

the moment they stir beyond their defences. All supplies come from Algeciras. It was from Ceuta that the Moors embarked on their invasion of Spain; the secret mover of this expedition was the person called Count Julian, the governor of Ceuta, who revenged his daughter's injured honour by dethroning Don Roderick, her seducer. It is not clear who this Don Julian was; his real name was Olianus, whence Elyano Ilyan; he was probably a rich Berber merchant, and one of great influence over those fierce highlanders of the lower Atlas (see the curious and learned note, 'Moh. D.' i. 537; and see La Cava, post, p. 353).

Those who have not been to Ronda should ride by Gaucin, Ronda, and Casarabonela to Malaga. Those who have been at Ronda have the choice of two routes, either by land, or by sea by the steamer, which is the most rapid, and the sea-coast is magnificent all the way down to Almeria; if they go by land, fill the provision hamper before starting with a farewell joint of the roast beef of old England.

ROUTE XXII.—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA.

Va. del Guadairo	4	
Estepona	1	5
Marbella	5	10
Ojen	1	11
Monda	2	13
Malaga	5	18
Or,		
Marbella	10	
Fuengirola	4	14
Benalmedina	2	16
Malaga	3	19

Gibraltar, as Strabo observed, lies about half way between Cadiz and Malaga. The coast bridle-road is as sandy as the trochas of the Serrania are stony; the line is studded with atalayas (see p. 238). Passing through the "Lines" along the sands, cross the dangerous valley of the Guadairo, Fluvius Barbesulæ. Estepona, Cilni-ana, was built in 1456 from a ruined Moorish town: it supplies "the Rock" with fruit and vegetables. A few arches remain of the ancient aqueduct

of Salduba, at Las Bovedas. On the hills to the l. is Manilba, the Hedionda, or Harrowgate waters of the coast. The fetid hygæan spring offends the nose and palate, but benefits the stomach; the smell and taste, according to local legends, are attributed to the farewell sigh of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by Santiago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphurous twang.

Next is crossed "el Rio Verde." This wild oleander-fringed mountain torrent is translated by Bishop Percy as a "gentle river with willowed shore:" assuredly the prelate never crossed it, as we have done, when swollen by a heavy rain; but as he said "green would not sound well," what would he have done with the Red Sea? This river is one of sad recollections in the ballads of Spain. On the hills above, Alonzo de Aguilar, with the flower of Andalusian chivalry, was waylaid and put to death by El Feri, of Benastapar. The unburied bones, still bleaching, were found in 1570 by his great-grandson; and such for many years will be the bone-strewed pass of Cabool.

The Spaniards, like the Orientals, frequently leave the slain to the vulture, the rechamah of Scripture. The Iberians believed that the souls of those whose bodies were thus exposed were transported at once to heaven (Sil. Ital. iii. 342; xiii. 471). The ancients held this bird to be sacred because it never preyed on the living, and was an excellent undertaker and scavenger. Spain is the land of the vulture: the flocks hover over their prey, and soar sulkily away when disturbed, parting the light air with heavy wing. During the late wars the number of these feathered guerrilleros multiplied fearfully, like those of the *latro implumis* kind. Battle, murder, and sudden death provided sustenance to the carrion-feeders, whose numbers increased with supply of subsistence. The indecency of the Spaniard towards a dead body is very remarkable; a live man is of small value, a dead one of

rather less. The *Sangrados* have no use for anatomical *subjects*, since it saves them trouble to practise on their patients before the *coup de grace* is given.

Diego de Mendoza (Guerras de Granada, iv.) describes the discovery of the bleaching bones, and the rage and grief of the army. He borrows, without either acknowledging the obligation, or improving on his original, from Tacitus, 'An.' i. 61, whose splendid account of the finding the remains of the legions of Varus is well known. Mendoza is now called the Spanish Tacitus, just as Toreno might be termed their Southey, as far as filching other men's ideas go, not to say *cash*.

Marbella, a pretty town with a pretty name, rises amidst groves and gardens. Isabella is said to have exclaimed, "*Que Mar tan bella!*" *Marbella* is frail and fair, and, like Potiphar's wife, is said to steal raiment:

"*Marbella es bella, no entres en ella ;
Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.*"

The Posada, *La Corona*, is decent. Consult '*Conjecturas de Marbella*,' Pedro Vasquez de Clavel, 4to., Cordova. It was taken from the Moors in 1485. The iron-mines of Heredia, distant 1 L., deserve a visit; they are now in full work; the ore yields from 70 to 75 of metal per cent., but want of fuel neutralizes this bounty of nature. The forests of Spain are cut everywhere imprudently, while the coal of the Asturias is hardly yet in vogue.

The road now branches; that by the coast passes the castle of *Fuengirola*—Suel—where Lord Blayney immortalized himself. He was sent in Oct. 1810, by Gen. Campbell, from Gibraltar, to surprise this castle and act upon Malaga. According to his lordship's book, he commanded a mongrel expedition of Poles, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, with about 300 English of the 89th regt. The Spaniards were embarked at Ceuta, without even one round of ammunition; *Socorros de España*. They forthwith took offence

at rations of beef being served out on a fast-day, which, for men proverbially *valientes con los dientes*, passed the understanding of the English gastronomic general. These fasters next refused to fight on Sunday. Blayney, who was fit to command them, "made," says Napier, "his dispositions with the utmost contempt of military rules." He lost two days in cannonading the castle with 12-pounders, and thus afforded Sebastiani time to come from Malaga with a superior force. To crown the blunders, Blayney, according to his own book, "took these French for Spaniards;" and they took him prisoner. The real Spaniards, having left the English to bear the burden of the fight, now re-embarked under the protection of the Rodney's broadsides. This protection Maldonado entirely omits, and states that the few English who escaped were saved by "*el valor y intrepidez de los Españoles*" (ii. 419). Thus, says Napier (xii.1), an expedition well contrived, and adequate for its object, was ruined by misconduct, and terminated in disaster and disgrace.

Lord Blayney ate his way through Spain and France, and then published a narrative of a forced (meat?) journey, 2 v., London, 1814, to the infinite joy of reviewers, who compared it to Drunken Barnaby's travels. This the French, who never translate the "Duke," did translate, in order to throw ridicule on English soldiers and authors, as if Blayney were either. M. Bory—*et tu, Brute*—sneers at this addition to "*les mauvais livres Anglais sur l'Espagne*;" while M. Dumas thus chuckles over Lord "Blancy" at "Frangerola" (sic): "*Cette affaire fut peu honorable pour l'expédition, car les Français qu'elle eut à combattre lui étoient de deux tiers inférieurs en nombre*;" being, in fact, two-thirds *superior*. Lord Blayney, like M. Dumas, could not even be correct in the name of the place where he was taken, which he calls "Fiangerolla." The castle is what the Spaniards term a *casa de ratones*; and in this rat-trap, in 1831,

was the rebel Torrijos caught by the scoundrel Moreno.

Let the traveller, on leaving *Marbella*, avoid these scenes of dishonour, and turn into the mountains to the l. by *Coin*: 3 L. of ascent amid vines lead to *Ojen*, a romantic village in a bosom of beauty. Passing on, lies the hamlet and castle of *Monda*, near which was fought the Waterloo of antiquity. The exact site is unknown; so much for glory! Some contend that Pompey's camp was near the r. bank of the *Seco*. The present village was built by the Moors from the remains of the ancient city, which is still called *Monda la vieja*. Munda was of Iberian origin. Mon Monoa—unde Mons—is a prefix of height. It lay to the W., and was, according to Strabo, the metropolis of the district. Consult '*Examen de las Medallas atribuidas a la Ciudad de Munda*,' G. L. Bustamente. Fol.º Mad. 1799.

Here a murderous battle was fought between Scipio and Magon, in which the former was wounded (Livy, xxiv. 42). Here Cæsar, March 17, 47 A.C., defeated the sons of Pompey: this, the "last of battles," left the conqueror without a rival, and gave the world to one master (Florus, iv. 2, 82; Lucan, 'Phar.' i. 40). Cæsar arrived from Rome in 24 days (Suet. in Vit. 56). The first news of his coming was conveyed both to his own troops and to the enemy by his actual arrival (Hirt. 'B. H.' 29). Hirtius, a friend of Cæsar's, describes the plain, and the bright sun, which shone out as if the gods had made it a day for triumph, like *Le Soleil d'Austerlitz*. He makes the best of the event, and enumerates the number of the slain, the prisoners, and the captured standards. But Florus gives those details which the conqueror concealed. The countenance of Cæsar, which used to brighten at the trumpet-sound, was overcast; a silence came over the contending armies, who knew how important was the hazard of the cast. The veterans flushed with 14 years of victory wavered. Cæsar for

a moment despaired and meditated suicide (Suet. in Vit. 36). He never would have died in chains after a crushing reverse. He flung himself from his horse, and cast off his helmet that he might be known (App. 'B. C.' ii. 804): the day was won, not by the soldiers, but by the general (Vell. Pat. ii. 55). Cæsar remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life. 30,000 of the enemy were slain: a rampart of dead bodies was raised around Munda, for want of gabions (App. loc. cit.). Cæsar then cut down a forest for palisadoes, leaving a single palm standing, an omen and record of victory (Suet. Aug. 94). For other details of these districts, consult 'E. S.' xii. 291.

A rich fruit district intervenes to *Coin*: *Cartama* lies on a hill to the l.: thence through *Alhaurin el Grande*, leaving *Churriana* to the r. These villages are the summer retreats of the Malaga merchants. The *hoya* or valley is renowned for fertility: in 1564, according to Hofnagel, it was studded with villages filled with industrious Moriscos. The Spaniards, by expelling these admirable agriculturists, have converted an Eden into a desert. Malaga lies beyond, girt with hills, and basking at their base on its sunny bay.

Crossing the *Guadajore* is a combined aqueduct and viaduct, which was destined to bring water from the *Sierra of Mijas*, and be also a road. It was begun in 1726 by Geronimo Solis, after plans of Toribio Martinez de la Vega; *está por acabar*. The funds, raised by a tax on oil and wine, were as usual jobbed by the directors, and in 1742 the residue was seized by the *Bisoño* government. Compare the aqueduct of Seville, p. 236.

Malaga is a fine, but purely commercial city: one day will suffice. It has few attractions beyond climate, almonds and raisins, and sweet wine. The best inns are the *Cuatro Naciones* and the *Fonda de los Reyes*. There are two good *Casas de Pupilos*: one,

that of Romagnoli, near the cathedral; the other of Ladanza, *Pla. de los Moros*; Teresita, the daughter, is a pretty specimen of a *Malageña*, and there is a *Gallego* waiter who speaks English. The usual charges are about a dollar a day. Pepe Lanza has good horses to let for hire, and knows the wild country well. One Manuel also jobs cattle, but those who employ him had better be awake, and secure good beasts.

There is a diligence from Malaga to Granada by Loja, and another to Velez Malaga. Steamers ply regularly up to Barcelona and down to Cadiz. Nothing can be more obliging than our consul, Mr. Mark, who has a good collection of local ores.

Malaga, the capital of its province, is the residence of the superior authorities, a *Gefe politico*, and a bishop, suffragan to Granada: popⁿ. above 51,000. It has a cathedral, a *casa de espositos*, hospitals, a naval college; a decent theatre, built by Masonesqui; a good reading-room; a *plaza de toros*, constructed out of a convent; a fine quay, pier, and Alameda. The coat of arms are the two tutelar martyrs, *Sⁿ. Cyriaco* and *S^a. Paula*, with the castles of *Alcazaba* and *Gibelfaro*, and the *Tanto Monta* of Ferdinand for a motto.

Malaga is the chief port of Granada; the position is admirable; the *Guadamedina*, or "River of the city," divides it from the suburbs *Purchel* and *La Trinidad*. This river never had a name of its own. *Malachæque flumen urbis cum cognomine* (Fest. Av. de Or. Mar. 431). It is a mere brook in summer, but a devastating torrent in winter. It is the bane and antidote of the city: the deposits block up the harbour, while, like an Alpheus, it cleanses away the accumulations of filth to which the inhabitants are strangely indifferent. The sea, in consequence, recedes; thus the old Moorish quay is now in the town, and the *Alameda* was covered with water last century.

Phœnician Malaga, like Cadiz, is of immemorial antiquity, and the judgment shown in the selection of site is

evidenced by a commercial existence and prosperity of 3000 years. The name is either *Melech*, King's town, or *Melach*, the salt-fish, the *ταριχεται* of Strabo, those anchovies and *boquerones* for which, then as now, it is celebrated. Thus Sidon has been derived from *seid*, salt-fish. Humboldt, however, considers Malaga to be a pure Iberian name, *Mal*, a hill, with *carra*, the termination of locality (Bergseite). Malaga, like Cadiz, a city of selfish merchants, deserted Tyre for rising Carthage, and then deserted Carthage for rising Rome. It made terms with Scipio, became a municipium, and was embellished with an amphitheatre, part of which was laid open in digging the foundations of the *Convento de la Paz*, and reburied, as usual.

Malaga, *Malakah*, was a city after the Moor's own heart. Rasis describes it as a paradise on earth. It was taken by Ferd., May 18, 1487, after a dreadful siege. The king broke every pledge, and celebrated his triumph with confiscations and *auto de fes*. Pulgar (Chr. de los Reyes, ch. xciv., et seq.), an eyewitness, details these Punic atrocities, which were imputed to Ferd. as merits; but *nulla fides servanda est hereticis*.

The manes of the murdered Moors were avenged by Sebastiani, who entered Feb. 5, 1810. The Malaga junta, after the rout of Ocaña, made no sort of preparation; they did not even remove their stores or artillery; Col. Abello, who commanded, set an example to the junta of taking to their heels at the sight of the French advance. Sebastiani *faisait bien ses affaires* at Malaga. See for rare details and doings Toreno xi. and Schepeler ii. 534.

The *Malageños* again made no resistance to the French in 1823; and the invaders, under C^o. Loveredo, drew out on the Alameda the cartridges which they had loaded at the Bidasoa, and threw them in the faces of the patriots, their *promenade militaire* being concluded; Malaga shared with Lugo, May 20, 1843, in taking the lead in the *Espartero Pronunciamento*.

The city is soon seen. Visit the noble Moorish castle, built in 1279, and once a palace and a fortress. The lower portion is called the Alcazaba, *Al Kasabah*, the heart, the centre. It is connected with the upper keep, the Gibal Faro, the "hill of the Pharos." Observe a fine Moorish horse-shoe gateway, incongruously ornamented with old Roman columns and modern Roman Catholic images. *La Puerta de la Cava* is connected by the vulgar with *La Cava*, Count Julian's daughter, whose violation by Don Roderick introduced the Moors into Spain. Now a Moorish gate could scarcely be so called before the Moors came there. This *La Cava* is a corruption of Alcaba, the descent; and Cava herself is nothing but Cahba, which in Arabic signifies a lewd woman, a "curse," which a lewd woman is in Spain and out. That Don Julian or Elyano caused the Moorish invasion is certain (see p. 349), but the name of this Helen, his daughter, is never mentioned. The early Spanish historians attributed the subjugation of the Peninsula and the fall of the Goths to the Divine wrath, which thus punished the marriages of clergymen, permitted by Witiza; and this new offence of Don Roderick they now personified as "*Incontinency*," being then, as before and since, *causa teterrima belli*. Thus, in later times, their annalists pronounced the decay and weakness of England, under Elizabeth, to be the just punishment of Henry VIII., whose passion for Anna Boleyn led to a breach with Rome and the success of heresy. The import however of the adage, *Ay! de España perdida por un gusto y por la Cava*, may not be quite a fiction, for this caprice of the Gothic tyrant might have been the last drop which caused the full cup to run over. The Moorish power rose from exactly the same causes by which it was doomed to fall, civil dissensions and a disputed throne. Thus Boabdil let in Ferdinand, as the dispossessed sons of Witiza did Elyano, Musa, and Tarik. The opponents to Don Roderick called in the Moors as allies, and

they, being the strongest, kept the prize for themselves. The mass of the people, and the Jews especially, either stood aloof or sided with the invader. They hated the Goths as our Anglo-Saxons did the Normans, because oppressors and strangers. The Moors behaved kindly and honourably to all who submitted, and were tolerant and observant of treaties.

The Moorish *Atarazana*, or dock-yard, is still an arsenal, in name if not in contents. A beautiful marble horse-shoe arch remains: this has been disfigured by a paltry shed, and narrowly escaped being pulled down in 1833; the Spaniard in authority has small feeling for Moorish art, which he considers a remnant of a barbarian infidel and invader; he resents the admiration of foreigners, because it implies inferiority in himself. Even Ponz (viii. 220), an antiquarian and a man of taste, recommended "beautifying and repairing" Malaga by removing "*todas las fealdades que tienen resabios de los Moros*." He wished to substitute the academical and commonplace.

The church of *Santiago* was a mosque; the brick tower and some *azulejo* yet remain. The grand mosque was pulled down to make room for the cathedral, which was begun in 1538, and only finished in 1719. The original design, by Diego de Siloe, was departed from by each succeeding architect: now it is a pasticcio, which will never please any except the Malagenses, who are better judges of raisins than the reasons of good taste. The façade stands between two towers; one *está por acabar*, and the other is drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome: the view from it is glorious. Opposite the *So. Tomas* is one of the fine old Gothic doors. The interior is a failure. The roof is groined in a thready, meagre pattern, while a heavy cornice is supported by grouped fluted Corinthian pillars, placed back to back on ill-proportioned pedestals. Observe the red marble pulpit. The altar mayor, designed by Cano, is light and

open. Observe a "*Concepcion*," attributed to Mat^o. Cerezo, but it is either by Valdes Leal or some second-rate Sevillano; a "Virgin and Child," Morales, is doubtful; the "Virgin," or "*Madona del Rosario*," by Cano, is good. The *Silla del coro* was carved in 1658 by Pedro de Mena, a pupil of Cano. The bishop's palace is near the cathedral.

Malaga is exposed to winds from the E. The mole which protects the shipping was built in 1588: walk to the end for the view. The large white building in the foreground, all roof and window, was destined for the *Lonja*, or exchange, and when commerce departed was turned into a cigar manufactory. The Alameda is delicious, and has an Italian look; the houses on it are the best in Malaga. Here will be seen *Las Malageñas*, who are "*muy halagueñas*," very bewitching. The walk is full of flowers and water. The marble fountain, with groups of female figures somewhat too undressed for Spanish propriety, was made at Genoa, and given by that republic to Charles V.

On the beach below the Carmen convent, Torrijos and some fifty of his confederates were shot by Moreno, Dec. 11, 1831, as rebels and traitors; now, in the changes and chances of Spain, they are honoured as martyrs of liberty, and an obelisk has recently been erected in a plaza, with their names and laurel crowns. They were put to death without even the form of trial; *cosas de España*. Thus Maroto, at Estella, executed his brother generals; thus Roncali shot Gen. Boné and twenty-three officers in the back. Being quite a matter of course, the affair created little sensation in Spain, beyond just the immediate neighbourhood, and would forthwith have been forgotten among other treacheries and blood-sheddings, had not an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, suffered among them, which was taken up by the London press; his was the first body interred in the new Protestant burial-ground.

Moreno, who began his career at the massacres of the French in Valencia, in 1808, had lured Torrijos into the trap, corresponding with him under the name of *Vivatus*, and pretending also to be discontented. Moreno was rewarded by being made Capⁿ-General of Granada; he was disgraced by Christina in 1832, when she wished to make for herself a liberal party. Moreno then became a Carlist, and was murdered at Urdax (see Index) by his soldiers, after the traitorous convention of Maroto at Vergara; *nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis artifices arte perire sua*. Visit by all means the Protestant burial-ground, not because it is a pleasant "traveller's bourn," but because it was the first permitted in our times for the repose of heretical carcasses, which used to be buried in the sea sands like dead dogs, and beyond the low water-mark; and even this concession offended orthodox fishermen, who feared that the soles might become infected; but the *Malageño* even to the priest never exhibited any repugnance to the dollars of the living Lutheran Briton, for *el dinero es muy catolico*. This cemetery, which lies outside the town to the E., was obtained and laid out by our friend Mr. Mark, father of the present consul, who planted and enclosed the ground, and with great tact placed a cross over the portal, to the amazement of the natives, who exclaimed *con que estos Herejes gastan cruces!* The place became quite a lion, and a grand perquisite to the sexton, who, when he had a grave to dig, was merrier at his work, as Shakspeare knew, than any unoccupied prince or bored and boring courtier.

Malaga, besides legitimate traffic, carries on great smuggling with Gibraltar, by which the authorities get rich. Hence also the tendency to "*pronounce*;" for when a patriotic outbreak takes place, law is at an end, and all rob the exchequer, and introduce cigars and contraband goods. Malaga has no fine arts; the chief, if art it can be called, is the making painted *terra-*

cotta images of *Majos*, *Contrabandistas*, and local costume. Those of Leon are excellent; he is dead, but the shop goes on behind the *Café de la Loba*, *Ce. Sa. Lucia*. Jose Cubero may also be recommended. The clay is very pliable, and does not crack in baking. It is found near the convent *La Victoria*. Excellent porous drinking-cups are also made of it, and called *Bucaros* and *Alcarrazas* (see p. 303).

The climate of Malaga is tropical. In the botanical garden the *Kermes cochenilla* is reared on the *Cactus opuntia*; the coffee, cocoa, cotton plants, and the sugar-cane thrive here. Malaga is very subject to plague; 20,000 persons thus perished in 1637, and 22,000 in 1804. The natives of the better classes are gay and hospitable; the ladies graceful, beautiful, and sprightly. The influence of Phœnician race is strongly marked; and, indeed, to them may well be applied the remarks of a shrewd examiner of the cognate Irish character. In both, individuals will be found of a warm heart, kindly feelings, courteous urbanity, shrewd sagacity, ready wit, but shaded by reckless profusion, improvident indulgence, thoughtless procrastination, irritable feelings, bitter prejudices, idle habits, and gross superstitions. The lower orders, as at Cadiz, are bad, and are prone to use the coward *cuchillo*. They are none the better for coming in contact with foreign crews, who import vices, like coals to Newcastle.

The villas in the neighbourhood are full of sun, flower, and fruit; among the prettiest *casas de recreo* are those of the widow of the Prussian consul, and of the Conde de Villacazar.

Malaga in war time was permitted by our Admiralty to cut up British commerce at pleasure: compare St. Sebastian, Tarifa, Algeciras; like the latter, it was a hornet's nest of privateers. Malaga is now highly flourishing, and the trade increases every day. The impulse given to mining favours commerce, and this is the port of a metal-

pregnant coast. Lead and iron are the staples; some of the foundries are on a grand scale, especially that of the wealthy Heredia. It is fitted up with English machinery; the tall chimney is not a *cosa de España*. The real wealth of Malaga is the produce of the soil, wine and "fruit;" the latter, a generic term, like figs at Smyrna, is the all-absorbing topic of the Malagenian mind and tongue, a theme of pleasure and profit. The sweet Muscatel wines are well known; they are the "*mountains*" of our ancestors, and grow for leagues and leagues on the vine-clad *heights* which slope down to the sea. The richest are called *Las Lagrimas*, like the *Lacrymæ Christi* of Naples; they are the ruby tears which drop from the grape without pressure. The making the dry wines was first introduced by an Englishman named Murphy; they are much more agreeable and wholesome than the vile St. Lucar stuff. A butt is worth about 10*l.* About 40,000 are made, of which 30,000 are sent to America and England, and sold as "genuine pale sherry." The other exports are oil, figs, orange peel for making curaçoa, almonds, and raisins; for the latter the Muscatel and *Uva larga* grape is used, and these Bacchus-beloved hills are one vineyard down to Adra. The green grape, *Albaraza*, is exported to England in jars, in the exact amphoræ seen at Pompeii; these are the *Ollares* of Martial, vii. 20. The raisins, so common in Palestine (1 Sam. xxv. 18; xxx. 12), were first made here by the Phœnicians, and after a lapse of many thousand years are still the finest of Spain. They are prepared by cutting the stalk partly through, and letting the grape dry in the sun. The finest are the "Muscatels," and the next the "Blooms;" these are cured in the same way, being only varieties of grapes. The commoner sorts are called *Lexias*, from being dipped in a lye made of burnt vine-tendrils. The late grapes, "*quæ de tardis servantur vitibus uvæ*" (Mart. i. 44), are, as in Martial's time,

hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasants, and thence are called *Colgaderas*. The raisins when fresh are delicious; Martial (xiii. 22) compared them to "eatable nectar," but Brillat Savarin, the gastronome-judge, objects to taking wine in the shape of a bolus, and he might have cited the case of Anacreon, who was choked by a bad raisin (Val. Max. ix. 12). The Spaniards have preserved the unchanged Roman name, *Pasa. Uvopassa pensilis* (Plaut. 'Poen.' i. 2. 99). The vineyards in the wine-making districts of Spain are seldom enclosed with any fence; they are left open to the passer-by: when the grapes begin to ripen, in those fields near a roadside, temporary sheds and awnings are run up, or huts built with reeds and boughs, in which the *Viñadero*, a watchman, is placed, who creeps in and out with his gun. These are the Oriental "Booths which the keeper maketh," Job. xxvii. 18: the "lodges in a garden of cucumbers," Isa. i. 8. The guard rushes out like a fierce dog, at all who pick and steal, and is the subject of vast abuse from the baffled wayfaring Spaniards, who swear the grapes are sour, and that he is a *puñaterro*, and *cornudo*,—nor is the guardian slow in returning a Rowland for an Oliver. So it was in the days of Horace, *conclamans magna voce cucullum*: but *Niñas y viñas son mal a guardar; y miedo guarda la viña, y no el viñadero*. Another fruit which is peculiarly good at Malaga is the *Batata*, or sweet potato, the *Convolvulus Batatas* of Linnæus, which was introduced from the S. Americas; it is used as a sweetmeat, and is sold ready boiled in the streets.

About seven l. N.E. of Malaga are the celebrated mineral baths of *Cartraca*. They are sulphuretted hydrogen of the temperature of 14° Réaumur; the source is constant and abundant. They are much frequented from June 20 to Sept. 20. The large tanks, *albercas*, in which the patients bathe, are, as usual, in a neglected and dilapidated condition. Near this

place and *Hardales* is a singular cavern, the glittering spars of which, if visited by torch-light, produce a magical effect.

For the history of Malaga consult 'Conversaciones Malageñas,' Cecilio Garcia de la Lena; and 'Malaga su Fundacion,' Martin de Roa, 4to. Malaga, 1622.

There are two roads from Malaga to Granada; the first, which is very circuitous, is by *Loja*, 12 L. This is performed by a sort of diligence; the first day is very hilly and lonely; on ascending to the *Venta de la Reina* the views over Malaga are glorious; after *Colmenar*, 4 L. (*Cormen-nahl*, Arabicè, a bee-hive), occur several *ventas*, and all iniquitous: that *del Pobre* is worthy of its name; take, therefore, from Malaga a well-filled basket; passing the *Puerto* and descending to the *Venta de Arazoles*, Loja is reached, where the coach sleeps. For Loja see R. xi.

ROUTE XXIII.—MALAGA TO GRANADA,
BY ALHAMA.

Velez Malaga	5	
Viñuela	2	7
Alhama	4	11
Cacín	2	13
La Mala	2	15
Granada	3	18

This is by far the most interesting route; the road along the coast to *Velez Malaga* is good and has its diligence. The sea and the *Atalaya* towers lie to the r., the vine-clad mountains to the l. The remainder to Granada must be ridden, and is wild and rugged. *Velez Malaga*, *Menoba*, or *Sex Sesta*, rises on a gentle eminence over the *Rubito*, popⁿ. 14,000. The place is uninteresting; the *Posadas* are indifferent. Observe the towers of the two *parroquias*. It has, however, its quarto '*Historia y Grandezas de Belez*,' Fr^o. de Vedmar, Granada, 1652. The climate is delicious. The martlets thick as motes in the sun-beam approve the sweet-wooning breath of Heaven. It is in the heart of a land overflowing with oil and wine; here is

the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave. The spires and convents cluster around the ruins of a rock-built Moorish castle; above rise the lordly barren mountains which look coldly down on the industry of the humble plain. The water-courses which have peeled the sierras, deposit the soil and *detritus* in the valleys of Velez, and the combination of moisture under a tropical sun produces the *batata*, indigo, and sugar-cane. The latter was brought here from Sicily by the Carthaginians. The ancients did not understand the processes of crystallization and refining; the canes were sold in the streets (Lucan. iii. 237) just as they now are in Andalucia; the Moors introduced the cultivation. Ebn-el-Awan, writing in 1140, quotes from an earlier Arabian author the methods of culture. The sugar-cane was first sent to Hispaniola from these parts in 1506.

Velez was taken from the Moors by Ferd. *el Catolico* in person; he fought like Beresford at Albuera, in the ranks, and killed a Moor with his own lance, with which he was so pleased that he gave the city for its arms his own figure on horseback spearing an infidel.

Velez Malaga was the birthplace of Joaquin Blake, the friend of Mahy, Ballesteros, and all opposed to the Duke and the English alliance: he was the loser of more pitched battles ("*mas de cien*," says Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history, Spanish included. He was the son of a rebel Irish shopkeeper, and began life as a lecturer in a military school on the art of war: the poor pedant, learned in theory, never mastered its practice, and to his "ignorance in his profession," the Duke ascribed his last feat, the loss of Valencia. He was sent a prisoner to France, and confined in the dungeons of Vincennes; at Ferdinand's restoration he was made Director of Spanish engineers: he died in disgrace at Valladolid in 1827. Having Irish blood in his veins he was personally brave, and

a glutton for fighting: his defeats never made him unpopular with Spaniards, who admired his courage, and still more his *Españolismo* and *patriotismo*, which Maldonado (iii. 155), who cannot blink his defeats, considers a redeeming virtue, this *merit* consisting in the preferring being routed himself rather than permitting better men, because *foreigners*, to lead Spaniards to victory.

This "child in the art of war" was no relation of Robert Blake, the great admiral of Cromwell, who at the age of fifty passed from the army into naval command, and always was victorious; he was the master and terror of the Mediterranean. He, in 1654, summoned the viceroy of Malaga to surrender to him a priest at whose instigation the mob had risen upon some English sailors during a religious pageant. The governor trembled and complied. Blake received the culprit, who expected death, with great kindness, and sent him back with a message that he would prevent his sailors' misbehaviour for the future, "but that no one should presume to punish an Englishman except himself."

The 2 L. to *Viñuela* are pleasant; nature here is fruity and verdurous. It is the home of Pomona and Flora. Passing ruined *Zalea* the mountains become steep and barren. *Alhama* is so called from the baths, *Al-Hammán* (whence our Hummums in Covent Garden). The number of these which existed in the time of the cleanly Romans and Moors is evidenced by the frequent recurrence of places called *Caldas*, *calidas*, hot springs, and *Alhamas*. The town is wild and picturesque. It is the Ronda of these Alpine districts perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills round which the river *Marchan* sweeps. It is backed by its own sierra, in which the *Tejada* rises 8000 feet above the sea. It was the land-key of Granada, and its romantic capture, Feb. 28, 1482, by the M^o of Cadiz spread consternation into the Alhambra, and paved the way for the final conquest of Granada. The

well-known plaintive ballad commencing, "*Ay! de mi Alhama!*" which Byron translated, expressed the national lamentation of the Moors. Consult Pulgar, '*Chronica de los Reyes,*' iii. 2.

The *Posada* at Alhama, albeit yeilded *La Grande*, is truly iniquitous; diminutive indeed are the accommodations, colossal the inconveniences; but this is a common misnomer, *en las cosas de España*. Thus Philip IV. was called *El Grande*, under whose fatal rule Spain crumbled into nothing; like a ditch he became greater in proportion as more land was taken away. All who are wise will bring from Malaga a good hamper of eatables, a bota of wine, and some cigars, for however devoid of creature comforts this *grand* hotel, there is a grand supply of creeping creatures, and the traveller runs a risk of bidding adieu to sleep, and passing the night exclaiming, *Ay! de mi Alhama*.

Alhama continues to bear for its arms a castle with two keys, emblematic of its being one of the keys of Granada. It was the *Astigis Juliensis* of the Romans. In the Moorish period it was much frequented for the baths (which can be visited next day when riding past them); now it is a picture of decay. The traveller may look at the aqueduct on the *Plaza*, peep over the *tajo*, pass on to the church, with its single tower, and thence under an archway by the miserable prison, from whose lofty grated windows the stranger is howled at by wretches in whose eye is famine, and on whose countenance is guilt and oppression: they let down by long strings baskets to receive rare donations of food, alms, and occasionally implements for escape. Passing the arch at the head of a staircase which leads into the church is a most picturesque house in which many varieties of architectural style are introduced in juxtaposition. There are the Gothic windows of the fifteenth century, the peculiar "*ball*" ornament so frequent in Toledo; there are the projecting ornaments such as

occur at Salamanca and Guadalajara, with an Arragonese character of solidity, all combined in this singular façade; many of the houses of Alhama are *casas solares*, or the family mansions granted to those who assisted at the conquest. The stone of which they are built is much corroded. The armorial bearings over the portals contrast with the misery indoors, pride and poverty. The population is clad in brown like that of *La Mancha*, for the gay *Andaluz Majo* has disappeared.

The view of the *Tajo* from the convent of *San Diego*, is striking. Below tears the foaming *Marchan*, winding through ravines and rocky pinnacles. The whole scene is made for the painter; on the ledges of the beetling cliffs are picturesque houses, with trellised vines and hanging gardens, while below boil water-mills and cascades.

The road to Granada descends from Alhama. Continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, to the l., at a short distance, are the mineral baths. These issue out of a dip in the hills, in that sort of position so common to warm volcanic springs. The principal bath is called *El Baño de la Reyna*. The interior is a picture. It was built by the Moors, and remains as they left it. Observe the emerald green water, with spiry clouds of steam, and *nitrogen gas*, as first ascertained by Dr. Daubeny. The waters are beneficial for dyspepsia and rheumatism, and are frequented in spring and autumn, but the modern accommodations are as usual indifferent. The circular bath, used by the poor, is possibly of Roman construction. The road reascends, soon to descend by a deep gorge to the village of *Cacin*, which is placed at the bottom of a funnel. Reascending it continues to the poor *Venta de Huelma*, and thence to *La Mala*, with its salt pans; about two miles on it enters the *Vega* of Granada, which, spread out like a green carpet, lies below the towering *Sierra Nevada*, now seen in all its Alpine majesty.

GRANADA.—The principal hotels are good. Among the best are the new *Fonda de las Diligencias*, *La Minerva* in the *Plazuela de los Lobos*, and the *Fonda del Comercio*, which is conveniently placed near the theatre and public walk, and attached to it is a good *Neveria*, or café and ice-shop: other and bad *Posadas* are de *los tres Reyes*, *La Cruz de Malta*, *Sⁿ. Rafael*, *La del Sol*. There are decent *Casas de Pupilos*, one in the C^o. de las Arandas, at the corner opposite the Conde de Santa Ana: another, *En los Tintes*, and near the Sⁿ. Espiritu, corner of *Calle sin Salida*; another in the *Plazuela de Tovar*; another in the C^o. de las Sierpes. Good lodgings may be

had near *El Campillo*, and *Carrera del Darro*. The artist will of course live up in the Alhambra, where he will always find a lodging, and there is a tolerable *Posada*; indeed, the *real thing*, independently of the associations, is to live in the Alhambra. There everything is Moorish, while below, Granada is no better than any other Spanish town; again, the *Cuesta* of the Alhambra is a toil to ascend, and those who do so, come up heated and tired. "*Me coge siempre cansado*," said poor old Dr. Tortosa, although he received a triple fee. To enjoy the Alhambra one must saunter about it when fresh and "in the vein," and especially by moonlight.

KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

The kingdom of Granada is the most eastern of "*Los Cuatro Reinos*" which constitute Andalusia. The length from E. to W.S.W. is about 240 miles; its breadth varies from 30 to 80. The area contains about 9000 square miles, and the population reaches a million. It consists of mountains, plains, "*Vegas*" (Bekáh, Arabic, a watered valley between hills), and a maritime strip. The *Sierra Nevada*, with its "diadem of snow," rises nearly 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea, which washes its S. slopes. Thus under a latitude of 37°, the eternal snow and the climate of Africa are combined; hence every variety of production, from the hardest lichen to the cotton plant and sugar-cane. This kingdom, being the last home of the Moors, who fled hither from the Christian advance, became the epitome of their various arts, commerce, and agriculture. Here they introduced the irrigation of the Huerta of Valencia, the silk of Seville, the iron workings of Toledo, the leather and literature of Cordova. Of all their varied accomplishments, none have survived save agriculture; and that, albeit degenerated, still forms the wealth of the province, which teems with corn and wine, oil, silk, and fruit. The snowy range is a perpetual Alembic of fertilizing water. The soil of the plains, although light, becomes highly productive under combined heat and moisture. The hemp is the finest in the world, and the succession of crops never ceases:—water is wealth. The line of irrigation, like the Rubicon, divides the desert from a paradise; all within its influence is green and fruitful, all lying beyond it is barren and tawny. Granada, and there is attraction in the very name, contains the Alhambra. The Alpine range of the *Alpujarras* is grand beyond conception, and is the Switzerland of Spain, nor can anything be more sunny and Mediterranean than the littoral districts. Malaga and the coast are intensely hot in the summer. The best time to visit Granada, and make excursions in the mountains, is from June to October.

The local and county histories, and other works referring to the important events and "Romance" of Granada, are infinite. For details of the final conquest in 1492, consult the eye-witnesses, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' Hernando de Pulgar, folio, Monfort, Valencia, 1780; '*Decades duo*,' Cælius Antonio Nebrissensis

(Ant^o. de Lebrija, see p. 237), Granada, 1550, or folio, Granada, 1545; '*Opus Epistolarum*,' Petri Martyris Anglerii, folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1530, or the Elzevir reprint, folio, Amsterdam, 1670. Of moderns there are the '*Conquest of Granada*,' by Mr. Irving, and the '*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,' by Mr. Prescott, a work of first rate excellence. For the '*Romance*,' better even than Irving's, is the '*Guerras de Granada*,' 2 vols., a Moorish tale of "sixty years since," the prototype of the Waverley novels, and which has gone through as many editions. It was written by Gil Perez of Murcia. It was translated, or rather murdered, into French by one A. M. Sané, Paris, 1809. The rapid and immediate deterioration of Granada under the Spaniards is told by an eye-witness in '*Il Viaggio Fatto in Spagna*,' Andrea Navagiero, Vinegia, 1563—it is a little gem. Consult the admirable '*Mohamedan Dynasties*' of Gayangos, not omitting his able article on the Moors in the '*Penny Cyclopædia*;' for the rebellion of the Moriscos, '*Historia de la Rebellion*,' Luys de Marmol Carvajal, folio, Malaga, 1600: or the Sancha edition, 2 vols. 4to., Madrid, 1797, which contains an excellent map of Granada by Felix Prieto; also '*Las Guerras de Granada*,' Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the Spanish Tacitus: of this the editions are infinite; that of Mallen, Valencia, 1830, is convenient in form. Beware of the inaccurate French works of Florian and Chateaubriand, which can only mislead. For antiquities consult '*Antigüedades de Granada*,' Fr^o. Bermudez de Pedraza, 4to. Madrid, 1608; or the second and improved edition, folio, Granada, 1638. There is a modern reprint of a portion of it, 4to., by Fr^o. Gomez Espinosa de Monteros, Granada, s. d., but about 1819; '*Dialogos de las Cosas Notables de Granada*,' Luys de la Cueva, 4to. Sevilla, 1603; '*Paseos por Granada*,' Juan de Echeverria. These were first published in 1764, in weekly papers, under the name of Josef Romero Iranzo, and then republished in 2 vols. 4to. Granada, 1814, by Julian Maria Perez. Echeverria was ignorant of Arabic, and not partial to truth. When our good friend, Canon Juan Soler, asked him why he did not continue the work, he replied, '*Soy cansado de mentir*,' I am tired of lying. '*Cartas del Sacristan de Pinos*,' 4 vols. duo. Granada, 1761; but the best guide for the Alhambra is '*Nuevos Paseos*,' 3 vols. duo., Simon de Argote. The third volume is very scarce: the author never even saw it in print; it was only just put up in type when the French evacuated the city, and as he was an *Afrancesado*, and a jackall of Sebastiani, he fled with his patrons. Then the *Granadinos*, who care for none of these things, sold the sheets for waste paper.

A new and good history of Granada is now publishing at Madrid by Don Miguel de la Fuente Alcantara, the author also of '*El Viajero en Granada*.'

There are several plans of the town, besides that of Felix Prieto. First, and very curious, that which was drawn by Ambrosio de Vico, and engraved about 1624 by Fr^o. Heylan; next that published in 1796 by Fr^o. Dalmau, which is excellent. Of engraved works of the Alhambra the first was '*Antigüedades Arabes*,' 4to., s. d. about 1785; a second and folio edition was published in 1804. The Arabic inscriptions were translated by Pablo Lozano. This work was badly copied by James Cavannah Murphy, '*Arabian Antiquities*,' London, 1816, a mere book-making job, and it is difficult to believe that Murphy was even on the spot. This is the book puffed with outrageous eulogiums by Dr. Dibdin in his '*Library Companion*,' but let no man about to form a "*Spanish*" library ever consult that doctor. The '*Souvenirs de Granade*,' par M. Girault de Prangey, Paris, 1837; the '*Erinerungen*' of Wilhelm von Gail, Munich; and even the splendid work of F. M. Hessemer, Berlin, 1836, 4to., fade before the English publication by Owen Jones, '*Plans of the Alhambra*,' London, 1842. The scrupulous architectural and artistical accuracy is rivalled

by the gorgeous execution. [This new style of printing in gold and colours on stone, this "Lithochryso-graphy and Lithocromatography," although the names are formidable, seems invented to do justice to the Alhambra.] The value of the engravings is enhanced by a masterly history of Granada, and really accurate translations from the Cufic and Arabic inscriptions by Gayangos. The minor works, albums, lithographs, annuals, and so forth, scarcely deserve notice, beyond the charming poetical drawings of our friend Roberts, which are pirated by foreigners, in their '*Univers Pittoresque*' and similar works, and without whispering whence they stole their sweets.

The name Granada is a corruption from *Karnattah*, the ancient town of Phœnician origin. The prefix *car* occurs in many "*cities*" built on an eminence, e.g. Carthago, Carteia, Carmona, Cartama. *Nata* has been interpreted by some as "stranger," the "city of the stranger," of "pilgrims" (Casiri, '*Bib. Esc.*' ii. 247), and by others as the name of a local goddess. *Karnattah*, at the Moorish invasion, was given by one of Tarik's generals to the "Jews," and hence was called "*Karnattah-al-Yahood*." It occupied the site of the present "*Torres Bermejas*," and ranged above the "*Campo del Principe*." It was quite distinct from *Illiberis*, with which it has since been confounded. *Illiberis*, which signifies in Basque, according to Astarloa (Apol. 239), the "new city" (*Neapolis*, New-town, Neustadt, Villanueva), was built on the Sierra Elvira. [Here the celebrated Council was held about the year 303, at which Osius of Cordova presided over nineteen Spanish bishops. The 81 canons breathe a merciless anathema and death, worthy of the land of the future Inquisition. The crimes and penalties give an insight into the manners of the age. The canons are printed in Pedraza, 217. The early councils and canons of Spain are most curious. Consult on this, '*Istoria de tutti i Concilii*,' Battalini, 2 v. fol., Venezia, 1704, i. 29; and the commentary of Fernando de Mendoza, Mad. 1594; or the Lyons edition of La Borde, 1665, with the notes of Emmanuel Gonzalez Tellez.]

When the Umeyyah kalifate was broken up, *Illiberis* was seized by a Berber chief, whose nephew, Habús Ibn Mákesen, in 1019, removed his residence to the stronger position of *Karnattah*: as usual, he destroyed the older town, "*Granada la vieja*," using up the Phœnician and Roman remains as a quarry for his new buildings. The conquests of Jaime I. in Valencia, and of St. Ferdinand in Andalusia, ruinous elsewhere to the Moorish cause, created the prosperity of Granada, which became the asylum of every Moslem refugee from all other parts of Spain. The remnant of the Moors now fled to the rocky fastnesses of the Alpujarras before the triumphant cross, as the Goths had retired to the Asturias before the conquering crescent. Ibnu-l-ahmar, "the red man," the successful upstart ruler of Jaen, and reluctant vassal of St. Ferd., was the real founder of this kingdom. He was a prince eminent in every respect, and his talents were inherited by his two successors. Then was erected the Alhambra, the fortress palace, which Moors have delighted to adorn and Spaniards to disfigure. The death of St. Ferdinand was the life to the infant monarchy of Granada, for his heir, Alonzo, catching at shadows, lost real substances, and wasted the gold of Spain in his foolish ambition to become Emperor of Germany. The civil wars which clouded his later years, and weakened his successors, gave time to the Moorish kingdom to grow strong, as the Christians turned against each other those arms which might better have been employed against the common enemy, the infidel.

Granada, which under the Moors contained half a million souls, now barely numbers 80,000. The date of its ruin is Jan. 2, 1492, when the banner of Castile first floated on the towers of the Alhambra. Internal dissensions, by which Ibnu-l-ahmar was enabled to found the kingdom, led to its decline and

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 ruin; and as *Cava* prepared the ruin of the Gothic monarchy, and opened the throne to the Moors, so a Christian woman now was the *terramina causa* of the Moslem downfall, and facilitated the triumph of the descendants of Pelayus. Her name was Isabel de Solis. She was the daughter of the governor of Martos, and, being taken prisoner by the Moors, became the favourite wife of Abu-l-hasan, king of Granada. She is the heroine of an historical romance by Martinez de la Rosa. Her Moorish appellation is *Zoraya*, "Morning Star," in allusion to her surpassing beauty, whence 'Ayesbah, another wife and cousin of Abu-l-hasan, became jealous of her rival, and the court was divided into two parties. The *Zegris* (*Thegrim*, the people who came from *Thegr* or Arragon) espoused her faction, and the *Abencerrages*, the *Beni Cerraj* (the children of the saddle, or palace), that of *Zoraya*. In June, 1482, Abu-Abdillah, son of 'Ayesbah, dethroned his father. His name was corrupted by Spaniards into *Boabdila*. The Moors also called him *As-Saghir*, the younger (whence the Spanish term, *el Rey chico*), to distinguish him from Abu-l-hasan, his father. Boabdil immediately put to death the *Abencerrages*, for amnesty is not a thing of this Oriental land.] Thus the house was divided against itself, and the bravest men were killed, just when Castile and Arragon were united under Ferdinand and Isabella. On the *Rey chico's* being taken prisoner at Lucena in 1483, the old king returned, and, being blind, abdicated in favour of his brother, Mohamed XII., called *Az-zaghal*, the valiant. Boabdil now became a vassal of Ferd., and at length, after a long siege, surrendered himself and his kingdom. According to Arabian authors he was treated harshly: certain it is that Ferd. violated most of his pledges and capitulations. Card^l. Ximenez, deaf to the entreaties of the mild Fer^d. de Talavera, the first archbishop of Granada, proceeded, on the principles of the Inquisition, to convert men by fire and sword, at which the Moors rebelled, and were put down without mercy. Again similar ill usage, in 1570, drove them to arms, again they were crushed by John of Austria; and finally expelled, in 1610, by the bigot Philip III., a deed which was imputed to him as a glory, and made the subject of sundry second-rate poems. It has been alleged in his excuse that the *Moriscos*, differing in blood and creed, were dangerous aliens on an exposed coast; that they were always ready to join an invader, whether Moslem or Christian. Again, the example of the Moors was quoted as a precedent against themselves, for when the *Al-mu'ahiden*, or Spanish Christians who continued to live among them, invited Alonzo I. of Arragon to invade Granada in 1122, they were in consequence banished to Western Africa (Moh. D. ii. 307).

The Moors, previously to the fall of Granada, although abhorred, were treated with respect by the Christians, as *Moros*, gentlemen and soldiers. Afterwards they were termed *Moriscos*. This diminutive expressed contempt, and augured that ill usage which the worsted party too often meets with in cruel, puny Iberia.

The details of the conquest of Granada must be looked for in Prescott's able work. The *effects* are less understood. The possession of the Moors, the *apparent* weakness of Spain, was in fact the secret of her strength. Then all parties, as in their private *juntas*, united to pull down the holder of power, and when that was accomplished, fell to loggerheads with each other, quarrelling for the spoil. The struggle during the war, like a breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. Thus while the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a calamity and divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing, by the dispersion of classical lore, the harbinger of modern knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same oracle pronounced to be a compensation for the infidel success, proved the

cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, corruption, and death; the mainspring which a war of eight centuries, *pro aris et focis*, had kept in motion ceased to vibrate when the great end was accomplished: a re-action ensued; a moral and physical stagnation came over the listless conquerors. Civil and religious despotism saw and seized the moment, so advantageous to itself, and whilst the people of Spain were giving loose to the disarmed intoxication of success, they were shorn of their strength, and awoke from the lascivious dream emasculated and enslaved. Castile, like her arid, tree-stripped plains, from the lack of the nutriment of wholesome institutions, withered away; a curse was on her womb; she became incapable of giving birth to men who should do deeds worthy to be had in remembrance, or to authors whose works posterity would not willingly let die. Read, therefore, in the *Alhambra*, the legend tales and ballad romances of the old days of Crusade. The melancholy retrogression of a once noble nation increases the interest of these relics of better times, which have drifted down like the spars of a storm-wrecked battle-ship. In this contrast between former pride of place and present nothingness, our sympathy, as we tread the lonely *Alhambra*, is awakened by the *religio loci*, and the more when the change is borne with uncomplaining dignity; for bitter, in the words of Dante, is the pang "ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria." Spain, like a Porus, dethroned, yet conscious of innate royalty from which nought can derogate, looks down with self-respect on the changes and chances of fickle fortune. Although now the mock of Europe, which once grew pale at her name, Granada is still the chosen land of romance, where the present is forgotten in the past, and where, although her harp be unstrung, and her sword pointless, the tale of *Auld lang syne* still re-echoes through her bemyrtled courts, where, although her laurel-leaf be sere, the many flowers which still enamel the neglected *Generalife* attest that once a garden smiled.

The persecuted Moors were amply revenged by the French. The rout of Ocaña gave Granada to Sebastiani; the strong mountain passes of *Alcalá el Real* were abandoned without firing a shot by Freire, and thus the active French were permitted to conquer the kingdom of Granada in fewer days than the Spaniards had employed centuries in wresting it from the Moors. The Granadine patriots, distinguished even in Andalusia for bragging and doing nothing, scarcely made a semblance of defence. Then, as is fully described by Schepeler, churches and palaces were pillaged, books and MSS. made into cartridges, prisoners and monks put to death, having been first tortured with an ingenuity of cruelty: see the execution of Moreno. Soult soon became jealous of a colleague who collected pictures, "et qui (although by birth the son of a Corsican cooper) se faisait prince," and he procured his rival's dismissal. Sebastiani quitted Granada June 26, 1811, "avec un grand transport sous escorte," of all his treasures. The transports of the people were even greater, "comme le nom de Murat est éternisé dans Madrid, le sien l'est à Granada," says Schepeler, who gives curious details (iii. 112, 167-169).

Sebastiani desolated the *Alhambra*, that magical word, which in the minds of Englishmen is the sum and substance of Granada. To them it is the first object, the magnet, the pearl of great price; it is the Acropolis, the Windsor Castle of the city. Few *Granadinos* ever go there, or understand the all-absorbing interest, the concentrated devotion, which it excites in the stranger. Familiarity has bred in them the contempt with which the Bedouin regards the ruins of Palmyra, insensible to present beauty as to past poetry and romance. [Sad is this non-appreciation of the *Alhambra* by the native; it completes the decay of the material fabric, by stripping even the ruins of their abstract prestige.

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Such are Orientals, with whom sufficient for the day is *their to-day*; they care neither for the past nor for the future. Thus Borrow met rich and learned Moors who did not take the slightest interest either in the Alhambra or the Mezquita at Cordova, which ought to have appealed to their proudest recollections; but they think only for the present and themselves, and like them, most Spaniards, although not wearing turbans, lack the organs of veneration, and admiration for anything beyond matters connected with the first person and the present tense. Again, the leaven of hatred against the Moor and his relics is not extinct; they resent the preference shown by foreigners to his works rather than to theirs, since it at once implies their inferiority, and convicts them of bad taste in their non-appreciation, and of Vandalism in labouring to mutilate what the Moor laboured to adorn. The writings of Washington Irving and the admiration of European pilgrims have latterly shamed the authorities into a somewhat more conservative feeling towards the Alhambra; but even their benefits are questionable; they will "repair and beautify" on the churchwarden principle, and there is no less danger in such "restorations" than in those fatal scourings of Murillo and Titian in the Madrid gallery, which efface the lines where beauty lingers. Even their tardy appreciation is somewhat interested: thus Mellado, in his late Guide (1843, p. 229), lamenting that there should be no "*Noticia*" of the Alhambra, of which he speaks coldly, suggests, as so many "English" visit it, that a descriptive work would be a *segura especulacion*! a safe speculation! Thus the poetry of the Moorish Alhambra is coined into the Spanish prose of profitable *pesetas*.

The history of the degradation of the Alhambra deserves to be recorded. It was our fate, during two summer residences within its walls, to converse with many aged chroniclers, *hijos de la Alhambra*, who had seen with their own eyes, and heard from their parents, the progress of the decay, and the agents by whom it was perpetrated. These living oracles of traditions are now scattered or dead, and memory once interrupted never can be recalled: at all events, such information will be something *new*, which is not an easy task for those who write about the Alhambra, long worn threadbare in albums and annuals. The injuries began the very day after the conquest, when the "Purifications" of the monks, that is, the whitewashings and removals of Moslem symbols, commenced; then the iron forged at Gothic Toledo shattered the gossamer fabric of the Moor. What Ferd. and Isab. began their grandson Charles V. carried out. He proceeded to remove by the wholesale what Ponz called at Malaga (p. 353) the ugly abominations of the Moors. He modernized and rebuilt all the portion at the back of the Lindaraja court, put up heavy ceilings, cut out over-wide fire-places, took down the Moorish *Turkish*, ran up partitions, opened and blocked up passages, and converted the dwelling of an Oriental into lodgings for a chilly Flemish gentleman. His son and the Philips simply neglected the Alhambra, which in the absence of damp would have stood for ages, for here scarcely the sepulchre is shrouded by a lichen. The palace shared in the decline of the monarchy, and was made in 1664 an extra-judicial asylum for debtors. Poverty thus crept into the "rules" of the king's house. It was next given up to invalid soldiers, prisoners, and convicts, and, in a word, made a den of thieves. [Thus bats defile abandoned castles, thus the *reality* of Spanish crime and mendicancy disenchant the *illusion* of this fairy palace of the Moor.]

The Alhambra, for the first two centuries after the conquest, scarcely attracted the attention of other European nations. To travel, indeed, except on compulsion, was not then the fashion. The names of visitors begin to be inscribed on the walls about 1670. After nearly a century more of neglect, the Alhambra was put into a sort of repair by Richard Wall, the Irish ex-minister

of Charles III.: unfortunately it was selected in 1792, at that king's death; as the prison of Aranda, who was displaced from the ministry to make way for the minion Godoy. Then the apartments of Charles V. were whitewashed, and all the rich Italian arabesques obliterated. The governor, one Savera, at that time resided in the suite of rooms over the Mosque, from which every vestige of Moorish taste was swept away. He placed his kitchen and filthiest appurtenances in a Moorish mirador, where marble and gilding yet linger amid abominations indescribable. Charles IV. next gave this petty office to a Catalan named Don Luis Bucarelli, who had been wounded in a battle with the French, and was half-witted and bedridden; he had five daughters, who married paupers of other parts of the Alhambra, and were all quartered in it; they laid their hands on everything that could be moved or sold; they stripped off much of the *Azulejo dado* which ran round the courts of the *Alberca* and elsewhere, which they sold to bakers and cooks, and this porcelain may now be seen worked up in many of the open shops in Granada. They converted the *Sala de las dos Hermanas*, the gem of the Alhambra, into a silk manufactory, and filled it with looms. In vain were representations made by foreigners to the wittol Charles IV.: he desired "that the old man should not be worried." Plunder thus authorised did its worst during the remainder of Bucarelli's life. He was succeeded by Don Lorenzo Velasco y Navara, who, by endeavouring to correct some abuses, became unpopular with the *contador* or the treasurer, who, on Godoy's downfall, managed to effect his dismissal on the plea of his being a protégé of the examiner. The hereditary office of *contador* had been purchased by the Prado family of Philip V. Don Jose Prado had held it forty years, and was the worst ever known, except his son *Antonio*. Albeit malpractices and petty larcenies are *venial* sins in all Spanish unjust stewards, yet such were the mortal offences of the son, that he was actually turned out of the office. This family of caterpillars had pretty well eaten up the patrimony of the Alhambra, while the remaining sums destined for repairs, &c., were divided, as usual, by the other authorities. About 1808 Don Ignacio Montilla was appointed governor. His wife kept her donkey in the beautiful chapel, and made the *Patio de la Mezquita* a pen for her sheep. But Ocaña soon brought in the wolf, and Sebastiani arrived in Jan. 1810. Montilla, for the sole crime of not presenting himself to this potentate, was imprisoned in the Comares tower. He was saved from instant execution by some Poles who were quartered in the Alhambra. His friends then got "*La Panera*," at whose house Sebastiani was lodging, to intercede. The lady was rich and beautiful: Mammon allied to Venus subdued the General's heart, and in this rare instance he departed from "salutary rigour," and was guilty of clemency. To the Alhambra he showed no mercy: he treated it as his kinsman and model, Buonaparte, did the Kremlin.

The invaders next proceeded to convert it into a *place d'armes*: they demolished countless houses, and turned the Moorish mosque and Christian churches into magazines, and the convents into barracks; they tore up the Moorish pavement of blue and white in the Court of Lions, and made a garden there like that of a guinguette at Paris. The shrubs blocked up size and space, and concealed beauties of every kind, while their roots injured the intricate vein-work of pipes by which the fountains played, and their watering destroyed the rooms below. Not contented with this, on evacuating the Alhambra, Sept. 17, 1812, they mined the towers and blew up eight in number, many of which were models of Moorish art; they intended to have destroyed them all, but their agent Don Antonio Farses, an *Afrancesado*, took fright, and ran away after his protectors. The French retreated at nine in the morning, and Farses had, like an unpunctual Spaniard, only commenced the blowing up at eleven.

Montilla now returned; but when Ferd. VII. reached Madrid he left his

(12)

post, like most Spaniards, to job for a better place: at that time one Villa Ecusa was directed to collect all that the French had not taken away, for they had made the Alhambra their receiving-house, just as they had used the Alcazar of Seville. Villa Ecusa was assisted in his commission by Don Jose Prado, the *contador*, and Ant^o. Maria Prieto y Venencio, the "*Escribano*:" verbum sat. They gutted the Alhambra, they tore off door-locks and bolts, took out even panes of glass, and sold everything for themselves, and then, like good patriots, reported that the French had left nothing. The Court of Lions was now impassable from ruin; some of the animals were broken and thrown on the ground. Then stepped in the second founder of the Alhambra—not a commissioner of taste, "*rien, pas même académicien*"—but a humble female peasant, whom Montilla had appointed portress: her real name was Francisca de Molina. She is the Doña or *Tia Antonia* of Wⁿ. Irving, and with her niece *Dolores* and *Mateo Ximenez*, will live immortalized by his pen. The *Tia Frascita* was cross and crabbed, *Dolores* ill-favoured and mercenary, and *Mateo* a chattering blockhead; out of such worthies Irving made heroes and heroines, for the power of romance can gild the basest metals. Montilla had granted to the *Tia* the use of the *Adarves* and the garden; and she made money by showing the place and dressing picnic dinners, until some ultra-bacchic festivities caused that permission to be withdrawn. [This epicene combination of a she Cerberus and a Canidia, as little resembled a real woman, as the lions in the court do those in the Zoological Gardens. She was finally expelled from her Paradise by recent reformers.]

No sooner were the *Thalabas* ejected from the Alhambra, than this *Tia* went to work to repair their ravages—*labor ipse voluptas*. She set the Lions on their legs, and cleared away the rubbish. At length the indignant remarks of foreign travellers shamed the authorities, who commenced some trifling restorations; but in 1821 an earthquake shattered the ancient pile, and the times were out of joint, and the *Constitucion* in force. Montilla being a royalist, and a gentleman by birth, was persecuted by the patriots, by whom one Juan Camerara was named governor, the city Junta seizing for themselves the scanty funds of the *Real Patrimonio*, and the Alhambra again hastened to decay. In 1823, when Ferd. VII. was delivered, Montilla returned; but he resigned in 1827, and was succeeded by a Col. Fro. la Serna, whose great object was to employ the galley-slaves; and in an evil hour he selected the Alhambra for their occupation—*fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. His first step was to try to expel the *Tia Frascita*, who having lived sixty years in the palace, was not only Lioniser, but its Lioness, Queen, and Cook, being nicknamed *La Reyna Coquina*. La Serna failed in that, and then, out of pure spite, deprived her of the *adarves*. He next converted a large portion of the Alhambra into stores, for the salt-fish of his scoundrel charge; at this task his worthy galériens worked in chains for weeks, in 1831, tearing down and casting over the battlements the Moorish *lienzos* and *azulejos*. In March of that fatal year, as if destruction were its rule, a large portion of the curtain or outer wall, hanging over the Darro, fell in; this has since been rebuilt by the convicts. In the summer however, Mr. Addington, the British ambassador, coming down to visit our humble selves in the Alhambra, induced the authorities to remove a powder magazine, which, as it had no conductor, not even a holy-week palm branch, was liable, during any lightning storm, to vie with Vandals, foreign and domestic. Thus, as an *accident*, the moving power of things of Spain, prevented the complete destruction of the Alhambra towers by the French, the accidental visit of an Englishman may have preserved the remains of what Gaul and chance had spared.

When Ferd. VII. died, and civil wars broke out, the Alhambra, in common with the Escorial, Aranjuez, and everything royal, was left to go to ruin. In 1837 the governor cut up the Moorish doors of the *Sala de los Abencerrages*,

and permitted another man of taste to "repair and beautify" *la Casa Sanchez*, once, when inhabited by honest Sanchez, of whom Panza was the type, one of the most picturesque and most Moorish of dwellings. During the panic, occasioned by the incursion of the Carlists under Gomez, a good deal more mischief was done in what was called putting the place in a state of defence: at length, in 1842, Arguelles, tutor to the queen, destined, to his great credit, a small sum from the privy purse for absolute repairs, which have been tolerably done.

Hotel Victoria.
Hotel Alameda.

GRANADA is the capital of its province (for hotels, see p. 359); popⁿ. about 80,000. It is the see of an archbishop, whose suffragans are Guadix and Baza, and Almeria. It is the residence of a Capt. Gen., and of the civil and military provincial authorities. It long was the seat of the southern *Chancelleria*, or Supreme Court of Appeal, but a new *Audiencia* was formed at Albacete, in 1835, to the injury of Granada, by removing lawyers and clients. It has a cathedral, 23 parishes, a university, Liceo, public library, and Museo. The natives thus parody the proud boast of hated Seville, for the two cities abhor each other as in the time of the Moors.

"*Quien no ha visto a Granada.*
No ha visto a nãa."

And certainly art and nature have combined to render Granada, with its alps, plain, and Alhambra, one of those few places which realize all previous favourable conceptions. Granada is built on the spurs of the mountains which rise to the N. E. to their greatest altitude. Like Broussa, in Asia Minor, it has its Olympus, valley, and fortress palace. The city overlooks the *Vega*, and is about 2445 ft. above the level of the sea: this altitude, coupled with the snowy background, renders it a most delicious summer residence. The *Vega* supplies every vegetable production, and is "a spot," said the Arabians, "superior in extent and fertility to the Ghauttah, or the valley of Damascus:" they compared the white villas and farm-houses which sparkle amid the eternal verdure to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds." These dwellings are still called "*Carmenes*,"

from *Karm*, a vineyard. Granada is built on, and at the base of several hills: the portion to the r., which hangs over the Xenil, is called *Antequerula*, the "Little Antequera," to which the natives of that town fled after its capture, in 1410. The Alhambra is built on a crowning height, that hangs over the Darro, which separates the *Antequerula* from the *Albaicin* — *Rabad-hu-1-Bayisin*, "the suburb of those from Baeza," to whom it was assigned in 1227, when that city was conquered by the Christians: from this term *Rabad* is derived the modern word "*Arrabal*," suburb. [This district is encircled by its own walls, and a long line, the *Cerca del Obispo*, so called because built by the Bishop, Don Gonzalo, which extends to *San Miguel el Alto*.] The best portion of the town lies at the base, while none but the poor live above. The *Granadinos* despise the Alhambra, as a *casa de ratones*, or rat's hole, which indeed they have made it.

The society of Granada is dull. To those who arrive from Seville, the inhabitants do not look either so well dressed, gay, or intelligent. There are fewer *Majos*, and the women are inferior walkers and talkers; they want the real *meneo y gracia*, although they contend that "*Las Granadinas son muy finas*." The houses again are smaller, and less Oriental, for Granada was built by impoverished defeated refugees, not, like Seville, by the Moor in all his palmy pride; they have fewer marble-pillared *patios*: the *Zaguan* is smaller, and is paved with black and white stones; the filigree *Cancel* is changed into a heavy oak door. Square pilasters

Hotel de los siete Suelos
Alhambra.

replace in shops and streets the pillared shafts of Seville, and the windows have more balconies and fewer *Rejas*.

Granada now stagnates in bookless ignorance: it has neither libraries, letters, arts, nor arms. Like Cordova, from being an Athens under the Moors, it has become a Bœotia under the Spaniards of to-day; for in better times it was the birthplace of Fray Luis de Granada, one of the most eloquent and pathetic writers of Spain; of Lope de Rueda, the precursor of Lope de Vega and the dramatists; of the historians, Luis de Marmol and Hurtado Mendoza; of the sculptors, Juan Martinez Montañes and Alonzo Cano.

The "canting" arms of Granada are a Pomegranate, "Granada" stalked and proper: some catching at sound, not sense, have derived Granada from "*Granatum*," but the Moorish name was *Karriattah*, and they never would have taken a Latin word had they wished to call the town "Pomegranate," because the hills are divided somewhat like that fruit. They would have preferred their own word *Rommañ*, which they did accordingly give to the "*Soto de Roma*," the "wood of Pomegranates;" and to this day a salad, made of pomegranates, is called "*Ensalada Romana*." It would be not less absurd to interpret this as *Roman*, than to connect *Karriattah* with a Pomegranate.

The first object of course is the Alhambra; the ciceronis, truly Spanish, consist of Mateo Ximenez, the immortalized by Wⁿ. Irving, and a French deserter named Louis. They are both profoundly ignorant in all beyond local and ballad stories. These they believe like monkish legends, and indeed they are more deserving of credit than half the hagiography of their church, and twice as poetical. Woe upon the cold sceptic, who, on these sites of legitimate romance and Aladdin tales, *matter-of-facts* it too much. If the anecdotes be untrue, and more's the pity, they have obtained the prescription which time and poetry have the

privilege to confer. Gil Blas never was confined in the tower of Segovia, nor did Dulcinea ever dwell at Toboso. These ballad fictions form the most poetical *history* of the Alhambra, and let those who doubt the blood-stains of the Abencerraje, inspect prize cattle, and union dietaries, about which there can be no mistake. The Alhambra has been so long monopolized by painters, poets, and the *quidlibet audendi* genus, that it almost is beyond the jurisdiction of sober history; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but mere grass will never grow.

Ascend therefore, with implicit faith, the *C^o. de Gomeles*, and pass under the gate *de las Granadas* into the magical jurisdiction of the Alhambra: three paths diverge; that to the r. leads to the *Torres Bermejas*, the "red towers," a sort of outwork, which deserves a subsequent visit. This is the most ancient portion of Granada, and has given its name to the Alhambra. It existed when Illiberis was the chief town; and is mentioned as "*Kal'at Al-hamra*," "the red castle," by an Arabian poet, so early as A.D. 864. It was afterwards called *Medinah al-hamra*, "the red city" (*Casiri*, 'Bib. Es.' ii. 249). Pedro de Alcalá, in his Arabo-Hispano dictionary of the time of the conquest, translates *Bermeja* by *Amhar* (*hamra* in the feminine); a name well applicable to the red ferruginous concrete *tapia* of which it is built. It may have existed even before the Romans; indeed, some antiquarians, who can see far into a milestone, pretend to recognize Phœnician work. *Habus Ibn Makesen*, when he removed from Illiberis in 1019, erected above this outwork the *Kassabah Al-hamra*, "the enclosure of the red," the present *Alcáza*. This *Ibnu-l-ahmar* selected for his residence, and built the *Kasru-l-hamra*, the *Alcazar*, or palace, of or in the red enclosure. The long lines of walls and towers crown the hill, and follow the curves and dips of the ground: there is no attempt at symmetry or straight lines; hence, as at Jaen,

Xativa, etc., the elegance and picturesque-ness of these Oriental fortifications: they are the antitheses of the commonplace line and rule *places* of Vauban, which are as worthless to the artist, as admirable to the engineer.

16
The Moorish towers rise out of a girdle of trees, which contrasts with the stony sierras above; but all is artificial, and the work of the water-enchanter Moor. The centre walk leads to the public gardens; that to the l. to the Alhambra; the wooded slopes are kept green by watercourses, and tenanted by nightingales, who, like lovers, are bad sleepers and good serenaders. The females are in vain pointed out to the *Andaluzas* as models of staying at home in their nests, of never singing, and of always being clad in plain russet, instead of holding out allurements to visitors. On reaching the height is a semicircular barbican, and below it a Berruguete fountain, erected in a coarse stone by Charles V.: [the ornaments, like those of the marble-cased grotto of Egeria, make the lovers of natural moss and rocks quote their Juvenal: "Quanto præstantius esset," &c.]

17
Granada is a city of fountains. The Darro and Xenil are drawn off in canals from high up near their sources, and thus the waters retain the original elevation above the town: columns are accordingly thrown up from fountains in great body and height. [There is a waste of the fluid which would shock a Chelsea Water-works Company director, who prefers conveying the "article" in an economical lead pipe to this extravagant splashing, and loves a turncock better than these Oriental Hebes, with their classical pitchers and chamois steps.]

18
A sharp turn conducts to the grand entrance, *La Torre de Justicia*, the "gate of judgment," the "Sublime Porte," at which the king or his kaid dispensed judgment, as in the East (Deut. xvi. 18), after an ancient fashion, which at least was more rapid and cheap, and, possibly, quite as equitable as the modern Court of

Chancery, either below the hill or elsewhere. This gate was erected in 1348 by Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, a great decorator of the Alhambra. The Moors called it *Bábu-sh-shari'ah*, the "gate of the law." The inscription over the inner doorway records its elevation and the name of the founder. It ends, "May the Almighty make this [gate] a protecting bulwark, and write down its [erection] among the imperishable actions of the just." The Moorish diaper has been broken, to make a niche for an image of the Virgin. Over the horse-shoe arch is seen an open hand, and over the inner arch a *key*, in which some see the Oriental symbol of power (Isa. xlii. 22), and others the "key of David" (Rev. iii. 7). Some however consider it an emblem of hospitality and generosity, the redeeming qualities of the Oriental. Gayangos thinks it a type of the five principal commandments of the creed of Islam: "To keep the fast of Ramadan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, ablution, and war against the infidel." But the true meaning of it is a talisman over the portal against the much-dreaded "Evil Eye," the Nemesis, the retribution, the *Ατη δμοιοιχος*, the ruin which is "next-door neighbour" to prosperity; at which the fear-inspiring *Æschylus* and Solomon the wisest of men trembled, and at which Orientals and Spaniards have always and do still tremble (see p. 35). The Morisco women wore small hands of gold and silver round their necks, like the Neapolitans, a substitute for the classical phallic symbol of defiance. Charles V., by a Pragmatica in 1525, forbade this usage. In the *Sala de los Embajadores* is an inscription to the same purport: "The best praise be given to God! I will remove all the effects of an evil eye upon our master, Yusuf," &c. The key was a symbolic sign among the Sûfis, denoting knowledge, "the key by which God opens the heart of believers." It occurs over many Andalusian castles, especially those built after the arrival of the Almohades.

19
The entrance is carried through a double gate: "David sat between the two gates" (2 Sam. xviii. 24). Here is a guard-room; and the passages are contrived so as to obstruct an entering enemy. Now, instead of the well-appointed Mameluke and glittering Moor, or iron-clad champion of Tendilla, a few gaunt, half-starved, bandit-looking invalids are huddled together, need starving in their eyes, their only uniform being ragged misery. These scarecrows form the fit centinels of a building ruined by Spanish apathy.

20
Passing onwards, near a paltry altar screen, is this Gothic inscription, coeval with the conquest; "*Los muy altos Catholicos y muy poderosos Señores Don Fernando y Doña Ysabel, Rey y Reyna, nuestros señores, conquistaron por fuerza de armas este reino y Cibdad de Granada; a la qual despues de aver tenido sus altezas en persona sitiada mucho tiempo, el rey moro Muley-hazen les entregó con su Alhambra y otras fuerças, a dos dias de Enero de mill y ccccxcii años; este mismo dia Sus. Al. pusieron en ella por su alcaýde y capitan, a Don Ynigo Lopez de Mendoza, Conde de Tendilla, su vasallo, al qual partiendo Sus. Al. de aquí, dexaron en la dicha Alhambra con quingentos caballeros, e mill peones, e a los Moros mandaron Sus. Al. quedar en sus casas en la Cibdad e sus alcarrias como primero estaban; este dicho conde por mandamiento de Sus. Al. hizo hacer este algibe.*"

Hence a narrow passage leads to the open place, *Pa. de los Algibes*, under which are the "cisterns" which are filled by the Darro. In summer an awning is erected over a well, whence a supply of cool water is sold to those who come up from Granada with donkeys. This Plaza divides the palace from the *Alcazaba*. The latter was formerly entered by the *Torre del Homage*, of "Homage," which rises at the end of the *Pelota*, or fives court. Observe a Roman altar from Illiberis, imbedded by the Moors in this tower.

The present entrance to the l. was

made by the French. The *Alcazaba* is now used as a prison for galley-slaves. The once most curious Moorish armoury was sold by Bucarelli to defray the cost of a bull-fight; the *Alhambra* is a separate jurisdiction, and has its governor, once a post of honour, but now it is given to a petty officer; and to these very guardians is the ruin of the palace owing. *Quis custodes custodiet?*

Ascend the *Torre de la Vela*. Here, as an inscription records, the Christian flag was first hoisted. The panorama is glorious. Below lies Granada, belted with plantations; beyond expands the Vega, about 30 miles in length by 25 in width, and guarded like an Eden by a wall of mountains. The basin was once a lake, through which the Xenil burst a way at Loja. The Vega is studded with villages and villas; every field has its battle, every rivulet its ballad. It is a scene for painters to sketch, and for poets to describe. To the l. rise the snowy Alpujarras, then the distant Sierra of Alhama, then the gorge of Loja in the distance, then the round mountain of Parapanda, which is the barometer of the Vega; for when its head is bonneted with mists, so surely does rain fall: "*Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera, Lluève aunque Dios no lo quisiera.*" Nearer Granada is the *Sierra de Elvira*, the site of old Illiberis, and below the dark woods of the *Soto de Roma*. To the r. is the rocky defile of Moclin, and the distant chains of Jaen: the *Torre de la Vela* was gutted by the French. It is so called, because on this "*watch-tower*" is a silver-tongued bell, which, struck by the warder at certain times, is the primitive clock that gives notice to irrigators below. It is heard on a still night even at Loja, 30 miles off. Ascend it also just before the sun sets, to see what is his glory in these southern latitudes, when he crimsones heaven and earth. Then as darkness comes on, the long lines of burning weeds and stubble in the Vega run and sparkle, crackling like the battle flashes of infantry; and, as the

old warder never fails, and justly, to remark, recall the last campaigns of the Moor and Christian. (Then in the short twilight how large the city below looms, always a grand sight from an elevation, but now growing in mystery and interest in the blue vapours. How Turner would paint it! and then the buzzy beelike distant hum of life.)

The under line of bastions, which extend to the Gate of Justice, were laid out by Charles V. in hanging gardens. Visit these *Adarves*; observe the fountains, busts, and cinque-cento sculpture. The vines *Parrales* are said to be of the time of the Moors. Their boa-constrictor-like stems wind round the square pilasters: the grapes are delicious. The outer bastions, below the Alcazaba, were destroyed by the French, and they are now a weed-overgrown ruin.

In a small court of the *Alcazaba* is a marble sarcophagus or tank, with basso-relievos of animals; among them the "deer-slaying lion," which occurs so often in Greek art, and, like the Mithraic slaughter of the bull, may be the symbol of some hieratic mystery, possibly the triumph of the evil principle. It is difficult to say whether this rude sculpture be antique or Moorish. An Arabic inscription is carried round the border, but this may be later than the carving; at all events, *stags* are animals connected by Orientals with the fountain, "as the hart panteth for the water-brooks:" and the Spanish Moors, among other departures from strict Moslem rules, did not reject either paintings or carvings of living objects. Lions constantly occur: nor was even the image of the Virgin disallowed.

Returning to the *Pa. de los Algibes*, is an isolated Moorish tower, *La Torre del Vino*. Observe the elegant arch, and the *Azulejos*, with which Spanish filth and neglect contrast. It was built in 1345 by Yúsuf I. The large palace opposite was begun by Charles V., and in common with most of those which he planned, is unfinished: it

never even was roofed; but there is "more than one window left incomplete" in all Spanish palaces on earth, or castles in the air: yet to raise this, which he could not complete, Charles destroyed large portions of what the Moors had finished. He tore down whole ranges of the Alhambra, just as the Dutchman William III. did with Wolsey's Hampton Court, and both have tacked on a square incongruous abortion. This palace is, however, what the Spaniards admire, and to this, their building, and not to the Alhambra, that of the Moors, do they direct the stranger's attention. It was begun in 1526 by Pedro de Machuca, and progressed slowly until 1633, and was then abandoned. Charles V., after his marriage at Seville, in 1526, spent the summer at Granada. Not content with modernising an entire quarter of the Alhambra for his residence, he raised this on another part of its site, and made the Moriscos pay the expense, by a threat of bringing the Inquisition in from Jaen, which, as Navagiero observed at the time, "potra facilmente ruinar questa citta," as it afterwards effectually did. The palace, which, had it been placed anywhere else, would have been a fine building, is in the Græco-Romano Bramante style, and was one of the first erected in Spain of its kind. The ornaments of the grand portal and windows, ascribed to Berruguete, are by Pedro Machuca. As works of art, the basso-relievos are much overrated; and such is the poverty of invention, that the same battlepiece is twice repeated. The creamy pudding-stone is called *Almendrado*, and comes from the quarries of *El Turro*, and it is like the almond cake *Turron*. The interior is cut up with a disproportioned Doric circular *Patio*, which however well contrived, if the emperor meant to use it as an arena for bull-fights, must destroy the proportions of all rooms near it. The court, however, has generally been made a working-place for galley-slaves. There was a notion

of offering this palace to the D. of Wellington, hoping that he would finish it with English gold; but it ended in nothing.

Before entering the Moorish palace look around at this Plaza, where everything is typical of the past and present. In front the massy towers of the Moors frown over ruins and neglect. The uneven weed-encumbered court is disfigured by tattered invalids, importunate beggars, and chained convicts, emblems of weakness, poverty, and guilt, and fit inmates of the miserable huts which Spaniards, like the marlets, have built up against the lordly castle of their predecessors. The clanking of the criminal's chain has replaced the cry of the Muëddin, and the *Algara* of the Moorish knight. The unfinished palace of the Austrian insults the half-destroyed abode of the Western Kalif: it is a thing of Spain, of to-day, where old systems are overturned by rash innovators, who have been unable to raise any new ones in their place. Alas for Spain! rich, indeed, in ruins and recollections.

The present entrance to *la real casa Arabe* is of Spanish construction, and lies in an obscure corner; for Charles V., adding insult to injury, did not even set his new building in a parallel line with the older one. Before entering, it may be as well to say a word on the erection of this edifice, the Arabic inscriptions, colours, ceilings, and architectural peculiarities: its decay has already been recorded.

The severe, simple, almost forbidding exterior of the Alhambra, gives no promise of the Aladdin gorgeousness which once shone within, when the opening of a single door admitted the stranger into an almost paradise. In common with other Moorish commanding Alcazars, it is built on the crest of a hill, and of *tapia*. The picturesque walls and towers which fringe the heights, follow the natural lines of the uneven ground. This fortress-palace, the dwelling of an Oriental, was intended to awe the city below, to keep

out heat, enemies foreign and domestic, and to keep in women. The plain aspect was adopted to avert the effects of the evil eye, which scowls on the over-prosperous, and mars their felicity. The interior voluptuousness and splendor was masked, like the glittering spar in a coarse pebble. [Thus, while the Spanish palace was all external ostentation and internal imperfection, the Moor's motto was *esse quam videri*; 24 content with the substance *within*, he was free from the vanity of displaying a whitened sepulchre to the world.]

The internal arrangements were purely Oriental. The colonnaded walks, the fountains, baths, the diaper-stucco *Tarkish*, the *Azulejo* dado, which at once combined durability, colour, coolness, and a non-reception of vermin: above which hung the rich *Artesonado* roof, gilded and starred like a heaven over the glorious saloons. "The architecture of the Arabs," says Owen Jones, "is essentially religious, and the offspring of the Koran, as Gothic architecture is of the Bible. The prohibition to represent animal life, caused them to seek for other means of decoration, inscriptions from the Koran, interwoven with geometrical ornaments and flowers, not drawn decidedly from nature, but translated through the loom; for it would seem that the Arabs, in changing their wandering for a settled life, in striking the tent, to plant it in a form more solid, had transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of Cashmere, which had adorned their former dwellings, to their new, changing the tent pole for a marble column, and the silken tissue for gilded plaster;" and certainly he might have added that the palm-tree was the type of the columns which they used in their *patios*. With regard to the Arabic inscriptions, these *epigrammata* are written in an ornate character, and are decorations of themselves: their usage was borrowed from the phylacteries, the *preservative* devices of the Jews. Gayangos observes of their import that "They are of three sorts:—*Ayât*, that is, verses from the

Koran; *Asja*, that is, pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ash'ár*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners, or the palace." Like most Oriental poetry, the import is flat and insipid to European readers; the charm appears to consist rather in sounds and words than in meaning. Those belonging to the first two classes are generally written in Cufic, the character of the city El Koofeh, founded about the 17th year of the Hegira. The square form lends itself to geometrical patterns; indeed, it is as difficult to distinguish the letters from them, as it is the modern Arabic character from the scrolly ornaments. The Cufic letters are often so arranged as to present a uniform appearance both ways; "thus the inscription can be read from the r. to the l., or from the l. to the r., and upwards or downwards. The long poems are all written in the African hand, with such care that no letter is ever wanting in its diacritic points, and the vowels and grammatical signs are likewise inserted." The modern Arabic character was adopted about the year 950, but the old Cufic one continued to be used in conjunction with it down to 1508.

The colours employed by the Moors were, in all cases, the primitive blue, red, and yellow (gold); the secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, only occurring in the *Azulejo* dados, which being nearer the eye, formed a point of repose from the more brilliant colouring above; some now, indeed, seem green, but this is the change effected by time on the original metallic blue. The Catholic kings used both green and purple, and their work can easily be discovered by the coarseness of execution and the want of the harmonious balance of colours, which the Moors understood so much better. [Among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Arabs, says Mr. Jones, the primitive colours only were used in the early periods of art; the secondary became of more importance, during its decadence. Compare the Pharaonic temples with the Ptole-

maic, and the early Greek edifices with those at Pompeii.] There is no doubt that under the Moors the marble pillars were all gilt, but the Spaniards found it easier to scrape off the gold, in their repairs, and thus expose the white stone, than to regild them. The elegant palm-like pillars deserve notice, and especially the variety of their capitals; these are, in all cases, carved in white marble; only the ornaments on the mouldings, which are now indicated by faint lines, are painted, the ground being blue, and the ornament the white surface of the marble; in some cases this order is reversed: few of the capitals retain their colouring perfect, although traces of it appear in almost all; the ground is frequently red, with blue leaves on the upper surfaces; all the bands and inscriptions were in gold; the common inscriptions are "And there is no conqueror but God;" "Blessing." The *Azulejo* dados and "frets" deserve careful notice (see Alcazar, Seville, p. 258). Intricate as these interlacings appear, they are formed on the simplest rules: "If a series of lines be drawn equi-distant and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained; or an equal variety will result by drawing equi-distant lines diagonally and setting off the spaces at each square, at right angles." In the *Azulejo* pillars the component parts are the same, the infinite variety of pattern being obtained by changing the colours and juxtaposition of the separate parts. Thus there is no possible limit to the multiplication of designs by this combination of lines and colours. It is to be observed that where these *Azulejo* tiles are used as pavements, if inscribed they were placed there by the Spaniards, for the Mohamedans are most careful even of treading on any accidental scrap of paper, for fear it should contain the name of Allah. Many of the marble pavements in the Alhambra

clearly were not the original ones, as they are placed above the ancient level, and conceal portions of the Mosaic dado.

The honeycomb stalactical pendentives, of which there are such superb specimens, are all constructed on mathematical principles; they are composed of numerous prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms proceeding from three primary figures on plain; these are the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, the isosceles triangle. Mr. Jones, by dissecting a portion, obtained the various component parts. These are capable of an infinite variety of combination, as various as the melodies which may be produced from the seven notes of the musical scale. The conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements; nearly 5000 pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of *Las dos Hermanas*, and although they are simply of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in most perfect preservation: but the carpentry of the Phœnicians passed down to the Moor. These houses, "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14), are exactly those of the ancient Egyptians (Wilk. ii. 125); compare Cordova, p. 300.

The *Artesonado* ceilings, the shutter and door *marqueterie* works, resemble those in the Alcazar of Seville. The patterns, although apparently intricate, are all reducible to the simplest geometrical rules, and the same principle applies equally to the *Lienzos* and *Azulejos*. The intricacies baffle pen and pencil alike. Custom cannot stale their infinite variety. To the superficial, uninstructed eye, the patterns may, indeed, seem all to be the same, but they grow with examination, by which alone their inexhaustible varieties can be understood; what must they not have been in their original pride and colour! The mode of hanging the doors is that used by the ancients in their temples, and continued in the East to this day;

they are hung on pivots, forming part of the framing, and are let into a socket in a marble slab below, and above into the soffit of the beam; a bolt usually secures, at the same time, both the flaps of the folding-doors and the wicket; the method is Oriental and ingenious.

The building was commenced by Ibnu-l-ahmar, in 1248; it was continued by his son Abu' abdillah, and finished by his grandson Mohammed III., about 1314. The founder, like Edward III. at Windsor, has everywhere introduced his motto, his "Honi soit qui mal y pense." The words *Le galib ilé Allah*, "There is no conqueror but God," are to be seen in every portion of the *Tarkish* and *Azulejo*. The origin is this: when he returned from the surrender of Seville, his subjects saluted him as *galib*—the conqueror, and he replied, "There is no conqueror but God." This motto also appears on his coat of arms. These are the banner of Castile, granted to him by St. Ferd., and the same as adopted by Don Pedro for the badge of his order of the *Vanda*, or Bend. This bend, once blue, was changed into "red" to compliment this Moorish William Rufus (Conde, iii. 38).

The great decorator was Yusuf I., who, although unsuccessful in war (see Salado, p. 224), was eminent in the arts of peace: so vast were his revenues, that he was imagined to possess the philosopher's stone; but his secret was quiet and industry, "et magnum vectigal parsimonia." He regilt and repainted the palace, which then must have been a thing of the "Tales of the Genii;" now all is deserted and unfurnished, and the mere carcass. The colours are obliterated by whitewash, the proportions destroyed by centuries of ill usage; yet time and the dry air of Spain have used it gently, treating it like a beautiful woman. What must it have once been—cum tales sunt reliquiæ! Peter Martyr, an Italian of taste, thus wrote when he entered it, in the train of the Gothic conquerors: "Alhambra, proh! dii immortales!

X Agui se basó a la G. N.

qualem Regiam! unicam in orbe terrarum crede!"

Entering by the obscure portal of Spanish construction, to the l. is the quarter allotted to the governor's residence. The suite of rooms is noble, but every beautiful vestige of the Moor has been swept away. The first *Patio* has various names; it is called *de la Alberca* and *de la Barca*—of the "Fish Pond," of the "Bark;" these are corruptions of the true Moorish name "*Berkah*," "the Blessing," which occurs all over it in the Arabic inscriptions. "*Beerkeh*," in Arabic, also signifies a tank, *unde* *Alberca*. In former times it was planted with myrtles, whence it is called *de los Arroyanes*, *Arrayhán*, Arabic, "a myrtle."

To the r. is an elegant double corridor, the upper portion, recently repaired, being the only specimen of its kind in the Alhambra. Here was the grand entrance of the Moors, which, with the whole winter quarter, was pulled down by Charles V., who built up his palace against it. The under saloon was converted by the French into an oil magazine; the tank, *Estanque*, in the centre of the court was formerly enclosed by a Moorish balustrade, which was pulled down and sold in the time of Bucarelli. The marble pavement came from Macael; it is now much broken up, as the French here piled up their firewood for their camp kettles, setting an example afterwards followed by Spanish galley-slaves.

The saloons to the r. of this *Patio* were once most gorgeous; they belonged to the monarch's wife, and hence are still called *el cuarto de la Sultána*. These were gutted in 1831 by the governor La Serna, who, imitating Sebastiani, used them for keeping the salt fish of his presidarios; on the opposite side is a small room fitted up by Ferd. the Catholic, as the ceiling shows, for the archives; these are contained in iron trunks, and have never been properly examined. In 1725 the contador Manuel Nuñez de Prado printed some of them; but as he was very ignorant

and made the selection himself, garbling and falsifying the pages, they only related to saints, relics, and nonsense, and were so absurd that he was advised to buy up the copies, which, consequently, are very rare. A new compilation was then made by Luis Franco Viano, a canon of the Sacro Monte, who employed Echevarria as his amanuensis. Just when they were printed Prado died, and with him, as usual, his project: then the attorney Venencio sold the sheets for waste paper. This little room contains or contained a fine Moorish marble table, and a splendid earthenware vase, enamelled in blue, white, and gold; the companion was broken in the time of Montilla, who used the fragments as flower-pots, until a French lady carried them away. There is some difficulty in getting into this room. The governor, the contador, and the escribano, each have a key of three locks, and these worthies, like Macbeth's witches, must be well paid before they will meet—"nuestro *alcalle*, *nunca da paso de valde*." The *Azulejo* dado which ran round this *Patio* was stripped off by the Bucarelli women and sold. Near the archives is the Moorish door which led to the mosque. Advancing to the great tower of Comares, observe the elegant ante-gallery; the slim columns would appear unequal to the superincumbent weight were not the spandrels lightened by perforated ornaments, by which also a cool current of air is admitted; observe the divans or alcoves at each end of this anteroom, and especially, near that to the r., the *Azulejo* pillars and portions of the original colours with which the stucco *Turkish* was decorated: they have, fortunately, escaped Spanish "purification." Observe, in this anteroom, the ceiling—a wagon-headed dome of wood, of most elaborate patterns, and the honeycomb stactical pendentives.

Before entering the Hall of Ambassadors, pass by a staircase to the l., which leads up to the governor's dwelling, to the *Mezquita*, once the mosque

of the palace. The *Patio* is a picture: it was made a sheep-pen by Montilla's wife, and since a poultry-yard: one façade retains its original Moorish embroidery, and the beams of the roof are the finest specimens in the Alhambra. The upper part of the cornice above the stalactites is wood, and from the form of the barge-board may be collected the shape of the original tiles which rested on it. The inscriptions between the rafters are "*Al-Mann*," "*The Grace*" of God, and on the moulding underneath, "And there is no conqueror but God," alternately with "God is our refuge in every trouble." A barbarous Spanish gallery destroys one side: observe the two pillars of the vestibule and their unique capitals. The door of the Mosque was stripped of its bronze facings by the Bucarellis, who sold the copper: a fragment only remains, which was out of the reach of these harpies.

Proceeding to the *Mezquita*, the roof was re-painted by Ferd. and Isab. Near the entrance on the r. is the exquisite niche, the *Mihrab* or sanctuary, in which the Koran was deposited. The inscription at the springing of the arch is "And be not one of the negligent." Turning to the l. is the Mosque, which Charles V. converted into a chapel, thus himself doing here what he condemned in others at Cordova (p. 301). The incongruous additions mar this noble saloon. A heavy, ill-contrived altar is placed in the middle: all around figure dolphins, pagan mottoes, and cinque cento ornaments, with the arms of the Mendozas, the hereditary alcaides. A raised gallery or pew, partly gilt and partly unfinished, recalls the "beautifying and repairing" of some bungling churchwarden.

Reascending to the anteroom of the *Sala de los Ambajadores*, on each side at the entrance are recesses into which the slippers were placed—an Oriental and Roman custom (Mart. iii. 50). This reception room of state occupies the whole interior of the Comares tower. It is a square of 37 ft., and is

60 ft. high to the centre of the dome: observe the *Azulejos*, the *Tarkish*, and the site of the royal throne, which was in the centre recess of the wall opposite the entrance. The r. inscription runs, "From me, this throne, thou art welcomed morning and evening by the tongues of *Blessing — Berkah* — prosperity, happiness, and friendship; that is the elevated dome, and we, the several recesses, are her daughters: yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely we are all members of the same body, but I am like the heart in the midst of them, and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life." The l. inscription runs, "True, my fellows, these may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusúf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the *Throne of his Empire*: may its eminence be upheld by the master of divine glory and the celestial throne." The present ceiling is an *artesonado* dome of wood, ornamented by ribs intersecting each other in various patterns, with ornaments in gold, painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices. It is composed of the *Alerce*, and is darkened by time; the original ceiling was of stucco, but fell down with an arch which once was carried across the hall. The enormous thickness of the walls may be estimated by the windows, which are so deeply recessed as to look like cabinets, or the lateral chapels of a cathedral. The views from them are enchanting. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V. when he looked out. The saloon has been much injured by earthquakes and the heavy wooden shutters introduced by this Charles. Below this hall are some vaulted rooms, where some second-rate marbles, probably by Pedro Machuca, two nymphs and a Jupiter and Leda, are deposited, being too nude for Spanish prudery. Observe the infinity of sub-

terraneous intercommunications; most of them have been blocked up by the Spaniards: these were the escapes of the Sultan in times of outbreak. Here also were the state prisons: from the window looking down on the Darro it is said that 'Ayeshah let down Boabdil in a basket, fearful of her rival Zoraya.

Coming up again, turning to the r., a heavy gallery, built by Charles V., leads to the *Tocador de la Reina*, the dressing-room of the Queen, as the Spaniards have called this *Tooc*'keyseh of the Moslem of Cairo (see Lane, ii. 62). The chilly Fleming, Charles, blocked up the elegant Moorish colonnade, and the marble shafts struggle to get out of their mortar prison. The royal dressing-room is about nine feet square; the interior was modernised by Charles, and painted in arabesque like the Vatican loggie; but no picture of art can come up to those of nature when we look around on the hills and defiles as seen from between the marble colonnade. The artists were Julio and Alesandro, pupils of Jean de Udina, who had come to Spain to decorate the house at Ubeda of Fr^o. de los Cobos the Emperor's secretary (see also Valladolid). They represent views of Italian seaports, battles, ships, and banners, but have been barbarously mutilated. These walls are scribbled over with the names of travellers, the homage of all nations. In a corner is a marble slab drilled with holes, through which perfumes were wafted up while the Sultana was dressing; they are the "Foramina et Specularia" of the ancients.

From the anteroom of the Comares a grated passage, of Spanish construction, and called *la Carcel de la Reina*, leads down to the Moorish baths. The little *Patio* is well preserved, for these *Baños* lay out of the way of ordinary ill-usage. They consist of *El Baño del Rey* and *El Baño del Principe*. The vapour-bath is lighted from above by small lumbreras or "louvres." The Moorish cauldron and leaden pipes were sold by the daughters of Buca-

relli. The *Azulejos* are curious. The arrangement of these baths is that still used in Cairo: the bathers undressed in the entrance saloon, and underwent in the *Hararah*, or the "vapour-bath," the usual shampoings. The upper portion of the chamber of repose has a gallery in which musicians were placed. Among the inscriptions is "Glory to our Lord, Abú-l-Najaj Yusúf, commander of the Moslems: may God render him victorious over his enemies. What is most to be wondered at is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot." Near the *Baños* is a whispering-gallery, which pleases the childish, tasteless natives more than any Moorish remains. The suite of rooms above were modernised by Charles V., who arrived here June 5, 1526. Here Spaniards contend that Philip II. was begotten: he was born at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. The ceilings, heavy fire-places, and carvings of Charles, are diametrically opposed to the work of the Moor: he demolished everything both here and to the l. in the *Patio de los Arayanes*, called also *De Lindaraja*, from the name of a Moorish princess. The Arabic fountain in the court is now dry, and everything is disorder and neglect.

Retracing our steps through the *Patio de la Alberca*, we pass by an anteroom, much altered by Ferd. and Isab., into the Court of Lions, a Moorish *cloister*, but one never framed for ascetics. Here ill-usage has done its worst. The roof is modern, and was put on by Gen. Wall about 1770. The cockney garden is French, the whitewashings and repair Spanish.

The *Patio* is an hypethral quadrilateral oblong of some 120 ft. by 60: more than 100 pillars of white marble support a peristyle or portico on each side; at each end two elegant pavilions project into the court. The arrangement of the columns is irregular; they are placed sometimes singly, sometimes grouped; nor is the effect produced by this truly Oriental departure from symmetrical uniformity

unpleasing, although they are so slender that they scarcely seem able to support the arches; and although the walls are only coated with pilaster, five centuries of neglect have not yet destroyed this slight fairy thing of filigree, which has not even the appearance of durability; wherever the destroyer has mutilated the fragile ornaments, the temple-loving martlet, guest of summer, builds his nest, and careers in the delicate air, breaking with his twitter the silence of these sunny, now deserted, courts, once made for Oriental enjoyment, and even now just the place to read the *Arabian Nights* in, or spend a honey moon.

The *fuenta* in the centre is a dodecagon basin of alabaster, resting on the backs of twelve lions: they are rudely carved, and closely resemble those of Apulia and Calabria, by which tombs and pulpits of Norman-Saracenic mosaic work are supported. These Arabian sculptures make up for want of reality, by a sort of quaint heraldic antiquity; such were those described by Arnobius (Ad. Gen. vi.), "Inter Deos videmus Leonis torvissimam faciem." Their faces are barbecued, and their manes cut like scales of a griffin, and the legs like bed-posts: a water-pipe stuck in their mouths does not add to their dignity. Lions, from remote antiquity, have been used as supporters; the Oriental type will be found in the throne of Solomon (1 Kings vii. 29; x. 20). In fact the whole Alhambra must have been like the ancient and Byzantine palaces. The Hypodromus, the "portico with a hundred pillars," the *Azulejo* pavement, the cypresses, the net-work of fountains, the sound of falling waters, are all detailed by Martial (xii. 50) and Pliny, jun. (Ep. v. 6), and such was the palace of Justinian described by Gibbon. The inscription round the basin signifies, "Blessed be He who gave the Imám Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions; and if not so, here is a garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should else-

where be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency: to look at the basin one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer? for truly, what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of war? Oh! thou who beholdest these Lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to enable them to show their fury: and Oh! thou, the heir of the Anssár, to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch, belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessings of God for ever be with thee! May he make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies!"

Since the damages done by Sebastiani, the fountains of the amphibious Moor, which played here in all directions, are ruined and dry. That of the Lions alone is restored, and occasionally is set in action. Some of the most beautiful chambers of the Alhambra open into this court: beginning to the r. is the *Sala de los Abencerrages*; the exquisite door was sawn into pieces in 1837 by the barbarian governor: observe the honeycomb stalactite roof; the slender pillar of the alcove explains how Sampson pulled down the support of the house of Dagon. The *Azulejos* were repaired by Charles V.: the guide seri-

The two Sisters are each 15 feet x 6 1/2 feet

ously points out some dingy stains near the fountain as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages, massacred here by Boabdil; alas, that boudoirs made for love and life should witness scenes of hatred and death; and let none presume to geologise overmuch, or to think them ferruginous, for nothing is more certain than that heroic blood never can be effaced, still less if shed in foul murder. Nor, according to Lady Macbeth, will all the perfumes of Arabia mask the smell. This blood is quite as genuine to all intents of romance as is that of Rizzio at Holyrood-house, or of Becket at Canterbury. Beware, says Voltaire, "des gens durs qui se disent solides, des esprits sombres qui prétendent au jugement parce-qu'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable — gardez-vous bien de les croire." At the E. end of the court are 3 saloons of extremely rich decoration: the *Sala de Justicia* is so called from an assemblage of 10 bearded Moors seated in divan, which is painted on the ceiling; this and the two other ceilings deserve much notice, as giving the true costume of the Granada Moor; they were painted about 1460: the others represent chivalrous and amorous subjects, all tending to the honour of the Moor, whose royal shield is seen everywhere; in one a Moor unhorses a Christian warrior; another represents a captive lady leading a chained lion, while she is delivered from a wild man by a knight. Observe a game of draughts (the *dameh* of the Arab, the *aux dames* of France), also the boar huntings, with ladies looking out of turreted castles, Christians on horseback, Moors in sweeping robes, with a background of trees, buildings, birds, animals, magpies, and rabbits, painted like an illuminated book of the 15th century, or a dream of Chaucer's.

— "On the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawks, and houndes,
And hartes dire all full of woundes."

It is not known by whom these pic-

tures, unique considering the period, persons, and locality, were executed; probably by some Christian renegado: in style they resemble those painted in Italy in the middle of the 15th century by Bennozo Gozzoli, a scholar of Fiesole, and have all his curious architectural features and backgrounds filled with animals. They are painted in bright colours, which are still fresh; the tints are flat, and were first drawn in outline in a brown colour, and on skins of animals sewn together and nailed to the dome: a fine coating of gypsum was used as priming; the ornaments on the gold ground are in relief: they now are neglected. It is to be wished that these relics, which in any other country would be preserved under glass, should be accurately copied the full size. The plates in Murphy are beneath criticism, from their gross inaccuracy.

Of the many beautiful arches in this building, none surpass that which opens into the central saloon: observe the archivolt, spandrels, inscriptions, and *Azulejo* column: surface lace-like decoration never was carried beyond this. In the last of the 3 rooms the cross was first placed by Card. Mendoza: the identical one is preserved at Toledo. Ferdinand "purified" these once-gorgeous saloons, that is, whitewashed them.

The badges of the Catholic sovereigns are introduced into the Moorish *Lienzo*, the "Yoke and the Bundle of Arrows:" see p. 130.

"Despues que me ataste al Yugo,
De tus Flechas, no me espanta,
Amor, pero tanto monta!"

And there is a moral in these symbols, which Spaniards now-a-days will not understand: they inculcate "union," the "drawing together," and a fair equality, instead of struggle for pre-eminence. It was by Arragon and Castile's "pulling together" that the Moorish house, divided against itself, was overthrown.

Opposite to the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is that of *Las dos Hermanas*, so called from the two sister slabs of

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Macael marble which are let into the pavement. This formed a portion of the private apartments of the Moorish kings; the alcoves or sleeping-rooms on each side give it the character of a residence. This Sala and its adjuncts, for the beauty and symmetry of the ornaments, the stalactite roof and general richness, is unequalled; well may one of the inscriptions invite us to "Look attentively at my elegance and thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decoration*; here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial. Columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." This beautiful saloon was made a workshop under Montilla, and in 1832 was mutilated by the corporation of Granada, who employed a dauber, one Muriel, to put up some paltry things for a fête given to the Infante Fr^o. de Paula, for which the Moorish decorations were ruthlessly broken. The entrance to this *Sala* passes under some most elaborate engrailed arches with rich intersecting ornaments: observe the Oriental method of hanging the doors. Above is an upper story with latticed windows, through which the "dark-eyed," or Hauras of the Hareem, could view the fêtes below, themselves unseen and guarded, the idols of a secret shrine, treasures too precious to be gazed upon by any one but their liege lord. This *Γυναικειον* is precisely similar in construction to those used still in the East and in Tetuan. At the end of the Sala is a charming window looking into the Patio de Linderaja, which Charles V. disfigured with his brick additions. This *Ventana* and its alcove were the boudoir of the Sultana, on which poetry and art exhausted their efforts; all the varieties of form and

colour which adorn other portions of the Alhambra are here united. The inscriptions, to those who do not understand Arabic, appear to be only beautiful and complex scroll-work; while to the initiated they sing "Praise to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me. If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive in exchange cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture." 29

Such is the Alhambra in its decayed and fallen state, the carcass of what it was when vivified by a living soul, and now the tomb, not the home, of the Moor. It may disappoint those who, fonder of the present and a cigar than of the past and the abstract, arrive heated with the hill, and are thinking of getting back to an ice, a dinner, and a siesta. Again, the nonsense of annuals has fostered an over-exaggerated notion of a place which from the dreams of boyhood has been fancy-formed as a fabric of the Genii. Few airy castles of illusion will stand the prosaic test of reality, and nowhere less than in Spain. But to understand the Alhambra, it must be lived in, and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the South, and when ravages are less apparent than when flouted by the gay day glare. On a stilly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor; then, when the moon, Dian's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, and give a depth to the shadows and a misty undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence, broken only by the drony flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines; as we linger

in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin as if we were looking down on the reversed firmament. The baying of the dog, and the tingling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then in proportion as all here around is dead, do the fancy and imagination become alive. The halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size: the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the unclean infidel and destroyer.

The Alhambra hill is shaped like a grand piano, with the point to the *Torre de la Vela*; it is entirely girdled with walls and towers. Leaving the palace by a small door at the hall of justice, is an open space, on which, a few years ago, was a fine Moorish tank, now filled up with rubbish by galley-slaves. To the r. is a small Alameda, and the parish church *La Sa. Maria*, which was turned into a magazine under Sebastiani; on the S. side, let into the wall, is a very curious Gothic stone recording the restoration of three churches by one Gudilla; observe the use of *servulos operarios*, instead of the ablative, as an early instance of the change taking place in grammatical Latinity. Following the outer wall to the l. is the *Casa del Observatorio*, so called from its *mirador*, or *Casa Sanchez*, from having been the dwelling of a poor but honest peasant of that name. It was once most picturesque, inside and outside, and beloved by every artist, but in 1837 it was ruined by a barbarian *empleado*; to this was attached a private mosque, which is now isolated in the garden below; the *mihrab*, or holy niche for the Koran, is most elaborate. Continuing, lower down is the Moorish postern gate, *La Torre del Pico*,

but the machicolations are of the time of the Catholic sovereigns.

The French intended to blow this tower up, as a parting legacy; the holes made by their miners yet remain, and prove their good intentions, but the procrastination of their agent, Farses, saved the building. From this gate a path, crossing the ravine, leads up to the *Generalife*; return, however, to the *Casa Sanchez*. In the garden opposite was the house of the Conde de Tendilla, the first *Alcaide* of the Alhambra; it no longer exists. The fruit grown on this spot is especially exquisite. Here the stranger from the cold north sits under the fig and vine, while festoons of grapes give fruit and shade, and tall whispering canes fan him as he reclines. The bones of the gallant Tendilla were placed in the adjoining convent of Franciscans, under the high altar; these Sebastiani scattered to the winds, making the place a barrack for Polish lancers; here the body of the Great Captain was placed until removed to Sⁿ. Jeronimo; and here also, under the two engrailed Moorish arches, long rested the coffins of Ferd. and Isab., until their sepulchre in the cathedral was finished. The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308 by Mohammed III., and is thus described by Ibnu-l-Khâtîb. It is "ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble; indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, which the sultan inspected in person, the elegance of the design, and the beauty of the proportions, the building has not its like in this country; and I have frequently heard our best architects say that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be compared to it." This, continues Gayangos, was in very good preservation until the occupation of the French, when it was entirely destroyed.

Turning hence, again, to the walls, visit *La Torre de las Infantas*, once the residence of the Moorish princesses, now of squalid poverty; to the l. are two other towers, those of *del Candil* and *de las Cautivas*; the former contains elegant arches and delicate *Turkish*. Continuing to the r. is the corner tower, *de la Agua*; here an aqueduct, stemming the ravine, supplies the hill with water. The French blew up this and the next tower; had they succeeded as they wished, in destroying the aqueduct, the Alhambra would have become again a desert. This is a spot for the painter. Other and injured towers now intervene between "*Los Siete Suelos*," the seven stories, or the former grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to the Xenil by the *Puerta de los Molinos*; it was afterwards walled up, as a gate of bad omen. This is a pure Orientalism. So likewise, when princes came in, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, no man shall enter in by it" (Ezek. xlv. 2). All was wantonly blown up by the French. The walls were 14 ft. thick, but what can withstand "villainous saltpetre?" Whatever escaped was by lucky accident. The ruins of six towers, their embroidery and porcelain, testify what they once were; all this quarter, with the Moorish palace of the Mufti and *La Casa de las Faldas*, was levelled by Sebastiani to make an exercising-ground for his soldiers. Passing the *Puerta del Carril*, by which carriages enter the Alhambra, the circuit is completed.

To visit the *Generalife*, pass out at the *Puerta del Pico*; to the l. are the remains of the stables of the Moorish guard. A picturesque ravine now divides the hill of the Alhambra from the *Sierra del Sol*. Ascending amid figs and vines is the *Generalife*—*Jennatu-l-arif*, the "garden of the architect," of whom Isma'il-Ibn-Faraj, the sultan, purchased the site in 1320. This mountain villa *Senectutis nidulus* now belongs to the M^{rs}. of Campotejar, of the Grimaldi Gentili family. He is

an absentee, living at Genoa, and the real owner, as usual, is the administrator. This is a villa of waters; the canal of the Darro here empties its full virgin stream; it boils through the court under evergreen arches; an open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, no longer looking like a filigree boudoir, but a grand sombre solid line of fortress. The paltry chapel is not worth visiting; the living rooms are at the head of the court. Observe the arches and Arabesques; here are some bad and apocryphal portraits; one of *El Rey Chico* is dressed like François I., in yellow and black fur, and has an inoffensive look—a man fitter to lose than win a throne; also a bad portrait of the Great Captain, in black and gold: ditto of Ferd. and Isab. Observe the genealogical tree of the Grimaldi; the founder, Cidi Aya, a Moorish infant, aided Ferd. at the conquest, and became a Christian by the name of Don Pedro; here also is his son Alonzo, trampling, like a renegado, on Moorish flags; the sword of the Rey Chico was the greatest curiosity of the house. Visit the cypresses, the "trysting-place" of the Sultana; they are enormous, and old as the Moors; the frail Zoraya is said to have been discovered under them, with her lover, the Abencerrage; but this is a calumny of Romancers, and they are false witnesses, like the "Holm and Mastick" of the chaste Susanna. The guides, however, point them out exactly as the myrtles at Trœzene, under which Phædra became enamoured of Hippolytus, were shown in the days of Pausanias (i. 22. 2).

Behind them is a raised garden, with flights of Italian steps, perforated with fountains; ascend, passing a Moorish Algibe, to the hill top, the Moor's chair, *la Silla del Moro*; here are the ruins of a Moorish building and of the Spanish chapel of S^{ta}. Elena, which the French clambered up to destroy; the view is splendid, and never can be defiled or destroyed. Return to Granada by the *Generalife* and the cypress avenue, and

thence over an unirrigated and therefore tawny waste, to the *Campo Santo* or burial-ground. Those who dislike cemeteries may, on leaving the Generalife avenue, turn to the r. by the public gardens to the convent *de los Martires*.

Observe the *Mazmorras* on the platform; these artificial excavations are remnants of the Moor, and things of most remote antiquity; the modern Moorish term is *metamor*; and *matmorra* in Arabic is "a prison," for, like the *λακκοι* of the Athenians, herein were guarded either corn or convicts. The miserable dungeons of the Inquisition at Seville were called *Mazorras*. These granaries were invented in Egypt. Such were the "store-houses" of Joseph (Gen. xli. 56). The use of them passed thence into Thrace, Africa, and Spain; consult Pliny, 'N. H.' xviii. 30, and Varro, 'R. R.' i. 57. In these *Syros*, *Σειρος*, corn was preserved for more than fifty years; they were admirably contrived for concealment during the *forays* of invaders (Hirt. 'Bell. Afr.' 65). Near Valencia they are still called *Silos*, probably a corruption of the ancient name, since *Scilo* in Basque signifies an "excavation;" they are lined with a cement, like the Moorish water-tanks. Now the Granadino, as in other matters, has neutralized their utility; he throws in stones where the Moor stowed grain.

The convent *de los Martires* has been recently sequestered; the garden, with its little aqueduct, is pretty. Next visit the *barranco* or ravine behind it, where gipsies live in troglodyte burrows, amid aloes and prickly pears. The dark daughters of Moulton sit in their rags under their vines, while their elfin brats beg of a stranger an *ochavico*. Hence to the *Campo del Principe*, and to *So. Domingo*, a fine convent recently converted into the Museo. This is a collection of unexampled, unmitigated rubbish. Granada never had much fine art: the best specimens were soon missing *en el tiempo de los Franceses*; the middling was appropriated by private reformers during the recent

changes, and the dross reserved for the public benefit. Sebastiani employed Argote as his jackall, from whose lips we received the details:—first, *el Angel* was visited, and the nurse turned out; the plate was plundered and the convent pulled down. Then disappeared *El Niño Pastor*, by Murillo, and the 19 Alonzo Canos, which Cean Bermudez's dictionary had pointed out. Soon 14 more Canos were found missing from S^a. Catalina de Zafra. The "Mystical Marriage," by Atanasio Bocanegra, was left behind by the judicious foragers; so were the "Persecutions of the Carthusians by Henry VIII. in 1535," of the Cartuja. These martyrdoms were represented in Spanish Cartujas, to give a hideous character to the dreaded reformation. In the Museo is some carving by Mora and Risueño, pupils of Cano, and an enamelled oratory of the Great Captain. The fine Canos, once in Sⁿ. Diego, have also disappeared, and were it not for the Cathedral, the Granada school must now be looked for anywhere rather than in its native home. Next visit the convent gardens, and especially the *Cuarto Real*, which was a Royal Moorish villa. The approach is under a high embowered archway of bays and enormous myrtles. Observe the saloons and the *Azulejo*, with Cufic inscriptions in green, white, and blue. The white tiles with golden scrolls occur nowhere else. The painted *Tarkish* was whitewashed by the French; this garden was called by the Moors *Almanjara*, and the suburb *Vib-al Fajarin*. It was ceded April 5, 1492, to Alonzo de Valiza, prior of S^a. Cruz, of Avila. Of the two gardens the larger belonged to Dalaborra, mother of Muley Hasen, and the smaller (built on in 1615) to the Alcalde Moforax. The original deed was copied into the *Libro Becerro* of the convent, from which we made an abstract. The "livery of seisin" was thus—Don Alonzo entered the garden pavilion, affirming loudly that he took possession, next he opened and shut the door,

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giving the key to *Macafreto*, a well-known householder of Granada; he then went into the garden, cut off a bit of a tree with his knife, and dug up some earth with his spade. Such was the practice of Moorish conveyancers.

Passing out by the *Puerta del Pescado* is a Moorish gateway with three arches. Return now to the *Campillo*, the "little field," or space opposite the inn; the site of the monument to the unfortunate Maria Pineda and the actor Isidoro Maizquez. The theatre is tolerable. This place was enlarged by the French, who took down a portion of the Moorish citadel, *El Bibautaubin*, which was formerly surrounded by walls and towers; one tower still exists below the inn, imbedded in a modern barrack, the portal of which is churrigueresque, and worthily guarded by statues of Hogarth-like grenadiers. Here is the *Carrera del Darro*, or public walk, with planted avenues, which communicates with the Alameda on the Xenil.

The *Darro* rises from the hill of myrtles near Hueter, and approaches Granada under the *Monte Sacro*; so called from the finding certain sacred bones and relics, to which is attributed the sweetness and fertilizing quality of the stream. Thus, among the Pagans, the waters in which Juno bathed the morning after her marriage, retained their perfume. *Mansit odor possis scire fuisse deam*. The walks on both sides of the swift arrowy *Darro* up this hill are delicious: the stream gambols down the defile; hence its Arabic name *Hádaroh*, from *Hadar*, "rapidity in flowing." Gold is found in the bed; whence some catching at the beloved sound, have derived the name *Darro*, "quasi *dat aurum*;" and in 1526 a crown was given to Isabel, wife of Charles V., made from grains found in this *Pactolus*. Here amphibious gold-fishers still puddle in the eddies, earning a miserable livelihood in groping for the precious metal. The Romans called the river *Salon*: the gorge through which it flows under the Generalife, was the

Hazariz, or "Garden of Recreation," of the Moors, and was studded with villas. The *Darro*, after washing the base of the Alhambra, flows under the *Plaza nueva*, being arched over; and when swelled by rains, there is always much risk of its blowing up this covering. Such, says the Seguidilla, is the portion which *Darro* will bear to his bride the Xenil.

"*Darro tiene prometido,
El casarse con Xenil
Y le ha de llevar en dote,
Plaza nueva y Zacatin.*"

The Moorish *Zacatin* is as antique as the Spanish *Plaza nueva* is modern. The Arabic word means an "old clothes man," and is the diminutive of *Zok*, a market. In summer it is covered with an awning, a *toldo*, which gives a cool and tenty look. At the *respaldas*, the Prout-like houses and toppling balconies are so old that they seem only not to fall. Here is every form and colour of picturesque poverty; vines clamber up the irregularities, while below naiads dabble, washing their red and yellow garments in the all gilding glorious sun beams. What a picture it is to all but the native, who sees none of the wonders of lights and shadows, reflections, colours, and outlines; who, blind to all the beauties, is keenly awake only to the degradation, to the rags and decay; he half thinks your sketch and admiration an insult; he begs you to come and draw the last spick-and-span new R. A. abortion to carry at least away a sample to Spain's credit. The *Darro* reappears at the end of its career at the "*Carrera*," and then marries itself to the Xenil. This—the Singilis of the Romans, the *Shingil* of the Moor—flows from the Sierra Nevada through a most alpine country. The waters, composed of melted snow, are unwholesome, as, indeed, are most of those of Granada, which have a purgative tendency. The Moorish poets, who saw in the Xenil, the life-blood of the Vega, the element of wealth, compared its waters to "melted gold flowing be-

tween emerald banks." "What has Cairo to boast of, with her Nile, since Granada has a thousand Niles?" "She —nil," *She* meaning in Arabic a thousand. [But the Oriental, in his *ponderation* of himself and his country, is only to be out-done by a modern exaggerating *Granadino*.]

The artist will, of course, trace this Xenil up to its glacier sources, from whence it gushes, pure, cold, and chaste. Far from cities, and free from their drains and pollutions, the waters descend through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden, which woos its embrace, and drains off its affection. The fickle impatient stream, fretted at every stone which opposes its escape, enters Granada under the Antequerula, and passes *El Salon*, a fine walk, which was much improved in 1826 by Gen. Campana. The sculptural decorations are, however, in the vilest art: never were pomegranates worse carved than in this *Granada*, which teems with real models, and was celebrated for its carvers. The beauty and fashion congregate on this Alameda, which is constantly injured by overfloodings. The Xenil and Darro unite below it, and after cleansing the town of its sewers, are "*sangrado*," or drained, for irrigation. The Xenil is soon increased by infinite mountain tributaries, and unites, a noble stream, with the Guadalquivir, near Ecija.

There is not much else to be seen in Granada. Walk up the *Carrera del Darro*, to the celebrated *Plaza de Viberambla*, the "gate of the river." This *gate* still exists: the Moorish arch struggles amid modern additions, incongruous but not unpicturesque. The quaint *Plaza* is now converted into a market-place: one row of old Moorish houses, with square windows, yet remains on the north side. This is the square so famous in ballad song for the *Cañas*, or the Jereed, and the bull-fightings of Gazul. Here the pageantry of *Pasos* and Corpus Christi are carried on to the joy of an illiterate community,

who, like children, are made happy through their eyes; but every year strips a something from these "Lord Mayor shows," which the Reformation and civil wars put down among ourselves. On market-days, sorts of booths and stalls are put up like an Arab *Douar*. The fruit is very fine, especially the grapes, figs, and melons: the latter are piled in heaps like shot; few, however, of the arsenals of Spain can vie with this supply of natural artillery. The figs pass all praise, from the fleshy purple *Breba* to the small greengage-looking later fruit. The *Breba* or early fig is here, as in the East, thought unwholesome, and leading to bad consequences (Hosea ix. 10); by which few of the Gibraltar officers seem to be deterred. Keeping along the l. side, enter the *Pescaderia*; the old wooden balconies will delight the artistical eye as much as the ancient fish-like smell of the shambles will offend the nose. To the N. of the Plaza as the palace of the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas was simple enough to criticise. The irregular pile has been modernised, and contains nothing remarkable, and the few pictures in it are very second-rate. The cathedral adjoins it, and was built on the site of the great mosque. Walk round it; it is by no means a fine building, although the *Granadinos* think it a rival to St. Peter's. It is blocked up by mean houses and streets: the open W. front is unfinished, while the heavy N. tower, of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, wants the upper story; and the other tower, which was to have been its companion, is not even begun. The grand entrance is divided by three lofty lancet recesses, broken by circular windows; the cornice is crowned with pyramidal vases. The façade is, moreover, paganised with grinning masks, rams' horns, and unfinished festoons.

Walking to the r., you pass the picturesque front of the archbishop's palace, a *casa de ratones*, although Le Sage, who never was in Spain, describes

it as rivalling a king's palace in magnificence; close adjoining is the *Sagrario*, or parish church, annexed to the cathedral. Then rises the royal chapel, of the rich Gothic of 1510. The Berruguete doorway is later, and was built by Charles V. Observe the "St. Johns," the patrons of the Catholic sovereigns. Thus their eldest son was called *Juan*, the apostolic eagle was their armorial supporter, and their convents were dedicated to *San Juan de los Reyes* as their royal apostle.

The *Casas del Cabildo* opposite are in outrageous churrigueresque: observe a truncated Roman pillar, inscribed "Furiæ Sabinæ." The once exquisite Gothic house in the *Ce. de la Mesa redonda*, has been recently modernised by a Goth named Heredia. Turning to the l., enter the *Ce. de la Carcel*, "the prison street;" the gaunt unshorn inmates quickly will smell a stranger, and yell from behind the grating for charity and food like wild beasts, who have *not* been fed: if ever a man wants a full diet, it is when the iron fetter has entered his soul, and the moral depression of lost liberty has weakened his body. The soldier-guard resembles the guarded, our Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with them. Opposite is the *Puerta del Perdon*, a cinque-cento plateresque portal of the time of Charles V. Entering the cathedral at the W., the glaring whitewash is most offensive: this iniquity was perpetrated in order to please Philip V. Two doorways, one of the *Sala Capitulare* and that opposite, are left undefiled, and shame, with their sober, creamy tone, the cold glare around. The cathedral is built in the pagan Græco-Romano style, just when the Christian Gothic was going out of fashion. It was begun March 15, 1529, from designs of Diego de Siloe: it is Corinthian, but without good proportion, either in height or width. The groined roof of the five naves is supported by piers composed of four Corinthian pillars placed back to back, and on disproportioned pedes-

tals. The *coro*, as usual, occupies the heart of the centre nave; the *trascoro* is churrigueresque, and made up of red marble, with black knobs and white statues; those at the corners of heroes and heroines in Louis XIV. periwigs, were placed there to please Philip V., and are truly ridiculous. The organ is plastered with gilding. The white and grey marble pavement is handsome: the E. end is circular: the high altar is isolated and girdled by an architectural frame. The admirable *Cimborio* rises 220 feet: observe the noble arch, 190 feet high, which opens to the *coro*.

The dome is painted in white and gold. The effigies of Ferd. and Isab. kneel at the sides of the high altar: above and let into circular recesses are the colossal heads of Adam and Eve, carved and painted by Alonzo Cano; by him also are the seven grand pictures relating to the Virgin, whose temple this is. They are her "Annunciation," "Conception," "Nativity," "Presentation," "Visitation," "Purification," and "Ascension." They can be closely examined from an upper gallery, and are coarsely painted, because destined to be seen from below, and at a distance. Cano (1601, ob. 1667) was a minor canon, or *Racionero*, of this cathedral, and has enriched it with the works of his chisel and brush. Observe by him an exquisite miniature "Virgin and Child" at the top of the *Facistol* in the *coro*: the child is inferior, and possibly by another hand. By him in the *C^a. de la Sa. Cruz* are the Heads of St. John the Baptist, full of death, and of St. Paul, full of spirit; being of the natural size, they, however, look too much like anatomical preparations: the essence of sculpture is form, and when colour is added, it is attempting too much, and we miss the one thing wanting—life. Over the door of the *Sala Capitulare* is a "Charity," by Torregiano, executed as a sample of his talent, when he came to Granada to compete for the "Sepulchre of the Catholic Sovereigns:" it is a Mi-

chael Angelesque picture in marble. Among the paintings observe, in the *Ca. de la Trinidad* and *Jesus Nazareno*, four by Ribera, a fine "Christ bearing his Cross," and a "Trinidad," by Cano. Those in the transept are by Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, a disciple of Cano, who exaggerated one defect of his master—the smallness of the heels of children. Bocanegra was a vain man, and painted pictures larger in size than in merit. Observe, however, the "Virgin and Sⁿ. Bernardo" and the "Scourging."

In the *Ca. de San Miguel* is a fine melancholy Cano, "*La Virgen de Soledad*." This chapel was decorated with marbles, in 1804, by Archbishop Juan Manuel Moscoso y Peralta, and finished in the fatal 1808. This prelate had a large private fortune, which he expended in works of piety and beneficence. His superb gold custodia was melted by the French, but fortunately his magnificence in this chapel was not wholly displayed in metallics. The single slab of the altar was brought from Macael: the red marbles came from Luque; the four serpentine pillars from the *Barranco de San Juan* (see p. 396). The expenses were enormous. The geologist will remark, in the *Ca. de Galvan*, the pillars from *Loja*, which resemble crackled china, or as if ferns and mosses had been imbedded in the marble while yet soft.

The *Sagrario* is a monstrous jumble of churrigueresque, costly in material and poor in design. The pillars are too low and the altars tawdry. The "*San Jose*," by Cano, is hung too high to be well seen. Here lies the good Fer^o. de Talavera, the first archbishop, obt. May 14, 1507. Tendilla, the first Alcaide of the Alhambra, raised his tomb, and inscribed it "*Amicus Amico*." In the detached Sacristia is a charming "*Concepcion*," carved by Cano, with his peculiar delicate hands, small mouth, full eyes, and serious expression: also by him, in the Oratorio, is a "Virgin" in blue drapery, and very dignified.

The *Capilla de los Reyes* is placed between this *Sagrario* and *Sacristia*, and is the gem of the cathedral. The rich Gothic portal, having escaped the Bourbon whitewash, contrasts with the glare around. It is elaborately wrought with emblems of heraldic pride and religious humility. The interior is impressive; silence reigns in this dimly-lighted chamber of the dead, and accords with the tender sentiment which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires. On each side of the high altar kneel the effigies of the king and queen, armed at all points, while the absorbing policy for which they lived and died—the conquest of the Moor and the conversion of the infidel—are embodied behind them in singular painted carving. In the centre of the chapel are two sepulchres, wrought at Genoa in delicate alabaster; on these are extended their marble figures, and those of their next successors.

Ferdinand and Isabella slumber side by side, life's fitful fever o'er, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union; they contrast, the ruling passion strong in death, with the averted countenances of Juana, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome and worthless husband. Below, in a plain vault, alike shrunk into rude iron-girt coffins, the earthly remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder alongside of those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long bygone days, connect the spectator with the busy period which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in the "dark backward of time" to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of sober history; but these coffins make everything real; and everything at Granada, art and nature alike—the Alhambra, the battle-field Vega, the snowy Sierra, towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids—form the common and the best monuments of these, the true founders of their country's greatness. Then it was, in the

words of an eye-witness, "that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes." Then it was that her flag, on which the sun never set, was unfolded, to the wonder and terror of Europe, while a new world, boundless and richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap, discovered at the very moment when the old was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect, and enterprise, and ambition of mankind.

For the true character of the Catholic sovereigns consult Prescott's work, or the epitome in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. art. I. Shakspeare, who seems to have understood human character by intuition, thus justly describes Ferdinand:—"The wisest king that ever ruled in Spain;" and makes Henry VIII., when describing the virtues of his ill-fated Katherine, thus portray her mother Isabella:—

"If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, else could speak thee
The Queen of earthly Queens!" [out

This royal chapel, like that of St. Ferdinand at Seville, is independent of the cathedral, and has its separate chapter and eighteen chaplains. It is divided into two portions. The *Coro alto* is adorned with the shields and badges of the Catholic sovereigns. The superb *Reja*, of iron, partly gilt, was made, in 1522, by El Maestre Bartolomé, whose name is near the key-hole. No portraits are allowed to be hung in this chapel, except that of Hernando de Pulgar, the knight, and not the chronicler, who, during the siege, rode into Granada and affixed a taper and the "Ave Maria" on the doors of the great mosque, a feat which is charged on his shield. While alive he was allowed the honour of sitting in the *coro*, and at his death he was buried in the tomb-house of royalty, as Duguesclin was honoured at St.

Denis. (See the '*Bosquejo*,' by Martinez de la Rosa.)

In a chapel to the r. is a singularly ancient picture, probably of Fer^o. Gallegos, the Van Eyk of Spain: the centre, the "Descent from the Cross," has been mutilated by barbarians, who have driven nails in it to support a crucifix. Observe the *effigy* of Ferd.; it is a true portraiture of his face, form, and costume; behind him is the banner of Castile. Of equal antiquarian interest are the painted basso-relievos of the surrender of the Alhambra: Isab., on a white palfrey, rides between Ferd. and third king, "the great cardinal" Mendoza; he is on his trapped mule like Wolsey, and alone wears gloves; his pinched aquiline face contrasts with the chubbiness of the king and queen. He opens his hand to receive the key, which the dismounted Boabdil presents, holding it by the wards. Behind are ladies, knights, and halberdiers, while captives come out from the gates in pairs. This certainly represents the actual scene, and has been attributed to Felipe Vigarny. Nothing of the kind in Spain can be more curious. The other basso-relievo records the "Conversion of the Infidel." The reluctant flock is baptised in the wholesale by shorn monks. Observe the costumes: the mufflers and leg-wrappers of the women are precisely those still worn at Tetuan by their descendants, who thus, as Orientals do not change stockings or fashions, corroborate the truth of these monuments.

The royal sepulchres are superb. The statue of Isabella is admirable:—

— "in questa forma
Passa la bella Donna e par che dorma."

The sentiment is truly touching, and the effect aimed at is fully produced: the subject is the Christian's death, who, stretched on the tomb, has yet the hope of another and a better life. She was the Elizabeth of Spain, the brightest star of an age which produced Ximenez, Columbus, and the Great Captain, all of whom rose, to full