

real, or salubrious qualities, especially in derangements of the bowels. North of the Sierra Morena, the pomegranate is an indifferent fruit; but in Andalusia and Granada, it arrives at perfection; and so full of juice is a really fine and ripe pomegranate, that one measuring four inches in diameter, may be compressed into the bulk of a nut.

In the neighbourhood of the convent of Victoria, the country people find that useful clay, of which they make the vessels called *bucaros*, used for cooling water. Without these, the inhabitant of these sultry shores would be deprived of one of his most essential luxuries; for when the hot winds prevail, water exposed to the air in these vessels, becomes icy cold. This singular fact is to be explained by the porous nature of these vessels, which allow the water to exude; and the hot wind blowing upon the moist external surface, a rapid evaporation and consequent cold, are produced.

From the same clay, there is an ingenious manufactory of little figures, representing Spanish costume in the different provinces. These are in great variety, and are executed

with much truth and ability: indeed, I have not seen, in any other country, any thing so excellent in its kind. Nothing would have pleased me more, than to have carried a complete assortment of them to England; but they are of so fragile a nature, that they could scarcely have arrived at their destination without broken limbs and noses.

I occupied another day with an excursion to the *Retiro*, the country-seat of a noble family; but now in a state of dilapidation. The situation of the old castle is, however, beyond conception delightful,—nestling at the foot of the mountains, and almost bathed by the transparent waves of the Mediterranean; and in the adjoining gardens, every fruit-tree congenial to that glorious climate, flourishes in unfading luxuriance. Every where in the neighbourhood of Malaga, the acclivities not occupied by vines, are covered with the prickly pear, which is cultivated chiefly for the sake of the cochineal which breeds upon it: this valuable article of commerce has not, however, been yet produced in so great abundance as to form an article of export.

Few of the useful productions of the globe are unsuitable to the climate of some part of Spain. In the northern provinces, all the productions of the temperate climates arrive at perfection; and in the most southern parts, the climate is found sufficiently fine to ripen the produce of the Indies. To the eastward of Malaga, a few leagues along the coast, the sugar-cane is successfully cultivated: though this useful plant is known to have been much more extensively grown in the time of the Moors than now, which is evident, from the remains of their sugar-houses. Still, however, the sugar-cane is a valuable produce, and is said to supply a sugar scarcely inferior to that of the West Indies.

Malaga, like most of the other cities of Spain, has had various masters. Built by the Phœnicians, it was successively Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, and Moorish; and in the reign of Haly Abenhameth, was the seat of empire. Ferdinand and Isabella succeeded in wresting Malaga from the dominion of the Moors, in the year 1487.

Malaga was formerly much more populous than it is now, though, within the last fifty

years, the population has been again on the increase. Anciently, it contained nearly a hundred thousand persons; in the middle of the last century, the inhabitants were reduced to thirty thousand; and at present, it is said to contain about forty-five thousand.

I have nothing more to add of Malaga, excepting the price of provisions.

Beef is ten quartos the pound, of sixteen ounces; mutton the same. Pork, fourteen quartos. Eggs, two for six quartos—not much less than a penny each. A fine fowl, seven reals; a chicken, three reals; a duck, fifteen reals; a turkey, from twenty to thirty reals. The best bread, twelve quartos. Excellent wine, two reals per bottle. Potatoes, the measure of six pounds and a quarter, seven quartos, or about twopence. A barrel of anchovies, two reals. A partridge, four reals. A rabbit, ten reals. Fish, remarkably cheap and plentiful. Melons, grapes, pomegranates, figs, and prickly pears, so cheap as scarcely to form an article of expenditure.

Let it not be forgotten, that eight quartos are twopence farthing; and that, in one franc French, there are four reals.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA.—GRANADA.

Different Routes to Granada; Ascent of the Malaga Mountains; an Anecdote illustrative of Spanish Morals; Picture of a Venta and its Inmates; Night Arrangements; beautiful situation of Loxa; the Venta de Casin; first View of Granada; Reflections; the Situation of Granada and its Vega; the Alhambra; St. Michael's Mount, and its Singularities; excavated Dwellings; View from the Mount; extraordinary Changes in Temperature; a Fire in Granada, and the curious means resorted to for extinguishing it; Superstition; the Cathedral; the Convents; the Archbishop; Husbandry in the Vega of Granada; State of Agriculture; the Duke of Wellington's Estates; Effects of the Loss of the Colonies; the Paseos of Granada; the Population; the Market; Usages; the Italian Opera.

FROM Malaga to Granada, there are two roads; one by Velez Malaga, the other by Loxa. The former of these roads lies a great part of the way along the sea shore, and then turning to the left, leads through

Alhama to Granada. By sleeping at Velez Malaga the first night, and at Alhama the second, tolerable accommodation may be had all the way to Granada. The other road, on leaving Malaga, strikes at once into the heart of the mountains, and leads to Granada by way of Loxa. By this road, it is necessary to sleep at ventas of the very worst description,—for Loxa does not make a convenient halting place,—and although neither of these roads are safe from robbery, the latter is by far the most celebrated for the crimes that have been committed upon it. I resolved to travel by the Loxa road; chiefly, because the scenery upon it was reported to be greatly more attractive than upon the road by Velez Malaga; and learning that a gallera was about to leave Malaga for Granada by the road which I had selected, I engaged a place in it, for which I paid two dollars and a half,—a very moderate charge for so long a journey.

I took my seat in the gallera at seven in the morning, and found my fellow travellers to consist of a middle-aged woman, the wife, as I afterwards learned, of a respectable shop-

keeper in Malaga: her daughter, a sprightly, intelligent, and remarkably pretty girl of nineteen, two years married to a wine grower of the neighbourhood: a young woman of two or three and twenty, comely, and finely formed, on her way to Granada on speculation,—for she was one of those unhappy persons, whose temporary home depends upon the caprice of her temporary master; and another woman, who travelled openly as the mistress of the muleteer. Such was the company in the gallera.

Leaving Malaga, the road passes along the channel of a stream, and then enters the rich and highly cultivated country that lies between Malaga and the mountains, which we began to ascend, after travelling about three quarters of a league. This is the most extraordinary ascent I ever recollect to have seen: it is computed to be three leagues and a half, upwards of fourteen miles English, from the point at which the road enters the mountains, until it reaches the summit of the range; and in all this distance there is not one yard of level ground, still less of descent. I know of no mountain road in Switzerland

more abounding in magnificent scenery, or in varied and charming prospects, than this. The formation of these mountains is singular: innumerable conical hills cover the face of the range; and the road winding upward among these, is one moment shut in among the mountains, and shut out from the world,—the next, emerging from behind one of these little hills, it traverses the front of the range, disclosing an illimitable prospect of land and sea. This peculiarity in the formation of the mountain, produces an infinite variety of views. Sometimes, when looking back towards Malaga, nothing intercepts the view—the whole bay,—Malaga in its centre,—the Moorish ruins,—the cathedral, and the cultivated plain, are all spread below. At another point, only the city and the bay are seen, the mountains shutting out all the rest; while still higher up, even the city is hidden, and the sea appears to wash the base of the mountains. The views too in the interior of the mountain are beautiful: a deep valley is from time to time revealed,—the mountain slopes that encompass it, covered with vines, and in its centre the house of the vine-grower,

surrounded by a belt of charming verdure, and half embowered in a grove of orange trees.

As we ascended the mountains, we met a few travellers, and a considerable number of muleteers and their trains, every one well armed with guns, and some with swords also. Many crosses stood by the way-side; and as I walked the most part of the way up the mountain, I generally stopped to read the record; some of these were of sudden death, and some of murder,—but of the latter I saw only one of very recent date.

A curious circumstance, throwing some additional light upon the morals of Malaga, occurred in the course of the morning. When we had ascended about two-thirds of the mountain, a handsome young caballero, in the richly-ornamented Andalusian dress, and mounted upon a fine powerful horse, overtook the gallera, and accosted the middle-aged woman and her young married daughter, in the language of an acquaintance. Soon after he gave his horse in charge to the muleteer's assistant, and took his seat in the gallera, where he kept up a half-whispered

conversation with the younger lady: but the nature of the *liaison* now became more evident. The cortejo of this young wife, for such of course was his character, asked her aloud whether she would not like to ride his horse a little way? To which she at first replied no, and then yes; and the muleteer having opportunely discovered a lady's saddle lying in the bottom of the gallera, and contrived too for two persons, she was soon seated upon the horse, which walked in front of the gallera, and the caballero walked by her side; but the horse gained so fast upon the gallera, that the party was soon out of sight, till, upon reaching a point from which a higher reach of the zig-zag road was visible, the lady and her cortejo were seen both mounted, and trotting forward; and we saw no more of them till night, when we reached the venta, where we found the young lady in bed, and the caballero sitting by her. Her mother seemed quite satisfied with the arrangements of the day, and offered no reproof either in word or in look. The same evening the gallant set out on his return to Malaga.

After reaching the summit of the mountain, and following for a little way a level road, we began to descend into a deep valley, clothed with ilex and cork tree ; and towards evening we passed under the hill, upon which the town of Colmona is situated. Upon a small bridge at the foot of the hill, a number of the inhabitants of the town were assembled, some sitting upon the wall of the bridge, some playing cards, and some lying on the ground ; and a more ruffian-like sample of a town's population, I do not recollect to have ever seen. After passing Colmona, we continued to wind among low hills that seemed the outposts of more lofty ranges,—gradually ascending, and approaching the Sierra. And nearly two hours after dark, the galleria stopped at the gate of the solitary venta, where it was necessary we should pass the night.

This venta may be taken as a fair specimen of travelling accommodation in the southern and eastern provinces of Spain, in the year 1830. Groping my way through a small court-yard, and a wide gateway, I found myself in a long apartment ; I do not know any

word to express (a barn on the ground-story), the floor earthen—the roof, a congregation of beams and rafters—the walls, partly rough stone, as originally put together; partly white-washed. The door, by which I had entered, was nearly in the middle of the side wall, so that one-half of the apartment lay to the right, and the other to the left. To the right, I saw a dim file of mules stretching away into obscurity: on the left, at the farther extremity of the apartment, a bright blaze from a fire kindled on the floor, shewed me the way to the part appropriated to the human guests! As I walked towards the fire, which was at a great distance, the scene assumed a more picturesque and striking appearance: at a round table not far from the fire, sat ten or twelve men, every one with his little round Spanish hat and crimson girdle; and in every one's hand a long clasp knife, with which he fished, from time to time, a huge piece of meat from an enormous brown dish that stood smoking in the centre of the table—diffusing around the usual fragrance of a Spanish stew, in which the prominent ingredients are oil and garlic. Over

the blazing fire hung an iron apparatus, from which depended a large iron pot, containing something worthy the attention of a brown-cheeked, dark-haired wench, who inspected it by the help of a light simply contrived by a piece of wick being put into a small open vessel of oil; and, after having ascertained the state of the stew (for this also was a stew) she hung her lamp upon a nail affixed to a rafter over her head. On the stone bench beyond the fire, sat two or three muleteers, who seemed by their inactivity, to have already tasted the good things of the venta; for one was manufacturing a cigar in the approved Spanish mode, by rolling paper round a little tobacco: and the other had already accomplished this task, and was enveloped in a cloud of smoke—and the picture of the venta is completed, if we add two or three great lank dogs standing at the table where the supper party was seated; and two or three others lying in the neighbourhood of the fire. Such was the state of the venta, when the gallera party arrived, to claim a share of its hospitalities. The features of the scene were now greatly multiplied: one of

the party was seen kneeling at the fire, intent upon the operation of chocolate-making—another was employed in heating a pot of wine—and my occupation was, watching the progress towards boiling, of some water meant to deluge the “fragrant herb.” All these preparations being completed, the gallera party proposed enjoying their various refreshments in company, adding to them, the fowl and sausages which had been brought from Malaga. But the supper-table was still occupied by the hungry guests, before whom the second supply of stew had just been placed; and who were employing the interval in passing round the wine in the southern fashion—each in his turn pouring from the tube of a glass vessel, a stream of wine, which fell from the distance of a foot, in a fine arch, into his open mouth. We were accordingly obliged to carry our refreshments into the chamber, or quarto (for the word chamber suggests something beyond its deserts), where the young lady had been seen in bed. The caballero had already taken his leave; and the pretty *intrigante* got up, and joined us at supper: this being finished, a difficulty arose

as to our various sleeping accommodations. The mother and daughter were already provided; for the latter had secured the only mattress and sheets, when she arrived at the venta; and the doubtful lady had brought her sleeping apparatus from Malaga. The bed of the two former was already spread, and the other was speedily deposited in the opposite corner; and as there was no other quarto in the venta disengaged, it was proposed that I should make my bed in a corner of the same quarto: this was better than sitting by the fire, or sleeping on the mud floor; and I had deposited some clean straw, and my cloak, upon the ground, and had turned my back to the ladies while they retired to their mattresses, when a lucky event placed at my disposal, the comfortable bed of the single lady: the noise of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the commanding voice of a caballero; and when I was permitted to turn round, I discovered that the lady had disappeared. Soon after, upon going to the door of the quarto, and looking into the common apartment, I saw her seated by the

gentleman who had newly arrived, upon a bench near the fire; and after waiting more than half an hour, I took the liberty of approaching, and asking her when she purposed returning to occupy her bed, as the other ladies wished to lock the door, and go to sleep? To this question, the caballero replied for her, that the ladies might lock the door, and go to sleep when it was agreeable to them, as no one would disturb them; and receiving no contradiction of this from his companion, I returned to the quarto, bolted the door, and took possession of the comfortable berth of the absent owner.

It was a curious scene next morning, when, upon leaving my bed early, I could scarcely thread my way among the mattresses spread on the ground; all occupied by some sleeping or newly-awoke muleteer: round the fire, these were still more thickly strewn; and I had actually to tempt one yawning fellow from his bed, by a present of two cigars, that I might find a vacant spot where I could stand, and prepare my chocolate. It was then just day-break; and the galleria not being ready, I left the venta, and walked

to the summit of a neighbouring rocky height. The evening is said to be the most solemn hour; but I have felt that the morning is solemn too, when, in a desolate scene like this, we stand alone among the dim mountains, and see the stars' faint twinkle, and day preparing to illuminate a desert,—and hear no sound, that in peopled climes, welcomes the approach of light.

When we left the venta, we continued to wind through the Sierra, and then traversed a deep valley, full of wood, and bounded by lofty mountains. I counted five monumental crosses in this valley. Soon afterwards, we entered a more cultivated country; and before noon, Loxa was seen before us at about a league distant. The view and situation of this old Moorish town, are beyond expression beautiful. It stands upon a slight elevation, in a valley about half a league wide; the Xenil circling round the height, and traversing the valley; the mountains that rise on either side, are covered with the most charming vegetation, and all the lower slopes near the town, are adorned with gardens, and rich groves of oranges and lemons; and these

so mingle with the buildings, that the spires of the churches and convents seem to rise out of bowers; and the houses, partly hid in foliage, appear like a range of villas. We did not stop in Loxa, which is remarkable chiefly for the beauty of its situation—but passed on towards Granada. The valley of the Xenil is extremely fruitful; many ploughs were busy by the river side, and the young corn had already covered the fields with the freshest green.

A little before sunset, I climbed to the summit of a neighbouring height, to catch, if possible, a view of the Sierra Nevada,—the snowy Sierra of Granada—touched by the rosy light of evening; but just as I had climbed high enough to descry the summit of the range, a large, lean, and ferocious sheep dog made towards me, and I was satisfied to purchase an escape, at the expense of losing my labour. The ascent of this height had separated me a considerable distance from the gallera; and I still loitered behind, gathering the woodbine,—the first I had seen in Spain,—that grew profusely by the way side, until reminded of the propriety

of joining my companions by the approaching dusk, and by a glimpse of two suspicious-looking men, who eyed me very scrutinizingly from a bank upon which they were sitting. Soon after overtaking the gallera, we crossed a rapid stream, by a deep, and rather dangerous ford; and after dark, we arrived at the Venta de Casin, our refuge for the night. At the same time with ourselves, another gallera arrived from Granada, so that the venta overflowed with travellers, and three quartos were all the accommodation it afforded.

Very different is the reception which the traveller meets with at a Spanish venta, or even posada, and at an English inn. At the Spanish posada, no bustling waiter with his clean napkin, bows you into the house; no smart *demoiselle* drops a curtesy, and leads the traveller forward with the glance of her black eyes. In the Spanish posada, the traveller is welcomed by nobody,—is never asked his pleasure, or what are his wants; he is left to feel his way along a stone wall; and is at last directed to the kitchen by a glare of light from the fire, which is kindled

on the floor. It is a curious fact too, that the rank of the traveller makes no difference in his reception. There is not one kind of welcome for the gentleman traveller, another for the diligence traveller, and another for the visitor of low degree. All ranks find one level in a Spanish posada: no separate tables are set; no distinctive honours are paid; there is no scale of civility; the caballero, the merchant, the muleteer, is alike left to shift for himself.

By having walked in advance of the galleria, I had secured one of the three quartos, which I gave up to the females of the party, or rather shared it with them: and after having succeeded in getting some hard-boiled eggs, and some excellent wine, I made my bed, and retired to it; for no repetition of my good fortune occurred this night. But there was so great a number of mules in the venta, that the tinkling of their bells, and the noise of their feet, added to the unintermitting attacks of certain enemies of repose, whose name might be called "legion," prevented the gentle approaches of sleep; and it was with great satisfaction that I hailed the morning

dawn through the paneless windows. I need scarcely say that window glass is not to be seen in any village south of the Sierra Morena; and in the most southern, and in the eastern parts, even the principal posadas in the large towns have rarely glass in the windows. It is quite a mistake, to suppose that there is no occasion for glass in the southern parts of Spain. There are many days during a Spanish winter—and before leaving Spain I had experience of them—which, in England, would be thought to demand closed windows, and a blazing fire.

After leaving the Venta de Casin, we entered upon a heathy country, wild, open, and covered with aromatic plants; and after three hours travelling, we caught the first view of Imperial Granada,—yet at a great distance—backed by the lofty Sierra, with its snowy summits. At a small village famous for its fruits, I purchased a melon as large as a man's head, for four quartos—a fraction above a penny—and found it delicious beyond any that I had ever before eaten. Granada is the most celebrated, among all the Spanish provinces, for its fruits; but, with

the exception of the melon, the pomegranate, and the prickly pear, the season of fruit was passing. { At Santa Fe, the country becomes rich and populous; for here we are within the influence of irrigation; and now at every step, Granada rose before us with greater distinctness and magnificence.} The situation of Granada eclipses that of any city that I have ever seen; and altogether, the view in approaching it, struck me more forcibly than any other view that I could at that moment recollect. { And yet, the description would not perhaps be very striking on paper; because the ingredients of its magnificence consist in the vastness and splendour of its Moorish remains—not a single Alcazar, not a few isolated ruins, whose dimensions the eye at once embraces—but ranges of palaces, and castles, and towers, covering elevations a league in circumference, rising above and stretching beyond one another, with a subject city at their feet; and almost vying in grandeur with the gigantic range of the snowy Sierra that towers above them. }

It is impossible to approach and to enter Granada without a thousand associations,—

half reality, half romance,—being awakened within us: many centuries are suddenly swept from the records of time; and the events of other days are pictured in our imagination. [A page of history is written upon every object that surrounds us.] We see the Vega covered with the Christian camp, and the silken pavilion of Queen Isabella rising above the tents of the Spanish nobles: we see the queen, and the ladies of the court, and a gorgeous cavalcade, ride forth towards the Moorish city; and we see the Moorish cavalry pour through the gates into the plain, headed by the warrior Muza Ben Abel Gazan; and we see Boabdil, the last of the Moors, uncrowned and exiled, leave the city of his affections—the glory of a fallen empire—and turn round from the last eminence, to gaze yet once more upon the towers of the Alhambra; and we hear the fallen king, as he turns in silence and sorrow from the contemplation, exclaim, “Allah achbar!” God is great.

I will endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the situation of Granada, in a matter-of-fact description.

The Vega of Granada is about ten miles long, and seven miles broad; and being subjected to irrigation, is covered with perpetual verdure, with grain of every description, with gardens, with olive plantations, and with orange groves; and it is thickly studded with villages, and country houses, and cottages. This plain is bounded on the south-east, the east, and north-east, by a semi-circular range of high mountains called the Sierra Nevada, the summits of which are always less or more covered with snow; and when we call to mind the latitude of Granada, this informs us, without the assistance of trigonometry, that the elevation of these mountains is great. Upon the outposts of the Sierra stands the city of Granada—for the most part, built upon the gentle acclivities that lie between the mountains and the Vega; but some part of it standing upon the Vega itself. Two rivers, the Xenil and the Daro, flow through the city, and traverse the Vega. Although the mountains seem from the plain to rise directly behind the city, this is not precisely the fact; two ridges, from four hundred to six hundred feet in height,

separated from each other by the Daro, lie between the city and the base of the Sierra: these directly overlook the city; and upon one of them is situated the chapel of St. Michael, while the other is entirely covered by the ruins of the Alhambra. Not only are these heights covered with wood and with verdure, but the whole city is intermingled with gardens and orangeries; and, inclosing within it so many *monticules*, which are mostly occupied by convents and convent gardens, there is a picturesqueness about the city itself, abstracted from its Alhambra or its environs, that is peculiarly its own.

From whatever point Granada may be contemplated, it is a sumptuous city; whether viewed from the plain, or from any of the neighbouring heights: even in walking the streets, vistas of astonishing beauty are occasionally discovered; and from the windows of my apartment in the Fonda del Comercio, I have never seen any thing more gorgeous than sunset upon the city of Granada; nor any thing more beautiful than the moonlight falling upon its gardens, and groves,

and convents, and towers, and neighbouring heights, and snow-clad mountains.

The first morning after my arrival, I hastened to the Alhambra. I entered its precincts by the gate of Granada, and found myself in a shrubbery, shewing many marks of the unpardonable neglect with which all the magnificent monuments in Spain are treated, by those who preside over the destinies of that ill-governed country. I was first conducted to the Xeneralife, once the residence of Boabdil el Chico, the last of the Moorish kings. This building stands upon an elevation considerably higher than the Alhambra, and separated from it by a deep ravine. Some modern additions have been made to the Xeneralife; but these may easily be distinguished from the Moorish part of the building. In the palace of Boabdil, there is nothing particularly worthy of observation; but the myrtle groves and terraces are agreeable; and from the latter, there is a charming view over the Alhambra and its gardens.

The Xeneralife, which in the Arabic signifies a pleasure house, is said to have been

built by Omar, who, in that delightful seclusion, gave himself entirely up to the enjoyment of music. The inscriptions on every part of the Alhambra, interpret the uses of the different buildings and chambers. These have all been copied and translated,—and, although a record of them would be tedious, I may perhaps be permitted to introduce two or three of the most interesting, as curious relics of Moorish customs. There is only one connected with the Xeneralife, which appears worthy of recording. It is on the arcades around a court.

“Charming palace! splendid art thou, and great as thou art splendid! all is bright around thee. Worthy art thou to be praised, for divinity is in all thy charms: flowers adorn thy garden; they nod upon their stalks, and fill the air with their sweet perfume. A breeze plays with the blossoms of the orange tree, and their delightful fragrance is wafted around. Hark! voluptuous music mingles with the gentle rustling of the leaves,—sweet harmony! and verdure and flowers encompass me. Thou, oh Abulgali! most excellent of kings; guardian of the faithful, and of the

law,—thou art the object of my reverence. May God be ever with thee, and may he crown thy hopes! Thy greatness throwest dignity on all that thou doest. This apartment, dedicated to thee, is full of perfection and strength,—its duration will be coeval with our faith,—it is a wonder and a triumph.”

From the Xeneralife, I descended by a steep path shaded by fine elms; and crossing the ravine, entered the precincts of the Alhambra, by what is called the Gate of Iron. The remains of seven gates are passed before reaching the inner court, where Charles V. had the bad taste to project the erection of a palace, which yet remains in an unfinished state: close to this palace stands the Alhambra, the most perfect monument of Moorish magnificence that the world contains. Passing through an oblong court, with a colonnade at each end, I found myself in the Court of Lions, a fine and perfect specimen of Moorish taste. (The Court, formerly paved with marble, has been converted into a garden;) it is surrounded by a colonnade of one hundred and forty elegant white marble pillars; and

in the centre, is a fountain supported by thirteen lions: there, the last of the Moorish kings were doubtless wont to retire from the council, to ruminate upon their misfortunes, and the probable termination of their empire.

Upon the alabaster bowl which the lions support, there is a long inscription,—great part of it is without beauty; and owing to the darkness in which the events of Moorish history are buried, it is for the most part unintelligible. This indeed is an observation which may apply to many of the inscriptions in the Alhambra. The conclusion of the inscription is as follows:—“The purity of the alabaster and of the water may vie with each other. If thou wouldst distinguish the water, look narrowly into the bowl; for both might be liquid, or both solid. The water seems to envy the beauty of the basin where it lies; and the basin is jealous of the crystal water. Beautiful is the stream that issues from my bosom, thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mahomed. His generosity excels the strength of the lion!”

From the court of Lions you enter various

halls, each of them distinguished by the singularity, and some by the beauty of their walls and roofs, which are of the same materials as those of the Alcazar of Seville, but of better workmanship, and more vivid in colour. Of these halls, the most magnificent is the hall of the ambassadors, or audience chamber.

The bed-chamber of the king and queen is a curious sample of Moorish taste, and throws some light, too, upon the customs of these days. There are two alcoves for the separate beds of the king and queen, with pillars before them; and in the middle of the chamber there is a marble fountain: the floor is of porcelain, and the only light is admitted through the door. Immediately adjoining the bed-room, are two baths. The boudoir of the queen is in a more elevated part of the building, in a circular tower, from which a magnificent prospect is enjoyed. Many foolish persons have torn away pieces of the fretwork from the walls, in different parts of the Alhambra; but the old woman who now accompanies the visitor, looks so keenly after her charge, that, unless she be accessible to