

# PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1899

(All rights reserved.)

	PAGE
<b>THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.</b> From the Painting by H. Siemiradzki . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<b>BIG FRUIT OPERATIONS.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .	<i>E. H. Rydall</i> 439
<b>THE DUKE'S LETTER.</b> Illustrated by J. Ambrose Walton . . . . .	<i>James Workman</i> 446
<b>A NEW DEAF-AND-DUMB ALPHABET</b> . . . . .	<i>Leslie Gilliams</i> 455
Illustrated with Photographs.	
<b>THE ADVENTURES OF SIRDAR MOHAMMED KHAN</b> . . . . .	<i>Louis Tracy</i> 458
No. V.—HOW HE GUARDED THE GREAT PEARL NECKLACE. Illustrated by Warwick Goble.	
<b>THE LAST CHAMPION OF GRANADA.</b> Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood . . . . .	<i>George Griffith</i> 467
<b>HUMAN STORKS.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Herbert Vivian</i> 472
<b>A PRIESTESS OF THE PIGSKIN.</b> Illustrated by W. E. Mears . . . . .	<i>Elmore Elliott Peake</i> 476
<b>TELEGRAPHING FROM THE CLOUDS</b> . . . . .	<i>Rev. J. M. Bacon, F.R.A.S.</i> 486
Illustrated with Photographs.	
<b>THE DISCLOSURE OF A STATE SECRET.</b> Illustrated by Victor Venner . . . . .	<i>Walter Wood</i> 491
<b>A STUDY OF SPLASHES.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .	<i>A. M. Worthington, F.R.S.</i> 498
<b>THE LOST CONTINENT</b> . . . . .	<i>Cutcliffe Hyne</i> 505
CHAPTERS XIII—XV. Illustrated by Ernest Prater.	
<b>THE ART OF THE AGE.</b> Illustrated . . . . .	523
<b>LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES.</b> Illustrated by Tom Browne . . . . .	<i>W. L. Alden</i> 530

*The front cover design is from a Painting by Henry Kyland, and is reproduced by permission of the Autotype Company.*

**Yearly Subscriptions, \$1.00, in advance. Single Copies, Ten Cents**

**NOTE.**—Subscribers failing to receive PEARSON'S by the 20th of each month will confer a favor by sending a postal card to the New York office. The omission will be supplied and investigation made through the post-office department.

Issued Monthly by

**THE PEARSON PUBLISHING CO., 43-45 East 19th Street, New York**

# THE LAST CHAMPION OF GRANADA.

(November 25th, 1491)

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

ROUND the long-beleaguered city, 'midst the Vega's wasted fields  
Closer draw Fernando's legions, waiting till Granada yields ;  
Till Granada, the Pomegranate, fairest fruit of Spanish skies,  
Parched and sere with drought and famine, shall become the Victor's prize.

In the Throne-Room of Alhambra sat the Chiefs in sad debate  
On the summons to surrender to the Christian at the gate,  
And Abdallah the Unlucky, traitor, perjurer, and slave,  
Urged the yielding of the jewel that his faint heart dare not save.  
Said the Vizier, with his master seeking but to yield and live :  
" Lo! two hundred thousand hunger for the bread we cannot give ;  
It is vain to struggle longer—let now Allah's will be done !  
Sign the terms, my lord Abdallah : sign—Granada's race is run !  
Lo! the terms are very easy, and the Christian Queen is good ;  
She hath pity on our children, and would spare their fathers' blood.  
Better thus than that Fernando, with his closing ring of steel,  
Should strangle poor Granada—he who cannot stand must kneel ! "

He ceased, and for a moment silence fell throughout the hall.  
Then rose Musa Ab'l Gazan, only man among them all.  
Once his proud lips curled in anger, once his eyes flashed fiery scorn,  
Then his wrath rolled forth in thunder on Alhambra's echoes borne :

" Chiefs of Islam, leave this weeping to your women and your slaves.  
Shall true Moslems yield while o'er them the Prophet's banner waves ?

What though there be no salvation for  
the city of our pride,  
Yet our sons may tell their children  
how Granada's champions died !  
What though triumph be not for us ;  
what though valour cannot save,  
Hath despair no nobler guerdon than  
the shackles of the slave ?  
Will our Mother Earth deny us the red  
refuge of the grave ?  
Oh, my brothers! yet a moment hear  
an old man's warning word,  
Ere ye sign yon lying parchment, ere  
ye break Granada's sword.  
For I tell thee, Lord Abdallah, that no  
words, however fair,  
Can bind Christian unto Moslem more  
than bonds of woven air.  
Yonder parchment is the warrant of  
swift death to thee and thine,  
Ruin to thy faith and nation, and the  
old Granadan line !





“What—silent—God Most Merciful, be these  
 Thy champions now!  
 Surrender then, ye recreants,—yet hear a  
 Moslem's vow:  
 Though thrice ten thousand Christians shall  
 seek my course to stay,  
 For sake of all I cannot save,  
 To Honor's grave this stainless glaive  
 Shall hew my bloody way!  
 Sign the terms, my Lord Abdallah, sign ye,  
 too, Granada's lords;  
 And, since the Christian bids you yield,  
 sheath your dishonored swords.  
 Across the threshold of the tomb I bid you  
 here farewell—  
 My path shall end in Paradise, as yours shall  
 end in Hell.

Alone I go to battle for fair Granada's fame—  
 By God and God's own Prophet, I will not see her shame!”

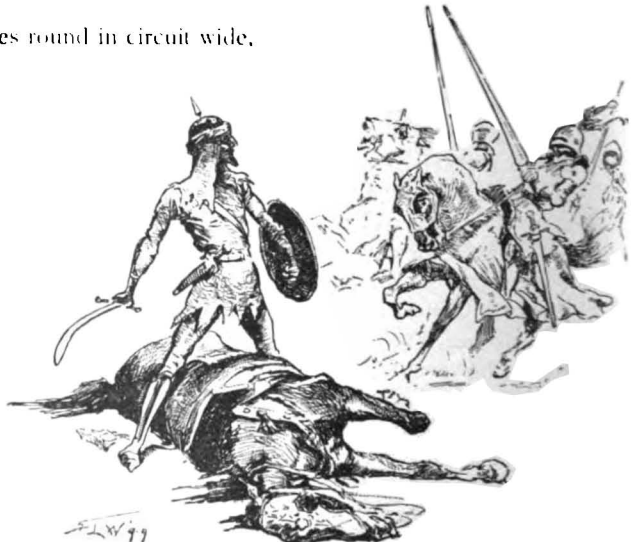
\* \* \* \* \*

“What ho, Sir Knight! God save you! Come you from Santa Fé  
 Or from Granada's fastness, where men to Mahound pray?  
 Stand, in the Christian Sovereigns' name, ere worse on thee be done;  
 God wot it were not to our fame to take thee ten to one!”

No word the Moslem utters, but lays his lance in rest,  
 And, bending low, like shaft from bow,  
 Flies furious at the foremost foe  
 With such grim, deadly zest,  
 That horse and knight, in piteous plight,  
 Roll headlong in the dust;  
 Nor groan is heard, nor limb is stirred,  
 After that fatal thrust.

And now the Silent Horseman rides round in circuit wide,  
 And hard the knights ride after,  
 and fast each spur is plied;  
 But none can overtake him till  
 down he swoops again,  
 And another foe lies bleeding and  
 crippled on the plain.  
 Once more he wheels and charges,  
 and yet another knight,  
 With shattered shield and breast  
 plate, lies low in evil plight.  
 And now the seven Christians  
 surround the single Moor,  
 And fierce the battle rages, and  
 fast the blood doth pour,

Till, breaking through the circle,  
 he gains the open plain;





Horse and knight, in piteous plight,  
Roll headlong in the dust.



A furlong's space prolongs the race, then charges in again.  
But now in serried phalanx the wrathful Spaniards close,  
And to the single Moorish lance seven Christian spears oppose.

God help thee now, brave Moslem, surely thine hour is nigh.  
Yet never knight in fiercer fight showed foemen how to die!  
Like levin-bolt he dashes full on the levelled spears,  
Two from his good shield glance aside  
Three from his charger's harness glide,  
One breaks off short, and one strikes wide,  
And so the press he clears.

Two more have fallen, and the five charge on the Moor again.  
But ere their lances reach him their chivalry draws rein,  
As they see his bleeding charger sink lifeless to the plain.

"Now yield thee to our mercy, thou bravest of thy race,  
On such a field thou well mayest yield, nor hold it for disgrace!"

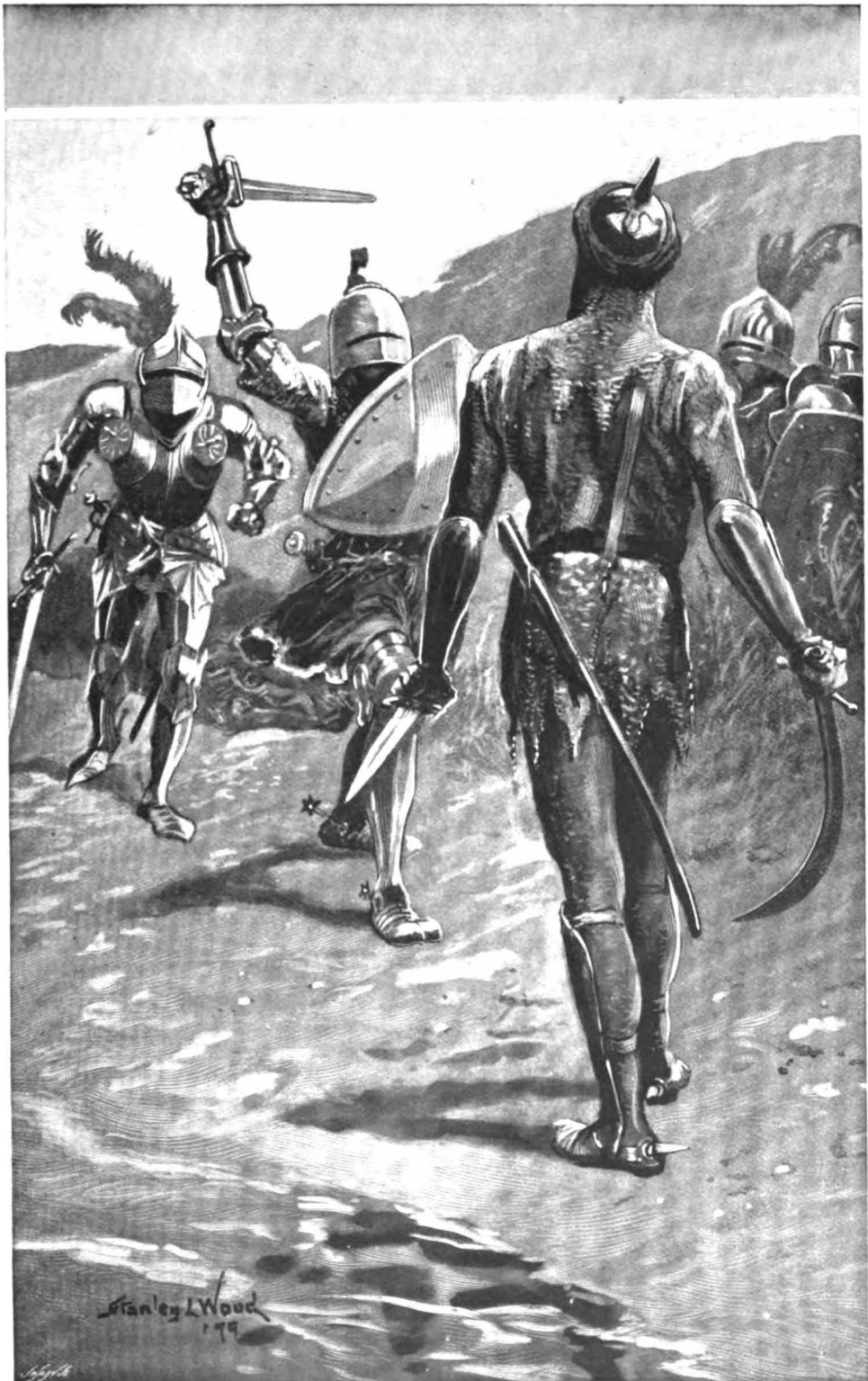
But he leaps up undaunted, with naked blade in hand,  
And strides towards the river and gains the flowery strand.  
Then, gripping sword and dagger, still silent waits the foe,  
A steel-clad knight to left and right, the foaming flood below.  
Three spears'-length off the Spaniards, all wondering, drew rein  
And hoarsely to surrender they summon him again.  
But never word in answer, the silent Moslem saith,  
For his is that high valour which only yields to Death.

Now all dismount, and round him five naked falchions gleam;  
One glance he casts to Heaven and one upon the stream;  
Then, like a tiger springing upon the nearest foe,  
Through helm and skull his falchion cleaves in one biting blow;  
Then, on another leaping, he drags him to the ground  
And instant through the gorget joint  
His good Damascus dagger's point  
A Christian's heart hath found!

Now from the wound he wrenches  
The broken, dripping blade,  
And, fainting 'neath the raining blows,  
He faces his remaining foes,  
Dying, yet undismayed;  
Now, backward staggering to the shore  
He gains the slippery brink once more—  
Blinded with sweat and blood;  
With one last effort hurls his mace  
Full in the foremost foeman's face—  
Then plunges in the flood!

So died Granada's champion, so fell her  
bravest knight,  
And never more was Musa beheld by mortal  
sight.





Then, gripping sword and dagger, still silent waits the foe.