him, and when he saw her, he was well pleased with her, and said, Ulaca, tell me of thy affairs, and conceal nothing from me; for thou knowest I may do with thee according to my will, being my captive. And when she heard this, it increased the grief which she had in her heart, and her sorrow was such, that she had well nigh fallen dead to the ground, and she replied weeping and said, Baron, what wouldst thou know more of my affairs? For doth not all the world know, that I, a young damsel, being married with King

D. Rodrigo, was with him Lady of Spain, and dwelt in honour and in all pleasure, more than I deserved; and therefore it was God's will that they should endure no longer. And now I am in dishonour greater than ever was dame of such high state: For I am plundered, and have not a single palm of inheritance; and I am a captive, and brought into bondage. I also have been mistress of all the land that I behold. Therefore, Sir, have pity upon my misfortunes; and in respect of the great lineage which you know to be mine, suffer not that wrong or violence be offered me by any one; and, Sir, if it be your grace you will ransom me. There are men I know who would take compassion on me, and give you for me a great sum. And Belazin said to her, Be certain that so long as I live, you shall never go from my house. And Ulaca said, What then, Sir, would you do with me? and Belazin said, I will that you should remain in my house, and there you shall be free from all wretchedness, with my other wives. And she said, In an evil day was I born, if it is to be true that I have been wife of the honoured king of Spain, and now have to live in a stranger's house as the concubine and captive of another! And I swear unto God, whose pleasure it is to dismay me thus, that I will rather seek my own death as soon as I can; for I will endure no more misery, seeing that by death I can escape it. And when Belazin saw that she thus lamented, he said to her, Good dame, think not that we have concubines, but by our law we may have seven wives, if we can maintain them, and therefore you shall be my wife, like each of the others; and all things which your law requires that a man should do for his wife, will I do for you; and therefore you have no cause to lament; and be sure that I will do you much honour, and will make all who love me serve and honour you, and you shall be mistress of all my wives. To this she made answer and said, Sir, offer me no violence concerning my law, but let me live as a Christian: And to this Belazin was nothing loth and he granted it, and his marriage was performed with her according to the law of the Moors; and every day he liked her more, and did her such honour that greater could not be.

And it befell that Belazin being one day with Ulaca, she said to him, Sir, do not think it ill if I tell you of a thing in which you do not act as if you knew the custom. And he said, Wherein is it that I err? Sir, said she, because you have no crown, for no one was ever confirmed in Spain, except he had a crown upon his head. He said, This which you say is nothing, for we have it not of our lineage, neither is it our custom to wear a crown. She said, many good reasons are there why a crown is of use, and it would injure you nothing, but be well for you, and when you should wear your crown upon your head, God would know you and others also by it: And she said, You would look full comely with it, and it would be great nobleness to you, and be right fitting, and you should wear in it certain stones, which will be good for you, and avail you. And in a short time afterwards Belazin went to dwell at Seville, and he carried Ulaca with him, and she took of her gold, and of her pearls, and of her precious stones, which she had many and good, and made him the noblest crown that ever was seen by man, and gave it him, and bade him take it, and place it where it should be well kept; and Ulaca, as she was a woman of understanding and prudence, ordered her affairs as well as Belazin, so that he loved her much, and did great honour to her, and did many of those things which she desired; so that he was well pleased with the Christians, and did them much good, and showed favour unto them." — *Memorias de las Reynas Catholicas*, 1. p. 28.

The issue of this was fatal to Abdalaziz. In Albucacim's history, it is said that he was converted by this Christian wife, and for that reason put to death by his father. Others have supposed that by means of her influence he was endeavouring to make himself King of Spain, independent of the Caliph. A characteristic circumstance is added. Egilona was very desirous to convert her husband, and that she might at least obtain from him some mark of outward respect for her images, made the door of the apartment in which she kept them, so low, that he could not enter without bowing. — *Bleda*, p. 214.

Deixam a Abdalaziz, que de Bellona
Mamara o leite, por Rector da Hesperia;
Este caza co a inclyta Egilona,
Mulher de Dom Rodrigo, (o gram miseria!)
Tomou Coroa de ouro, e a Matrona
Lhe deu para a tomar larga materia,
Foi notado à misera raynha
Cazarse com hum Mouro tam asinha.
Destruicam de Espanha, p. 237.

The Character of this Queen is beautifully conceived by the author of Count Julian: —

Beaming with virtue inaccessible
Stood Egilona; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high:
All thoughts were on her — all beside her own.
Negligent as the blossoms of the field,
Arrayed in candour and simplicity,
Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image; but acknowledged them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded: now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!
Pride against love; ambition and revenge
Against devotion and compliancy —
Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted,
And coming nearer to our quiet view,
The original clay of coarse mortality
Hardens and flaws around her.

One day of bitter and severe delight. — VI. p. 60.

I have ventured to borrow this expression from the tragedy

of Count Julian. Nothing can be finer than the passage in which it occurs.

Abdalazis. Thou lovest still thy country?
Julian. Abdalazis,
All men with human feelings love their country.
Not the high-born or wealthy man alone,
Who looks upon his children, each one led
By its gay hand-maid, from the high alcove,
And hears them once a-day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bound the province, and whose hills
Touch the last cloud upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'T is the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions;
When violence, or perfidy, invades,
Or when unworthy lords hold wassail there,
And wiser heads are drooping round its moats,
At last they fix their steady and stiff eye
There, there alone — stand while the trumpet blows,
And view the hostile flames above its towers
Spire, with a bitter and severe delight.

Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The sceptre to the Spaniard. — VII. p. 71.

This was a favourite opinion of Garibays, himself a Biscayan, but he has little better proof for it than the fact, that Gothic names disappeared with Roderick, and that Pelayo and his successors drew their nomenclature from a different stock. He says, indeed, that ancient writings are not wanting to support his opinion. Some rude commentator has written against this assertion in the margin of my copy, *miente Garibay;* and I am afraid the commentator is the truer man of the two.

There is a fabulous tale of Pelayo's birth, which, like many other tales of no better authority, has legends and relics to support it. The story, according to Dr. D. Christoval Lozano, in his history of Los Reyes Nuevos de Toledo, is this. Luz, niece to Egilona, and sister of Roderick, dwelt at Toledo, in the palace of King Egica. Duke Favila, her father's brother, fell in love with her, and came from his residence in Cantabria to ask her in marriage, expecting to find no other obstacle than the dispensable one of consanguinity. But it so happened, that the King was wooing Luz to become his concubine; her refusal made him jealous, as he could not conceive that it proceeded from any cause except love for another, and as his temper and power were not to be provoked without danger, Favila dared not openly make his suit He and his mistress therefore met in private, and plighted their vows before an image of the Virgin. The consequences soon became apparent,—the more so, because, as Dr Lozano assures us, there were at that time no fashions to conceal such things,— *Y mas que en aquella era no se avian inventado los guarda-infantes.* The king observed the alteration in her shape, and placed spies upon her, meaning to destroy the child and punish the mother with the rigour of the law, death by fire being the punishment for such an offence. Luz was well aware of the danger. She trusted her *Camarera* and one servant: They made an ark: She herself, as soon as the infant was born, threw water in his face, and baptised him by the name of Pelayo· a writing was placed with him in the ark, requesting that whoever should find it would breed up the boy with care, for he was of good lineage. Money enough was added to support him for eight years, and the ark was then launched upon the Tagus, where it floated down the stream all night, all day, and all the following night. On the second morning it grounded near Alcantara, and was found by Grafeses, who happened to be Luz's uncle. The king's suspicion being confirmed by the sudden alteration in the lady's appearance, he used every means to detect her, but without avail; he even ordered all children to be examined

who had been born in or around Toledo within three months, and full enquiry to be made into the circumstances of their births: To the astonishment of later historians, 35,000 of that age were found, and not one among them of suspicious extraction. The tale proceeds in the ordinary form of romance. The lady is accused of incontinence, and to be burnt, unless a champion defeats her accuser. Favila of course undertakes her defence, and of course is victorious. A second battle follows with the same success, and fresh combats would have followed, if a hermit had not brought the king to repentance. Grafeses in due time discovers the secret, and restores the child to his parents.

This fabulous chronicle seems to be the oldest written source of this story, but some such tradition had probably long been current. The ark was shown at Alcantara, in the convent of St. Benito, and a description of it, with reasons why its authenticity should be admitted, may be found in *Francisco de Pisa's Description de Toledo*, l. iii. c. i.

And in thy name,
Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers me. — VII. p. 72.

Godfrey was actually crowned with thorns in Jerusalem, — a circumstance which has given rise to a curious question in heraldry, — thus curiously stated and commented by Robert Barret, in that part of his long poem which relates to this Prince: —

A Prince religious, if ever any,
Considering the age wherein he lived,
Vice-hater great, endued with virtues many,
True humilized, void of mundane pride;
For though he now created were great king,
Yet would he not as royal pomp requires,
Encrowned be with crownet glistering
Of gold and gems to mundains vain desires;
But with a pricking, pricking crown of thorn,

Bearing thereto a Christian reverence,
Sith Heaven's King, man's-Redeemer, did not scorn
To wear such crown within that city's fence,
When as, cross-loden, humblely he went,
All cowring under burden of that wood,
To free man from Hell. To pay the pain of man's due punishment,
And free from Pluto's bands Prometheus brood.

By reas'n of Godfrey's great humility
Refusing golden-crownets dignity,
Some blundering in world-witted heraldry,
The foolishness of Heralds. Not knowing how t' distinguish vertues trye,
Do question make this Christian king to set
In catalogue of gold-diademed kings;
Regarding glitter of the external jet,
And not true garnish of th' internal things;
Th' internal virtues, soul's sweet ornaments,
So pleasing to th' Eternal's sacred eyes,
In angels chore consorting sweet concents
Of heavenly harmony 'bove christal skies.
But we, *è contra*, him not only deem
A Christian king, but perfect Christian king,
A christal fanal, lamping light divine
To after-comer kings, world emp'rizing.
For he, religious prince, did not despise
The Heaven-sent gift to be anointed king,
But disesteem'd the mundane pompous guise
Tickling the hearts of princes monarching.

Annotacion. Potentates regard this heaven-aspiring Prince,
Not priding, as up proves his dignity;
High throned kings aspect the starred fence
Of this true map of true kings royalty;
Not Nembrothizing in cloud-kissing towers,
Not Semiramizing in prides palaces,
Not Neronizing in all sanguine hours,
Not Heliogabalizing in lusts lees;

But Joshuadizing in his Christian camp,
And Judithizing in his Salem's seat,
And Davidizing in his Sion's stamp,
And Solomonizing in all sacred heat.

Outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day before the sun begins his course. — VIII. p. 78.

Garci Fernandez Manrique surprised the Moors so often during the night, that he was called Garci Madrugi, — an appellation of the same import as Peep-of-day-boy. He founded the convent of St. Salvador de Palacios de Benagel for Benedictine nuns, and when he called up his merry men, used to say, Up, sirs, and fight, for my nuns are up and praying; *Levantaos Senores à pelear, que mis monjas son levantadas a rezar.* — *Pruebas de la Hist. de la Casa de Lara*, p. 42.

Hermesind. — X. p. 88.

Mariana derives the name of Hermesinda from the reverence in which Hermenegild was held in Spain, — a prince who has been sainted for having renounced the Homoiisian creed, and raised a civil war against his father in favour of the Homoousian one. It is not a little curious when the fate of D. Carlos is remembered, that his name should have been inserted in the Kalendar, at the solicitation of Philip II.! From the same source Mariana derives the names Hermenisinda, Armengol, Ermengaud, Hermegildez, and Hermildez. But here, as Brito has done with Pelayo, he seems to forget that the name was current before it was borne by the Saint, and the derivations from it as numerous. Its root may be found in Herman, whose German name will prevail over the latinized Arminius.

The glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks. — X. p. 95.

The story of the Enchanted Tower at Toledo is well known to every English reader. It neither accorded with the character of my poem to introduce the fiction, nor would it have been prudent to have touched upon it after Walter Scott. The account of the Archbishop Rodrego, and of Abulcacim, may be found in his notes. What follows here is translated from the fabulous chronicle of King Don Rodrigo.

" And there came to him the keepers of the house which was in Toledo, which they called Pleasure with Pain, the Perfect Guard, the secret of that which is to come; and it was called also by another name, the Honour of God. And these keepers came before the king, and said unto him, Sire, since God hath done thee such good, and such favour as that thou shouldest be king of all Spain, we come to require of thee that thou wouldst go to Toledo, and put thy lock upon the house which we are appointed to keep. And the king demanded of them what house was that, and wherefore he should put upon it his lock. And they said unto him, Sire, we will willingly tell thee that thou mayest know. Sire, true it is, that when Hercules the Strong came into Spain, he made in it many marvellous things in those places where he understood that they might best remain; and thus when he was in Toledo he understood well that that city would be one of the best in Spain; and saw that the kings who should be Lords of Spain, would have more pleasure to continue dwelling therein than in any other part; and seeing that things would come after many ways, some contrariwise to others, it pleased him to leave many enchantments made, to the end that after his death his power and wisdom might by them be known. And he made in Toledo a house, after the manner which we shall now describe, with great mastership, so that we have not heard tell of any other such: The which is made after this guise. There are four lions of metal under the foundation of this house: and so large are they that a man sitting upon a great horse on the one side, and another in like manner

upon the other, cannot see each other, so large are the lions. And the house is upon them, and it is entirely round, and so lofty that there is not a man in the world who can throw a stone to the top: And many have attempted this, but they never could. And there is not a man of this age who can tell you by what manner this house was made, neither whose understanding can reach to say in what manner it is worked within. But of that which we have seen without, we have to tell thee. Certes in the whole house there is no stone bigger than the hand of a man, and the most of them are of jasper and marble, so clear and shining that they seem to be crystal. They are of so many colours that we do not think there are two stones in it of the same colour; and so cunningly are they joined one with another, that if it were not for the many colours, you would not believe but that the whole house was made of one entire stone. And the stones are placed in such manner one by another, that seeing them you may know all the things of the battles aforepast, and of great feats. And this is not by pictures, but the colour of the stones, and the great art of joining one with the other, make it appear thus. And sans doubt he who should wish to know the truth of the great deeds of arms which have been wrought in the world, might by means of that house know it. See now in what manner Hercules was wise and fortunate, and right valiant, and acquainted with the things which were to come. And when he was Lord of Spain, he made it after this guise, which we have related unto you. And he commanded that neither King nor Lord of Spain who might come after him, should seek to know that which was within; but that every one instead should put a lock upon the doors thereof, even as he himself did, for he first put on a lock, and fastened it with his key. And after him there has been no King nor Lord in Spain, who has thought it good to go from his bidding; but every one as he came put on each his lock, according to that which Hercules appointed. And now that we have told thee the manner of the house, and that which we know concerning it, we require of thee that thou shouldest

go thither, and put on thy lock on the gates thereof, even as all the kings have done who have reigned in Spain until this time. And the King Don Rodrigo hearing the marvellous things of this house, and desiring to know what there was within, and moreover being a man of a great heart, wished to know of all things how they were and for what guise. He made answer, that no such lock would he put upon that house, and that by all means he would know what there was within. And they said unto him, Sire, you will not do that which has never been done in Spain; be pleased therefore to observe that which the other kings have observed. And the king said unto them, Leave off now, and I will appoint the soonest that may be how I may go to see this house, and then I will do that which shall seem good. And he would give them no other reply. And when they saw that he would give them no other reply, they dared not persist farther, and they dispeeded themselves of him, and went their way.

"Now it came to pass that the King Don Rodrigo called to mind how he had been required to put a lock upon the doors of the house which was in Toledo, and he resolved to carry into effect that unto which his heart inclined him. And one day he gathered together all the greatest knights of Spain, who were there with him, and went to see this house, and he saw that it was more marvellous than those who were its keepers had told him, and as he was thus beholding it, he said, Friends, I will by all means see what there is in this house which Hercules made. And when the great Lords who were with him heard this, they began to say unto him that he ought not to do this; for there was no reason why he should do that which never king nor Cæsar, that had been Lord of Spain since Hercules, had done until that time. And the king said unto them, Friends, in this house there is nothing but what may be seen. I am well sure that the enchantments cannot hinder me, and this being so, I have nothing to fear. And the knights said, Do that, sir, which you think good, but this is not done by our counsel. And when he saw that they were all of a different accord from that which he wished to do, he said,

Now gainsay me as you will, for let what will happen I shall not forbear to do my pleasure. And forthwith he went to the doors, and ordered all the locks to be opened; and this was a great labour, for so many were the keys and the locks, that if they had not seen it, it would have been a great thing to believe. And after they were unlocked, the king pushed the door with his hand, and he went in, and the chief persons who were there with him, as many as he pleased, and they found a hall made in a square, being as wide on one part as on the other, and in it there was a bed richly furnished, and there was laid in that bed the statue of a man, exceeding great, and armed at all points, and he had the one arm stretched out, and a writing in his hand. And when the king and those who were with him saw this bed, and the man who was laid in it, they marvelled what it might be, and they said, Certes, that bed was one of the wonders of Hercules and of his enchantments. And when they saw the writing which he held in his hand, they showed it to the king, and the king went to him, and took it from his hand, and opened it and read it, and it said thus, Audacious one, thou who shalt read this writing, mark well what thou art, and how great evil through thee shall come to pass, for even as Spain was peopled and conquered by me, so by thee shall it be depopulated and lost. And I say unto thee, that I was Hercules the strong, he who conquered the greater part of the world, and all Spain; and I slew Geryon the Great, who was Lord thereof; and I alone subdued all these lands of Spain, and conquered many nations, and brave knights, and never any one could conquer me, save only Death. Look well to what thou doest, for from this world thou wilt carry with thee nothing but the good which thou hast done.

"And when the king had read the writing he was troubled, and he wished then that he had not begun this thing. Howbeit he made semblance as if it touched him not, and said that no man was powerful enough to know that which is to come, except the true God. And all the knights who were present were much troubled because of what the writing said; and

having seen this they went to behold another apartment, which was so marvellous, that no man can relate how marvellous it was. The colours which were therein were four. The one part of the apartment was white as snow; and the other, which was over-against it, was more black than pitch; and another part was green as a fine emerald, and that which was over-against it was redder than fresh blood; and the whole apartment was bright and more lucid than crystal, and it was so beautiful, and the colour thereof so fine, that it seemed as if each of the sides were made of a single stone, and all who were there present said that there was not more than a single stone in each, and that there was no joining of one stone with another, for every side of the whole four appeared to be one solid slab; and they all said, that never in the world had such a work as this elsewhere been made, and that it must be held for a remarkable thing, and for one of the wonders of the world. And in all the apartments there was no beam, nor any work of wood, neither within nor without; and as the floor thereof was flat, so also was the ceiling. Above these were windows, and so many, that they gave a great light, so that all which was within might be seen as clearly as that which was without. And when they had seen the apartment how it was made, they found in it nothing but one pillar, and that not very large, and round, and of the height of a man of mean stature: and there was a door in it right cunningly made, and upon it was a little writing in Greek letters, which said, Hercules made this house in the year of Adam three hundred and six. And when the king had read these letters, and understood that which they said, he opened the door, and when it was opened they found Hebrew letters which said, This house is one of the wonders of Hercules; and when they had read these letters they saw a niche made in that pillar, in which was a coffer of silver, right subtly wrought, and after a strange manner, and it was gilded, and covered with many precious stones, and of great price, and it was fastened with a lock of mother-of-pearl. And this was made in such a manner that it was a strange thing, and there were cut upon it Greek letters which said, It

cannot be but that the king, in whose time this coffer shall be opened, shall see wonders before his death: thus said Hercules the Lord of Greece and of Spain, who knew some of those things which are to come. And when the king understood this, he said, Within this coffer lies that which I seek to know, and which Hercules has so strongly forbidden to be known. And he took the lock and broke it with his hands, for there was no other who durst break it: and when the lock was broken, and the coffer open, they found nothing within, except a white cloth folded between two pieces of copper; and he took it and opened it, and found Moors pourtrayed therein with turbans, and banners in their hands and with their swords round their necks, and their bows behind them at the saddle-bow, and over these figures were letters which said, When this cloth shall be opened, and these figures seen, men apparelled like them shall conquer Spain and shall be Lords thereof.

"When the King Don Rodrigo saw this he was troubled at heart, and all the knights who were with him. And they said unto him, Now, sir, you may see what has befallen you, because you would not listen to those who counselled you not to pry into so great a thing, and because you despised the kings who were before you, who all observed the commands of Hercules, and ordered them to be observed, but you would not do this. And he had greater trouble in his heart than he had ever before felt; howbeit he began to comfort them all, and said to them, God forbid that all this which we have seen should come to pass. Nevertheless, I say, that if things must be according as they are here declared, I could not set aside that which hath been ordained, and, therefore, it appears that I am he by whom this house was to be opened, and that for me it was reserved. And seeing it is done, there is no reason that we should grieve for that which cannot be prevented, if it must needs come. And let come what may, with all my power I will strive against that which Hercules has foretold, even till I take my death in resisting it: and if you will all do in like manner, I doubt whether the whole world can take from us our power. But if by God it hath been appointed,

no strength and no art can avail against his Almighty power, but that all things must be fulfilled even as to him seemeth good. In this guise they went out of the house, and he charged them all that they should tell no man of what they had seen there, and ordered the doors to be fastened in the same manner as before. And they had hardly finished fastening them, when they beheld an eagle fall right down from the sky, as if it had descended from Heaven, carrying a burning fire-brand, which it laid upon the top of the house, and began to fan it with its wings: and the fire-brand with the motion of the air began to blaze, and the house was kindled and burnt as if it had been made of rosin; so strong and mighty were the flames and so high did they blaze up, that it was a great marvel, and it burnt so long that there did not remain the sign of a single stone, and all was burnt into ashes. And after a while there came a great flight of birds small and black, who hovered over the ashes, and they were so many, that with the fanning of their wings, all the ashes were stirred up, and rose into the air, and were scattered over the whole of Spain; and many of those persons upon whom the ashes fell, appeared as if they had been besmeared with blood. All this happened in a day, and many said afterwards, that all those persons upon whom those ashes fell, died in battle when Spain was conquered and lost; and this was the first sign of the destruction of Spain."— *Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo*, Part I. c. 28. 30.

" *Y siendo verdad lo que escriven nuestros Chronistas, y el Alcayde Tarif, las letras que en este Palacio fueron halladas, no se ha de entender que fueron puestas por Hercules en su fundacion, ni por algun nigromantico, como algunos piensan, pues solo Dios sabe las cosas por venir, y aquellos aquien el es servido revelarlas: bien puede ser que fuessen puestas por alguna santa persona aquien nuestro Señor lo oviesse revelado y mandado; como revelo el castigo que avia de suceder del diluvio general en tiempo de Noe, que fue pregonero de la justicia de Dios; y el de las ciudades de Sodoma y Gomorra a Abraham.*" — Fran. de Pisa, Descr. de Toledo, l. 2. c. 31.

The Spanish ballad upon the subject, fine as the subject is, is flat as a flounder: —

De los nobilissimos Godos
que en Castilla avian reynado
Rodrigo reyno el postrero
de los reyes que han passado;
en cuyo tiempo los Moros
todo Espana avian ganado,
sino fuera las Asturias
que defendio Don Pelayo.
En Toledo esta Rodrigo
al comiençp del reynado;
vinole gran voluntad
de ver lo que esta cerrado
en la torre que esta alli,
antigua de muchos años.
En esta torre los reyes
cada uno hecho un canado,
porque lo ordenara ansi
Hercules el afamado,
que gano primero a España
de Gerion gran tirano.
Creyo el rey que avia en la torre
gran thesoro alli guardado;
la torre fue luego abierta
y quitados los canados;
no ay en ella cosa alguna,
sola una caxa han hallado.
El rey la mandara abrir;
un paño dentro se ha hallado,
con unas letras latinas
que dizen en Castellano,
Quando aquestas cerraduras
que cierran estos canados,
fueren abiertas y visto
lo en el paño debuxado,
España sera perdida,

y toda ella asolada ;
ganaran la gente estrana
como aqui est an figurados,
los rostros muy denegridos,
los braços arremangados,
muchas colores vestidas,
en las cabeças tocados,
alçadas traeran sus señas
en cavallos cavalgando,
largas lanças en sus manos,
con espadas en su lado.
Alarabes se diran,
y de aquesta tierra estraños ;
perderase toda Espana,
que nada no aura fincado.
El rey con sus ricos hombres
todos se avian espantado,
quando vieron las figuras
y letras que hemos contado ;
buelven a cerrar la torre,
quedo el rey muy angustiado.

Romances nuevamente sacados por Lorenço de Sepulveda, ff. 160. 1564.

Juan Yague de Salas relates a singular part of this miracle, which I have not seen recorded any where but in his very rare and curious poem : —

Cantò como rompidos los candados
De la lobrega cueva, y despedidas
De sus senos obscuros vozes tristes
No bien articuladas, si a remiendos,
Repetidas adentro por el ayre,
Y una mas bronca se escucho que dize,
Desdichado Rey Ro (y acaba digo,
Quedando la R submersa entre piçarras)
La Coro perderas, y el Man, y el Ce,
No dixo el na, ni el do, ni el tro, no dixo ;
Almenos no se oyo, si bien oyose

Por lascivo tirano, y por sobervio,
Que ya permite el cielo que el de Meca
Castigue por tu causa el Reyno Godo,
Por solo que lo riges con mal modo.
Los Amantes de Teruel, p. 29.

The *Chronica General del Rey Don Alfonso* gives a singular account of the first inhabitant of this fatal spot: —

"There was a king who had to name Rocas; he was of the east country from Edom, wherein was Paradise, and for the love of wisdom he forsook his kingdom, and went about the world seeking knowledge. And in a country between the east and the north he found seventy pillars; thirty were of brass, thirty of marble, and they lay upon the ground, and upon them was written all knowledge and the nature of things. These Rocas translated, and carried with him the book in which he had translated them, by which he did marvels. He came to Troy when the people under Laomedon were building the city, and seeing them he laughed. They asked him why, and he replied, that if they knew what was to happen, they would cease from their work. Then they took him and led him before Laomedon, and Laomedon asked him for why he had spoken these words, and Rocas answered, that he had spoken truth, for the people should be put to the sword, and the city be destroyed by fire. Wherefore the Trojans would have slain him, but Laomedon, judging that he spake from folly, put him in prison to see if he would repent. He, fearful of death, by his art sent a sleep upon the guards, and filed off his irons, and went his way. And he came to the seven hills by the Tyber, and there upon a stone he wrote the letters Roma, and Romulus found them, and gave them as a name to his city, because they bore a resemblance to his own.

"Then went King Rocas westward, and he entered Spain, and went round it and through it, till coming to the spot where Toledo stands, he discovered that it was the central place of the country, and that one day a city should there be built, and there he found a cave into which he entered. There

lay in it a huge dragon, and Rocas in fear besought the dragon not to hurt him, for they were both creatures of God. And the dragon took such love towards him, that he always brought him part of his food from the chase, and they dwelt together in the cave. One day an honourable man of that land, by name Tartus, was hunting in that mountain, and he found a bear, and the bear fled into the cave, and Rocas in fear addressed him as he had done the dragon, and the bear quietly lay down, and Rocas fondled his head, and Tartus following, saw Rocas how his beard was long, and his body covered with hair, and he thought it was a wild man, and fitted an arrow to his bow, and drew the string. Then Rocas besought him in the name of God not to slay him, and obtained security for himself and the bear under his protection. And when Tartus heard how he was a king, he invited him to leave that den and return with him, and he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and leave him all that he had. By this the dragon returned. Tartus was alarmed, and would have fled, but Rocas interfered, and the dragon threw down half an ox, for he had devoured the rest, and asked the stranger to stop and eat. Tartus declined the invitation, for he must be gone. Then said Rocas to the dragon, My friend, I must now leave you, for we have sojourned together long enough. So he departed, and married, and had two sons, and for love of the dragon he built a tower over the cave, and dwelt there. After his death, one of his sons built another, and King Pirros added more building, and this was the beginning of Toledo."

Redeemed Magdalen. — X. p. 97.

Lardner published a letter to Jonas Hanway, showing why houses for the reception of penitent harlots ought not to be called Magdalen Houses; Mary Magdalen not being the sinner recorded in the 7th chapter of Luke, but a woman of distinction and excellent character, who laboured under some bodily infirmity, which our Lord miraculously healed.

In the Shibboleth of Jean Despagne, is an article thus en-

titled: *De Marie Magdelaine laquelle faussement on dit avoir este femme de mauvaise vie: Le tort que luy font les Theologiens pour la plus part en leurs sermons, en leurs livres; et specialement la Bible Angloise en l'Argument du 7e chap. de S. Luc.*

"The injury," says this Hugonot divine, "which the Romish church does to another Mary, the sister of Lazarus, has been sufficiently confuted by the orthodox. It has been ignorantly believed that this Mary, and another who was of Magdala, and the sinner who is spoken of in the 7th of Luke, are the same person, confounding the three in one. We have justified one of the three, to wit, her of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus; but her of Magdala we still defame, as if that Magdalen were the sinner of whom St. Luke speaks.

"Nothing is more common in the mouth of the vulgar than the wicked life of the Magdalen. The preachers who wish to confess souls that are afflicted with horror at their sins, represent to them this woman as one of the most immodest and dissolute that ever existed, to whom, however, God has shown mercy. And, upon this same prejudice, which is altogether imaginary, has been founded a reason why the Son of God having been raised from the dead, appeared to Mary Magdalen before any other person; for, say they, it is because she had greater need of consolation, having been a greater sinner than the others.—He who wrote the Practice of Piety places her with the greatest offenders, even with Manasses, one of the wickedest of men: and to authorise this error the more, it has been inserted in the Bible itself. For the argument to the 7th of Luke in the English version says, that the woman whose sins were in greater number than those of others,—the woman, who till then had lived a wicked and infamous life, was Mary Magdalen. But, *1st*, The text gives no name to this sinner: Where then has it been found? Which of the Evangelists, or what other authentic writing, has taught us the proper name or surname of the woman? For she who poured an ointment upon Christ (Matth. xxvi. John, xii.) was not this sinner, nor Mary Magdalen, but a sister of Lazarus. All these circumstances show that they are

two different stories, two divers actions, performed at divers times, in divers places, and by divers persons. 2*dly*, Where do we find that Mary Magdalen ever anointed the feet of our Saviour? 3*dly*, Where do we find that Mary Magdalen had been a woman of evil life? The gospel tells us that she had been tormented with seven devils or evil spirits, an affliction which might happen to the holiest person in the world: But we do not see even the shadow of a word there which marks her with infamy. Why then do we still adhere to an invention not only fabulous, but injurious to the memory of a woman illustrious in piety? We ought as well to beware of bearing false witness against the dead as against the living.

"It is remarkable that neither the sinner (Luke, vii.) nor the adultress who is spoken of in the 8th of John, are named in the sacred history, any more than the thief who was converted on the cross. There are particular reasons, beyond a doubt, and we may in part conjecture them, why the Holy Spirit has abstained from relating the names of these great sinners, although converted. It is not then for us to impose them; still less to appropriate them to persons whom the Scripture does not accuse of any enormous sins."

That Egyptian penitent. — X. p. 97.

St. Mary the Egyptian. This is one of those religious romances which may probably have been written to edify the people without any intention of deceiving them. Some parts of the legend are beautifully conceived. An English Romanist has versified it in eight books, under the title of the Triumph of the Cross, or Penitent of Egypt. Birmingham, 1776. He had the advantage of believing his story, — which ought to have acted like inspiration.

The dreadful tale! — X. p. 97.

Amava el Rey la desigual Florinda
En ser gentil, y desdeñosa dama,
Que quiere amor, que quando un Rey se rinda
Desdenes puedan resistir su llama.

No fue de Grecia mas hermosa y linda
La que le dio por su desdicha fama,
Ni desde el Sagiturio a Cynosura
Se vio en tanto rigor tanta hermosura.

Creciò el amor como el desden crecia ;
Enojose el poder ; la resistencia
Se fue aumentando, pero no podia
Sufrir un Rey sujeta competencia :
Estendiose à furor la cortesia,
Los terminos passo de la paciencia,
Haziendo los mayores desengaños
Las horas meses, y los meses años.

Cansado ya Rodrigo de que fuesse
Teorica el amor, y intentos vanos,
Sin que demostracion alguna huviesse,
Puso su gusto en pratica de manos :
Pues quien de tanto amor no le tuviesse
Con los medios mas faciles y humanos,
Como tendria entonces sufrimiento
De injusta fuerça en el rigor violento ?

Ansias, congojas, lagrimas y vozes,
Amenazas, amores, fuerça, injuria,
Pruevan, pelean, llegan, dan ferozes
Al que ama, rabia, al que aborrece, furia :
Discurren los pronosticos velozes,
Que ofrece el pensamiento aquien injuria ;
Rodrigo teme, y ama, y fuerça, y ella
Quanto mas se resiste, està mas bella.

Ya viste de jazmines el desmayo
Las eladas mexillas siempre hermosas,
Ya la verguença del clavel de Mayo,
Alexandrinas, y purpureas rosas :

Rodrigo ya como encendido rayo,
Que no respeta las sagradas cosas,
Ni se ahoga en sus lagrimas, ni mueve
Porque se abrasse, o se convierta en nieve.

Rindiose al fin la femenil flaqueza
Al varonil valor y atrevimiento;
Quedò sin lustre la mayor belleza
Que es de una casta Virgen ornamento:
Siguio à la injusta furia la tibieza.
Apareciose el arrepentimiento,
Que viene como sombra del pecado,
Principios del castigo del culpado.

Fue con Rodrigo este mortal disgusto,
Y quedò con Florinda la vengança,
Que le propuso el echo mas injusto
Que de muger nuestra memoria alcança:
Dizese que no ver en el Rey gusto,
Sino de tanto amor tanta mudança
Fue la ocasion, que la muger gozada
Mas siente aborrecida que forçada.

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff. 132.

Lope de Vega quotes scripture in proof of the opinion expressed in this last couplet. 2 Kings, ch. xiii.

Old Barret tells the story as Ancient Pistol would have done: —

"In Ulit's time there regalized in Spain
One Roderick, king from the Gothians race't;
Into whose secret heart with silent strain
Instretcht the 'sturber of hart pudike chast,
Him enamouravizing of a piece,
A piece by Nature quaintly symmetrized,
Enfayred with beauty as Helen fair of Greece:
Count Julian's daughter of bed-wedlockized,

Ycleaped Caba; who in court surshined
The rest, as Hesperus the dimmed stars.
This piece the king in his Love's-closet shrined,
Survicting her by wile, gold, gems, or forced jars.'

It is thus related in the fabulous Chronicle: — "*Despues que el Rey ovo descubierto su coraçon a la Cava, no era dia que la no requiriesse una vez o dos, y ella se defendia con buena razon: empero al cabo como el Rey no pensava cosa como en esto, un dia en la siesta embio con un donzel suyo por la Cava; y ella vino a su mandado; y como en essa hora no avia en toda su camara otro ninguno sino ellos todos tres, el cumplio con ella todo lo que puso. Empero tanto sabed que si ella quisiera dar bozes que bien fuera oyda de la reyna, mas callosse con lo que el Rey quiso fazer.*" — P. 1. c. 172.

In this fabulous Chronicle Roderick's fall is represented as the work of his stars: — "*Y aunque a las vezes pensava el gran yerro en que tocava, y en la maldad que su coraçon avia cometido, tanto era el ardor que tenia que lo olvidava todo, y esto acarreava la malandança que le avia de venir, y la destruycion de Espana que avia de aver comiençó para se hazer; y quiero vos dezir que su constelacion no podia escusar que esto no passasse assi; y ya Dios lo avia dexado en su discrecion; y el por cosa que fuesse no se podia arredrar que no topasse en ello.*" — P. 1. c. 164.

"Certes," says the fabulous Chronicler, "he was a Lord of greater bounty than ever had been seen before his time. — He used to say, that if all the world were his, he would rather lose it than one friend; for the world was a thing, which if it were lost, might be recovered; but a friend once lost could never be recovered for all the treasure in the world. And because he was thus bountiful, all those of Spain were likewise; and they had the fame of being the most liberal men in the world, especially those of the lineage of the Goths. Never a thing was asked at his hands, whether great or small, to which he could say no; and never king nor other great lord asked aid

of him that he denied, but gave them of his treasures and of his people as much as they needed. And doubt not, but that if fortune had not ordered that in his time the lineage of the Goths should be cut off, and Spain destroyed, there was no king or emperor whom he would not have brought into subjection; and if the whole world ought to be placed in the power of one man, (speaking of worldly things,) there never was, nor will be, a man deserving to possess it, save he alone. But as envy is the beginning of all evil, and saw how great was the goodness of this king, she never rested till she had brought about that things should be utterly reversed, even till she had destroyed him. Oh what great damage to the world will it be when God shall consent that so much bounty, and courage, and frankness, and loyalty should be destroyed for ever! All nations ought to clad themselves in wretched weeds one day in the week to mourn for the flower of the world, and especially ought the people of Spain to make such mourning." — *Chronica del Rey Don Rodrigo*, p. 1. c. 55.

And again, when the last battle is approaching, he praises the king: — "*Y el Rey era el mas esforçado hombre de coraçon que nunca se oyo dezir: y el mas franco de todo lo que podia aver; y preciava mas cobrar amigos que no quanto tesoro pudiesse estar en su reyno, hasta el dia que creyo el consejo del traydor del conde Don Julian; y a maravilla era buen cavallero que al tiempo que el no era rey, no se hallava cavallero que a la su bondad se ygualasse, y tanto sabed que sino por estas malandanças que le vinieron, nunca cavallero al mundo de tales condiciones fue; que nunca a el vino chico ni grande que del se partiesse despagado a culpa suya.*" — P. 1. c. 213.

The manner in which Florinda calls upon her father to revenge her is curiously expressed by Lope de Vega: —

Al escrivirle tiemblan pluma y mano,
Llega el agravio, la piedad retira,
Pues quanto escrive la vengança, tanto
Quiere borrar de la verguença el llanto.

No son menos las letras que soldados,
Los ringlones yleras y esquadrones,
Que al son de los suspiros van formados
Haciendo las distancias las diciones :
Los mayores caracteres, armados
Navios, tiendas, maquinas, pendones ;
Los puntos, los incisos, los acentos
Capitanes, Alferez y Sargentos.

Breve processo escrive, aunque el sucesso
Significar quexosa determina,
Pero en tan breve causa, en tal processo
La perdicion de España se fulmina.
Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff. 138.

I remember but one of the old poets who has spoken with compasion of Florinda: It is the Portugueze Bras Garcia Mascarenhas, a writer who, with many odd things in his poem, has some fine ones.

Refresca em Covilham a gente aflita,
Nam se sabe que nome entam a honrava ;
Muyto deposis foy Cava Julia dita,
Por nascer nella a desditada Cava.
Nam a deslustra, antes a acredita
Filha que a honra mais que hum Rey presava ;
Hespanha culpe a força sem desculpa,
Nam culpe a bella, que nam teve culpa.
Viriato Tragico, Canto ii. St. 118.

Wamba's wars. — XII. p. 110.

In the valuable history of this king by a contemporary writer, the following character of the French is given : —

" *Hujus igitur gloriosis temporibus, Galliarum terra altrix perfidiæ infami denotatur elogio, quæ utique inæstimabili infidelitatis febre vexata, genita a se infidelium depasceret membra.*

Quid enim non in illa crudele vel lubricum? ubi conjuratorum conciliabulum, perfidiæ signum, obscœnitas operum, fraus negotiorum, vœnale judicium, et quod pejus his omnibus est, contra ipsum Salvatorem nostrum et Dominum, Judæorum blasphemantium prostibulum habebatur. Hæc enim terra suo, ut ita dixerim, partu, perditionis suæ sibimet præparavit excidium, et ex ventris sui generatione viperea eversionis suæ nutrivit decipulam. Etenim dum multo jam tempore his febrium diversitatibus ageretur, subito in ea unius nefandi capitis prolapsione turbo infidelitatis adsurgit, et conscensio perfidiæ per unum ad plurimos transit."—S. Julian, Hist. Wambæ, § 5. — Espana Sagrada, 6. 544.

The bath, the bed,
The vigil. — XII. p. 111.

The Partidas have some curious matter upon this subject.

" Cleanliness makes things appear well to those who behold them, even as propriety makes them seemly, each in its way. And therefore the ancients held it good that knights should be made cleanly. For even as they ought to have cleanliness within them in their manners and customs, so ought they to have it without in their garments, and in the arms which they wear. For albeit their business is hard and cruel, being to strike and to slay; yet notwithstanding they may not so far forego their natural inclinations, as not to be pleased with fair and goodly things, especially when they wear them. For on one part they give joy and delight, and on the other make them fearlessly perform feats of arms, because they are aware that by them they are known, and that because of them men take more heed to what they do. Therefore, for this reason, cleanliness and propriety do not diminish the hardihood and cruelty which they ought to have. Moreover, as is aforesaid, that which appears without is the signification of what they have in their inclinations within. And therefore the ancients ordained that the squire, who is of noble lineage, should keep vigil the day before he receives knighthood. And after mid-day the squires shall bathe him, and wash his head with their hands,

and lay him in the goodliest bed that may be. And there the knights shall draw on his hose, and clothe him with the best garments that can be had. And when the cleansing of the body has been performed, they shall do as much to the soul, taking him to the church, where he is to labour in watching and beseeching mercy of God, that he will forgive him his sins, and guide him so that he may demean himself well in that order which he is about to receive; to the end that he may defend his law, and do all other things according as it behoveth him, and that he would be his defender and keeper in all dangers and in all difficulties. And he ought to bear in mind how God is powerful above all things, and can show his power in them when he listeth, and especially in affairs of arms. For in his hand are life and death, to give and to take away, and to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. And when he is making this prayer, he must be with his knees bent, and all the rest of the time on foot, as long as he can bear it. For the vigil of knights was not ordained to be a sport, nor for any thing else, except that they, and those who go there, should pray to God to protect them, and direct them in the right way, and support them, as men who are entering upon the way of death."— *Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 13.

"When the vigil is over, as soon as it is day, he ought first to hear mass, and pray God to direct all his feats to his service. And afterwards he who is to knight him shall come and ask him, if he would receive the order of knighthood; and if he answereth yea, then shall it be asked him, if he will maintain it as it ought to be maintained; and when he shall have promised to do this, that knight shall fasten on his spurs, or order some other knight to fasten them on, according to what manner of man he may be, and the rank which he holdeth. And this they do to signify, that as a knight putteth spurs on the right and on the left, to make his horse gallop straight forward, even so he ought to let his actions be straight forward, swerving on neither side. And then shall his sword be girt on over his *brial*.— Formerly it was ordained that when noble men were made knights, they should be armed at all points, as if

they were about to do battle. But it was not held good that their heads should be covered, for they who cover their heads do so for two reasons: the one to hide something there which hath an ill look, and for that reason they may well cover them with any fair and becoming covering. The other reason is, when a man hath done some unseemly thing of which he is ashamed. And this in no wise becometh noble knights. For when they are about to receive so noble and so honourable a thing as knighthood, it is not fitting that they should enter into it with any evil shame, neither with fear. And when they shall have girded on his sword, they shall draw it from out the scabbard, and place it in his right hand, and make him swear these three things: first, That he shall not fear to die for his faith, if need be; secondly, For his natural Lord; thirdly, For his country; and when he hath sworn this, then shall the blow on the neck be given him, in order that these things aforesaid may come into his mind, saying, God guard him to his service, and let him perform all that he hath promised; and after this, he who hath conferred the order upon him, shall kiss him, in token of the faith and peace and brotherhood which ought to be observed among knights. And the same ought all the knights to do who are in that place, not only at that time, but whenever they shall meet with him during that whole year."— *Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 14.

"The gilt spurs which the knights put on have many significations; for the gold, which is so greatly esteemed, he puts upon his feet, denoting thereby, that the knight shall not for gold commit any malignity or treason, or like deed, that would detract from the honour of knighthood. The spurs are sharp, that they may quicken the speed of the horse; and this signifies that the knight ought to spur and prick on the people, and make them virtuous; for one knight with his virtues is sufficient to make many people virtuous, and on the other hand, he ought to prick a perverse people to make them fearful."— *Tirante il Blanco*, p. 1. C. 19. ff. 44.

The Hermit reads to Tirante a chapter from the *Arbor de battaglie*, explaining the origin of knighthood. The world, it

is there said, was corrupted, when God, to the intent that he might be loved, honoured, served, and feared once more, chose out from every thousand men one who was more amiable, more affable, more wise, more loyal, more strong, more noble-minded, more virtuous, and of better customs than all the others: And then he sought among all beasts for that which was the goodliest, and the swiftest, and which could bear the greatest fatigue, and might be convenient for the service of man; and he chose the horse, and gave him to this man who was chosen from the thousand; and for this reason he was called *cavallero*, because the best animal was thus joined to the most noble man. And when Romulus founded Rome, he chose out a thousand young men to be knights, and *furno nominati militi porche mille furono fatti in un tempo cavalleri.* — P. 1. C. 14. ff. 40.

The custom which some kings had of knighting themselves is censured by the Partidas. — P. ii. T. 21. L. 11. It is there said, that there must be one to give, and another to receive the order. And a knight can no more knight, than a priest can ordain himself.

"When the Infante Hernando of Castile was chosen king of Aragon, he knighted himself on his coronation day: — *De que tots los Barons nobles ho tengeren una gran maravella com el matex se feu cavaller, qui segons los dessus dits deyen nenguno pot esser cavaller, sino dones nos fa cavaller de ma de cavaller qui hage lorde de cavalleria.*" — Tomich. C. 47. ff. 68.

"The qualifications for a knight, cavallero, or horse-soldier, in the barbarous stage of society, were three: 1*st*, That he should be able to endure fatigue, hardship, and privations. 2*dly*, That he should have been used to strike, that his blows might be the more deadly. 3*dly*, That he should be bloody-minded, and rob, hack, and destroy the enemy without compunction. The persons, therefore, who were preferred, were mountaineers, accustomed to hunting, — carpenters, blacksmiths, stone-cutters, and butchers. But it being found that such persons would sometimes run away, it was then discovered that they who were chosen for cavaliers ought to have

a natural sense of shame. And for this reason it was appointed that they should be men of family." — *Partida*, ii. *T.* 21. *L.* 2. *Vegetius*, l. 1. c. 7.

The privileges of knighthood were at one time so great, that if the goods of a knight were liable to seizure, they could not be seized where he or his wife were present, nor even where his cloak or shield was to be found. — *Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 23.

The coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend. — XII. p. 111.

Canciani (T. 3. p. 34.) gives a representation of Roland from the porch of the Cathedral at Verona, which is supposed to have been built about the beginning of the ninth century. The figure is identified by the inscription on the sword, .. *Du-rin-dar-da.* The *lorica*, which Canciani explains, *Vestica bellica maculis ferreis contexta*, is illustrated by this figure. It is a coat or frock of *scale*-mail reaching to the knees, and with half sleeves. The only hand which appears is unarmed, as far as the elbow. The right leg also is unarmed, the other leg and foot are in the same sort of armour as the coat. The end of a loose garment appears under the mail. The shield reaches from the chin to the middle of the leg, it is broad enough at the top to cover the breast and shoulder, and slopes gradually off to the form of a long oval.

At every saddle-bow
A gory head was hung. — XIV. p. 127.

This picture frequently occurs in the Spanish Chronicles. Sigurd the elder, Earl of Orkney, owed his death to a like custom. " Suddenly clapping spurs to his horse, as he was returning home in triumph, bearing, like each of his followers, one of these bloody spoils, a large front tooth in the mouth of the head which hung dangling by his side, cut the calf of his leg, — the wound mortified, and he died. — The Earl must

have been bare-legged." — *Torfæus, quoted in Edmonston's View of the Zetland Islands*, vol. i. p. 33.

In reverence to the priestly character. — XV. p. 135.

" At the synod of Mascou, laymen were enjoined to do honour to the honourable clergy by humbly bowing the head, and uncovering it, if they were both on horseback, and by alighting also if the clergyman were a-foot."—*Pierre de Marca. Hist. de Bearn*, l. i. ch. 18. § 2.

Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
Could satisfy insatiate. — XVI. p. 142.

Hernando de Soto, — the history of whose expedition to Florida by the Inca Garcilaso, is one of the most delightful books in the Spanish language.

Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain.
XVI. p. 144.

" Morales (8. 23. 3.), speaking of the Asturians, mentions with wonder their chairs, furniture, and granaries of basket-work, . . *las sillas y otras cosas de servicio recias y firmas que hacen entretexidas de mimbres y varas de avellano. Y aun a me no me espantaba en aquella tierra tanto esto como ver los graneros, que ellos llaman los horreos, fabricados desta misma obra de varas entretexidas, y tan tapidas y de tanta firmeza, que sufren gran carga como buenas paredes.*"

Covadonga. — XVI. p. 146.

The valley of Covadonga is thus described by the Conde de Saldueña; — and the description is a fair specimen of his poem; —

Yace de Asturias, donde el Sol infante
Sus montes con primeras luces baña,
De Covadonga el sitio, que triunfante
Cuna fue en que nacio la insigne España

Vierte en el Sela liquidos cristales
Con Buena y Deba, que de la montaña
Deben la vida à la fragosa copa,
A quien la antiguedad llamò de Europa.

Aqui la juventud de un bello llano
Compite à flores, luces de la esphera ;
Y burlando el Invierno y el Verano
Eterna vive en el la Primavera :
Sobre sus glebas se derrama ufano
El prodigioso cuerno de la Ficra
De Amaltea, y aromas, y colores
Confunden los matices con olores.

Robustos troncos, con pobladas ramas
Vuelven el sitio rustica Alameda,
Y del Sol no permiten a las llamas
Lo espeso penetrar de la Arboleda :
Pierden sus rayos las ardientes famas,
Pues la frondosidad opuesta veda
La luz al dia, y denso verde muro
Crepusculo le viste al ayre puro.

Sigeiendo la ribera de Peonia
Al Oriente Estival, y algo inclinado
A la parte que mira al medio dia,
Otro valle se vè mas dilatado :
A la derecha de esta selva umbria
Reynazo corre, que precipitado
Va à dar à Bueña en liquidos abrazos
Su pobre vena en cristalinos lazos.

Sin passar de Reynazo el successivo
Curso, dexando presto su torrente,
Con el cristal se encuentra fugitivo
De Deba, a quien la Cueba dio la fuente.

La admiracion aqui raro motivo
Vè, formando la senda su corriente,
Pues lo estrecho del sitio peñascoso
Hace camino del licor undoso.

Hecho serpiente Deva del camino
En circulo se enrosca tortuoso,
Vomitando veneno cristalino
En el liquido aljofar proceloso :
En las orillas con vivaz destino,
En tosigo se vuelve, que espumoso
Inficiona lethal al pie ligero,
Quando le pisa incanto el passagero.

Ya de este valle cierran las campañas,
Creciendo de sus riscos la estatura,
Desmesuradas tanto las montañas
Que ofuscan ya del Sol la lumbre pura
Son rusticos los lados, las entrañas
Del valle visten siempre la hermosura
Fronsidad el ayre, y de colores
El suelo texe alfombra de primores.

Aunque los montes con espesas breñas
El lado al sitio forman horroroso,
Y contra su verdor desnudas peñas
Compiten de lo llano lo frondoso ;
Pintados pajarillos dulces senas
Al son del agua en trino sonoroso
De ignorados idiomas en su canto
Dan con arpados picos dulce encanto.

Lo ultimo de este valle la alta sierra
De Covadonga ocupa, donde fuerte
Se expone el Heroe al juego de la guerra,
Sin temor negro ocaso de la suerte :

Los que animosos este sitio encierra
El ceño despreciando de la muerte,
Su pecho encienden en la altiva llama
Que no cabra en las trompas de la Fama.

De Diba en ella la preciosa fuente
Al llano brota arroyos de cristales,
Donde en pequena balsa su corriente
Se detiene en suspensos manantiales :
Despues se precipita su torrente
Quanto sus ondas enfreno neutrales,
Con sonoroso ruido de la peña
El curso de sus aguas se despeña.

Cierra todo este valle esta robusta
Peña, donde la Cueva està divina,
Que amenaza tajada a ser injusta
Del breve llano formidable ruina :
Parece quiere ser con saña adusta
Seco padron, y fiera se destina
A erigirse epitafio peñascoso,
Sepultando su horror el sitio hermoso.

De piedra viva tan tremenda altura
Que la vista al mirarla se estremece ;
Vasta greña se viste, y la hermosura
De la fertilidad seca aborrece :
Es tan desmesurada su estatura
Que estrecha el ayre, y barbara parece
Que quiere que la sirvan de Cimera
Las fulminantes luces de la Esphera.

Como a dos picas en la peña dura
Construye en circo una abertura rara,
De una pica de alto, y dos de anchura,
Rica de sombras su mansion avara :

Ventana, ò boca de la cueva obscura
Donde el Sol no dispensa su luz clara,
Tan corta, que su centro tenebroso
Aun no admite crepusculo dudoso.

En este sitio puez, donde compite
La rustiquez con las pintadas flores,
Puez la pelada sierra no permite
A la vista, sino es yertos horrores :
Por el contrario el llano que en si admite
De los bellos matices los primores,
Efecto siendo de naturaleza
La union en lo fealdad, y la belleza.

A tiorba de cristal las dulces aves
Corresponden en trinos amorosos,
Vertiendo en blando son tonos suaves
Ecos los ayres beben harmoniosos :
Enmudecen su canto quando graves
Bemoles gorgeando mas preciosos,
Es maestro à la barbara Capilla
El Ruysenor, plumada maravilla.

Elige este distrito la Divina
Providencia à lo grave de la hazaña,
Pues aqui su justicia determina
La monarquia fabricar de Espana :
A las cortas reliquias, que à la ruina
Reservò su piedad, enciende en saña
Religiosa, que à Imperio sin regunda
Abra futura llave Nuevo Mundo.

El Pelayo, Cant. ix.

Christoval de Mesa also describes the scene.

Acercandose mas, oye el sonido
Del agua, con un manso y sordo ruydo.

El qual era de quatro claras fuentes
Que estavan de la ermita en las esquinas,
Cuyas puras de plata aguas corrientes
Mostro la blanca Luna cristalinas;
Y corriendo por partes diferentes
Eran de grande maravilla dignas,
Y en qualquiera de todas por su parte
Naturaleza se esmero con arte.

La una mana de una viva pena,
Y qual si tambien fuera el agua viva,
Parte la bana, y parte se despeña
Con rapida corriente fugitiva:
Despues distinto un largo arroyo enseña
Que por diversas partes se derriba,
Con diferente curso en vario modo,
Hasta que a donde nace buelve todo.

Otra, que alta descubre ancho Orizonte,
Como agraviada del lugar segundo
Sustenta un monstruo que parece un monte,
Qual Atlante que tiene en peso el mundo:
Y como sucle el caudaloso Oronte
Dar el ancho tributo al mar profundo,
Assi se arroja con furiosas ondas,
Por las partes mas baxas y mas hondas.

Sale bramando la tercera fuente,
Como un mar, y despues por el arena
Va con tan mansa y placida corriente
Tan grata y sossegada, y tan serena,
Que a las fieras, ganados, peces, gente,
Puede aplacar la sed, menguar la pena,
Y da despues la buelta, y forma el cuerno
De la Luna, imitando el curso eterno.

Nace la quarta de una gran caverna,
Y siguiendo su prospera derrota
Parece que por arte se govierna,
Segun va destilando gota a gota:
No vido antigua edad, edad moderna
En region muy propinqua, o muy remota,
Fuente tan peregrina, obra tan nueva,
En gruta artificiosa, o tosca cueva.

Restauracion de Espana, Lib. 2. ff. 27.

Morales has given a minute description both of the scenery and antiquities of this memorable place. The Conde de Saldueña evidently had it before him. I also am greatly indebted to this faithful and excellent author.

The timid hare soon learns that she may trust
The solitary penitent, and birds
Will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.

XVII. p. 154.

Con mil mortificaciones
Sus passiones crucifican,
Porque ellas de todo mueran
Porque el alma solo viva.
Hazen por huyr al ocio
Cestos, y espuertas texidas
De las hojas de las palmas
Que alli crecen sin medida.
Los arboles, y las pluntas
Porque a su gusto los sirvan
Para esto vergas offrecen,
De las mas tiernas que crian.
Tambien de corcho hazen vasos
Cuentas, Cruzes, y baxillas,
Cuyo modo artificioso.
El oro, y la plata embidian.
Este los cilicios texe,
Aquel haze disciplinas,

El otro las calaveras
En tosco palo esculpidas.
Uno a sombra del aliso,
Con la escritura divina
Misticos sentidos saca
De sus literales minas.
Otro junto de la fuente
Que murmura en dulce risa
Mira en los libros las obras
De los santos Eremitas.
Qual cerca del arroyuelo
Que saltando corre aprissa,
Discurre como a la muerte
Corre sin parar la vida.
Qual con un Christe abraçado
Besandole las heridas,
Herido de sus dolores
A sus pies llora, y suspira.
Qual en las flores que al campo
Entre esmeraldas matizan,
Las grandezas soberanas
Del immenso autor medita.
Qual subida en las piçarras
Que plata, y perlas distilan,
Con lagrimas acrecienta
Su corriente cristalina.
Qual a las fieras convoca,
Las aves llama, y combida
A que al criador de todo
Alaben agradecidas.
Qual immoble todo el cuerpo,
Con las acciones perdidas,
Tiene arrebatuda el alma
Alla donde amando anima.
Y de aquel extasi quando
Parece que resuscita,

Dize con razon que muere
Porque no perdio lo vida.
La fuerça de amor a vezes
Sueño, y reposo los quita,
Y saliendo de su estancia
Buscan del Cielo la vista.
Quando serena la noche
Clara se descubre Cynthia,
Bordando de azul, y plata
El postrer mobil que pisa;
Quando al oro de su hermano
No puede tener embidia,
Que llena del que le presta
Haze de la noche dia;
Del baculo acompañado
El amante Anachorita
Solo por las soledades
Solitarios pasos guia.
Y parando entre el silencio
Las claras estrellas mira
Que le deleitan por obra
De la potencia divina.
En altas bozes alaba
Sin tener quien se lo impida
Al amador soberano
Cuya gracia solicita.
Contempla sus perfeciones,
Sus grandezas soleniza,
Sus misericordias canta,
Sus excelencias publica.
La noche atenta entre tanto
Callando porque el prosiga.
Cruxen los vezinos ramos,
Y blando el viento respira.
Gimen las aves nocturnas
Por hazerle compania,

Suenan las fuentes, y arroyos,
Retumban las penas frias.
Todo ayuda al solitario,
Mientras con el alma fixa
En sus queridos amores
Contemplandolos se alivia.
Soledades de Busaco.

Fuller, the Worthy, has a beautiful passage in his Church History concerning "Primitive Monks with their Piety and Painfulness." — "When the furnace of persecution in the infancy of christianity was grown so hot, that most cities, towns, and populous places were visited with that epidemical disease, many pious men fled into deserts, there to live with more safety, and serve God with less disturbance. No wild humour to make themselves miserable, and to choose and court their own calamity, put them on this project, much less any superstitious opinion of transcendant sanctity in a solitary life, made them willingly to leave their former habitations. For whereas all men by their birth are indebted to their country, there to stay and discharge all civil relations, it had been dishonesty in them like bankrupts to run away into the wilderness to defraud their country, their creditor, except some violent occasion (such as persecution was) forced them thereunto; and this was the first original of monks in the world, so called from μόνος, because living alone by themselves.

"Here they in the deserts hoped to find rocks and stocks, yea beasts themselves, more kind than men had been to them. What would hide and heat, cover and keep warm, served them for clothes, not placing (as their successors in after ages) any holiness in their habit, folded up in the affected fashion thereof. As for their food, the grass was their cloth, the ground their table, herbs and roots their diet, wild fruits and berries their dainties, hunger their sauce, their nails their knives, their hands their cups, the next well their wine-cellar; but what their bill of fare wanted in cheer it had in grace, their life being constantly spent in prayer, reading, musing, and such like pious

employments. They turned solitariness itself into society; and cleaving themselves asunder by the divine art of meditation, did make of one, two or more, opposing, answering, moderating in their own bosoms, and busy in themselves with variety of heavenly recreations. It would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate upon their meditations. For if ever poverty was to be envied it was here. And I appeal to the moderate men of these times, whether in the height of these woeful wars, they have not sometimes wisht (not out of passionate distemper, but serious recollection of themselves) some such private place to retire unto, where, out of the noise of this clamorous world, they might have reposed themselves, and served God with more quiet."

None but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Sees and rewards the secret sacrifice. — XVIII. p. 163.

Meu amor faça em Deos seu fundamento
Em Deos, que so conhece e so estima
A nobreza e o valor de hum pensamento.
Fernam Alvares do Oriente.

Sindered. — XVIII. p. 163.

"*Per idem tempus divinæ memoriæ Sinderedus urbis Regiæ Metropolitanus Episcopus sanctimoniæ studio claret; atque longævos et merito honorabiles viros quos in suprafata sibi commissa Ecclesia repetit, non secundum scientiam zelo sanctitatis stimulat, atque instinctu jam dicti Witizæ Principis eos sub ejus tempore convexare non cessat; qui et post modicum incursus Arabum expavescens, non ut pastor, sed ut mercenarius, Christi oves contra decreta majorum deserens, Romanæ patriæ sese adventat.*" — Isid. Pacensis, Espana Sagrada, T. 8. p. 298.

"*E assi como el Arçobispo fue cierto de la mala andança partio de Cordova; y nunca cesso de andar dia ni noche fasta que llego a Toledo; y no embargante que el era hombre de buena vida, no*

se quiso mostrar por tal como deviera ser, y sufrir antes martyrio por amor de Jesu Christo y esforçar los suyos, porque se defendiessen, y que las gentes no desamparassen la tierra; ca su intencion fue de ser confessor antes que martyr. — Cor. del K. D. Rodrigo, p. 2. C. 48.

While the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name,
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls,
Blots it, unworthy to partake her prayers.
XVIII. p. 163.

"*Je ne serois pas en grande peine,*" says Pierre de Marca, "*de rechercher les noms des Evesques des Bearn, si la saincte et louable pratique des anciens Peres d'inserer dans les Diptyches, et cayers sacrés de chascune Eglise, les noms des Evesques orthodoxes, et qui estoient decedés dans la communion de l' Eglise Catholique, eust este continuée jusqu' aux derniers siecles. Et je pourrois me servir en cette rencontre du moyen que l' Empereur Justinian et le cinquiesme Concile General employerent, pour sçavoir si Theodore Evesque de Mopsuestie estoit reconnu apres sa mort pour Evesque de l' Eglise qu'il avoit possedée durant sa vie. Car ils ordonnerent a l' Evesque et au Clergé de cette ville, de revoir les Diptyches de leur Eglise, et de rapporter fidellement ce qu'ils y trouveroient. Ce qu' ayant executé diligemment, ils firent rapport qu' apres avoir fueilleté quatre divers cayers en parchemin, qui estoient leurs Diptyches, ils y avoient trouvé le nom de tous les Evesques de ce siege; horsmis qu' en la place de Theodore, avoit esté substitué le nom de Cyrille, qui estoit le Patriarche d' Alexandrie; lequel presidant au Concile d' Ephese avoit condamné l' heresie de Nestorius et de Theodore de Mopsuestie. D'ou il apert que les noms de tous les Evesques depuis l' origine et l' establissement de chascune des Eglises estoient enregistrés dans les cayers que l'on appelloit Diptyches, et que l'on les recitoit nom par nom en leur lieu, pendant la celebration de la Liturgie, tant pour tesmoigner la continuation de la communion avec les Evesques decedés, que l'on avoit euë avec euxmesmes vivans, qu' afin de*

procurer par les prieres publiques, et par l'efficace du Sacrifice non sanglant, en la celebration du quel ils estoient recommendés a Dieu, suivant l'ordonnance des Apostres, un grand profit, soulagement, et refraichissement pour leurs' ames, comme enseignent Cyrille de Hierusalem, Chrysostome, et Epiphane." — Histoire de Bearn, l. 4. c. 9. §1.

" Some time before they made oblation for the dead, it was usual in some ages to recite the names of such eminent bishops, or saints, or martyrs, as were particularly to be mentioned in this part of the service. To this purpose they had certain books, which they called their Holy Books, and commonly their *Diptychs*, from their being folded together, wherein the names of such persons were written, that the deacon might rehearse them as occasion required in the time of divine service. Cardinal Bona and Schelstrate make three sorts of these *Diptychs*; one wherein the names of bishops only were written, and more particularly such bishops as had been governors of that particular church: a second, wherein the names of the living were written, who were eminent and conspicuous either for any office and dignity, or some benefaction and good work, whereby they had deserved well of the church; in this rank were the patriarchs and bishops of great sees, and the bishop and clergy of that particular church: together with the emperors and magistrates, and others most conspicuous among the people; the third was the book containing the names of such as were deceased in catholic communion.—These therefore were of use, partly to preserve the memory of such eminent men as were dead in the communion of the church, and partly to make honourable mention of such general councils as had established the chief articles of the faith: and to erase the names either of men or councils out of these *Diptychs*, was the same thing as to declare that they were heterodox, and such as they thought unworthy to hold communion with, as criminals, or some way deviating from the faith. Upon this account St. Cyprian ordered the name of Geminius Victor to be left out among those that were commemorated at the holy table, because he had broken the rules of the church. And Evagrius observes of

Theodorus bishop of Mopsuestia, that his name was struck out of the Holy Books, that is, the *Diptychs*, upon the account of his heretical opinions, after death. And St. Austin, speaking of Cæcilian, Bishop of Carthage, whom the Donatists falsely accused of being ordained by *Traditores*, or men who had delivered up the Bible to be burned in the times of persecution, tells them that if they could make good any real charge against him, they would no longer name him among the rest of the bishops, whom they believed to be faithful and innocent, at the altar." — *Bingham*, b. 15. ch. 3. sect. 17.

Orary. — XVIII. p. 164.

"The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the little habit called the *Orarium*, which was a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders; and might be used by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, but not by subdeacons, singers, or readers, who are expressly debarred the use of it in that council. — The first council of Braga speaks of the *tunica* and the *orarium* as both belonging to deacons. And the third council of Braga orders priests to wear the *orarium* on both shoulders when they ministered at the altar. By which we learn that the *tunica* or *surplice* was common to all the clergy, the *orarium* on the left shoulder proper to deacons, and on both shoulders the distinguishing badge of priests. — The fourth council of Toledo is most particular in these distinctions. For in one canon it says, that if a bishop, presbyter, or deacon, be unjustly degraded, and be found innocent by a synod, yet they shall not be what they were before, unless they receive the degrees they had lost from the hands of the bishops before the altar. If he be a bishop, he must receive his *orarium*, his ring, and his staff: if a presbyter, his *orarium* and *planeta:* if a deacon, his *orarium* and *alba*. And in another canon, that the deacon shall wear but one *orarium*, and that upon his left shoulder, wherewith he is to give the signal of prayers to the people. Where we may observe also the reason of the name *orarium* in the ecclesiastical sense *ab orando*, from praying,

though in common acceptation it signifies no more than an handkerchief to wipe the face, and so comes *ab ore*, in which signification it is sometimes used by St. Ambrose and St. Austin, as well as by the old Roman authors. But here we take it in the ecclesiastical sense for a sacred habit appropriated to bishops, priests, and deacons, in the solemnities of divine service, in which sense it appears to have been a habit distinct from that of civil and common use, by all the authorities that have been mentioned." — *Bingham*, b. 13. c. 8. sect. 2.

Nor wore he mitre here,
Precious or auriphrygiate. — XVIII. p. 164.

Mitræ usus antiquissimus est, et ejus triplex est species: una quæ pretiosa dicitur, quia gemmis et lapidibus pretiosis, vel laminis aureis, vel argenteis contexta esse solet; altera auriphrygiata sine gemmis, et sine laminis aureis vel argenteis; sed vel aliquibus parvis margaritis composita, vel ex serico albo auro intermisto, vel ex tela aurea simplici sine laminis et margaritis; tertia, quæ simplex vocatur, sine auro, ex simplici sirico Damasceno, vel alio, aut etiam linea, ex tela alba confecta, rubeis laciniis seu frangiis et vittis pendentibus. Pretiosa utitur Episcopus in solemnioribus festis, et generaliter quandocumque in officio dicitur hymnus Te Deum laudamus, &c. *et in missa* Gloria in excelsis Deo. *Nihilominus in eisdem festis etiam auriphrygiata uti poterit, sed potius ad commoditatem quam ex necessitate; ne scilicet Episcopus nimis gravetur, si in toto officio pretiosa utatur: propterea usu receptum est, tam in Vesperis, quam in Missis, ut pretiosa utatur Episcopus in principio et in fine Vesperarum et Missarum solemnium, ac eundo ad Ecclesiam et redeundo ab ea; et quando lavat manus et dat benedictionem solemnem. Intermedio autem spatio loco pretiosæ accipit auriphrygiatam. — Auriphrygiata mitra utitur Episcopus ab Adventu Domini usque ad festum Nativitatis, excepta Dominica tertia Adventus, in qua dicitur Introitus* Gaudete, &c. *ideoque in signum lætitiæ utitur tunc pretiosa. Item a Septuagesima usque ad feriam quartam majoris hebdomadæ inclusivè, excepta Dominica quarta Quadragesimæ, in qua dicitur*

Introitus Lætare, &c. *Item in omnibus vigiliis, quæ jejunantur, et in omnibus quatuor temporibus; in Rogationibus, Litaniis et processionibus, quæ ex causa penitentiæ fiunt; in festo Innocentium, nisi veniat in Dominica; et benedictionibus, et consecrationibus, quæ private aguntur. Quibus quidem temporibus abstinet, Episcopus a mitra pretiosa. Poterit tamen Episcopus dum utitur auriphrygiata, uti etiam simplici eodem modo et forma, prout de pretiosa et auriphrygiata dictum est. Simplici vero mitra utitur Episcopus feria sexta in Parasceve, et in officiis et Missis defunctorum.*" — Cæremoniale Episcoporum, l. 1. c. 17.

The pall
Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
Gregory had laid. — XVIII. p. 164.

" By the way, the pall is a pontifical vestment, considerable for the matter, making, and mysteries thereof. For the matter, it is made of lamb's wooll and superstition. I say of lamb's wooll, as it comes from the sheep's back, without any other artificiall colour, spun, say some, by a peculiar order of nunnes, first cast into the tombe of St. Peter, taken from his body, say others, surely most sacred if from both; and superstitiously adorned with little black crosses. For the form thereof; the breadth exceeded not three fingers, one of our bachelours' lambskin hoods in Cambridge would make three of them, having two labells hanging down before and behind, which the archbishops onely, when going to the altar, put about their necks, above their other pontificall ornaments. Three mysteries were couched therein. *First*, Humility, which beautifies the clergy above all their costly copes. *Secondly*, Innocency, to imitate lamb-like simplicitie. And, *Thirdly*, Industry, to follow him who fetched his wandering sheep home on his shoulders. But to speak plainly, the mystery of mysteries in the pall was, that the archbishops receiving it shewed therein their dependence on Rome; and a mote in this manner ceremoniously taken was a sufficient acknowledgement of their subjection. And as it owned Rome's power, so in after ages it increased their profit. For, though now such palls were freely given to

archbishops, whose places in Britain for the present were rather cumbersome than commodious. having little more than their paines for their labour; yet in after ages the archbishop of Canterburie's pall was sold for five thousand florenes, so that the pope might well have the golden fleece if he could sell all his lamb's wooll at that rate. Onely let me add, that the author of Canterbury-book stiles this pall *Tanquam grande Christi Sacramentum.* It is well *tanquam* came in to help it, or else we should have had eight sacraments." — *Fuller's Church History*, page 71.

The relics and the written works of Saints,
Toledo's choicest treasure, prized beyond
All wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed,
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. — XVIII. p. 165.

"Among those," says Morales, "who then passed from Toledo to Asturias, was the archbishop of Toledo, named Urban.— He, with a holy foresight, collected the sacred relics which he could, and the most precious books of his own church and of others, determining to carry them all to the Asturias, in order that the holy relics might not be profaned or treated with little reverence by the infidels, and that the books of the Holy Scriptures, and of the ecclesiastical offices, and the works of our holy doctors, might not be lost. — And although many relics are mentioned which the archbishop then carried from Toledo, especial mention is made of a holy ark full of many and most remarkable relics, which through divers chances and dangers, had been brought from Jerusalem to Toledo, and of which all that is fitting shall be related in its place, if it please God that this history should proceed. It is also expressly said, that the cope which Our Lady gave to St. Ildefonso, was then carried to the Asturias with the other relics; and being so capital a relic, it was a worthy thing to write of it thus particularly. Of

the sacred books which were saved at that time, there are specified the Holy Scriptures, the Councils, the works of St. Isidore, and St. Ildefonso, and of St. Julian the archbishop of Toledo. And as there is at this day in the church of Oviedo that holy ark, together with many others of the relics which were then removed, so do I verily believe that there are in the library of that church three or four books of those which were then brought from Toledo. I am led to this belief by seeing that they are written in a form of Gothic letters, which being compared with writings six hundred years old, are without doubt much older, and of characters so different, that they may well be attributed to the times of the Goths. One is the volume of the Councils, another is a *Santoral*, another contains the books of St. Isidore *de Naturis Rerum*, with other works of other authors. And there are also some leaves of a Bible. — To put these sacred relics in greater security, and avoid the danger of the Moors, they hid them in a cave, and in a sort of deep pit therein, two leagues from the city of Oviedo, (which was not at that time built,) in a mountain, which was for this reason called Montesacro. It is now by a slight corruption called Monsagro; and the people of that country hold the cave in great veneration, and a great romery, or pilgrimage, is made on St. Magdalen's day. — *Morales*, l. 12. c. 71.

The place where the relics were deposited is curiously described in the Romantic Chronicle. "He found that in this land of Asturias there was a sierra, full great, and high, the which had only two entrances, after this manner. On the one entrance there was a great river, which was to be passed seven times, and in none of those seven places was it fordable at any time, except in the month of July. And after the river had been crost seven times, there was an ascent of a long league up a high mountain, which is full of many great trees and great thickets, wherein are many wild beasts, such as bears and boars and wolves, and there is a pass there between two rocks, which ten men might defend against the whole world, and this is the one entrance. The other is, that you must ascend this great mountain, by a path of two full leagues in

length, on the one side having always the river, and the way so narrow, that one man must go before another, and one man can defend the path in such manner, that no arbalist, nor engine of other kind, nor any other thing, can hurt him, not if the whole world were to come against him. And if any one were to stumble upon this path, he would fall more than two thousand fathoms, down over rocks into the river, which lies at such a depth that the water appears blacker than pitch. And upon that mountain there is a good spring, and a plain where there are good meadows, and room enough to raise grain for eight or ten persons for a year; and the snow is always there for company, enduring from one year to another. And upon that mountain the archbishop made two churches, one to the honour of St. Mary Magdalen, and the other to the honour of St. Michael, and there he placed all these reliques, where he had no fear that any should take them; and for the honour of these relics, the archbishop consecrated the whole mountain, and appointed good guard over the sacred relics, and left there three men of good life, who were willing to remain there, serving God, and doing penance for their sins." — P. 2. c. 48.

Of the *Camara Santa*, Morales has given a curious account in his Journal; the substance, with other remarkable circumstances, he afterwards thus inserted in his great history: —

"The other church (or chapel) which King Alonso el Casto ordered to be built on the south side of the Iglesia Mayor (or cathedral), was with the advocation of the Glorious Archangel St. Michael. And in order that he might elevate it, he placed under it another church of the Virgin and Martyr St. Leocadia, somewhat low, and vaulted with a strong arch, to support the great weight which was to be laid upon it. The king's motive for thus elevating this church of St. Michael, I believe certainly to have been because of the great humidity of that land. He had determined to place in this church the famous relics of which we shall presently speak, and the humidity of the region is so great, that even in summer the furniture of the houses on high ground is covered

with mold. This religious prince therefore elevated the church with becoming foresight for reverence and better preservation of the precious treasure which was therein to be deposited. For this reason they call it Camara, (the chamber,) and for the many and great relics which it contains, it has most deservedly the appellation of Holy. You ascend to it by a flight of twenty-two steps, which begin in the cross of the Iglesia Mayor (or cathedral), and lead to a vaulted apartment twenty feet square, where there is an altar upon which mass is said; for within there is no altar, neither is mass said there by reason of the reverence shewn to so great a sanctuary; and it may be seen that K. D. Alonso intended in his plan that there should be no altar within. In this apartment or outer chapel is a great arched door, with a very strong fastening; it leads to another smaller square chamber, vaulted also, with a square door, which also is fastened with another strong fastening, and these are the fastenings and keys which the Bishop Sampyro admires for their strength and security.

" The square door is the door of the Holy Chamber, which is in the form of a complete church, and you descend to it by twelve steps. The body of this church is twenty-four feet in length, and sixteen in width. Its arched roof is of the same dimensions. The roof is most richly wrought, and supported upon six columns of divers kinds of marble, all precious and right beautiful, upon which the twelve apostles are sculptured, two and two. The ground is laid with Mosaic work, with variety of columns, representing jasper ware. The Bishop Sampyro had good reason to complain of the darkness of this church, which has only one small window in the upper part of the chapel; and, therefore, in this which we call the body of the church, there are commonly three silver lamps burning, the one in the middle larger than the other two, and many other lights are kindled when the relics are shewn. These are kept within a grating, which divides the chapel from the church. The chapel has two rich marbles at the entrance; it is eighteen feet in length, and its width somewhat less; the

floor and the roof are after the same fashion as those of the church, but it is one *estado* lower, which in those times seems to have been customary in Asturias and in Gallicia, the Capillas Mayores, or principal chapels, being much lower than the body of the church. The roof of the chapel is plain, and has painted in the middle our Saviour in the midst of the four evangelists; and this performance is so ancient, that it is manifestly of the age of the founder. At this iron grating strangers are usually detained; there is a lower one within of wood, to which persons are admitted who deserve this privilege for their dignity; and few there be who enter farther. This church the king built to remove to it, as accordingly he forthwith removed, the Holy Ark, the holy bodies, and the other great relics, which, at the destruction of Spain, were hidden in the cave and well of Monsagro, and for this cause he had it built with so much care, and so richly, and with such security. ——

" I have described the Camara Santa thus particularly, that what I may say of the most precious relics which it contains may be the better enjoyed. I will particularize the most principal of them, beginning with the Holy Ark, which with great reason has deserved this name. It is in the midst of the chapel, close to the wooden grate, so that you can only go round it on three sides, and it is placed upon a stone pedestal, wrought with mouldings of a palm in height. It is a vara and a half (about five feet) in length; little less than a vara wide, and about as deep, that part which is of silver, not including the height which the pedestal gives it. The cover is flat, and it is covered in all parts with silver plates of some thickness, and gilt on some places. In the front, or that side which fronts the body of the church, it has the twelve apostles in more than half relief, and on the sides there are histories of Our Lady in the same silver-work. On the flat part of the cover there is a large crucifix engraved with many other images round about it. The sides are elaborately wrought with foliage, and the whole displays great antiquity. The cover has round about it four lines in the

silver, which, however, are imperfect, the silver being wanting in some places. What they contain is this, as I have copied it faithfully, with its bad Latin and other faults: —

" *Omnis conventus populi Deo dignus catholici cognoscat, quorum inclytas veneratur reliquias, intra pretiosissima præsentis archælatera. Hoc est de ligno plurimum, sive de cruce Domini. De vestimentis illius, quod per sortem divisum est. De pane delectabili unde in cena usus est. De sindone Dominico ejus adque sudario et cruore sanctissimo. De terra sancta quam piis calcavit tunc vestigiis. De vestimentis matris ejus Virginis Mariæ. De lacte quoque ejus, quod multum est mirabile, His pariter conjunctæ sunt quædam sanctorum maxime prestantes reliquiæ, quorum prout potuimus, hæc nomina subscripsimus. Hoc est de Sancto Petro, de Sancto Thoma, Sancti Bartolomei. De ossibus Prophetarum, de omnibus Apostolis, et de aliis quam plurimis sanctis, quorum nomina sola Dei scientia colligit. His omnibus egregius Rex Adefonsus humili devotione perditus fecit hoc receptaculum, sanctorum pignoribus insignitum argento deauratum, exterius adornatum non vilibus operibus: per quod post ejus vitam mereatur consortium illorum in cœlestibus sanctorum jubari precibus. Hæc quidem saluti et re* —— Here a large piece of the silver is gone. — *Novit omnis provintia in terra sine dubio.* —— Here there is another great chasm. — *Manus et industria clericorum et præsulum, qui propter hoc convenimus cum dicto Adefonso Principe, et cum germana lætissima Urraca nomina dicta: quibus Redemptor omnium concedit indulgentiam et suorum peccatorum veniam, per hoc sanctorum pignora Apostolorum et Sancti Justi et Pastoris, Cosmæ et Damiani, Eulaliæ Virginis, et Maximi, Germani, Baudili, Pantaleonis, Cypriani et Justinæ, Sebastiani, Facundi et Primitivi, Christophori, Cucufati, Felicis, Sulpicii.*

" This inscription, with its bad Latin and other defects, and by reason of the parts that are lost, can ill be translated. Nevertheless I shall render it, in order that it may be enjoyed by all. It says thus: Know all the congregation of Catholic people, worthy of God, whose the famous relics are, which

they venerate within the most precious sides of this ark. Know then that herein is great part of the wood or cross of our Lord. Of his garment for which they cast lots. Of the blessed bread whereof he ate at the supper. Of his linen, of the holy handkerchief (the Sudario), and of his most holy blood. Of the holy ground which he then trod with his holy feet. Of the garments of his mother the Virgin Mary, and also of her milk, which is a great wonder. With these also there are many capital relics of saints, whose names we shall write here as we can. Saint Peter, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew. Bones of the prophets, and of all the Apostles, and of many other saints whose names are known only to the wisdom of God. The noble King Don Alonso, being full of humble devotion for all these holy relics, made this repository, adorned and ennobled with pledges of the saints, and on the outside covered with silver, and gilded with no little cunning. For the which may he deserve after this life the company of these Saints in heaven, being aided by their intercession. — These holy relics were placed here by the care and by the hands of many clergy and prelates, who were here assembled with the said King D. Alonso, and with his chosen sister called Donna Urraca. To whom may the Redeemer of all grant remission and pardon of their sins, for the reverence and rich reliquary which they made for the said relics of the Apostles, and for those of the Saints, St. Justus and Pastor, St. Cosme and St. Damian, St. Eulalia the Virgin, and of the Saints Maximus, Germanus, Baudilus, Pantaleon, Cyprianus and Justina, Sebastian, Facundus and Primitivus, Christopher, Cucufatus, Felix and Sulpicius. ——

" The sum of the manner in which this Holy Ark came into Spain is this, conformably to what is written by all our grave authors. When Cosroes the King of Persia, in the time of the Emperor Heraclius, came upon the Holy Land, and took the city of Jerusalem, the bishop of that city, who was called Philip, and his clergy, with pious forethought, secreted the Holy Ark, which from the time of the Apostles had been kept there, and its stores augmented with new relics, which were

deposited therein. After the victory of Cosroes, the Bishop Philip, with many of his clergy, passed into Africa, carrying with them the Holy Ark: and there it remained some years, till the Saracens entered into that province also, and then Fulgentius the Bishop of Ruspina, with providence like that which had made Philip bring it to Africa, removed it into Spain. Thus it came to the Holy Church of Toledo, and was from thence removed to Asturias, and hidden in the cave of Monsagro: finally, King D. Alonso el Casto removed it to the Camara Santa: and afterwards K. D. Alonso the Great enriched it. Thus our histories write, and the same is read in the lessons on the festival which the church of Oviedo celebrates of the coming there of this Holy Ark, with a sermon proper for the day, and much solemnity, the service being said on the 13th of March after vespers, above in the church of the Camara Santa. This is a most weighty testimony which the Holy Ark possesses of its own authenticity, and of the genuineness of the most great treasure which it contains. — These also are strong testimonies, that K. D. Alonso the Great should not only have made the Ark so rich, but that this king should also have fortified the city of Oviedo, surrounding it with walls, and making for it a castle, and building also the castle of Gauzon upon the shore, for the defence and security of this holy treasure, and for another end, as he left written upon the stone of which we have elsewhere spoken. Another testimony of great authority, is the great reverence which has been shewn to this Holy Ark, from the time which is spoken of by Alonso the Great in the inscription, to these our days. This is so great that no one has dared to open it, melancholy examples being related of some daring attempts which have been made. That which occurred in our days is not mournful, but rather of much devotion and holy joy. The most illustrious Señor D. Christoval de Rojas y Sandoval, who is now the most worthy Archbishop of Seville when he was Bishop of Oviedo, determined to open the Holy Ark. For this, as the singular devotion and most holy zeal

for the glory of God which he has in all things, admonished him, he made such pious preparations as the fame of so celestial a treasure shewed to be necessary. He proclaimed solemnly a fast of forty days in his church and through all his diocese, commanding that prayers should be made to our Lord, beseeching him that he would be pleased with what was intended, his Most-Illustriousness giving the example, which is very common and very edifying in his church, in himself, and in the ministers thereof. Three days before the Sunday on which the Ark was to be opened, he ordered all persons to fast, and to make greater prayers with processions. When the day arrived, he said pontifical mass, and preached, infusing with his holy exhortations much of his own devout desires into the hearts of the hearers. The mass being finished, clad as he was, he ascended to the Camara Santa, with much outward solemnity, and with much fervour of devotion internally in his heart; and having there again renewed his humble prayers to our Lord, and quickened the ardour of that sacred desire which had influenced him; on his knees as he was before the Holy Ark, he took the key to open it. At the moment when he stretched out his hand to put the key in the lock, suddenly he felt such horror and dismay, and found himself so bereft of all power (*tan impossibilitado*) to move it in any way, that it was impossible for him to proceed, or do any thing but remain in that holy consternation, without having strength or ability for more. And as if he had come there to oppose and prevent that which purposely, and with so much desire and preparation, he had intended to do, he desisted from his intent, and gave it up, his whole holy desire being turned into a chill of humble shrinking and fear. Among other things which his most Illustrious Lordship relates of what he then felt, he says, that his hair stood up in such a manner and with such force, that it seemed to him, as if it lifted the mitre a considerable way from his head. Now, we all know that this famous prelate has vigour and persevering courage for all the great things which he undertakes in the service of our Lord; but in this manner the Holy Ark remained unopened then, and thus I believe it will

always remain, fastened more surely with veneration and reverence, and with respect of these examples, than with the strong bolt of its lock.

"In the inscription of this Holy Ark, mention is made of the relics of St. Baudilus, and by reason that he is a Saint very little known, it will be proper to say something of him. This Saint is much reverenced in Salamanca and in Zamora, and in both cities he has a parochial church, and in Zamora they have a good part of his relics. They have so much corrupted the name, calling him St. Boal, that the Saint is now scarcely known by his own.

"They of the church say, that the cope of St. Ildefonso, which Our Lady gave him, is in the Ark. This may well be believed, since our good authors particularly relate that it was carried to Oviedo with the Holy Ark, and with the other relics, and it does not now appear among them, and there is much more reason to think that it has been very carefully put away, than that it has been lost. Also they say, that when the celestial cope was put into the Holy Ark, they took out of it the piece of the holy Sudario, in which the head of our Redeemer was wrapped up for his interment, as is said in the inscription of the Ark. This is one of the most famous relics in all Christendom, and therefore it is most richly adorned, and reverently preserved, being shown only three times in the year with the greatest solemnity. The box in which it is kept is wrought without of gold and azure, with beautiful mouldings and pictures, and other ornaments of much authority. Within this there is a square piece of wood, covered entirely with black velvet, with silver handles, and other decorations of silver round about; in the hollow of this square, the holy Sudario is stretched and fastened upon the velvet; it is a thin linen cloth, three quarters long and half a vara wide, and in many places full of the divine blood from the head of our Redeemer, in divers forms and stains of various sizes; wherein some persons observe marks of the divine countenance and other particularities. I did not perceive this; but the feeling which came upon me when I looked at it is sufficient

to make me believe any thing of it; and if a wretch like me was thus affected, what must it be with those who deserve of our Lord greater regalements on such an occasion? It is exhibited to the people three times in the year; on Good Friday, and on the two festivals of the Cross in May and in September, and there is then a great concourse from all the country, and from distant parts. This part of the cross of the church where the Camara Santa is, is richly hung, and in the first apartment of the Camara, a corridor is erected for this exhibition, which is closed that day with curtains of black velvet, and a canopy that extends over the varandas. The Bishop in his pontificals, with his assistants and other grave persons, places himself behind the curtains with the Holy Sudario, holding it by the silver handles, covered with a veil. The curtains are undrawn, and the quiristers below immediately begin the *Miserere*. The Bishop lifts the veil, and at the sight of the Holy Sudario, another music begins of the voices of the people, deeply affected with devotion, which verily penetrates all hearts. The Bishop stands some time, turning the Sacred Relic to all sides, and afterwards the veil being replaced, and the curtains redrawn, he replaces the Holy Sudario in its box. With all these solemnities, the very Illustrious and most Reverend Señor, M. D. Gonzalo de Solorzano, Bishop of Oviedo, exhibited this Holy Relic on the day of Santiago, in the year of our Redeemer 1572, in order that I might bear a more complete relation of the whole to the King our Lord, I having at that time undertaken this sacred journey by his command.

"Another chest, with a covering of crimson and brocade, contains a good quantity of bones, and some pieces of a head; which, although they are very damp, have a most sweet odour, and this all we who were present perceived, when they were shown me, and we spoke of it as of a notable and marvellous thing. The account which they of the church give of this holy body is, that it is that of St. Serrano, without knowing any thing more of it. I, considering the great dampness of the sacred bones, believe certainly that it was brought up to

the Camara Santa from the church of Leocadia, which, as it has been seen, is underneath it. And there, in the altar, the great stone-chest is empty, in which King Alonso el Casto enclosed many relics, as the Bishop Sampyro writes. For myself I have always held for certain, that the body of St. Leocadia is that which is in this rich chest. And in this opinion I am the more confirmed since the year 1580, when such exquisite diligence has been used by our Spaniards in the monastery of St. Gisleno, near Mons de Henao in Flanders, to verify whether the body of St. Leocadia, which they have there, is that of our Saint. The result has been, that it was ascertained beyond all doubt to be the same; since an authentic writing was found of the person who carried it thither by favour of one of our earliest kings, and he carried it from Oviedo without dispute; because, according to my researches, it is certain that it was there. Now I affirm, that the king who gave part left part also; and neither is that which is there so much, that what we saw at Oviedo might not well have been left, neither is this so much but that which is at Mons might well have been given.

"In the church below, in a hollow made for this purpose, with grates, and a gate well ornamented, is one of the vessels which our Redeemer Jesus Christ filled with miraculous wine at the marriage in Galilee. It is of white marble, of an ancient fashion, more than three feet high, and two wide at the mouth, and contains more than six *arrobas*. And forasmuch as it is in the wall of the church of K. Alonso el Casto, and all the work about it is very ancient, it may be believed that the said king ordered it to be placed there." — *Coronica General de Espana*, l. 13. b. 40.

Morales gives an outline of this vessel in his Journal, and observes, that if the Christians transported it by land, particular strength and the aid of God would have been necessary to carry it so many leagues, and move it over the rugged mountains of Europa; — but, he adds, it might have come by water from Andalusia or Portugal, and in that case this would have been a land journey of only four or five leagues. — In his

Journal, Morales mentions certain other relics of which the church of Oviedo boasted, but for which he required better evidence than could be adduced for them. Such were a portion of Tobit's fish, and of Sampson's honey-comb, with other such things, which, he says, would lessen the credit of the Ark, where, according to the Bishop of Oviedo, D. Pelayo, and Sebastian, Bishop of Salamanca, they were deposited. Of these precious relics he says nothing in his history, neither does he mention a piece of Moses's rod, a large piece of St. Bartholomew's skin, and the sole of St. Peter's shoe, all which he enumerates in his Journal, implying rather than expressing his doubts of their authenticity. As a scrupulous and faithful antiquary, Morales was accustomed to require evidence, and to investigate it; and for these he could find no other testimony than tradition and antiquity, which, as presumptive proofs, were strong corroborants of faith, but did not suffice of themselves. The Holy Ark has all the evidence which he required, and the reverence with which he regarded it, is curiously expressed in his Journal. "I have now," he says "described the material part of the Camara Santa. The spiritual and devout character which it derives from the sacred treasures which it contains, and the feeling which is experienced upon entering it, cannot be described without giving infinite thanks to our Lord, that he has been pleased to suffer a wretch like me to enjoy it. I write this in the church before the grating, and God knows I am as it were beside myself with fear and reverence, and I can only beseech God to give me strength to proceed with that for which I have no power myself." — T. 10. *Viage*, p. 91.

Morales, like Origen, had given in his youth a decisive proof of the sincerity of his religious feelings, and it sometimes seems as if he had emasculated his mind as well as his body. But with all this abject superstition, he was a thoroughly pious and good man. His life is deeply interesting, and his writings, besides their great historical and antiquarian value, derive additional interest from the picture of the author's mind which they so frequently display. The

portrait prefixed to the last edition of his work is singularly characteristic.

The proud array,
Of ermines, aureate vests, and jewelry,
With all which Leuvigild for after kings
Left, ostentatious of his power? — XVIII. p. 165.

"*Postremum bellum Suevis intulit, regnumque eorum in jura gentis suæ mirâ celeritate transmisit. Hispania magna ex parte potitus, nam antea gens Gothorum angustis finibus arctabatur. — Fiscum quoque primus iste locupletavit, primusque ærarium de rapinis civium, hostiumque manubiis auxit. Primusque etiam inter suos regali veste opertus in solio resedit. Nam ante eum et habitus et consessus communis, ut populo, ita et regibus erat.*" — S. Isidor. Hist. Goth. — Espana Sagrada, 6. 498-9.

The Sueve. — XVIII. p. 166.

As late as the age of the Philips, the Portugueze were called Sevosos by the Castillians, as an opprobrious name. Brito says, It was the old word Suevos continued and corrupted, and used contemptuously, because its origin was forgotten. — *Monarchia Lusitana*, 2. 6. 4.

When the Sueves and Alans over-ran Spain they laid siege to Lisbon, and the Saints Maxima, Julia, and Verissimus (a most undoubted personage) being Lisbonians, were applied to by their town's people to deliver them. Accordingly, a sickness broke out in the besieger's camp, and they agreed to depart upon payment of a sum of money. Bernardo de Brito complains that Blondus and Sabellicus, in their account of this transaction, have been so careless as to mention the money, and omit the invocation of the Saints. — *M. Lus.* 2. 5. 23.

Lord God of Hosts, &c. — XVIII. p. 168.

The substance of these prayers will be found in the forms of coronation observed by the Anglo-Saxons, and in the early ages of the French monarchy. I am indebted for them to

Turner's most valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons, and to Mr. Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, a work not more full of erudition than it is of Romish sophistry and misrepresentation.

Roderick brought
The buckler. — XVIII. p. 169.

Toman, diziendo aquesto, un ancho escudo
El Duque y Conde y hombres principales,
De pies encima el Principe membrudo
Lo levantan assi del suelo iguales :
Y alçarlo en peso, quanto alçar se pudo
De alçarlo por su Rey fueron señales,
Real, Real, Real, diziendo todos,
Segun costumbre antigua de los Godos.

Ch. de Messa. Rastauracion de Espana, l. 4. ff. 34.

Rejoice,
O Leon, for thy banner is display'd. — XVIII. p. 170.

"*La primera ciudad que gaño dizen fue Leon, y desde alli se llamo Rey de Leon, y tomo por armas un Leon roxo en campo blanco, dexando las antiguas armas de los Godos, que eran un Leon bermejo rampante, en campo azul, buelta la cara atras, sobre tres ondas blancas y azules.*" — Fran. de Pisa. Desc. de Toledo, l. 3. c. 2.

Fue la del quinto globo roxa estrella
rayo de su valor, voz de su fama,
y Leon de su escudo y luzimiento,
heredado blason, Signo sangriento.

Coro de las Musas, p. 102.

"*Les anciennes armes estoient parlantes, comme l'on void en celles des Comtes de Castille, et des Rois de Leon, qui prindrent des Chateaux et des Lions, pour signifier les noms vulgaires des Provinces, par le blason de leurs armes ; qui ne se reportent pas a l'ancienne denomination de Castulo et deLegio, chés Pline.*" — Pierre de Marca, Hist. de Bearn, l. 1. c. 12. § 11.

"The Lion's grinders are, *relevées de trois pointes un peu*

creusées dans leur centre, dans lesquelles les speculatifs croyent voir la figure d'une fleur de lys. Je n'ay garde de dire le contraire," says P. Labat, "*il est permis a bien des gens de voir dans les nuës et dans les charbons ardens tout ce qu'il plaît à leur imagination de s'y representer ; pourquoy ne sera-t-il pas libre de voir sur les dents du Lion la figure des fleurs de lys? Je doute que les Espagnols en conviennent, eux qui prennent le Lion pour les armes et le symbole de leur monarchie ; car on pourroit leur dire que c'est une marque que sans le secours de la France, leur Lion ne seroit pas fort a craindre.*" — Afrique Occidentale, T. ii. p. 14.

And Tagus bends his sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall. — XVIII. p. 171.

There is a place at Toledo called la Alcurnia. "*El nombre de Alcurnia es Arabigo, que es dezir cosa de cuerno, o en forma de cuerno, lo que Christianos llamavan foz, o hoz de Tajo. Llamase assi porque desde que este rio passa por debaxo de la puente de Alcantara, va haziendo una buelta y torcedura, que en una escritura antigua se llama hoz de Tajo. Lo mesmo acontecio a Arlança cerca de Lara, de donde se llamo la hoz de Lara, como lo nota Ambrosio de Morales ; y en el Reyno de Toledo ay la hoz de Jucar.*" — Francisco de Pisa. Desc. de Toledo, l. i. c. 14.

Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven,...wings do not save them! — XX. p. 187.

The Moors have a peculiar manner of *hunting* the partridge. In the plains of Akkermute and Jibbel Hidded in Shedma, they take various kinds of dogs with them, from the greyhound to the shepherd's dog, and following the birds on horseback, and allowing them no time to rest, they soon fatigue them, when they are taken by the dogs. But as the Mooselmin eats nothing but what has had its throat cut, he takes out his knife, and exclaiming *Bismillah*, in the name of God, cuts the throat of the game. — *Jackson's Morocco*, p. 121.

A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure. — XXII. p. 204.

In composing these lines I remembered a far more beautiful passage in one of the Eclogues of the Jesuit Bussieres: —

Artesius ruit ecce furens, finesque propinquos
Insultans, stragem agricolis fugientibus infert.
Quid facerem? matrem, ut potui, tenerumque puellum
Raptabam, et mediis abdebam corpora silvis.
Aspera jam frigebat hyems, frondosaque quercus
Pro tecto et latebris ramos præbebat opacos;
Algentem fovi matrem; fovet illa rigentem
Infantem gremio. Sub prima crepuscula lucis
Progredior, tectum miseris si forte pateret;
Silvam fusus eques telis infensus habebat;
Bona fugio, et capio compendia tuta viarum.
Conditur atra dies; cælo nox horrida surgit.
Quam longis mihi nox misero producitur horis!
Quos gemitus fletusque dedi: quam proxima votum
Lux fuit! heu tristi lux infensissima clade!
Currebam ad notam quercum per devia tesqua.
Dux amor est. Annam video, puerumque jacentem
Affixum uberibus, duræ succumbere morti.
Ipsa parens, postquam ad vocem conversa vocantis
In me amplexantem morientia lumina fixit,
Eluctantem animam glaciato e corpore mittit.
Obrigui, frigusque novum penetravit in ossa:
Felix, si simili potuissem occumbere letho;
Sors infesta vetat. Restabat cura sepulchri,
Quo foderem ferrum deerat; miserabile corpus
Frondibus obtexi, puerum nec ab ubere vulsi
Sicut erat foliis tegitur; funusque paratur,
Heu nimis incertum, et primis violabile ventis.

—— *their white signal-flag.* — XXIII. p. 212.

A white flag, called *El Alem*, the signal, is hoisted every day at twelve o'clock, to warn the people out of hearing, or at

a great distance, to prepare, by the necessary preliminary ablutions, to prostrate themselves before God at the service of prayer. — *Jackson's Morocco*, p. 149.

The Humma's happy wings have shadowed him.
XXIII. p. 213.

The humma is a fabulous bird: The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be encircled with a crown. — *Wilkes, S. of India*, v. i. p. 423.

Life hath not left his body. — XXIII. p. 217.

Among the *Prerogatives et Propriétés singulieres du Prophète*, Gagnier states that, "*Il est vivant dans son Tombeau. Il fait la prière dans ce Tombeau à chaque fois que le Crieur en fait la proclamation, et au même tems qu'on la recite. Il y a un Ange posté sur son Tombeau qui a le soin de lui donner avis des Pri res que les Fidèles font pour lui.*" — Vie de Mahomet, l. vii. c. 18.

The common notion that the impostor's tomb is suspended by means of a loadstone is well known. Labat, in his Afrique Occidentale (T. ii. p. 143.) mentions the lie of a Marabout, who, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, affirmed, "*que le tombeau de Mahomet etoit porté en l'air par le moyen de certains Anges qui se relayent d'heure en heures pour soutenir ce fardeau.*" These fables, however, are modest in comparison with those which the Franciscans and Dominicans have invented to magnify their founders.

Hast thou not heard
How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
The ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting take,
And earth to earth return? — XXIII. p. 217.

The Persians in their creed have a pleasant imagination concerning the death of men. They say, that every one must

come and die in the place where the Angel took the earth of which he hath been made, thinking that one of these spirits has the care of forming the human creature, which he doth by mingling a little earth with the seed. — *Thevenot.*

They perish, all their thousands perish there.
XXIII. p. 220.

The battle of Covadonga is one of the great miracles of Spanish history. It was asserted for many centuries without contradiction, and is still believed by the people, that when the Moors attacked Pelayo in the cave, their weapons were turned back upon themselves; that the Virgin Mary appeared in the clouds, and that part of a mountain fell upon the Infidels, and crushed those who were flying from the destruction. In what manner that destruction might have been effected, was exemplified upon a smaller scale in the Tyrol in the memorable war of 1809.

Barret sums up the story briefly, and in the true strain of Mine Ancient.

The Sarr'cen hearing that th' Asturianites
Had king created, and stood on their guard,
Sends multitudes of Mohametized knights
To rouse them out their rocks, and force their ward.
Pelagius, hearing of this enterprize,
Prepares his petty power on Auseve mount;
Alchameh comes with Zarzen multiplies,
Meaning Pelagius' forces to dismount.
To blows they come: but lo; a stroke divine.
The Iber, few, beats numbrous Sarracene,
Two myriads with Mahomet went to dine
In Parca's park.

The Bread of Life. — XXIV. p. 229.

It is now admitted by the best informed of the Romish writers themselves, that, for a thousand years, no other but common or leavened bread was used in the Eucharist. The

wafer was introduced about the eleventh century. And as far down as the twelfth century the people were admitted to communicate in both kinds.

And let no shame be offer'd his remains. — XXV. p. 234.

According to the Comendador Fernan Nunez, in his Commentary upon the *Trezientas*, the tomb of Count Julian was shown in his days about four leagues from Huesca at a castle called Loarri, on the outside of a church which was in the castle.

His wonted leathern gipion. — XXV. p. 236.

The Musical Pilgrim in Purchas thus describes the Leonese : —

Wymmen in that land use no vullen,
But alle in lether be the wounden :
And her hevedez wonderly ben trust,
Standing in her forheved as a crest,
In rould clouthez lappet alle be forn
Like to the prikke of a N'unicorn.
And men have doubelettez full schert,
Bare legget and light to stert. — P. 1231.

Purchas supposes this very curious poem to have been written about 200 years before he published it, *i. e.* about 1425. It is probably much older. In entering Castille from Elvas, the author says,

Now into Castell schall we fare
Over the river, the land is bare.
Full of heath and hunger also,
And Sarasynez Governouriz thereto.

Now Badajoz and that part of the country was finally recovered from the Moors in the early part of the thirteenth century. Purchas perhaps judged from the age of the manuscript, which may have been written about the time on which he fixes, and the language modernised by the transcriber.

The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain.—XXV. p. 238.

"*Fallamos en las estorias que aquella ora que nuestro Senor Jesu Christo nascio, seyendo media noche, aparesçio una nuve sobre España que dio tan gran claridad, e tan gran resplandor, e tan gran calor, como el sol en medio del dia quando va mas apoderado sobre la tierra. E departen los sabios e dizen que se entiende por aquella que despues de Jesu Christo vernie su mandadero a España a predicar a los gentiles la ceguedad en que estavan, e que los alumbrarie con la fee de Jesu Chrysto, e aquesto fue San Pablo. Otros departen que en España avie de nasçer un prinçipe chrystiano que serie señor de todo el mundo, e valdrie mas por el todo el linaje de los omes, bien como esclarescio toda la tierra por la claridad de aquella nuve en quanto ella duro.*"—Coronica General. ff. 71.

A more extraordinary example of the divine favour towards Spain is triumphantly brought forward by Francisco de Pisa. "Our Lord God," says he, "has been pleased to preserve these kingdoms in the purity of the Faith, like a terrestrial Paradise, by means of the Cherubim of the Holy Office, which with its sword of fire has defended the entrance, through the merits and patronage of the most serene Virgin Mary the Mother of God." "*Ha sido servido nuestro Seror Dios conservar estos reynos de España en la entereza de la Fe, como a un Parayso terrenal, mediante el Cherubin del Santo Officio, que con su espada de fuego les ha defendido la entrada por los meritos y patrocinio de la serenissima Virgen Maria Madre de Dios.*"—Desc. de Toledo, L. 1. C. 25.

This passage is truly and lamentably characteristic.

The Oaken Cross. — XXV. p. 241.

The oaken cross which Pelayo bore in battle is said to have been preserved at Oviedo in the Camara Santa in company with that which the angels made for Alfonso the Great, concerning which Morales delivers a careful opinion, how much of it was made by the angels, and how much has been human

workmanship. The people of Cangas, not willing that Pelayo's cross should be in any thing inferior to his successors', insist that it fell from Heaven. Morales however says, it is more certain that the king had it made to go out with it to battle at Covadonga. It was covered with gold and enamel in the year 908; when Morales wrote, it was in fine preservation, and doubtless so continued till the present generation. Upon the top branch of the cross there was this inscription: "*Susceptum placide maneat hoc in honore Dei, quod obtulerunt famuli Christi Adefonsus Princeps et Scemena Regina.* On the right arm, *Quisquis auferre hæc donaria nostra presumpserit, fulmine divino intereat ipse.* On the left, *Hoc opus perfectum est, concessum est Sancto Salvatori Ovetensis Sedis. Hoc signo tuetur pius, hoc signo vincitur inimicus.* On the foot, *Et operatum est in Castello Gauzon anno Regni nostri* XVII *discurrente Era* DCCCCXLVI.

"There is no other testimony," says Morales, "that this is the cross of King Don Pelayo, than tradition handed down from one age to another. I wish the king had stated that it was so in his inscription, and I even think he would not have been silent upon this point, unless he had wished to imitate Alonso el Casto, who, in like manner, says nothing concerning the Angels upon his cross." This passage is very characteristic of good old Ambrosio.

Like a mirror sparkling to the sun. — XXV. p. 247.

The Damascus blades are so highly polished, that when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his scymetar for a looking-glass. — *Le Brocquière*, p. 138.

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear. — XXV. p. 248.

I have nowhere seen a more curious description of a battle between Christians and Saracens than in Barret's manuscript:

The forlorn Christian troops Moon'd troops encharge,
The Mooned troops requite them with the like;

Whilst Grecian lance cracks (thundering) Parthian targe,
Parth's flame-flash arrow Grecian through doth prick:
And whilst that Median scymetar unlimbs
The Christian knight, doth Christian curtle-axe,
Unhead the Median horsemen; whilst here dims
The Pagan's goggling-eyes by Greekish axe,
The Greek unhorsed lies by Persian push,
And both all rageful grapple on the ground.
And whilst the Saracen with furious rush
The Syrian shocks, the Syrian as round
Down shouldreth Saracen: whilst Babel blade
Sends soul Byzantine to the starred cell,
Byzantine pike with like-employed trade,
Packs Babel's spirit posting down to hell.

Who from their thirsty sands
Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way. — XXV. p. 249.

The Saharawans, or Arabs of the Desert, rejoice to see the clouds of locusts proceeding towards the north, anticipating therefrom a general mortality, which they call *elkhere*, the good or the benediction; for, after depopulating the rich plains of Barbary, it affords to them an opportunity of emannating from their arid recesses, in the desert, to pitch their tents in the desolated plains, or along the banks of some river. — *Jackson's Morocco*, p. 106.

But where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day? — XXV. p. 250.

The account which the Romantic Chronicle gives of Roderick after his disappearance, is in so singular a strain of fiction, that I have been tempted to translate it. It strikingly exemplifies the doctrine of penance, of which monastic history supplies many instances almost as extraordinary as this fable.

Chap. 238. — *How the King Don Rodrigo left the battle and arrived at a hermitage, and of that which befell him.*

"Now when the King Don Rodrigo had escaped from the battle, he began to go as fast as he could upon his horse along the banks of the Guadalete, and night came on, and the horse began to fail by reason of the many wounds which he had received; and as he went thus by the river side deploring the great ruin which had come upon him, he knew not where he was, and the horse got into a quagmire, and when he was in he could not get out. And when the king saw this he alighted, and stript off all his rich arms and the furniture thereof, and took off his crown from his head, and threw them all into the quagmire, saying, Of earth was I made, and even so are all my deeds like unto mud and mire. Therefore my pomp and vanity shall be buried in this mud till it has all returned again to earth, as I myself must do. And the vile end which I have deserved will beseem me well, seeing that I have been the principal cause of this great cruelty. And as he thus stript off all his rich apparel, he cast the shoes from his feet, and went his way, and wandered on towards Portugal; and he travelled so far that night and the day following, that he came to a hermitage near the sea, where there was a good man who had dwelt there serving God for full forty years; and now he was of great age, for he was well nigh a hundred years old. And he entered into the hermitage, and found a crucifix therein, being the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, even as he was crucified, and for the remembrance of Him, he bent both his knees to the ground, and clasped his hands, weeping and confessing his sins before God, for he weened not that any man in the world saw or heard him. And he said thus, O very Lord who by thy word hast made all the world from nothing which it was, and hast created all things, those which are visible to men, and those which are invisible, the heavenly as well as the earthly, and who didst incarnate thyself that thou mightest undergo thy passion and death, to save those who firmly put their trust in thee, giving up thy holy ghost from

thy glorified body upon the tree of the true cross, — and who didst descend into Hell, and deliveredst thy friends from thence, and didst regale them with the glory of Heaven: And afterwards thy holy spirit came again into that most holy body, which thou wast pleased to take upon thee in this world; and, manifesting thyself for the true God which thou wert, thou didst deign to abide in this dark world forty days with their nights, and then thou didst ascend into thy heavenly glory, and didst enlighten with the grace of the Holy Ghost thy beloved disciples. I beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wouldst enlighten me, a king in tribulation, wretched and full of many sins, and deserving all evils; let not the soul which is thine, and which cost thee so dear, receive the evil and the desert of this abominable flesh; and may it please thee, O Lord, after the downfall, destruction, perdition, and desolation, which I, a miserable king, have suffered in this world, that my disconsolate soul may not be forgotten by thee, and that all this misery may be in satisfaction for my errors. And I earnestly beseech thee, O Lord, that thy grace may breathe upon me, that in this world I may make satisfaction for my sins, so that at the Great Day of Judgement I may not be condemned to the torments of hell.

"Having said these words, weeping as though he would burst, he remained there a long hour. And when the Hermit heard him say all this, he was greatly astonished, and he went unto him. And when the King saw him he was little pleased; howbeit after he had talked with him, he would rather have found him there than have been restored again to the great honour which he had lost; for the Hermit comforted him in such wise in this his tribulation, that he was right well contented; and he confessed unto him, and told him all that concerned him. And the Hermit said to him, King, thou shalt remain in this hermitage, which is a remote place, and where thou mayest lead thy life as long as it shall please God. And for me, on the third day from hence, I shall pass away out of this world; and thou shalt bury me, and thou shalt take my garments, and fulfil the time of a year in this hermitage

Take no thought as to provision for thy support, for every Friday thou shalt have it after the same manner as I, and thou shalt so husband it, that it may suffice thee for the whole week; That flesh which hath been fostered in great delight shall suffer abstinence, lest it should grow proud; and thou shalt endure hunger and cold and thirst in the love of our Lord, that he may have compassion upon thee. Thy station till the hour of sleep must always be upon that rock, where there is an oratory facing the east; and thou shalt continue the service of God in such manner as God will direct thee to do. And take heed that thy soul fall not into temptation. And since thou hast spoken this day of penitence, to-morrow thou shalt communicate and receive the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will be thy protection and support against the enemy and the persecutor. And put thou thy firm trust in the sign of the Cross; and thus shalt thou please thy Saviour.

"Many other things the holy Hermit said, which made the King right joyful to hear them; and there they continued till it was the hour for sleep. And the holy Hermit shewed him his bed, and said, When I shall have left the company, thou wilt follow the ways which I have followed, for which our Lord will have mercy upon thee, and will extend his hand over thee, that thou mayest persevere in good, and in his holy service. And then they laid down and slept till it was the hour of matins, when they should both arise. And the Hermit awoke him, for as the King had not slept for a long time, and was moreover full weary, he would not have awaked so soon, if the Hermit had not roused him; and they said their hours. And when it was time the Hermit said mass, and the King heard it with great devotion, and communicated with great contrition, and remained in prayer for the space of two hours. And the hour for taking food came, and the Hermit took a loaf which was made of pannick and of rye, and gave half thereof to the King, and took for himself the other half: And they ate little of it, as men who could not eat more, the one by reason of age, and the other because he was not used to such

fare. And thus they continued till the third day, when the holy Hermit departed this life."

Ch. 239. — *How the Hermit died, and the King found a writing in his hand.*

"On the third day, the pious Hermit expired at the same hour which he had said to the King, whereat the King was full sorrowful, as one who took great consolation in the lessons which he gave. And when he had thus deceased, the King by himself, with his hands, and with an oaken stick which was there, made his grave. And when he was about to bury him, he found a writing in his hand; and he took it and opened it, and found that it contained these words.

Ch. 240. — *Of the rule of life which the Hermit left written for King Don Rodrigo.*

"O King, who through thy sins hast lost the great honour in which thou wert placed, take heed that thy soul also come not into the same judgement which hath fallen upon thy flesh. And receive into thy heart the instructions that I shall give thee now, and see that thou swerve not from them, nor abatest them a jot; for if thou observest them not, or departest in ought from them, thou wilt bring damnation upon thy soul; for all that thou shalt find in this writing is given thee for penance, and thou must learn with great contrition of repentance, and with humbleness of patience, to be content with that which God hath given thee to suffer in this world. And that thou mayest not be deceived in case any company should come unto thee, mark and observe this and pass in it thy life. Thou shalt arise two hours after midnight, and say thy matins within the hermitage. When the day breaks thou shalt go to the oratory, and kneeling upon the ground, say the whole hours by the breviary, and when thou hast finished them thou shalt say certain prayers of our Lord, which thou wilt find therein. And when thou hast done this, contemplate then upon the great power of our Lord, and upon his mercy, and also

upon the most holy passion which he suffered for mankind upon the cross, being himself very God, and maker of all things; and how with great humility he chose to be incarnate in a poor virgin, and not to come as a king, but as a mediator among the nations. And contemplate also upon the poor life which he always led in this world, to give us an example; and that he will come at the day of judgement to judge the quick and the dead, and give to every one the meed which he hath deserved. Then shalt thou give sustenance to thy flesh of that bread of pannick and rye, which shall be brought to thee every Friday in the manner that I have said; and of other food thou shalt not eat, although it should be given or sent thee; neither shalt thou change thy bread. And when thou hast eaten give thanks to God, because he has let thee come to repentance; and then thou shalt go to the oratory, and there give praise to the Virgin our Lady holy Mary, mother of God, in such manner as shall come to thee in devotion. If when, thou hast finished, heaviness should come upon thee, thou mayest sleep, and when thou shalt have rested as long as is reasonable, return thou to thy oratory, and there remain, making thy prayers always upon thy knees, and for nothing which may befall thee depart thou from thence, till thou hast made an end of thy prayers, whether it rain or snow, or if a tempest should blow. And for as much as the flesh could sustain so many mundane pleasures, so must it suffer also celestial abstinences; two masses thou hast heard in this hermitage, and in it, it is God's will that thou shalt hear no more, for more would not be to his service. And if thou observest these things, God will have compassion upon thy deserts. And when the King had read this, he laid it upon the altar, in a place where it would be well preserved."

Ch. 241. — *How the Devil came in the form of a Hermit to deceive the King Don Rodriyo.*

"Now when the King had made a grave in which to bury the Hermit, the Devil was troubled at the good course which

the King had taken, and he cast about for means how he might deceive him; and he found none so certain as to come to him in the figure of a hermit, and keep company with him, to turn him aside from those doctrines which the Hermit had given him, that he might not fulfil his penitence. And the King being in great haste to bury the body, the Devil came to him with a long white beard, and a great hood over the eyes, and some paternosters hanging from his girdle, and supporting himself upon a staff as though he were lame, and could not go. And when he came where the King was he humbled himself, and said unto him, Peace be with thee! And the King turned toward that side from which he came, and when he saw him of so great age, he thought that it was some holy man who knew of the death of the Hermit, and was come to bury him; and he humbled himself, and went towards him to kiss his hand, and the Devil would not, saying, It is not fitting that a King should kiss the hand of a poor servant of God. And the King was astonished at hearing himself named, and believed that this must needs be a man of holy life, and that he spake by some revelation; nevertheless he said, I am not a king, but a miserable sinner, for whom it had been better never to have been born, than that so much evil should have happened through me. And the false Hermit said to him, Think not that thou hast so much fault as thou imaginest in what has now been done, for even if thou hadst had no part in it, this destruction would have fallen at this time. And since it was ordained that it should be so, the fault is not thine; some fault thou hadst, but it was very little. And think not that I speak this of myself; for my words are those of a spirit made and created by the will of God, who speaks through me this and many other things. which hereafter thou shalt know, that thou mayest see how God has given me power that I should know all thy concerns, and counsel thee in what manner thou shouldst live. And albeit I have more need of rest than of labour, by reason of my age. which is far greater than my countenance shows, yet I have disposed myself to labour for the love of thee, to console thee in this thy persecution, know-

the ill smell which he would give, it is fit that you should bury him, and while you do this I will go for food. And the King said, Friend of God, do not take this trouble, but remain still, and before noon there will come food, which will suffice for you and for me; help me now to give burial to this good man, which will be much for the service of God, although he may have been a sinner. And the false Hermit answered, King, it would be less evil to roll him over these rocks into the sea; but if not, let him lie thus upon the earth till the birds and the beasts devour his flesh. And the King marvelled at this: nevertheless though he believed that this false Hermit was a servant of God, he left not for that to bury the good Hermit who there lay without life, and he began by himself to carry him to the grave which he had made. And as he was employed in burying him, he saw that the false Hermit went away over the mountains at a great rate, not as one who was a cripple, but like a stout man and a young; and he marvelled what this might mean.

Ch. 242. — *How King Don Rodrigo informed himself concerning the penance which he was to perform, from the writing which the holy Hermit left him.*

"When the King had finished burying the good servant of God, he went to the altar, and took the writing in his hand, and read it to inform himself well of it. And when he had read it, he saw that of a certainty all that was said therein was for the service of God, and was of good doctrine for his soul; and he said, that, according to the greatness of his sins, it behoved that his penitence must be severe, if he wished to save his soul. And then he called to mind the life which St. Mary Magdalen endured, for which God had mercy on her. And forthwith he went to his oratory, and began his prayers; and he remained there till it was near noon; and he knew that he had nothing to eat, and awaited till it should be brought him.

Ch. 243. — *How the Devil brought meat to King Don Rodrigo that he should eat it; and he would only eat of the Hermit's bread.*

"After it was mid-day the false Hermit came with a basket upon his shoulders, and went straight to where the King was, and he came sweating and weary. And the King had compassion on him, howbeit he said nothing, neither did he leave his prayers. And the false Hermit said to him, King, make an end of thy prayers, for it is time to eat; and here I bring food. And the King lifted up his eyes and looked toward him, and he saw that there came into the hermitage a shepherd with a wallet upon his back, and he thought this must be he who brought him that which he was to eat. And so in truth it was, that that shepherd brought every Friday four loaves of pannick and rye for the holy Hermit, upon which he lived during the week. And as this shepherd knew not that the good man was dead, he did no more than put his bread upon the altar, and go his way. And the King, when he had ceased praying, rose up from the oratory, and went to the false Hermit. And he found the four loaves, and he took one, and brake it in the middle, and laid by the rest carefully, and he went out of the hermitage into the portal, where there was a table full small, and he laid a cloth upon it, and the bread which he was to eat, and the water; and he began to bless the table, and then seated himself. And the false Hermit noted well how he blest the table, and arose from where he he was, and went to the King, and said, King take of this poor fare which I have brought, and which has been given me in alms. And he took out two loaves which were full white, and a roasted partridge, and a fowl, of which the legs were wanting; and he placed it upon the table. And when the King saw it, his eyes were filled with tears, for he could not but call to mind his great honour in former times, and how it was now fallen, and that his table had never before been served like this. And he said, addressing himself to the Lord, Praised be thy name, thou who canst

make the high low, and the low nothing. And he turned to his bread and did eat thereof. And though he had great hunger, yet could he scarcely eat thereof, for he had never used it till in that hermitage, and now it seemed worse by reason of the white bread which that false Hermit had brought. And the false Hermit, who saw that he gave no regard neither to the bread, nor the meat which he had brought, said to the King, Why eatest thou not of this which God has sent thee? and the King said, I came not to this hermitage to serve God, but to do penance for my sins, that my soul may not be lost. And the penance which is given me in this life, I must observe for a year and not depart from it, lest it should prove to my great hurt. And the false Hermit said, How, King, hath it been given thee for penance, that thou shouldst let thyself die for despair? The Gospel commands not so; contrariwise it forbids man to do any such penance through which the body might be brought to death; for if in killing another, he who causes the death is held for a murderer, much more is he who killeth himself; and such thou wouldst be. And now through despair thou wouldst let thyself die of hunger, that thou mightest no longer live in this world, wherefore I say eat of this food that I have brought thee some little, that thou mayest not die. And with that he began to eat right heartily. And the King, when he beheld him, was seized with affection to do the like, howbeit he was withheld, and would eat nothing thereof. And as it was time when he would drink of the water, the false Hermit said to him, that he should drink of the wine; and the King would only taste of that water; and as he went to take of it, the false Hermit struggled with him, but he could not prevail, and the King did according to his rule, and departed not from it. And when he had eaten, he began to give thanks to God. And the false Hermit, who saw that he would have to cross himself at arising from the table, rose up before him, as one who was about to do something; and the King heeded it not. And when he had thus eaten, he went to the oratory, and began to give praises to the Virgin Mary, according as the good man had commanded

him; when that traitor went to him and said, Certes this doctrine which thou holdest is no way to serve God, for sans doubt when the stomach is heated with food the will shall have no power to pray as it ought; and although the tongue may say the prayers, the heart confirms them not, being hindered by the force which nature derives from the food. Therefore I say to thee that thou oughtest to sleep first; for whilst thou art sleeping the food will settle, and the will will then be more able for contemplation. Moreover, God is not pleased with prayers without contrition, as with one who speaketh of one thing, and hath his heart placed on another, so that he can give no faith to the words which he beginneth. If thou wouldest be saved, O King, it behoves thee to listen to me; and if thou wilt not believe me, I will depart and leave thee, as one who will take no counsel, except from himself. And the King replied, if I should see that thou confirmedst the good manner of life whereof my soul hath need, according as it was appointed by the good man whom I have buried, then would I follow thy way. But I see that thy life is not that of a man of abstinence, nor of one who forsakes worldly enjoyments for the love of God; rather it seemeth by what I see in thee that thy life is a strengthening of worldly glory; for thou satisfiest thy flesh with good viands as I was wont to do, when I was puffed up with the vanities of the world. Wherefore I will in no wise follow thy way, for I see that thou art a worldly man, who deceivest God and the world, and when it comes to the end thou thyself wilt be deceived.

Ch. 244. — *Of what the Devil said to King Don Rodrigo to dispart him from his penance.*

"The false Hermit said to him, For what reason art thou certain that the rule which this deceiver whom thou hast buried appointed for thee, will be salvation for thy soul, and that what I say to thee is not of a truth? Thou understandest me not well: I never forbade thee that thou shouldst hear mass, as he has done; for this is one of the good things that

man may every day see his Saviour and adore him. And seeing that he forbade thee to do this, thou mayest be certain that as he deceived his own soul, he would deceive thine also. For at the hour when man passeth away out of the world, he would fain that that same hour should be the end of all the world; and thus that enemy did, for where he went, thither he would draw thee also. Now since God hath given thee sense and reason, thou mayest clearly understand that his counsel and doctrine are deceitful, and what thou oughtest to do.

Ch. 245. — *Of the Reply which the King made to the Devil.*

"Sans doubt, said the King, he forbade me not that I should hear mass; but because he commanded me that I should fulfil my penance here for the term of a year, as he knew the hour of his own death, so also he knew that no other person who could say mass would come to this hermitage within the year; and, therefore, he said to me, that in this hermitage I should not hear mass, but he never forbade me from hearing it.

Ch. 246. — *Of the Reasoning which the false Hermit made to King Don Rodrigo.*

"The false Hermit said, Now thou thyself manifestest that he was not so worthy as a man ought to be who knows that which is to come. For according to thy words, he knew not that I should come here, who can say mass if I please; and if there be good judgement in thee, thou wilt understand that I must needs be nearer to God, because I know all which he had commanded thee to do, and also how he was to die. And I can know better in what place he is, than he who has commanded thee to observe this rule, knew concerning himself while he was here. But this I tell thee, that as I came to teach thee the way in which thou shouldst live, and thou wilt not follow my directions, I will return as I came. And now I marvel not at any thing which has befallen thee, for thou

hast a right stubborn heart; hard and painful wilt thou find the way of thy salvation, and in vain wilt thou do all this, for it is a thing which profiteth nothing.

Ch. 247. — *Of the Reply which King Don Rodrigo made to the false Hermit.*

"Good man, said the King, all that thou shalt command me to do beyond the rule which the holy Hermit appointed me, that will I do; that in which my penance may be more severe, willingly will I do it. But in other manner I will not take thy counsel; and as thou hast talked enough of this, leave me, therefore, to my prayers. And then the King bent his knees, and began to go on with his rule. And the false Hermit when he saw this, departed, and returned not again for a month; and all that time the King maintained his penance, in the manner which had been appointed him. And by reason that he ate only of that black bread, and drank only water, his flesh fell away, and he became such that there was not a man in the world who would have known him. Thus he remained in the hermitage, thinking of no other thing than to implore the mercy of God that he would pardon him.

Ch. 248. — *Of what the false Hermit said to King Don Rodrigo to dispart him from his rule.*

"King Don Rodrigo living thus, one day, between midnight and dawn, the false Hermit came to the hermitage; and not in the same figure as before, but appearing more youthful, so that he would not be known. And he called at the door, and the King looked who it might be, and saw that he was habited like a servant of God, and he opened the door forthwith. And they saluted each other. And when they saw each other, the false Hermit greeted the King, and demanded of him where the father was; and the King answered, that for more than a month there had been no person dwelling there save himself. And the false Hermit, when he heard this, made semblance as if he were afflicted with exceeding

grief, and said, How came this to be, for it is not yet six weeks since I came here and confessed my sins to the father who abode here, and then departed from this hermitage to my own, which is a league from hence? And King Don Rodrigo said, Friend, know that this Hermit is now in Paradise, as I believe, and I buried him with my own hands: and he showed him the place where he lay. And when he went there he began to kiss the earth of the grave, and to make great dole and lamentation over him. And when some half hour had past, he withdrew, making semblance as if he wished to say his hours. And before the King had finished to say his, he came to him, and said, Good man, will you say mass? And the King answered, that he never said it. Then, said the false Hermit, Hear me then in penitence, for I would confess. And the King seeing that it was for the service of God to hear him in penitence, they seated themselves both at the foot of the altar. And when the false Hermit spake, it appeared that he had no sin to confess: for he began to relate many great services which he had done to God, as well in the life which he led as in other things. And before the King could absolve him he rose up, and asked if things were ready for the mass. And the King said that he knew not, and bade him look. It was now time that he should go to his oratory. And the false Hermit asked him that he should assist him in saying mass, and then he should hear it. And the King said, that for nothing in the world would he leave to fulfil his penance, according as it had been appointed him: and he went to his oratory. And the false Hermit made as if he put on the vestments and all the ornaments, and began to say mass, to the end that he might deceive the King, and make him cease to observe his penance, and come to adore the mass. And he made a watery cloud arise, so that it rained heavily where the King was. And when he saw that he could in no ways entice him, then he went to him, and said, Good man, for that you may be placed out of danger in cases which at all times will happen, seeing that you are alone, I have consecrated the body of Jesus Christ, that you may adore it every

day, since you may not hear mass; and thus you may fulfil your penance as a faithful Christian. And with that he dispeeded himself, saying, In the coffer upon the altar you will find the Corpus Christi: when you rise from hence go and adore it. When he had said this, he went his way. And the King believed that what he said was true, and held that he was a good man, and of holy life."

Ch. 249. — *How the Holy Ghost visited King Don Rodrigo.*

"Now when the King had ended his prayers, which he used to say every day before he took his food, he saw a good man come towards him, clad in white garments, and with a fresh countenance and a cheerful, and a cross upon his breast. And as he arrived where the King was, he blest him; and when the King saw him he perceived that it was a revelation of God, and he joined his hands and placed himself on his knees upon the ground, weeping plentifully. And the holy man said, King, who art desirous of heavenly glory, continue the service which thou art performing for the love of my holy name; and take heed lest the enemy overcome thee, as he who many times hath overcome thee, whereby thou hast come to what thou now art. And believe none of all those who may come to thee here, for they come for no other cause but only to deceive thee, and withdraw thee from the service which thou dost me. And always observe the rule given thee by the holy man whom thou buriedst; for I am content with it, and thy soul shall receive refreshment if thou observest it. Come here, and I will show thee how the Devil thought to deceive thee, that thou mightest adore him. Then the King arose and went, alway upon his knees, following the Holy Spirit of God; and when he was within the hermitage, our Lord spake and said, Depart from hence, thou cursed one, and go thy way, for thou hast no power to deceive him who continues in my service. Get thee to the infernal pains which are suffered by those who are in the ninth torment! And at that hour the King plainly saw how from the ark, which was

upon the altar, there went out a foul and filthy devil, with more than fifty tails and as many eyes, who, uttering great yells, departed from the place. And the King was greatly dismayed at the manner in which the false Hermit had deceived him. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, King, let thy hope be in my name, and I will alway be with thee, so thou wilt not let thyself be vanquished by the enemy. Then the Holy Spirit of God departed, and the King remained full joyful and greatly comforted, as if he had been in celestial glory. And thus he continued his life for nearly two months.

Ch. 250. — *How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo in the figure of Count Don Julian.*

"The King was in his oratory one Sunday toward nightfall, just as the sun was setting, when he saw a man coming toward him, clad in such guise as is fitting for one who follows arms. And as he looked at him, he saw that it was the Count Don Julian who approached; and he saw that behind him there came a great power of armed people. And the false Count, when he drew nigh, made obeisance to him; and the King was amazed at seeing him, for he knew him well: nevertheless he remained still. And the false Count came to him, and would have kissed his hand, but the King would not give it, neither would he rise up from the oratory: and the false Count knelt upon the ground before him, and said, Sir, forasmuch as I am he who sinned against thee like a man who is a traitor to his Lord, and as I did it with great wrath and fury, which possessed my heart through the strength of the Devil, our Lord God hath had compassion upon me, and would not that I should be utterly lost, nor that Spain should be destroyed, nor that thou, sir, shouldst be put down from thy great honour and state, and the great lordship which thou hadst in Spain. And he has shown me, in a revelation, how thou wert here in this hermitage doing this great penance for thy sins. Wherefore I say to thee, that thou shouldst do

justice upon me, and take vengeance according to thy will, as upon one who deserves it, for I acknowledge that thou wert my lord, and also the great treason into which I have fallen. Wherefore, sir, I pray and beseech thee by the one only God, that thou wilt take the power of Spain, which is there awaiting thee, and that thou wilt go forth to defend the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, and suffer not that poor Spain, should be utterly destroyed, seeing that thou canst defend it and protect it. And then Count Julian drew his sword, and gave it to the King, saying, Sir, take this my sword, and with thine own hand do justice upon me, and take such vengeance as thou pleasest; for I will suffer it with much patience, seeing I have sinned against thee. And the King was greatly troubled at his sight, and at his words also, and knew not what he should do, neither what he should say. Howbeit, presently he called to mind what the Holy Spirit of God had said to him, how he should take heed lest the Devil should subdue him; and so he said nothing, but continued in his prayer. And the false Count Don Julian said to him, Sir, wilt thou not turn for the Holy Faith of Jesus Christ, which is utterly going to destruction? rise up and defend it, for I bring thee a full great power; and thus thou wilt serve God and recover the honour which thou hadst lost. Rise then and go forth, and have pity upon miserable Spain, which is about to be lost; and have compassion also upon so many people as are perishing for want of a Lord who should defend them. Now all these words were only meant to deceive him, for it was the Devil who had taken the form of Count Don Julian, and not the Count himself. But the King could no longer restrain himself from replying, and he said, Go you, Count, and defend the land with this force which you have assembled, even as you went to destroy it by the great treason which you committed against me and against God. And even as you brought the men, who are enemies of God and of his Holy Faith, and led them into Spain, so now thrust them out and defend it; for I will neither slay you, nor assist you in it. Leave me to myself; I am no longer for the world, for here I

will do penance for my sins. Urge me, therefore, no more with these reasons. And the false Count Don Julian rose, and went to the great company which he had brought there, and brought them all before the King. And the King, when he beheld that great company of knights, saw some among them whom he surely thought had been slain in battle. And they all said to him with loud voices, Sir, whom wilt thou send us, that we may take him for our King and Lord to protect and defend us, seeing that thou wilt not defend the land, neither go with us? Wouldst thou give us thy nephew the Infant Don Sancho? He is dead. What then wouldst thou command us that we should do? Look to it well, sir; it is no service of God that thou shouldst let perish so great a Christianity as is every day perishing, because thou art here dwelling in this solitude. Look to it, for God will require an account at thy hands: thou hadst the charge of defending them, and thou lettest them die. And tell us what course shall we take. And when the King heard these words he was moved to compassion: and the tears came into his eyes, so that he could not restrain them: and he was in such state that his thoughts failed him, and he was silent, and made no reply to any thing that they could say. And all these companies who saw him complained so much the more, and sent forth great cries, and made a great tumult, and uproar, and said, O miserable King, why wilt thou not rouse thyself for thy own sake, and for that of all thy people whom thou seest without a Lord; and thou wilt not even speak a word to comfort them, and tell them what they shall do. And all this while the King did nothing but weep, and answered them never a word. And when this vile race saw that they could not take him from thence, and that he answered them nothing, and that they could not overcome him by whatever they might do, they went forthwith from the mountain down into a plain, which was then made to appear before the King, and there they drew up their battles in such guise as the King Don Roderigo was used to darrain them. And eft-soon he saw great multitudes of strange people, who came from the

other side, and they began a battle so fierce and so cruel, that the King thought he had never seen one like it. And the one party put the other to the worst, and followed after them in pursuit. And then there came messengers to the King, telling him that his people had conquered, and had slain many of the enemy; but the King was confounded, and as it were beside himself, and heeded not, neither did he know what they said, and he answered nothing. And then they all went away, and seemed to the King that the one were pursuing the others, and this continued till the first crowing of the cock. And the King recovered his senses: howbeit he knew not whether it was a vision, or if it had indeed happened; but he called to mind that he had not compleated the prayers which he made every day; and he began them again and finished them. And when he had finished, great part of the night was past, and he laid himself down to sleep. And then for three months he had no other temptation."

Ch. 251. — *How the Devil, in the Figure of La Cava, the Daughter of Count Don Julian, sought to deceive King Don Rodrigo.*

"The King was saying his prayers at the hour of vespers on a Tuesday, when he saw people on horseback coming toward him: and as they were about the reach of a cross-bow from him, he saw that they alighted, and that there came toward him a woman, who was full nobly clad; and when she came near, he knew her that she was La Cava, the daughter of Count Don Julian, and she seemed to him more beautiful than he had ever before seen her in his life. And when she drew nigh she humbled herself, and said, Sir, what fortune has brought you to this wretched life in which you have so long continued? And the King held his peace and said nothing. And that false Cava said, Sir, it is a month since a holy man, clad in white garments, and having a red cross upon his breast, appeared to me when I was with my father Count Don Julian in Toledo; where he now holds the

seat of the lordship of Spain, as he who, by force of arms, has subdued the Moors, and killed or made captives of them all. At the hour when this holy man appeared to me I was alone in my chamber, having great sorrow in my heart, because I had no certain news where you was, and whether your soul continued to live in this world, or in another. And, moreover, I was full sorrowful, because of the death of my Lady the Queen Eliaca, your wife, who is now deceased. And for these things my heart was full sorrowful, and in great trouble with griefs and thoughts, which came to me I know not from whence, and I was like one bereft of his judgment. And while I was contemplating in this state, the holy man appeared to me in such wise as I have said, and said to me, Of what art thou taking thought? Cease to lament, for without me thou canst do nothing certain of that which thou desirest. But that the dominion of Spain may not pass away from the power of the Goths, and that he who shall have it may descend from thy seed, and be of the generation of King Don Rodrigo, it is my will that thou shouldst know where he is, and that thou shouldst go to him, and that he should go in unto thee, and that thou shouldst conceive of him a son, and shalt call his name Felbersan, the which shall be such a one that he shall reduce under his forces all the earth which is below the firmament. Depart, therefore, from hence, and go to the place where he is, and make no tarriance: for thus it behoveth for the service of God, and for the weal and protection and defence of the land. And I said to him, Sir, how can this be which you tell me, seeing that King Don Rodrigo is dead; for his enemies slew him when they won the battle in which the great chivalry of Spain perished. And he said to me, Cava, think not he is dead, for he liveth, and passeth his life alone in a hermitage; of the which thy father Count Don Julian will certify thee, for he went to seek him there, and found him there when he overcame the Moors. He will tell thee that he is alive, and in what place is the hermitage wherein he abideth. And I said to him, But if King Don Rodrigo passeth his life after this manner in

the service of God, he will not approach me that I may conceive of him this son who shall prove so good. And since it thus pleases you, give me a sign by which I may show him that this is pleasing to God, and that he may do this which you say, seeing so great good is to follow from it. And, moreover, he will be brought to such weakness that he will not be able to obey, by reason of the great abstinence to which his body has been subjected during his continuance there. And the holy man said to me, Care not for this, for God will give him strength; and thou shalt say to him for a sign that he may believe thee, how I told him that he should take heed lest the enemy deceive him, and how I bade the Devil depart from the altar where he was in the ark instead of the Corpus Christi, for that he should adore him. When thou tellest him this he will believe thee, and will understand that it is by the command of God. And when he had said these words he disappeared, so that I saw him no more; and I remained for a full hour, being greatly comforted, because I knew of your life, so that it seemed to me there were no other glory in this world. And when I came to myself, I went incontinently to my father Count Don Julian, and told him all that had befallen me with the holy man who came in that holy vision; and I asked him if he knew aught concerning you. And he told me how he had gone to you with all his chivalry to bid you come out from thence to defend your country, which the enemies had taken from you, and that you would not; but rather commended it to him that he should undertake it, and defend the land and govern it; and that it grieved him to think that you would not be alive, because of the great abstinence which you imposed every day upon your flesh: nevertheless, since it pleases our Lord that I should have a son by you, who should be so good a man that he should recover all Spain, he would have me go to this place, where I should find you if you were alive; and right content would he be that there should remain of you so great good. And I, sir King, seeing how it pleased God that this should be accomplished, according as I have said, am come here in secret, for neither man

nor woman knoweth of this, save my father Count Don Julian; for I have told my people who came with me to remain yonder, because I would go and confess to a holy man who had made his abode here more than fifty years. Now, since God is the author of this, recover yourself, and remember the time when you told me that there was nothing in the world which you loved so much as me, nor which you desired so greatly as to obtain a promise of me; the which I could not give at that hour, by reason that the Queen was living, and I knew it to be great sin. And if I come to you now, it is by command of God, for it pleases him to send me here; and, also, because the Queen is no longer in this present life. And because you are so fallen away of your strength, let us go into the hermitage, or I will order a tent to be placed here, and let us sup together, that your heart may revive and you may fulfil the command of God."

Ch. 252. — *How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo, if the Holy Spirit had not visited and protected him.*

"As the King heard all this his whole body began to tremble, and his soul within him also; and all sense and power past away from him, so that he was in a trance, and then it was revealed to him that he should take heed against that temptation. And the false Cava, who saw him thus entranced, made many burning torches of wax come there, by reason that it was cold, and because that the King should derive heat; also there was a pavilion pitched there, and a table set within it with many viands thereon, and all the people who came with her were seen to lodge themselves far away upon the mountain. And when he had recovered himself, he saw that the false Cava was drest in a close-fitting kirtle, which came half way below the knee, and she seemed to him the fairest woman that he had ever seen in his life, and it appeared to the King that she said to him, Here, sir, come and take your supper. And the King began again to tremble and lose his judgment, and fell into such a state that he knew

not where he was, and it was revealed to him in that hour that he should guard against the temptation. And when he came to himself he saw that the pavilion was spread over his head; and seeing himself in that place, he looked for the oratory, and perceived that it was where it used to be; and within the pavilion he saw the false Cava, who was there with him, and that she was standing beside a bed, which was a full rich one, and that she began to take off her kirtle, and remained in her shift only, and with her long hair, which reached to her feet; and she said to him, See, sir, here in your power, that which you most desired, and which is now awaiting you. Rejoice, then, and take heart, and do that which God has appointed, and which will recover Spain, and recompense the losses, and sorrows, and wrongs which you have endured. And then she turned toward the King, for the Devil thought thus to tempt him, and make him break the penance which he had begun; and certes I ween there was no living man who would not right gladly have approached her. And then before him, in his sight, she began to comb and to plait her golden locks. And the King, seeing how beautiful she was, began to tremble all over, as if he had been struck with palsy; and he lost his judgment again, and became entranced, and remained thus a long while before he came again to himself. And it was revealed to him again that he should take heed how the Devil tempted him, and that he should have firm hope in God, and not break the penance which the holy Hermit had appointed him. But ever when he recovered from these trances, he forgot all which had been revealed to him while he was entranced; and now he found that there was a large *estrado* placed by him, and that La Cava was lying there beside him on some pillows, which were richly wrought in gold, undrest, as he had seen her, and that she said to him, Come, sir, for you tarry long, and it will soon be day-break. And the King seeing her so near him, then he was greatly troubled, yet could he not withdraw his eyes from her: but he called to mind how the Holy Spirit of God had bade him that he should always confide in his name, and place his true hope in the

sign of the cross. And he clasped his hands, and lifted them towards Heaven, and weeping bitterly, and in great contrition, he said, O Lord and very God Jesus Christ, deliver me from all temptation, and preserve my soul, that it fall not into perdition. And while he was praying thus, he saw how there came from the hermitage a great brightness, and he said, Deliver me, Lord, from the power of the Devil, that I may not be deceived, nor withdrawn from thy holy service. And at that hour he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and blest himself; and at that hour the false Cava fell down the rock into the sea, with such a sound as if the whole world were falling to pieces, and with the plunge which she made the sea dashed up so high, that where the oratory was the King was wetted with the spray. And he remained in such astonishment that he could not for an hour recover himself. And when he came to himself he began to pray with great repentance, as if he had been on the point of falling into temptation. And the Holy Spirit of God came to him in that same manner in which he had seen it the former time. And he fell on his face upon the ground, and began to lament full bitterly, and to say, Lord, have mercy upon my soul, and forsake me not among mine enemies, who would withdraw me from thee. And the Holy Spirit said to him, O King, of little faith, how hast thou been on the point of perishing! And the King made no reply, for he did nothing but weep. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take heed, King, lest the Devil deceive thee, and have power over thee, that thou shouldst not fulfil the penance which thou hast commenced, neither save thy soul. And the King lifted up his countenance, and had great shame to behold him. Howbeit he took courage, and said, Lord, have mercy upon me, and let me not be tempted by the enemy, for my heart is weak, and hath no power to defend itself against the false one: for my judgement is clean confounded, as one who hath no virtue if he be not aided by thy grace. Deliver me, Lord, for thy holy mercy and compassion: my salvation cannot come through the strength of my heart, for it is wholly full of fear, like a thing

which is overcome. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take courage and fear not, for thou shalt depart from this place sooner than thou thinkest. And when it is time I will guide thee to the place where thou shalt do thy penance, that thy soul may receive salvation. When thou shalt see a little white cloud appear above thee, and that there is no other in the sky, follow after it: and in the place where it shall stop shalt thou fulfil thy penance, according as the chief priest in that place shall appoint it thee. And take heart, and alway call to mind my holy name, and have true faith and constant hope in thy Saviour. And when he had said this he departed. And the King was greatly comforted and full of grace, as one with whom God was present in his mercy. And he abode in the hermitage a whole year, according to his reckoning, and twelve days more. And one day, when it was full clear, the King looked up and saw above him the cloud of which the Holy Spirit of God had told him; and when he saw it he was full joyful, and gave many thanks to God. Nevertheless the King did not rise from his prayers, neither did the cloud move from above him. And when he had finished his prayers he looked at the cloud and saw that it moved forward."

Ch. 253. — *How King Don Rodrigo departed from the Hermitage, and arrived where he was to do penance.*

"The King arose from the oratory and followed the cloud; and so great was the pleasure which he had, that he cared not for food, neither remembered it, but went after that his holy guide. And at night he saw how the cloud, when the sun was about to set, turned to the right of the road toward the mountains; and it went on so far, that before night had closed it came to a hermitage, in which there was a good man for a Hermit, who was more than ninety years of age, and there it stopt. And the King perceived that he was to rest there, and the good man welcomed the King, and they spake together of many things. And the King was well contented with his speech, and saw that certes he was a servant of God. And all

that day the King had not eaten, and he was barefoot, and his raiment tattered: and as he had not been used to travel a-foot, and with his feet bare, his feet were swollen with blisters. And when it was an hour after night, the Hermit gave him a loaf, full small, which was made of rye, and there were ashes kneaded with it, and the King ate it: and when he had eaten they said prayers. And when they had said their hours, they lay down to sleep. And when it was midnight they arose and said their hours: and when they had said them, the King went out of the hermitage, and saw that the cloud did not move: and then the King understood that he had to tarry here, or that he was to hear mass before he departed, and he asked the Hermit to hear his confession, and the Hermit confessed him. And when he had confessed, he said that he would communicate, and the good Hermit saw that it was good, and he put on his vestments and said mass; and the King heard the mass, and received the very body of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when the King had done this, he went out to look at the cloud. And as he went out of the hermitage he saw that the cloud began to move, and then he dispeeded himself from the Hermit, and they embraced each other weeping, and each entreated the other, that he would bear him in mind, and remember him in his prayers. And when the King had dispeeded himself, he followed after his holy guide, and the holy Hermit returned to his hermitage. And the King Don Rodrigo, notwithstanding his feet were swollen and full of blisters, and that in many places they were broken and bleeding, such and so great was the joy which he felt at going on in the course which he now held, that he endured it all as though he felt nothing. And he went, according as it seemed to him, full six leagues, and arrived at a convent of Black Monks, and there the cloud stopt, and would proceed no farther. And at that convent there was an Abbot who led an extraordinary good and holy life; and they were not there like other monks; and he was a great friend of God and of our Lady the Virgin St. Mary: and this Abbot took the King to his cell, and asked if he would eat as he was wont to do, or like the other

monks; and the King said, that he would do as he should direct him. And the Abbot ordered that a loaf should be brought of pannick and maize mixed together, and a jar of water, and on the other side he had food placed such as the monks used; and the King would eat only of the pannick bread, as he had been wont to do, and he drank of the water. And when he had eaten, the Abbot asked him if he would remain that night or not, and the King said that he knew not, but that he would go out and see whether he were to go or to remain. And the Abbot said that it was the hour of vespers, and that he ought to remain; and the King went out and saw that the cloud moved, and that it behoved him to go, and he dispeeded himself from the Abbot, and they commended themselves each to the other in his prayers. And the Abbot saw plainly how that cloud had guided him, and how there was no other in the sky, and he marvelled greatly, and said, Certes this is some holy man, and he gave thanks to God. And the King went on that evening till he came to a church which was solitary and remote from peopled places: and there the cloud stopt, and he abode there that night. And the King went into the church, and found in it a lamp burning, and it rejoiced him much, for by the light of it he said his hours as well before he should sleep as after. And on the morrow when he had made his prayer, he went out of the church and beheld the cloud, and saw that it moved; and he went after it, and after two days' journey he came to a place which where it is, or what it is called, is not said, save that it is the place of his burial, for such it is. And there the cloud stopt and proceeded no farther; and it rested without the town over an ancient hermitage. And the elder of that place incontinently knew by the Holy Spirit how King Don Rodrigo was come there: but he knew not his name, neither who he was; and he asked him if he meant to lead his life there, and he answered that it was to be as God should please. And the Elder said to him, Friend, I am the Elder of this place, for all the others, when they knew that King Don Rodrigo and his chivalry were slain and vanquished, fled from hence for fear of the Moors, and of

the traitor Count Don Julian, and they all went to the mountains to escape. And I remained, putting my trust in our Lord God, and in his holy hands: for that I would rather abide that which may befall and take my adventure here, than utterly forsake our mother holy church; while I am able I will remain here and not forsake it, but rather receive my death. And therefore I say, that if you are to abide here you must provide yourself of that whereof you have need. And the King said, Friend of God, concerning my tarriance I cannot certify you; though surely I think that I shall abide; and if for the service of God you will be pleased to send me every day that I remain a loaf of pannick and water, I shall be contented therewith. And the Elder promised this, and departed forthwith and went to his home, and sent him a loaf of pannick and water. And the cloud remained there three days over that hermitage, and when the three days were at an end, it was seen no more. And the King, when he could no longer see it, understood that there he must perform his penance, and gave many thanks to God, and was full joyful thereat. And on the morrow the Elder came to see him, and they communed with each other in such manner, that the King confessed to him all the sins which he had committed during his whole life till that time, all which he called to mind with great contrition, weeping full bitterly and groaning for his errors and sins. And the Elder was greatly astonished, and said, That on the third day from thence he would appoint him his penance. And he went to his church and confessed, and addrest himself to prayer in such guise that he neither ate nor drank, nor raised himself from one place, weeping bitterly, and beseeching God that he would show him what penance he should appoint the King; for after no other manner did he think to appoint it, than such as his holy mercy and compassion should direct. And on the third day he heard a voice which said thus, Command King Don Rodrigo that he go to a fountain which is below his hermitage, and he shall find there a smooth stone; and bid him lift it up, and under it he shall find three little serpents, the one having two heads. And

bid him take that which hath two heads, and carry it away, and place it in a jar, and nurse it secretly, so that no person in the world shall know thereof, save only he and thou; and let him keep it till it wax so great that it hath made three turns within the jar, and puts its head out; and when it is of that greatness, then let him take it out, and lay it in a tomb which is there, and lie down himself with it, naked; and close the tomb well, that the serpent may not be able to go out; and in this manner God is pleased that King Don Rodrigo should do penance."

Ch. 254. — *Of the Penance which was appointed King Don Rodrigo.*

"The Elder when he heard the voice was greatly amazed at so rigorous a penance as this, and gave many thanks to God, and he went to King Don Rodrigo, and told him the manner how he had heard the voice; and the King was full joyful and content and pleased therewith, and gave many thanks to our Lord, for that he should now complete his penance and save his soul. And therewith in great joy, and shedding many tears for pleasure, he went to the fountain as he had been directed, and found the smooth stone. And when he had lifted it up, he found the three serpents according as the Elder had said, and he took that which had two heads, and he took it and put it in a great jar, such as would be a large wine vessel, and nurst it there till it was of such bigness as the voice had said. And when King Don Rodrigo saw that it was of this bigness he confessed to the Elder, weeping full bitterly, demanding favour of God that he would give him grace and strength with patience to fulfil that penance without any temptation or trouble of soul; to the end that, the penance being completed, it might please our Lord God to receive his soul into his glory. And before the fifth day after the serpent was thus big, the King and the Elder went to the tomb, and they cleansed it well within; and the King placed himself in it naked as he was born, and the serpent with him, and the

Elder with a great lever laid the stone upon the top. And the King besought the Elder that he would pray to our Lord to give him grace that he might patiently endure that penance, and the Elder promised him, and thus the King remained in his tomb, and the serpent with him. And the Elder consoled him, saying to him many things to the end that he might not be dismayed, neither fall into despair, whereby he should lose the service of God. And all this was so secret that no man knew it, save only the King and the Elder. And when it was day-break the Elder went to the church and said mass, with many tears and with great devotion beseeching God that he would have mercy and compassion upon King Don Rodrigo, that with true devotion and repentance he might complete his penance in this manner, which was for his service. And when he had said mass, he went to the place where King Don Rodrigo lay, and asked him how he fared, and the King answered, Well, thanks to God, and better than he deserved, but that as yet he was just as when he went in. And the Elder strengthened him as much as he could, telling him that he should call to mind how he had been a sinner, and that he should give thanks to our Lord God, for that he had visited him in this world, and delivered him from many temptations, and had himself appointed for him this penance; the which he should suffer and take with patience, for soon he would be in heavenly glory. And the king said to him, that he well knew how according to his great sins he merited a stronger penance: but that he gave many thanks to our Lord Jesus, for that he himself had given him this penance, which he did receive and take with great patience; and he besought the Elder that he would continue to pray our Lord God that he would let him fulfil it. And the Elder said to him many good things concerning our Lord God. And the King lay there three days, during all which time the serpent would not seize on him. And when the third day, after that he had gone into the tomb, was completed, the serpent rose from his side, and crept upon his belly and his breast, and began with the one head to eat at his nature, and with the other straight toward his heart.

And at this time the Elder came to the tomb, and asked him how he fared, and he said, Well, thanks to God, for now the serpent had begun to eat. And the Elder asked him at what place, and he answered at two, one right against the heart with which he had conceived all the ills that he had done, and the other at his nature, the which had been the cause of the great destruction of Spain. And the Elder said that God was with him, and exhorted him that he should be of good courage, for now all his persecutions both of the body and of the soul would have an end. And the King ceased not always to demand help of our Lord, and to entreat that of his holy mercy he would be pleased to forgive him. And the Elder went to his home, and would not seat himself to eat, but retired into his chamber, and weeping, prayed full devoutly to our Lord that he would give strength to the King that he might complete his penance. And the serpent, as he was dying for hunger, and moreover was large, had in one minute eaten the nature, and began to eat at the bowels; nevertheless he did not eat so fast, but that the King endured in that torment from an hour before night till it was past the middle of the day. And when the serpent broke through the web of the heart, he staid there and ate no further. And incontinently the King gave up his spirit to our Lord, who by his holy mercy took him into his glory. And at that hour when he expired all the bells of the place rang of themselves as if men had rung them. Then the Elder knew that the King was dead, and that his soul was saved."

Thomas Newton in his "Notable History of the Saracens," seems to imagine that this story is allegorical. "Nowe," he says, "whereas it is reported, and written that he folowed a starre or a messenger of God, which conducted and guided him in his way; it may be so, and the same hath also happened to others; but it may as well also be understoode of a certaine secrete starre moving and directing his will.

"And whereas they say he was put by that holy man into a cave or hole, and a serpent with him that had two heads, which

in two days' space gnawed all the flesh off his body from the bones; this, beyng simplie taken and understanded, hath no likelihood of any truth. For what sanctity, what religion, or what pietie, commandeth to kill a penitent person, and one that seeketh comfort of hys afflicted mind by amendment of life, with such horrible torments and straunge punishment? Wherefore I woulde rather think it to be spoken mysticallye, and that the serpent with two heads signifieth his sinful and gylty conscience."

A humble tomb was found. — XXV. p. 250.

How Carestes found the grave of King Don Rodrigo at Viseo in Portugal.

"I, Carestes, vassal of King Don Alfonso of Leon, son-in-law of the Knight of God, King Don Pelayo, when the said King Don Alfonso won Viseo from the Moors who held it, found a grave in a field, upon the which were written in Gothic letters, the words which you shall here read. This grave was in front of a little church, without the town of Viseo, and the superscription of the writing was thus: —

Of the writing which was upon the grave of King Don Rodrigo.

"Here lies King Don Rodrigo, the last of the Goths. Cursed be the wrath of the traitor Julian, for it was of long endurance, and cursed be his anger, for it was obdurate and evil, for he was mad with rage, and stomachful with pride, and puffed up with folly, and void of loyalty, and unmindful of the laws, and a despiser thereof; cruel in himself, a slayer of his lord, a destroyer of his country, a traitor to his countrymen; bitter is his name; and it is as grief and sorrow in the mouth of him who pronounces it; and it shall always be cursed by all that speak of him."

That veracious chronicler Carestes then concludes his true history in these words: — "And by this which I found written upon this grave, I am of mind that King Don Ro-

drigo lies there, and because of the life which he led in his penitence, according as ye have heard, which also was in the same tomb written in a book of parchment, I believe without doubt that it is true, and because of the great penance which he did, that God was pleased to make it known in such manner as it past, for those who hereafter shall have to rule and govern, to the end that all men may see how soon pride is abased and humility exalted. This Chronicle is composed in memory of the noble King Don Rodrigo; that God pardon his sins, and that the son of the Virgin without stain, Jesus Christ, bring us to true repentance, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Thanks be to God!"

I believe the Archbishop Roderick of Toledo is the earliest writer who mentions this discovery. He died in 1247. The fact may very possibly have been true, for there seems to have been no intention of setting up a shrine connected with it. The Archbishop's words are as follow: —

"*Quid de Rege Roderico acciderit ignoratur; tamen corona, vestes et insignia et calciamenta auro et lapidibus adornata, et equus qui Orelia dicebatur, in loco tremulo juxta fluvium sine corpore sunt inventa. Quid autem de corpore fuerit factum penitus ignoratur, nisi quod modernis temporibus apud Viseum civitatem Portugalliæ inscriptus tumulus invenitur,* Hic jacet Rodericus ultimus Rex Gothorum. *Maledictus furor impius Juliani quia pertinax, et indignatio, quia dura; animosus indignatione, impetuosus furore, oblitus fidelitatis, immemor religionis, contemptor divinitatis, crudelis in se, homicida in dominum, hostis in domesticos, vastator in patriam, reus in omnes, memoria ejus in omni ore amarescet, et nomen ejus in æternum putrescet.*" — Rod. Tol. f. 3. g. 19.

Lope de Vega has made this epitaph, with its accompanying reflections, into two stanzas of Latin rhymes, which occur in the midst of one of his long poems: —

Hoc jacet in sarcophago Rex ille
Penultimus Gothorum in Hispania,

Infelix Rodericus; viator sile,
Ne fortè pereat tota Lusitania;
Provocatus Cupidinis missile
Telo, tam magnâ affectus fuit insaniâ
Quam tota Hiberia vinculis astricta
Testatur mœsta, lachrimatur victa.

Execrabilem Comitem Julianum
Abhorreant omnes, nomine et remoto
Patrio, appellent Erostratum Hispanum,
Nec tantum nostri, sed in orbe toto:
Dum current cœli sidera, vesanum
Vociferant, testante Mauro et Gotho,
Cesset Florindæ nomen insuave,
Cava viator est, a Cava cave.

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff. 137.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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