and ivory, wherewith to cover such elegance of art; that a bandalet of blue, and gold, and pearl, should form its coronet; and that marble-floored fountains should fling abroad their spray, in loving baptism of Andalucian plants and flowers, once clustering everywhere this perfumed paradise, in welcome of kindred grace and beauty. The pyramidal exterior of one pavilion-roof, and the cupola of variegated tiles of the other, exemplify that diversity of elegance, for which Arabian art, however consistent in design and details, was remarkable.

Regarding the Court of Lions as a whole, it seems like a petrified forest of slender palm-tree trunks; supporting gossamer screens—similarly transmuted—of overarching, and interwoven twigs and foliage, flowers and fruits, to shut out the glare of summer's sun; while zephyrs could still steal through the lace-like veil, to fan the fair denizens who paced the corridors of this fairy cloister—for such it was under Moslem custom—whose devotional dreams, unlike those of nun and neophyte, were doubtless oftener those of love and Eden, than of penance and purgatory.

Opening into the Court of Lions are three saloons, one on each side, and another opposite to the antechamber by which the court is entered. That to the right is now known by the name "Sala de Abencerrajes." What it was called when the Alhambra was the residence of Moorish royalty, is not stated. But it is probable, from its size, and highly-finished architecture, as well as from a number of adjacent smaller rooms now in ruinous condition on the same side of the patio, or degraded to mean uses, that it was the

chief hall of a suite of palatial festive apartments. A large arched doorway opens to it through a small anteroom of Moresco work. The hall itself is twenty feet square, and thirty-two high; it is marble-floored, has a *jet d'eau* and shallow basin in the middle; and is covered by a honey-combed stalactitic dome, borne up by large spandrelled brackets of similar cellular construction. The whole is white; touched with the harmonizing colouring of Moorish taste and skill. Deep set, tinted windows, arranged at alternate advancing and receding angles, throw light upon the countless decorative surfaces above, in ever-varying lines of incidence. Brightness, thus broken by multitudinous reflections, comes below subdued and mellowed, as if by unseen prisms of vernal showers. To one accustomed to chambers with plane surfaces, these cellulo-pendentive ceilings, of infinite fashion of parts, and excluding the realism of daylight, impart a vague sense of being; akin to that, which throws its thrall about us when we quit the outer world, and seek the strangeness and silence of nature's cavern-palaces; whose revelations read by the light of flitting torches hint to the human soul the mysteries of that "valley of shadow," through which all must pass in going hence. The charm of enriched twilight is still further increased by a broad border of azulejos below. While alcoves at the sides—entered under delicate pillared, and arabesqued arches—were well adapted by still deeper shade, for that seclusion and repose, which sovereignty might choose to indulge even during the festive gaieties of the adjoining saloon.

But the pleasure of looking on this nursery of a pensive sentiment, is marred by the tale of horror told

to account for certain stains of the marble floor. Human love of the marvellous, especially when crimsoned with human blood, encourages the disposition of caterers to gratify morbid craving. And the romance of history which surrounds the Alhambra, full as it is of legitimate interest, might fall short of startling effect with those whose daily food is spiced with the wonderful, but for a seasoning of fiction, which, if not coming of accredited authority with questioners, at least cannot be disproved. The banquet of perfidy and barbarity awaiting the visitor in the Hall of the Abencerrajes, will not suffer at the hands of the attendant. Unhappily, the hatred of rival religionists prepares the mind to receive assertions damaging to those of different faith, however gratuitous. The Moresco-Spanish wars, originating in conflicting creeds, engendered that "uncharitableness," which made the inventions of falsehood acceptable offerings to prejudice and passion. The triumph of the Spanish arms in the kingdom of Granada, by utterly destroying the Moorish power in the Peninsula, gave to Ferdinand an unhindered privilege, not only of indulging in acts of oppression, private and public, but of fabricating uncontradicted, all accusations deemed politic to justify alike violations of solemn treaty stipulations, and the sacred obligations of humanity. Faithlessness, and fierceness of persecution, characterized the actions of the Spanish Government toward the conquered race.

Governments, and the governed, commonly reflect each other in the practice of virtue, and vice. They become reciprocally influential for good, or evil. Those who take breath and being, honour and privilege from

sovereignty, whether that be hereditary or elective, monarchical or representative, may not preserve these uncorrupted, if the life-stream of example, as of inculcation, be not kept pure and healthful. Indeed, official and popular, public and private, truth, virtue, and integrity, or their opposites, falsehood, immorality, and dishonesty, commonly co-exist; the former becoming knit for national strength; the latter acting and reacting on each other even to national extinction, however prone men are to disregard the fact. The neglect of righteousness by rulers, or by the ruled—the word is used in its broad, ethical sense—brings down the whole fabric of national good. No history has served more emphatically to teach this truth than that of Spain. The triumph of discovery, no less than that of arms, had lifted her to a height of prosperity and power, seldom equalled. Yet were these perhaps surpassed in significance of coming events, by the craft, hypocrisy, corruptions, and cruelties of her Court; countenanced, and often counselled, by her scarcely less supreme, and fully as worldly and wicked Church. With no human law, but that of despotic will, to govern; and with Divine law interpreted in conformity with selfish desires and perverted judgments, justice, truth, and mercy, no longer observed by those in authority, ceased likewise to be recognized by their subject-followers after the means of gratifying human pride, passion, and lust. The traveller reads the result in the ignorance, strangely associated with self-conceit and contempt of others, not less than in the poverty, and general demoralization of the millions of this country; whose mental and spiritual darkness is as that of the night

veiled in gathering clouds, where numbered stars serve but to make more manifest the general gloom. Truly the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children.

One of the consequences of Government faithlessness and falsehood, after the close of the Moresco-Spanish wars, was the misrepresentation of Moorish habits and history by many Spanish writers. A licentious tongue is not more fruitful of injustice and mischief, than are popular ballads, dramas, tales, and local annals, written, either with purpose to defame; or with wanton indifference to results, for pelf, or praise. The prostrate Moor had no power of resistance. Contradiction by him, however false and unjust the imputation, was deemed rebellion; and rebellion was the pretext for unparalleled atrocities on the part of his unrelenting foe. Thus, constrained silence for life and its wants, was made to sanction slander: and oft-repeated fictions wholly gratuitous in some cases, in others, swollen from a grain of probability, have come to be considered historical truths, with those who fail to discern in the moss-covered pebble a mere nucleus, clad in accumulations of reproductive growth of meanest life.

The author of "Tales of the Alhambra" has justly denounced indulgence in misrepresentations of the manners and customs of the Moors. This he does in mementos of the Court of Lions, and of Boabdil el Chico, so full of the legendary—of "clanking chains" and "murmuring voices" of the long departed; and of "phantom Moors with gilded cuirasses and scimetars, and poniards glittering with precious stones, walking to and fro with solemn pace;" that, but for the vehe-

ment earnestness of his vindication of Boabdil, the whole might have been taken for one of those "Arabesque sketches" with which he proposed to entertain his readers, somewhat unduly touched with supernatural and sentimental colouring. The Hall of the Abencerrajes has been so called in Spanish possession, because of the reputed beheading at its fountain of thirty-six cavaliers of the noble family of the Abencerrajes, by command of this Boabdil the last of the Moorish monarchs. To a recent London edition of the "Tales of the Alhambra, by Washington Irving" (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden), is an Appendix by the Rev. Hartwell Horne, taken from his "History of the Mahommedan Empire in Spain," and containing a circumstantial account of the above event, together with the charge of adultery against the Queen with Albin Hamet the foremost of the Abencerrajes; and Boabdil's sentence against her—"to be shut up in the tower of Comares, and to be burnt alive, if within thirty days she did not produce four knights to defend her cause against her four accusers." Her vindication in the great square of the Vivarambla at Granada, by four Christian cavaliers, disguised as Moors, is minutely detailed, together with the confession of her innocence by her last accuser surviving the combat, with his dying breath, and that the charge was an invention of the Zegries, a rival family, from feelings of jealousy and motives of revenge against the Abencerrajes. The Queen's triumph, the King's atonement, but her inflexible refusal to share again with him his royal state, as also the abandonment of his cause by the remaining Abencerrajes, are all dwelt on

with a particularity, and confident tone, singularly illustrative of the means with which fiction has commanded the credulity of centuries; and even now standing face to face, indeed in immediate association with, the deliberate and emphatic declaration of Mr. Irving, that he had "examined all the authentic chronicles and letters written by Spanish authors, contemporary with Boabdil; some of whom were in the confidence of the Catholic Sovereigns, and actually present in the camp throughout the war. I have examined all the Arabian authorities I could get access to, through the medium of translation, and can find nothing to justify these dark and hateful accusations. The whole of these tales may be traced to a work commonly called 'The Civil Wars of Granada,' containing a pretended history of the feuds of the Zegries and the Abencerrajes, during the last struggle of the Moorish Empire. This work appeared originally in Spanish, and professed to be translated from the Arabic by one Gines Perez de Hila, an inhabitant of Murcia. It has since passed inte various languages, and Florian has taken from it much of the fable of his Gonsalvo of Cordova; it has since, in a great measure, usurped the authority of real history, and is currently believed by the people, and especially the peasantry of Granada. The whole of it, however, is a mass of fiction, mingled with a few disfigured truths, which give it an air of veracity. It bears internal evidence of its falsity; the manners and customs of the Moors being extravagantly misrepresented in it, and scenes depicted, totally incompatible with their habits and their faith, and which never could have been recorded by a Mahommedan

writer. I confess there seems to me something almost criminal in the wilful perversions of this work."

It is due to the character and candour of history to say, that although Mr. Irving states in the above extract, that he had "examined all the authentic chronicles and letters written by Spanish authors, contemporary with Boabdil; some of whom were in the confidence of the Catholic Sovereigns, and actually present in the camp throughout the war, and could find nothing to justify these dark and hateful accusations" against Boabdil, yet has he overlooked testimony bearing upon the case, deemed deserving of reference by one, whose less fanciful tendencies, calmer judgment, and wider range of investigation; have given his English versions of Spanish history much authority. Mr. Prescott (Routledge and Sons, author's authorised edition of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—London—pages 180-205-261) says that "Fernando del Pulgar was appointed national historiographer by Isabella, whose private secretary he was, remaining near the royal person, and accompanying her in the various progresses through the kingdom, as well as in her military expeditions into the Moorish territory. He was consequently an eye witness of many of the warlike scenes which he describes, and from his situation at the court had access to the most ample and accredited sources of information." This Spanish writer thus participating in the events of that period—Mr. Prescott further states—"hints at the bloody massacre of the Abencerrajes." He does not quote the language of the intimations—a matter of regret in a question about which such a difference of version has pervaded the literature of later times; and

he rather disparages the "authority" by the subsequent remark, that, "without any better that I know of, forms the burden of many an ancient ballad, and has lost nothing of its romantic colouring under the hand of Gines Perez de Hyla." It cannot be denied however, that such implied disparagement can scarcely be considered consistent in one, who, by associated passages, characterized Pulgar's Chronicle of Events after 1482 (the period in question) as possessing "fulness and precision;" being "perspicuous" and comparing "favourably with that of contemporary writers."

But despite these imperfections of positive proof, the improbability of the savage acts imputed to Boabdil, of massacre of the Abencerrajes for conspiracy against his crown and his personal honour, and his sentence of his Queen—subject to a trial at arms—to be burnt alive, is shown by collateral circumstances, which it is somewhat surprising have not been adverted to in this connection. Indeed, the records of the times from which history has been compiled even down to the "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" by Mr. Irving himself, set forth the fact that Boabdil, who had escaped from the imprisonment of his father and fled to Guadix, was brought thence by "conspirators" banded for his elevation to the throne, "*foremost* of whom were the gallant race of the *Abencerrajes*. He entered the Albaicin in triumph, and was proclaimed king in that populous quarter of the city." Afterwards a prisoner to Ferdinand, who released him on his agreement to become a vassal to the Spanish crown, and pay an annual tribute, he returned to Granada to reclaim his Sovereignty. In the meantime his father Muley Abul Hassan having

reascended the throne, drove Boabdil from the capital. He took refuge, with his mother Ayxa la Horra, and his favourite wife Morayma, in the city of Almeria. Here he was pursued by El Zagal his uncle, who continued faithful to the fortunes of Boabdil's father. The rebel son, warned of his approach, escaped. Finding the mother of Boabdil, with his younger brother, "in one of the saloons, with several *Abencerrajes*, who rallied round them to protect them, El Zagal slew the Prince Aben Haxig, and his followers fell upon and massacred the *Abencerrajes*." Boabdil knowing none to trust among the Moors, who "detested him as a traitor and an apostate, sought refuge among the Christians, his hereditary enemies." At Cordova, he existed on the cool courtesy and meagre friendship of Ferdinand, until the death of the old King Muley Abul Hassan, when he was advised by Ferdinand to set up his standard within the frontiers of Granada. On his so doing, his faction in the Albaicin took new life; and on his appearing, after a time with a small body-guard at one of the gates of that quarter of the city of Granada, it was opened to him. When informed of the fact, his uncle El Zagal who held the Alhambra, sought the Albaicin sword in hand. That quarter was subjected to a kind of siege. At last Boabdil satisfied of his inability to maintain his ground, "sent in all haste to Don Fadrique de Toledo, who commanded the Christian forces on the frontier, entreating his assistance. Don Fadrique had received instructions from the politic Ferdinand, to aid the youthful monarch in all his contests with his uncle. He advanced with a body of troops near to Granada. The moment Boabdil dis-

cerned from the towers of the Albaicin, the Christian banners and lances winding round the base of the mountain of Elvira, he sallied forth to meet them, escorted by a squadron of *Abencerrajes* under Aben Comixa." Don Fadrique subsequently sent Boabdil a reinforcement of foot-soldiers and arquebusiers. "This was as a firebrand thrown in to light up anew the flames of war in the city, which remained raging between the Moorish inhabitants for the space of fifty days."

It is thus sufficiently shown by historical facts which cannot be gainsaid, that up to this period the Abencerrajes so far from being *conspirators against* Boabdil, had actually *conspired in his interests* to dethrone his father. The Siege of Velez Malaga by the Christians, which occurred at this time, led to such remonstrances of the old men and the Alfaquis, that the intestine feud in Granada ceased; and El Zagal, more patriotic than his nephew, flew to the relief of the threatened city. Meeting however, with a terrible defeat, he escaped, but to find that his disaster had been taken advantage of to enthrone Boabdil once more in the Alhambra. From that moment Boabdil and his followers had little opportunity of indulgence in the dalliance, and the intrigues of domestic life. They had, with the whole Moresco race in Spain, become so entirely entangled in the coils of the Spanish serpent, so nearly extinct by their gradual constriction, that but one more tightening was required to destroy their national vitality. And that came so speedily, that the death struggle absorbed every thought and feeling. If then, history makes no further mention of the Abencerrajes, as it neither does of the Zegries, it was probably because Boabdil, as

Sovereign, sought, by the surrender of the city of Granada for the assurances of State elsewhere, to avert the fulfilment of the astrological prediction at his birth—"that the downfall of the kingdom will be accomplished during his reign." His self-delusion was shown by the result. Events in the life of the Queen Morayma, supply whatever additional circumstantial evidence may, by the still hesitating, be thought necessary to establish not only the injustice of the charge of adultery against her, but the falsehood of that of the consequential murder of the Abencerrajes. As part of the story it is said that Morayma, after the trial at arms, and its establishment of her innocence, refused to resume her domestic relation with the king. So far from this being true it is the admission of all authentic history, that not only had she, with singular devotion, adhered to him in all his previous sorrows, as in his joys; but that, when the wave of misfortune overwhelming his crown and kingdom, Boabdil was being driven thereby he knew not to what fearful fate, she still clung to him with a *reality* of love, the *pretence of which*, in later times, is commonly bartered away as a *product of price*. Her gentle spirit, finally yielding to constant alarms and apprehensions, soon after passed from the perils of time to the peace of eternity.

Corroborative evidence against these tales, which have too long usurped the place of history, is found in the impossibility that four Christian Knights, however disguised, could have entered Granada in broad daylight, when that city was actually in a state of siege, and in its great plaza, in presence of a vast multitude of hostile Moors, have slain an equal number of their

bravest champions, without detection. Granada was then the home of Moslem chivalry; and such prowess coming from without, would have led to a suspicion which could scarcely have failed to compromise the safety of the strangers.

If it be asked, what motives could have prompted such inventions? It may be answered, the motive of detraction of enemies, a hated race, whose extermination even was deemed a religious duty. And a motive also, to gratify that popular longing for something transcending the ordinary incidents of life—however, at times, these may seem sufficiently marvellous to those of reasonable cravings. And especially were these stories likely to be seized with avidity, if they served but to gratify that turgid chivalry of the day, which, but for the lance of Cervantes, was in danger of destroying national safety, as well as national sense. Don Juan of Carthagena, the Duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova, the heroes of that fabulous feat of arms, might not have considered it consistent with knightly dignity to enter the lists with idle fictions; especially at a period when *fighting* was deemed a nobler pursuit than *writing*. Besides, why should they take umbrage at imputed exploits, which doubtless they felt themselves equal to if occasion required.

Thus far we have sought to sustain the opinion of the author of "Tales of the Alhambra," that, in this matter of the murder of the Abencerrajes, Boabdil has been wrongfully dealt by. But in doing justice to the son, we are not prepared to sanction, even by silence, the author's injustice to the father. He says, "as far as

(the transactions imputed to Boabdil) can be traced (thus overlooking entirely Mr. Prescott's reference to Pulgar's intimations of his guilt), they appear to have been the acts of his father, Abul Hassan." And in a subsequent passage—"It was he who put to death the Abencerrajes." Let the *premises* and final emphatic inference, be carefully marked. "*As far as* (the transactions) *can be traced*"—coupled with the guarded phrase "*they appear*"—enforcing the *positive* opinion that "it *was he*"—Abul Hassan—*who did the deed.* Notably, a *complete* and *certain* conclusion, drawn from *acknowledged incomplete* and *deficient* data; and this by one who has denounced, with a species of partisan vehemence, the slanders of Boabdil coming of fiction, though mingled with "disfigured *truths.*" There is no statement made of a single fact, nor a reference given by which it can be sought, to sustain this charge of human slaughter, thus altogether gratuitously transferred from son to father. We have already expressed a disbelief of it as made against Boabdil. But with his name, and his alone, the imputed deed has connection, through all forms and colourings of fable, from that day of surmise and invention, in the interests of a fierce religionism and revenge, down to the writing of the "Tales of the Alhambra," for the entertainment of the lovers of romance, and the illustration of Hispano-Moorish Orientalism. And this association is with his name, although his many manifestations of personal faith and friendship toward the Christian, even to his eventual ruin, might reasonably be supposed to have engaged somewhat their sympathy in his behalf; and to have fostered a disposition to free

him from imputations of heinous *personal* crimes; however they may have deemed it politic, by charges of faithlessness and cruelty against him as *King of Granada* to justify their own acts of barbarity, and violations of treaty.

On the other hand, to stimulate their vindictiveness of hatred toward the father, Abul Hassan, in every form of national and personal persecution in which it could be indulged, the Spaniards had the remembrance of the fact, that, he it was, who, refusing to acknowledge vassalage to Spain, said to the Ambassador of Ferdinand and Isabella, "Tell your sovereigns that the Kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimetars and heads of lances." Well might such a reply rankle in the bosom of Spaniards, until as said by the crafty Ferdinand in his famous pun on the name Granada, they proceeded to "pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one." Abul Hassan's defiance was not a vain one. He resisted with a pertinacity, and fought with a fierceness of valour, taxing to the uttermost the resources of his enemies. And but for the petty jealousies of his own household instigating the treason of his son, he would long have delayed, if he had not entirely thwarted, their hopes of consummating the boast of the Spanish Monarch. To the last, he continued the consistent and unfaltering foe of the enemies of his race; meeting them foot to foot, and blade to blade, when fortune favoured; and only yielding to that decree of fate which consigned him to a living sepulchre of blindness. If then, the "transactions imputed to Boabdil," had

pointed in the slightest degree to Abul Hassan as their author, it is much more reasonable to suppose, that their greater inducements to revenge toward the father, would have prompted Spanish writers to fix the story upon him than upon Boabdil. The fact that they did not, is, with those whose judgments have not been warped by misapplied sympathies, Abul Hassan's sufficient vindication.

Mr. Irving says—"One would have thought too, that the unfortunate Boabdil had suffered enough for his justifiable hostility to the Spaniards, by being stripped of his kingdom, without having his name thus wantonly traduced, and rendered a bye-word and a theme of infamy in his native land, and in the very mansions of his fathers!" Surely, if such consideration should make us lean to kindly judgment of *his* acts, how much more strongly does it apply to the case of Abul Hassan; to whom Mr. Irving has not hesitated to transfer the imputation without shadow of evidence, and, against every probability of its truth. For, entering into no compromises of honour and patriotism, as did Boabdil more than once, with the enemies of his religion and of his race, but doing all that valour could achieve, in maintenance of his own, and his nation's rights and independence, he not only suffered the calamities of unsuccessful war, but that greater than all of being "stripped of his kingdom" by the very hands which should have been before others in its defence—those of his own child; that same rebel Boabdil, for whom our pity has been so touchingly, yet partially invoked, by the writer referred to.

Differing thus with the author of "Tales of the

Alhambra," we nevertheless, accept his abstract opinion, that, while "great latitude is undoubtedly to be allowed to romantic fiction, there are limits which it must not pass, and the names of the distinguished dead, which belong to history, are no more to be calumniated than those of the illustrious living." But, it may be added, if this should be the rule of *fiction*, how strictly should it be applied to pages, which, however professedly coloured by the iris-hues of fancy, yet *at times claim* to shed *pure and perfect* light, without which *truth cannot be seen in its clear and consistent beauty.*

The stains near the fountains in the Hall of the Abencerrajes, were probably produced by a discolouring ferruginous ingredient of the marble—often the friend of story-tellers who seek to gratify a craving for tales of blood.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALHAMBRA CONTINUED. HALL OF JUSTICE. CONSECRATION OF THE PALACE TO CHRISTIAN USES—COLUMBUS PRESENT AT THAT CEREMONIAL—THE UNGRATEFUL, UNJUST, AND CRUEL TREATMENT OF HIM BY THE SOVEREIGN HE HAD SERVED. HALL OF JUSTICE SOMETIMES USED AS A HALL OF AUDIENCE AND COUNCIL CHAMBER. HERE THE STIPULATIONS FOR THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA TO THE CHRISTIANS WERE SIGNED BY BOABDIL AND HIS COUNCILLORS—PROTESTED AGAINST BY MUSA. HALL OF THE TWO SISTERS. HAREM. HALL OF ORANGES. CABINET AND GARDEN OF LINDARAJA. RUINED APARTMENTS OF CHARLES V AND PHILIP V. MIRADOR OF ZORAYA. COURT OF THE RAILING. DOÑA JUANA. HALL OF AMBASSADORS—ITS ANTE-ROOM. FERDINAND'S DEMAND FOR TRIBUTE MADE IN THIS HALL—ABUL HASSAN'S REFUSAL—DE VERA'S POINTED SPEECH.

OPENING from the arcade at the east end of the Court of Lions—that opposite to the ante-chamber by which the Court is approached—are three entrances to the "Sala del Tribunal"—*Hall of Justice;* sometimes called "Sala de la Audiencia"—*Hall of Audience;* and occasionally used also as a Council Chamber. It is supposed that the trial of most important and grave cases, in which the safety of the State, and dignity of its government, were concerned, took place here. The grievances

of the people, and their personal differences, were disposed of elsewhere; generally, as has already been intimated, at the Gate of Justice. But there is nothing to forbid the belief, that this Hall was also used as an Audience Chamber; and certain pictorial representations on a part of the ceiling, in which a number of Moors are seen as if in deliberation, is considered significant of the fact; and that these are the King's Councillors, whose presence was required by the Sovereign on occasions of official hearing. Each of the three entrances to this Hall is between slender columns, supporting a stalactite arch as diversified in details as harmonious in the assemblage of parts. The Hall has a length of about eighty-four feet, by sixteen in width, and is subdivided into three chambers separated by spaces several feet wide, which may have indicated distinctive functions of each. At the two ends of the series of chambers are ante-rooms, for the admisson and discharge of those summoned before the Royal Tribunal. Their passage through the Patio de los Leones would not have been compatible with the privacy of the Royal Family. Each Court Chamber has an alcove, where sat —as is said—respectively its appropriate Judge of Civil, Criminal, and Political Law; when the will of the Sovereign—probably the Supreme Law—preferred a judicial formulary from motives of policy; an exceptional usage of despotism also in later, and professedly Christian epochs. At one end of each of the intermediate spaces of the Chambers is a small room, which may have been for the keeping of records, or—as some say—for the detention of those on trial. Each Court is covered by a pyramidal honeycombed stalactite ceiling. The ceilings

of the ante-chambers and interspaces, are concave, but with similar cellular surface: while those of the vaulted alcoves are frescoed, in colour and gold, on a surface of plaster-prepared leather; representing in one case—as before stated—Moors in Council; in others scenes of war, hunting, love, and tournament. This is the only part of the palace in which Moresco paintings have been found; and by some these have been supposed to have been executed by Christian captives. Though of a very low style of art, they are interesting as pictures of Moorish dress, attitudes, arms, and knight-errantry, of that time. Standing at one end of this suite of rooms and their vestibules, and looking along the line of their overhanging arches, a perspective is presented of beautiful proportion, and efflorescent decoration: the gold, blue, crimson, and white honeycomb of which—surmounting walls of arabesque lettering significant of Moslem faith in the power of Him to whom is due "praise for ever" and "thanks for ever," and azulejos with mosaic pilasters distinguished by brilliant colouring in the near view—fade away in the distance into an indefinite rainbow richness, as they converge toward a vanishing point of beauty, well befitting the effulgence of the Cross, which, on the conquest, was planted at that spot. For, it was in this magnificent hall—as of collective chapels in an affluent Basilica, opening into each other—that the grand religious ceremonial took place, when Ferdinand and Isabella consecrated the Alhambra to the uses of a Christian Court. With the fall of Granada the Moorish dominion in Spain ended. And with the foot-prints of the Moslem, his religion was likewise to pass away. The danger had gone by to European Chris-

tianity, of being overwhelmed by the meeting of advancing waves of Mahommedanism from the east and west; which, for a time, seemed imminent; and, if realized, would have darkened the destinies of the human race by extinguishing the spark of truth then slumbering in the German soul. The rolling back the tide of Arabian conquest from the shores of Spain, was certainly an occasion for exultation with those who had felt the first resistless swell of the fearful inundation. And pen pardonably falls short of painting the splendour of that spectacle, and the fervour of the strain cannot be told, when the Spanish Sovereigns, with princes and prelates, garmented in grandeur, and crowned with victorious wreaths, lifted on high the banners and symbols of their faith in these transcendent courts, and broke forth in the joyful anthem *Te deum laudamus!*

The wanderer, from whatever land, in this hall consecrated alike to Moorish law, and to Christian worship, where naught save the buzz of bees among the flowers of the adjoining court now breaks the mysterious stillness of the place; and the airy architecture around serves to tell of the Arab race, and its lost dominion; cannot fail to recall this event—as proud as it was pious—of Spanish history. But he, who comes from that far off New World, given shortly after that same eventful epoch to the crown of Castile and Leon; he, who roving through the Andalucian garden of the Peninsula, has tracked the footsteps of him who was the beggar of kings to permit him to become a bestower upon them of more then Principalities; and who has been sickened by the recitals of stupidity, superstition, and stubbornness, royal meanness and priestly pretension of know-

ledge and favour, coupled with ignorance and deceit, which foiled Columbus's efforts to obtain patronage; he, who strolling through now perishing, once queenly, Cordova, thought of the scoffed at Genoese, there denied an audience by Sovereignty; and through almost deserted Salamanca, no longer the Athens of Spain—the arbiter of letters, arts, and enterprise—and recalled the rejection of his petition by the presiding prelate Talavera, upon whose word hung the destinies of a hemisphere, and who pronounced the project of discovery "vain and impossible;" he, who has stood in the Alcazar at Seville, and sighed at the recollection that there too, power was deaf to the suit of a prophetic spirit, and dismissed it to be ridiculed by men, and mocked by children on the street as crazed; he, who has read of him, hopeless and in want, near Palos, stopping at the convent at Santa Maria de Rebida and begging bread and water for his little son; where the prior, lifted above the narrow-mindedness of most of his monastic brethren, and having faith in the scheme of discovery, detained him, until by personal intercession as the former confessor of Queen Isabella, he obtained Columbus's recall to court; he, who has followed his footsteps to Santa Fé, and been reminded of another rejection of his proposals through the machinations of Talavera, acting on the pride and avarice of Ferdinand; and who has also seen the Bridge of Pinos, over which he was passing with a sad, but yet unbroken spirit to seek the aid of others, when a message from Isabella overtook and announced to him her personal pledge of patronage; he, who has been thus impressed from day to day, by scenes, and the remembrance of

events, in the life of the Great Admiral; and who has been a partaker of the boon bestowed by him on mankind; when standing in this hall of justice, and dwelling in thought upon the sublime ceremonial of praise and thanksgiving, of which we have spoken, will likewise remember, that the adoption of Columbus's scheme of discovery, and the surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms, were contemporaneous events; and that he, too, the *Conqueror of Ignorance*, even in high places, was present at that festival of fervid faith. If the hearts of princes and priests, had cause to exult at the liberation of the petty kingdom of Granada from religious error, what, may we not suppose, was the unutterable joy of him, the obscure and oft-repelled adventurer, there also present, who did not doubt that he was about to carry redeeming truth and civilization to unmeasured dominions and their unnumbered millions of inhabitants! Such, is well known by his own correspondence to have been his belief. If thankfulness was felt by others for the recovery of a garden spot of the Spanish Peninsula from Moorish possession, what unutterable gratitude must have swollen the soul of Columbus for that foregone conclusion of his convictions, which was to throw open a terrestrial Eden, vast and affluent, to the triumphs of his religion, and for the good of mankind! In his realization of joy, and in the precious sense of gratitude to God, he may have felt that he was already repaid for long years of trial and disappointment; fruitless toil, vexation, and want. And doubtless the remembrance of that day, and the assurance of immortal renown it was calculated to awaken, helped to sustain him in the many difficulties he had

yet to encounter, and the sufferings it was his fate to endure before achieving his full triumph. And even thereafter, time was, when he had to "possess his soul in patience," and in tribulation and poverty to await his reward. Not the reward of *fame*, for the acclamations of the rest of mankind, *lifted that, far above the reach* of the king and courtiers he had served—panderers to a national self-conceit, and jealousy, which, having plucked the fruit from the tree, would fain hew it down as an *exotic*, offensive to sight, and to their sensitive self-love. For it was in this same palace of the Alhambra, that Columbus was received by the Sovereigns, when at a later period of his eventful life he was sent to Spain in chains by the infamous Bobadilla: who, at the instigation of envy and malice, had been appointed to supersede him in his rightful prerogatives of viceroy of the countries he had discovered. Here, in vain protesting for nine months against this violation of justice, involving the deprivation of dignities and privileges solemnly granted by sovereign stipulations, his ever active and loyal spirit yet sought again to serve those who had been thus faithless to their obligations. Isabella's confidence in Columbus was unshaken, despite the detractions of his enemies. She possessed the merit of appreciating his capacity to extend the discoveries achieved, and thus to increase the glory of a crown, afterwards dimmed at her death by the injunction of her last will and testament to her daughter Juana, to "appoint no foreigner to office;" which, by strengthening national prejudice, proved an inheritance of evil to a country needing new elements of life and progress. Through a reactionary influence

Isabella succeeded in overruling the prejudices of Ferdinand, and the great navigator was entrusted with the command of another expedition for the further prosecution of his discoveries. The deprivation of his rightful honours was said to be only temporary; but as results proved, the calculating and crafty King repenting acts of well deserved gifts and grace to a foreigner, and jealous of the almost regal powers granted to another to be exercised in the new dominions of the crown, faithlessly resolved, that the suspended powers and privileges never should be restored to him. If anything were needful, beyond the facts of subsequent history to justify the inference of Ferdinand's premeditated disregard of his engagements to which were affixed the royal seal, and therefore leaving an ineffaceable blot upon his kingly name, it is found in the circumstance, that while the fleet destined to convey Ovando, Bobadilla's successor, to the government of the islands discovered and taken possession of by Columbus, consisted of *thirty* sail, having on board *twenty-five hundred persons, with every appurtenance of rank and power;* the squadron granted to the great benefactor of Spain, to prosecute enterprises promising further and untold wealth and dominion, was composed of only *four* caravels, the largest of but seventy tons, carrying merely *one hundred and fifty* men. With deficient means for such purposes, when other nations stimulated by his success had entered the field of competition, and sent forth their fleets to profit by the teachings of his adventurous spirit, it is not remarkable that disasters should have followed, eventuating in the utter destruction of the hero's health. But what has naturally enough astonished mankind, is, that

after unprecedented services and sufferings, he should have been compelled to place upon the page of history on his final return to Spain, the fact of his "wearisome days and nights. I receive," said he, "nothing of the revenue due to me. Little have I profited by twenty years of service, with such toils and perils; since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn; and for the most times have not wherewithal to pay my bill." He might well have taken counsel of the wisdom which said "Put not thy trust in princes." He would at least have been spared the pangs coming of disappointments from promises unfulfilled by a perfidious monarch; which served but to inspire the "hope deferred (which) maketh the heart sick" until he died in a mean tenement in Valladolid, now converted into a dairy and a cow-stable; the only monument to his memory to be found in a country whose past power and grandeur came chiefly from his genius and labours; and upon the legacy of which it is still living, although in *national decay*. A fit retribution for ingratitude and cruelty. And from which nothing but an infusion of new life-blood of political, moral, and religious truth, can redeem it.

It was stated awhile ago, that the Sala del Tribunal was said to have been used sometimes as a Hall of Audience and Council Chamber. Here it was, probably, that Boabdil assembled his Council to lay before them for approval, the articles of capitulation, which had been agreed upon by Commissioners, for the surrender of Granada to the Christians. The King declaring his conviction of the uselessness, and perhaps utter destruction of further resistance, was answered by the

Vizier and Council "Allah Achbar"—"The will of God be done!" So they signed and sealed the articles; which, designed by Boabdil to secure a petty show of sovereignty, and his personal safety, in some remote corner of the kingdom he had been the chief agent in destroying, in truth proved but readier means of total ruin to the Moorish race and religion in Spain. Musa, Commander of the Moorish army, a man of uncompromising patriotism, and, as the results proved, of foresight, alone protested against the act. Finding his opposition vain, he is said, to have exclaimed—"Do not deceive yourselves, nor think the Christians will be faithful to their promises, or their king as magnanimous in conquest as he has been victorious in war. Death is the least we have to fear. It is the plundering and sacking of our city, the profanation of our mosques, the ruin of our homes, the violation of our wives and daughters, cruel oppression, bigoted intolerance, whips and chains, the dungeon, the fagot, and the stake—such are the miseries and indignities we shall see and suffer; at least these grovelling souls will see and suffer them, who now shrink from an honourable death. For my part, by Allah, I will never witness them." "With these words"—continues the historical record of this event—"he left the Council Chamber, and passed gloomily through the Court of Lions, and the outer halls of the Alhambra, without deigning to speak to the obsequious courtiers who attended in them. He repaired to his dwelling, armed himself at all points, mounted his favourite war-horse, and, issuing from the city by the gate of Elvira, was never seen or heard of more."

While the above quotation sustains the opinion as to one of the uses of the hall last described, it also serves to point a tribute which no patriot can withhold from a grandeur of soul worthy of the purest days of Roman virtue and valour. Musa's prediction of the fate that would befall Granada was realized. Better was it that such a spirit should pass away than witness the calamities which soon after befell his race and religion.

Opposite to the Hall of the Abencerrajes is the "Sala de las dos Hermanas"—*Hall of the two Sisters* —opening to the Court of Lions under two lofty arches, between which is a small antechamber. From each end of the ante-room, a doorway and staircase lead to many smaller rooms clustering round the base of the dome, communicating with a mirador situated above the great portal of the hall, and overlooking the Court of Lions. These apartments, and all others on this side of the palace, are supposed to have belonged to the Harem; still more numerous chambers, and a mirador similarly reached, form a second story around the Hall of the Abencerrajes on the opposite side of the Court of Lions. These are thought to have been occupied by the servants and other attendants on the Sovereign, and the Harem. It should be said, however, that some are of opinion, judging from present residences of Eastern potentates, such as the seraglios of Constantinople and Adrianople, that much is wanting to make this palace as perfect in size and appointments as that part which remains is in details. Sufficient room not being found for the probable number of guards and attendants; and especially the important feature of the Harem not being sufficiently

accounted for; it is thought likely, that besides the destruction of the Winter Palace by Charles V, other buildings extending in the direction of the Casa de Sanclez, and the Torre de las Infantas, were torn down. In both of them, as in other towers, are the remains of beautiful apartments.

The Hall of the Two Sisters—now so-called from two large slabs of white marble on its floor, of similar size and form—is believed to have been the specially reserved saloon of the Harem, and is about twenty-seven feet square, with marble floor and fountain. Far above, a dome opens its magnificent vault, belted at its base by sixteen deep-set Moresco windows, correspondent with which, somewhat higher on the honeycomb concavity, are as many sunken cupolas, of shadowy fretwork to soften still more the light falling in subdued radiance from the far-off cœrulean. The infinite divisibility and superb colour-blending of Moorish ornamentation, are so chastening and mellowing in their effect, that the brightness even of Andalucian light, is brought thereby into mysterious harmony with sensual, as with spiritual voluptuousness. The walls are of mosaic azulejos below, and fretted all over above, with arabesque; and pierced with lattices, whence unseen beauty might look—in the mirth of mischievous seclusion—on the more formal etiquette of the saloon below. Higher still, the change of form from square to octagon, calls for spandrels and archivolts; the stalactitic decoration of which looks as if it had been formed by the drippings of clustering pendants of the dome above. Side recesses elegantly alcoved, doubtless often enticed weariness and indolence there to linger, sheltered from

the heat of summer's sun, and lulled by the music of flowing waters.

The Hall of the Two Sisters communicates, opposite to the entrance, with the Sala de los Naranjos;" a smaller hall, having an alcove called the "Cabinete de Lindaraja" projecting from it into an adjoining patio, where is the *Garden of Lindaraja.* This part of the palace is an architectural gem. The blind-cupola ceiling of the Sala; the stained-glass canopy, and exquisite arches, and tracery interwoven with inscriptions, of the walls of Lindaraja's Alcove; and the delicate columned, double byzantine—or ajimez—windows, of both; became the loveliness of the "Beautiful Rachel," who here looked out on the golden fruit of the garden below, and breathed the perfume of its flowers, as they sipped the spray of Alabaster fountains; whose ceaseless showers bathed the sunbeams, and gleamed in the moonlight like a falling dew of diamonds. Looking at this sala and alcove, all will admit the appropriateness and beauty of the Arabic inscription forming a part of its decoration, which declares—"Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe, after setting the jewels of my diadem." Here, as elsewhere in parts of the palace, are small recesses in the pilasters of doorways, where porous jars of water were kept, cooled by its own evaporation, for the use of the inmates. This opinion is supported by the inscription round some of these niches —"If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture." In many ways the Moslem gave proof, stronger than does the Christian of our day, of loving appreciation of this precious beverage. The remark of the really

ignorant conductor who goes through the palace with visitors, that these recesses were places for the slippers of those who entered the rooms, is as little to be relied on as many other nonsensical things he says. The usage did not apply to domestic apartments. It was strictly binding on those who entered the Mosques, at the doors of which similar recesses were provided, and originated no doubt in a profound sense of the sanctity of the place; correspondent with the injunction of God to Moses—"Put off thy shoes from off they feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground." Much of Jewish teaching and ceremonial shaped Mahommedan belief and customs. In passing from this part of the palace it may be said, that there is that in the situation of "the Sala de las dos Hermanas" between the fairy garden of Lindaraja and the magnificent Court of Lions, in its superb yet subdued and tender unfolding of loveliness, and in the varied arrangement and adaptation of parts to domestic uses, which seem to indicate that royalty would seek here retirement and repose from public cares, and the soothing and strengthening necessary to fit it for the fulfilment of further duties.

From the north end of the Sala de los Naranjos—the Hall of Oranges—a passage of meanest *modern* construction leads along the corresponding side of the garden of Lindaraja, to a suite of rooms once occupied by Charles V, and after by Philip V; and now in a state of—not too rapid—dilapidation. They were hideous excrescences put by these monarchs on the edifice left by the Moors. Even the genius of Washington Irving, who once occupied some of these rooms, has not sufficed to secure for them preservation from merited decay. The

very citron and orange leaves of the garden of Lindaraja, whisper to the zephyrs, "Shame on those who robbed us of the airy arcades in which we once delighted, and hid from us the marble grace around which we wove wreaths of green and gold, that our own Lindaraja, might look thereon and smile, and then sleep and dream of beauty and bliss in the Eden she loved." It is an unexpected, and by no means pleasant, revulsion of feeling that comes over one when he passes from the Hall of Oranges into this precinct of bad taste. But some of the rooms have to be gone through to reach an open Moresco gallery overlooking the valley of the Darro, and leading to the "Torre del Mirah," once the look-out of Zoraya, the "Morning Star" Sultana—now commonly called the "Tocador de la Reina" because its upper chamber was since used as a boudoir by Elizabeth of Parma, Philip's Queen. This elegant little mirador (from *mirar, mirari—to see, look out*) is perched on the top of the tower, like a bird-cage; commanding a far and wide view of verdant valley, sunny slope, and snowy sierra; golden sanded stream, and terraced gardens; clustering houses, churches, convents, and gipsy caves, of the historic Abaicin, beyond; and the embowered Palace of the Generalife, with white walls and long avenue of firs and cypresses, high above on the opposite hill—the Cerro del Sol. But the arabesque lacework lining of the pretty mirador of the Morning Star disappeared, to give place to frescoes complimentary to the Italian Princess, who was to come and look thence on a scene unsurpassed even in her own land of brightness and beauty. Such pictures of art, besides paling before that grander one of nature to which the

eye instinctively turns, are as much out of place, amid the fairy columns, capitals, arches, and pyramidal artesonado ceiling, of this galleried bijou of architecture, as a tawdry mantle would be thrown over the shoulders of the Venus de Medici. Returning along the Moorish gallery, another mutilated corridor leads from the ruined apartments of Charles and Philip, along the north side of the "Patio de la Reja"—*the Court of the Railing.* Señor Contreras is endeavouring to restore the open architecture of this columned corridor, by removing the brick walls by which the interspaces were closed, and also the plaster by which marble columns and capitals were entirely hidden. On the opposite side of the Patio, and seen from this passage, sensational guides, without shadow of truth, point out the apartments and iron-grated gallery, in a word the *prison* of Doña Juana, the surviving Queen of Philip I—surnamed the Handsome—"Felipe el Hermoso." Her love for her husband, and desolation after his death, touched her widowed life with so deep a melancholy that the thoughtless and unsympathizing have habitually spoken of her as "Crazy Jane." Poor child of sorrow, her remains now rest in peace in the Royal Chapel of Granada, with those of him beloved on earth as Sovereigns rarely are. And yet, *again*, exceptional as it is, the record of long-lapsing generations bears witness in our age, to a fidelity of widowed affection, which, amid duties of State, and domestic cares, gives holier, if not more popular claim to royalty of character, than is bestowed by an unquestioned and dignified discharge of Queenly duty.

Still farther this corridor along which we last came, communicates with the "Sala de Embajadores"—*Hall*

of Ambassadors; which may be now examined, as the last of the superb suite of saloons; leaving some less attractive parts of the Palace to be looked at afterwards.

This Hall of State, Reception, and Ceremony, the largest in the Alhambra Palace, is thirty-seven feet square, and has a height of seventy-five feet to the comb of its pyramidal ceiling. It occupies the greater part of the Tower of Comares, whence it is sometimes called the "Hall of Comares." The floor, once entirely of mosaic azulejos, most of which were removed, was repaired in brick and azulejo-tiles, for the reception of Isabella II on the occasion of her visit to the Alhambra soon after her coronation. The walls, bordered below to the height of five feet by mosaic azulejos, are finished over the whole surface above, to the dark cedar cornice supporting the pyramidal dome, with a lacework basso-relievo ornamentation, of interwoven geometric figures, fruits, flowers, and foliage, of such varied combination, that nature's storehouse of lines of grace, alone, could furnish the infinity of originals for these Cashmerian copies of the beautiful. Several broad bands of Arabic inscriptions, intermingled with tracery which heightens even the richness of the decorative lettering, intersect the wide web of fretwork, and while they diversify the surface ornamentation, they belt the Hall also with beauties of religious and poetic sentiment. Such as—"There is no conqueror but God." "Whatever you possess of good comes from God." "O God! thine is the praise! thine are the thanks for ever!" "By the sun and its rising brightness; by the moon when she followeth him; by the day when he showeth his splendour; by the night

when it covereth him with darkness; by the heaven and him who built it; by the earth and him who spread it forth; by the soul and him who formed it; there is no Deity but Allah!" And many others of pure and elevated thought. The walls, of enormous thickness, are pierced on three sides of the Hall, forming deep recesses of rich relievo decoration; each being furnished with a balconied window looking out upon the surroundings of nature and art, below and beyond. Here, above the steep hill-side clothed with verdure and tapering trees that seek in vain to reach the enchanted spot, and overlooking the valley of the Darro, one may sit in the witching twilight hour, where *he* sat whose pen reawakened a long dormant public interest in the Alhambra, and muse upon the legendary tales of olden times; or weave fancies, to be blown away by the breath of some such officious tattler as the "Son of the Alhambra;" or meditate, if he will, on the sterner lessons of history. There is enough linked with the place to satisfy longings after the wonderful of fact, or of fiction. And no one has done more than that Pilgrim from the New World, a resurrectionist of buried Spanish records, and of dead traditions, to unfold the instruction, and invest with fresh fascination the fables, coming of such labours. But it is necessary for the searcher after the steadily guiding light of wisdom, taught of history, to beware that he mistake not for it the dazzling corruscations of wayward imagination. Mr. Prescott, with courteous, yet candid criticism, has said—(the italics are ours) "Mr. Irving's late publication, the 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' has superseded all further necessity *for poetry*, and, unfortunately for me, for history. He

has fully availed himself of all the picturesque and animating movement of this romantic era; and the reader who will take the trouble to compare his Chronicle with the present (Mr. Prescott's own) *more* prosaic and *literal* narrative, will see how little he *has been seduced from historic accuracy* by the poetical aspect of his subject. The *fictitious and romantic* dress of his work, has enabled him to make it the medium of reflecting more vividly the *floating opinions*, and *chimerical fancies of the age*, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of colouring *denied to sober history*." If such even-handed judgment, balancing praise with prudence in his estimate of a professedly historic work, be deemed just by a partial friend and fellow-countryman, trained in the school of a sober, and therefore safer historical authorship, how necessary the warning of watchfulness, to those who hazard the deluding witchery of the protean "Tales of the Alhambra!"

The lofty canopy spread above the Hall of Ambassadors is of dark, panelled, cedar-wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, and other precious materials; most of which have paid a heavy toll to the avarice of misnamed custodians. One can well imagine, that, when the cellular and fretwork ornamentation of the walls was coloured in just gradations of gold, pink, blue, and purple, forming infinite lights and shadows; and gleaming shell and ivory, looked down like canopied stars, upon the rare richness below; this hall must have presented such a realization of Oriental splendour as we learn of now only from eastern tales. A double arched doorway leads from the Hall of the Ambassadors to the "Sala de la Barca"—so called from the inverted boat-

shaped ceiling. This is the ante-chamber to the Hall of Ambassadors, and is of a conforming size, style of architecture, and munificent decoration. The stalactitic archivolts at each end of this ante-room, the honeycomb arches under which is the entrance to the Great Hall, and that over the entrance to the Court of Myrtles, retain traces of Moorish colouring, showing the effectiveness of that style of art.

It was in this Hall of Ambassadors that the Moorish monarch Abul Hassan received Don Juan de Vera, deputed by Ferdinand to demand the payment of long withheld tribute to the Spanish crown. Passing through the kingdom of Granada on his way to the capital, he had, as a quick observer of national resources, been struck, not merely with its natural capacities, and ample artificial means of defence, but with its great fertility and abundant supplies of provisions. Thus regarding this unsurpassed domain, once the home of his own race, it was natural for him "to long to see it restored to the dominion of the true faith, and the sway of the Christian monarchs." But if such impressions of its strength and wealth came of his progress through the country, what must have been his feelings, when, arriving at the end of his journey, he beheld the formidable fortress of the Alhambra, with its impenetrable walls and towers; and was ushered into the presence of the Moorish monarch, seated in his Hall of State on a golden throne, beneath a canopy as of gems, and in a twilight touched as if with the tints of the setting sun; with silken carpets and couches spread abroad amid wares of precious woods and curious workmanship, and costly ornaments known only to the Moresco art of that

day; all within walls hung as if with lace-work woven in Cashmerian looms. With a fortress-palace of such unexampled resources and riches, before the eyes of the stern warrior—who was more familiar with the hazards and wants of the camp, than with the safety and luxuries of such a residence of royalty—the hope, inspired by his faith and loyalty, of their possession by Spain, might well be strengthened by the reply to his demand of the Moorish King, that—as tersely rendered by Prescott—"The mints of Granada no longer coined gold, but steel." War, de Vera knew, must be the result of a refusal couched in such pointed terms of defiance. Nor, when he was about to depart from the Alhambra, and the King presented him in token of his royal courtesy, a scimetar of Damascus steel enriched with precious stones, was his remark to attendant courtiers less significant of readiness to accept events. After trying the temper of the blade, he said, "His Majesty has given me a trenchant weapon: I trust a time will come when I may show him that I know how to use his royal present."

CHAPTER XV.

THE ALHAMBRA CONTINUED. VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER OF COMARES. PATIO DE LA REJA. DOÑA JUANA'S REPUTED PRISON. SHE DIED ON HER WAY TO GRANADA WITH THE BODY OF HER HUSBAND. GARDEN OF LINDARAJA. SALA DE LOS SECRETOS. TREASURY. PATIO DE LOS BAÑOS. CHAMBER OF REPOSE. BATH-ROOMS. COURT OF THE MOSQUE. RECENTLY DISCOVERED ENTRANCE TO THE SUMMER PALACE. MOORISH MOSQUE CONVERTED INTO A CHAPEL. PALACE PRISON UNDER THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS, WHENCE BOABDIL ESCAPED—CONFLICTING STATEMENTS ABOUT THIS. CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF BOABDIL'S AND HIS MOTHER'S CONSPIRACY AGAINST ABUL HASSAN. THE CURSE OF GOD UPON THEIR THREE-FOLD TREACHERY. THE ALAMBRA PALACE VIEWED AS A WHOLE.

No one can fail to be charmed by the views of surrounding scenery from the towers of the Alhambra Hill. Some of these take in a greater range of objects than others; that from the Vela being undoubtedly the most comprehensive, surpassing even that of the great Tower of Comares, which is necessarily obstructed by the pyramidal tile roof; although from the battlemented base of the pyramid, overlooking them directly, the relations of the buildings and courts of the Palace to each other are seen to best advantage. If it be intended to ascend this tower, it may prove a pleasant

episode to the steady pursuit of objects within walls, to do so after looking at the Hall of Ambassadors it overtops, in the ante-room of which is the entrance to the staircase.

Returning from the Hall of Ambassadors into the corridor by which awhile since we came from Charles' dilapidated chambers, near to the entrance into the hall a winding stairway leads down to the Patio de la Reja, where cypresses and a silent fountain are the mournful mementos of the past. Here again is seen the rude railing of Doña Juana's reputed prison. To dispose of this invention about her confinement in the Alhambra, it will suffice to call to mind the facts, that the first signs of the Infanta's eccentric conduct appeared at Medina del Campo, in the north of Spain, during the absence of her husband Philip in Flanders—1503. Shortly after, she joined him in Flanders, where she remained until they returned together to Spain in 1506, to take possession of the crown after the death of her mother Isabella. Their Court was in Burgos, where, in September, 1506—a little more than two months after they came to the throne—Philip died. His body was deposited in the convent of Miraflores, near Burgos; there it remained until the December following, when she determined to remove it to Granada, where her mother's remains were entombed. Reaching Tordesillas, where she was detained by unforeseen circumstances, the body was placed in the monastery at Santa Clara adjoining the palace, from the windows of which she could see the sepulchre at all times. From that time until her death, which happened forty-seven years after, she never left her apartments. Of her, it has been