

and battlements, which form a curious and very varied outline around the city, stand out and appear whiter still against the blue of the sea. The eye traverses the entire isthmus joining Cadiz to the mainland, takes in a long stretch of the distant coast, upon which gleam the cities of Puerto real and Puerto Santa Maria, together with villages, churches, and villas, and sweeps over the harbor, ocean, and a very beautiful sky which vies with the sea in clearness and light.

I could not gaze long enough at that strange city. By half-closing the eyes, it looked as if covered with an immense sheet. Every house seems to have been built like an astronomical observatory. The entire population, in case the sea should inundate the city, could betake itself to the terraces, and remain there (barring the fright) in ease and comfort. I was told that, a few years since, on the occasion of some eclipse, this spectacle was witnessed. The seventy thousand inhabitants of Cadiz all climbed on to the terraces to watch the phenomenon. The city, from being all white, became a thousand colors; every terrace was crowded with heads, so that one could see at a glance quarter after quarter, and the entire population, in fact. A low, diffused murmur arose, like the roar of the sea, and a great movement of arms, fans, and spy-glasses, turned upward, made it appear as if all were awaiting the descent of an angel from the sphere of the sun. At a certain moment there was a profound silence; when the eclipse was over, the entire population uttered a shout that seemed like a burst of thunder; and, a few moments thereafter, the city became white again.

I descended from the tower to visit the cathedral, an immense marble edifice of the sixteenth century,

which certainly cannot be compared with those of Burgos and Toledo, but still of a bold and noble architecture, and rich, like all the Spanish churches, in every kind of treasure. I went to see the convent where Murillo, while painting a picture above the high altar, fell from the scaffolding and received the injury which caused his death. I took a run through the picture-gallery, containing some beautiful works by Zurbaran. I entered the bull-circus, which is entirely of wood, and was built in a few days in order to offer a spectacle to Queen Isabella. Toward evening I took a walk on the delicious promenade along the sea-shore, among the oranges and palms, where the most beautiful and elegant women of the town were pointed out to me. In my humble opinion (whatever that of the Spaniards may be), the feminine type of Cadiz was not less attractive than that celebrated one at Seville. The women are a little taller, a trifle stouter, and rather darker. Some fine observer has asserted that they are of the Greek type; but I cannot see where. I saw nothing, with the exception of their stature, but the Andalusian type; and this sufficed to make me heave sighs deep enough to have blown along a boat, and oblige me to return as soon as possible to my ship, as a place of peace and refuge.

When I went on board, it was night; the heavens were twinkling with stars; and the breeze brought, now and then, snatches of music from the band playing on the promenade at Cadiz. The singers were sleeping; I was alone, and the sight of the city lights, that music, and the recollection of the beautiful faces of the Cadiz women, made me melancholy. I did not know what to do with myself; so went below, seized my note-book, and began the

description of Cadiz. However, I only succeeded in writing a dozen times the words: white, blue, snow, splendor, colors; after which I sketched the little figure of a woman, and then closed my eyes and dreamed of Italy.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife



CULTURA



## CHAPTER XI.

MALAGA.

THE following day, at sunset, the ship crossed the Strait of Gibraltar.

Now, in looking at this point on the map, it seems so near home, that I ought not to hesitate one moment (if the desire seized me, and my domestic exchequer would permit) to pack my valise, and start for Genoa to go and enjoy once again the beautiful view of the two continents. At that time, however, I seemed to be so far away, that, having written a letter to my mother, on the railing of the ship, with the intention of giving it to some passenger getting off at Gibraltar, to mail, while addressing it I laughed at my good faith, as if it were almost impossible that the letter should reach Turin. "From here!" I thought; "from the pillars of Hercules!" and I said the pillars of Hercules as I should have said the Cape of Good Hope or Japan.

". . . . . I am on the ship *Guadaira*,—I have at my back the ocean, and before me the Mediterranean; on the left, Europe, and on the right, Africa. I see on one side the Cape of Tarifa, and, on the right, the mountains of the African coast, which seem a little indistinct, like a gray cloud. I see Ceuta; a little beyond, Tangiers; and, in a line with the ship, the rock of Gibraltar. The sea is as quiet as a lake, and

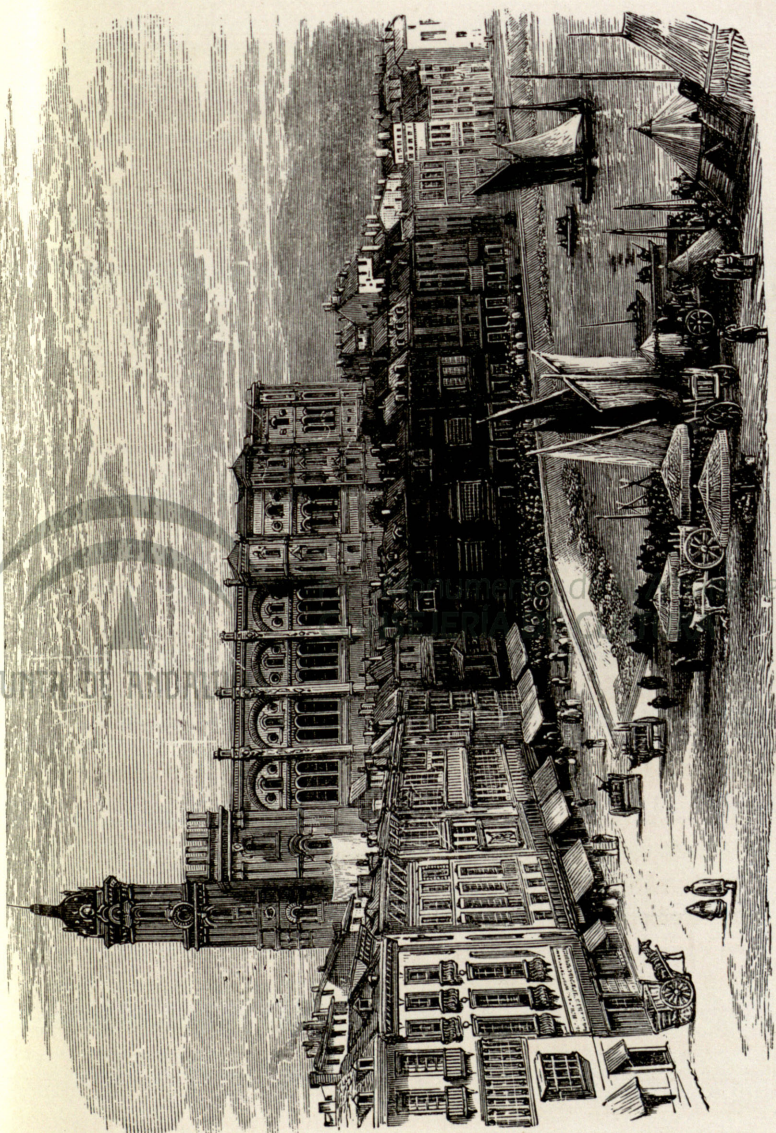
the sky rose- and gold-color. Every thing is peaceful, beautiful, and magnificent, and I feel in my mind an inexplicable and very sweet confusion of grand ideas which, if they could be translated into words, would come out in a joyous prayer begun and ended with thy name . . . . .”

The ship stopped in the Gulf of Algeiras ; the entire troupe of singers got into a great boat which had come from Gibraltar, and moved off waving their fans and handkerchiefs as a salute. When we started again, night was falling. Then I could measure on every side with my eye that enormous pile of rock, Gibraltar. At first it seemed as if we should leave it behind us in a few moments, but it was hours before we did so. Little by little, as we approached each other, it increased in size, presenting some new aspect at every moment. Now the profile of a huge monster, now the form of an immense ladder, now the shape of a fantastic castle, now a shapeless mass, like a monstrous aërolite, fallen from a world destroyed in a battle of worlds. Then it presented gradually, behind a tall point resembling an Egyptian pyramid, a protuberance as large as a mountain, with clefts and rocks cut in points on very long curves which were lost to the eye on the level. It was night ; the rock defined its dark contours as clearly and distinctly against the moonlit sky, as a bit of black paper on a pane of glass. We could see the lighted windows in the English barracks, the sentinels' boxes on the summits of the aërial crags, and some uncertain outlines of trees, that hardly looked as large as a tuft of grass on the nearest rocks. For a long time it seemed as if the boat were not moving, or that the rock was following us, so near was it always ; then,

little by little, it began to increase in size; but our eyes grew weary of gazing, before the rock did of threatening us with its fantastic transfigurations. At midnight, I gave a last salute to that formidable dead sentinel of Europe, and then crept into my small nest.

I awoke at day-break, a few miles from the harbor of Malaga.

The city of Malaga, seen from the port, presents an agreeable appearance, not wholly without grandeur. On the right is a rocky mountain, upon whose summit and down one of whose sides are the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gibralfaro, famous for the desperate resistance offered by the Moors to the army of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic; and on the slopes of the mountain is the cathedral, which rises majestically above all the surrounding buildings, lancing toward heaven, as a bold poet would say, two beautiful towers and a very high bell tower. Between the castle and the church, and in front and on the sides of the mountain, there is a multitude, or, to express myself à la Victor Hugo, a canaille of smoky houses, placed one above the other, at random, as if they had been thrown down like rocks from a height. On the left of the cathedral, along the shore, is a row of houses, ash, violet, and yellowish in color, with a white line around the windows and doors, which remind one of the villages on the Ligurian Riviera. Beyond lies a garland of green and reddish hills, that enclose the city like the walls of an amphitheatre; on the right and left, along the sea-shore, are other mountains, hills, and rocks, as far as the eye can reach. The harbor is almost deserted, the sea-shore quiet, and the sky very clear.



BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA, PORT, QUAY, AND CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

Before landing, I took leave of the captain, who was to pursue his journey to Marseilles; bade farewell to the boatswain and passengers, telling them all that I would be at Valencia on just the day the ship arrived, and that, therefore, I would embark with them again to go on to Barcelona and Marseilles. The captain said, "We shall expect you," and the steward promised to save a place for me. How many times since then have I remembered the last words of those poor people!

I landed at Malaga, with the intention of leaving that same evening for Granada. The interior of the city contains nothing of note. Aside from the new part, which occupies the space formerly covered by the sea, and is built like modern places, with broad straight streets and great bare houses, the rest of the city is a labyrinth of tortuous streets, and a conglomeration of houses without color, without *patios*, without grace. There are some spacious squares, with gardens and fountains, some columns and arches of Arabian edifices, but no modern monument, much filth, and not many people. The environs are very beautiful, and the climate milder than Seville.

At Malaga I had a friend, whom I looked up, and we passed the day together. I had a curious bit of information from him. Here there is a literary academy composed of more than eight hundred members, in which they celebrate the anniversaries of all the great writers, and twice a week there is a public lecture on the subject of science or literature. That very evening a solemn festival was to be held. Some months previous, the Academy had offered a premium of three beautiful gold flowers, enameled in various colors, for the three poets who should compose the best ode on Progress, the best romance on the re-



covery of Malaga, together with the best satire against one of the commonest vices of modern civil society. There had been a competition among all the poets of Spain, the poems had rained in promiscuously, a jury had secretly judged them, and that same evening the verdict was to be given. The ceremony was to be celebrated with great pomp; the archbishop, governor, the commandant of the navy, the consuls, and the most prominent personages of the city in evening dress and scarfs, and a great number of ladies in full toilette, were to take part. The three most beautiful muses of the city were to be present on a sort of stage decked with flags and garlands, each one to open a parcel containing the prize poem, and proclaim three times the name of the author. If the author responded he was to be invited to read his verses, and receive the flower; if he did not respond, they were to read them. In the whole city nothing was talked of but the Academy. They conjectured the names of the winners, predicted marvels in all three poems, and praised the decoration of the hall. This poetical festival, to which they give the name of *juegos floreales*, had not been celebrated in ten years. Others may judge whether these competitions and these grand preparations are injurious to poetry and poets. For my part, no matter how doubtful and fleeting may be the literary glory bestowed by the sentence of a jury and the homage of a bishop or a governor, I think that the receipt of a gift of a golden flower from the hand of a beautiful woman, under the eyes of five hundred Andalusian women, to the sound of sweet music, and amid the perfume of jessamines and roses, may be a keener and deeper joy than that which comes from real and lasting glory. No? Ah! we are sincere!

One of my first thoughts was to taste a little Malaga wine, if for no other reason than to compensate myself for the headaches and colics from which I had suffered in drinking that wretched mixture prepared in most of the Italian cities, and sold under the recommendation of this name. Whether it was that I did not know how to ask, or they did not wish to understand me, certain it is that the wine given me at the hotel burned me terribly and went to my head. I could walk straight to the cathedral, however, from thence to the Castle of Gibralfaro, and some other places, and form an idea of the Malaga beauties without seeing them double and tremulous, as evil-disposed persons might fancy.

While we were walking, my friend told me about the Malaga people, so famous for their republican tendencies, who are always making some kind of a demonstration. They are fiery, inconstant, but amiable, like all people who feel a great deal, think little, and act more from the impulse of passion than from the force of conviction. A trifle is sufficient to collect a crowd and raise such a tumult that the entire city is upset; but, generally, a resolute act from some man in authority, a display of courage, or a flash of eloquence, can quell the tumult and disperse the crowd. The character of the people is good in the main, but superstition and passion have an evil influence upon it. Superstition is probably more deeply rooted at Malaga than in any other city in Andalusia, on account of the greater amount of ignorance there. Taking it all in all, Malaga is the least Andalusian city I have seen, for even the language is corrupted there, as they speak worse than at Cadiz, where they speak badly enough!

I was still at Malaga, but my imagination wan-

dered through the streets of Granada, and in the gardens of the Alhambra and Generalife. A few hours after midday, I left, and, to tell the truth, this was the only city in Spain which I quitted without a sigh. When the train started, instead of turning to salute it as I had done all its sisters, I murmured the lines sung by Giovanni Prati, at Granada, when the Duke d'Aosta left for Spain :

“ Non più Granata è sola  
Sulle sue mute pietre ;  
L' inno in Alhambra vola  
Sulle Moresche cetre.”

(“ Granada is no more alone upon its mute stones. The national hymn flies over the Alhambra, on Moorish lyres.”)

And now, in rewriting them, I feel that the music of the National Guard band at Turin can better inspire joy and peace than Moorish lyres, and that the pavement of the porticoes of Po is smoother and more even than the stones of Granada.





## CHAPTER XII.

### GRANADA.

THE journey from Malaga to Granada was the most full of adventure and the most unfortunate one I took in Spain.

In order that the compassionate readers may pity me as much as I desire, they must know (I am really ashamed to entertain people with such trifles) that at Malaga I had only had a light Andalusian breakfast, of which, at the moment of my departure, I had hardly a confused recollection. But I started with the firm conviction that I should be able to get out at some railway station, where there is one of those large rooms (or public strangling places) into which one gallops, eats breathlessly, and pays in rushing off, to return to the crowded carriage, suffocated and robbed, to curse the time-table, journeys, and the minister of public works who *cheats the country*. I started, and the first hours were delightful. The country was all gentle slopes and green fields, scattered with villas, crowned with pines and cypresses; and in the carriage, between two old people who kept their eyes closed, there was a little Andalusian, who looked around with a roguish smile which seemed to say: "Go on, cast languishing glances at me!" The train moved with the slowness of a broken-down diligence, and we only stopped a few

moments at the stations. At sunset my stomach gave signs of impatience, and to render the stimulus of appetite fiercer, I was obliged to do a good bit of the road on foot. The train stopped before an unsafe bridge, all the travellers got out and filed along two by two to wait for the carriages on the other bank of the river. We were in the midst of the rocks of the Sierra Nevada, in a wild deserted place, which made us appear like a set of people held as hostages by a band of brigands. When we had climbed into the carriages again, the train resumed its former snail's pace, and my poor stomach began to suffer more than ever. We arrived, after a long time, at a station filled with trains, where the majority of the passengers had rushed out before I could get my foot on to the steps.

"Where do you wish to go?" one of the railroad officials asked me, seeing me descend.

"To dine," I replied.

"But you are going to Granada?"

"Yes."

"If that's the case you have no time; the train starts instantly."

"But the others have gone out."

"You will see them come running back in a moment."

The freight trains which were ahead of us prevented me from seeing the station; I thought it was at quite a distance, so I did not stir. Two minutes passed, five, eight, the travellers do not return, and the train does not move. I jump down, run to the station, see a café, enter an immense room. Ye heavenly powers! Fifty famished people were standing round a refreshment table, their noses buried in their plates, elbows in the air, with their eyes on

their watches, devouring and shouting; another fifty were pushing each around the counter, seizing and pocketing bread, fruit, and candies, while the owner and waiters, breathless as horses, reeking with perspiration, ran, worked as hard as they could, shrieked, stumbled over the chairs, knocked into the purchasers, and threw spurts of sauce and bouillon here and there. One poor woman, who must have been the mistress of the café, was a prisoner in a little niche behind the besieged counter, and ran her hands through her hair in sign of despair. At this sight my courage failed. But I instantly gathered strength and joined in the sacking. Repulsed by one elbow, I dashed forward again; thrown back by a blow in the stomach, I summoned all my courage for a third assault. At that moment the bell rang. There was a burst of imprecations, then a falling of chairs, a smashing of plates, a crash, a perfect pandemonium. One person, in swallowing in haste the last mouthful, became livid, and his eyes started out of their sockets, like those of a man being hanged; another, stretching out his hand to seize an orange, hit by a person who was hurrying off, dived into a pot of cream; a third roamed around the room in search of his valise with a dash of gravy on his cheek; another who, having wished to drink without breathing, choked with the wine and began coughing violently; and the officials at the door shouted: Quick! and the travellers in the café replied: *Ahógate!* (suffocated!). The poor waiters pursued those who had not paid; the ladies fainted, those who wished to pay did not find the waiters; the children shrieked, and every thing was in confusion.

I was fortunate in being able to get into the train before it started.

But there a fresh misery was awaiting me. The two old men and the little Andalusian, who must have been the daughter of one and niece of the other, had succeeded in getting something in the midst of that frightful crowd around the counter, and they were eating as hard as they could. I began looking at them with a melancholy expression of face, counting the mouthfuls, as a dog does at his master's table. The young girl noticed this, and showing me something that looked like a croquette, with a gracious inclination of the head, asked me if I would have some of it.

"Oh, no, thanks!" I replied with the smile of a dying man, "I have been eating."

My angel, I instantly said to myself, if you knew that at this moment I would prefer your croquettes to the sour apples, as Messer Niccolò Macchiavelli nobly says, gathered in the famous gardens of the Hesperides!

"Try a swallow of liqueur at least!" said the uncle.

I do not know from what childish pique against myself or those good people, but it was a pique even men experience on similar occasions, I replied this time too:

"No, thank you, it would hurt me!"

The good old man looked at me from head to foot with the air of saying that I did not seem to him like a man to suffer from a drop of spirits, the Andalusian smiled, and I became crimson from mortification.

Night came on, and the train continued at the pace of Sancho Panza's steed for I know not how many hours. That evening, the first time in my life, I experienced the torments of hunger, which I

thought I had already felt during the famous day of the 24th of June, 1866. To alleviate these tortures, I persistently thought of all the dishes which I disliked, raw tomatoes, snails in soup, roasted crabs, and slugs in salad. Alas! a derisive voice cried out from my vitals that if I had any of them I would have licked my fingers afterward. Then I began to make an imaginary mixture of horrid dishes, like cream and fish, sprinkled with wine, a handful of pepper, and a layer of juniper preserves, to see if I could keep my stomach in order. Oh, unfortunate man! The cowardly stomach did not even repel that mess. Then I made a last effort, and imagined being at table in a hotel at Paris, during the time of the seige, and of raising by his tail, from some sauce piquante, a small mouse, which, suddenly regaining life, bit my thumb, and fixed two enraged little eyes upon me, and myself, with my raised fork, either in doubt as to whether I should let him go or run him through the body without any pity. But, thank the Lord, before I made that horrible decision as to whether I should do a thing the equal of which was never met with in the history of the beseiged, the train stopped, and a ray of hope revived my weary spirits.

We had arrived at some unknown village. While I was putting my head out of the window a voice shouted :

“Those going to Granada must get out!”

I jumped down from the carriage, and found myself facing a tall, bearded man, who took my valise out of my hand, saying that he was going to put it on the diligence, because from that village to I know not how many miles from the *imperial Granada* there is no railway.



"One moment!" I cried, in a supplicating voice, to the unknown. "How long before we start?"

"Two minutes!" he replied.

"Is there an inn here?"

"Over there."

I rushed to the inn, swallowed a hard-boiled egg, and dashed off toward the diligence, saying:

"How much time is there now?"

"Two minutes more!" replied the same voice as before.

I returned to the inn, despatched another egg, and ran back to the diligence, asking again:

"Are you going to start?"

"In a moment!"

Back to the inn again, a third egg, and then to the diligence:

"Are we going?"

"In half a minute!"

This time I drew a long breath, ran back to the inn, swallowed a fourth egg and a glass of wine, and dashed toward the diligence. But hardly had I gone ten steps when I felt my breath failing, and I stopped, with the egg half-way down my throat. At this point the whip cracked.

"Wait!" I shrieked in a gasping voice, waving my hands like a drowning man.

"What's the matter?" asked the driver.

I could not reply.

"He has an egg half-way down his throat," replied some unknown person for me.

All the travellers burst out into a laugh, the egg went down, I laughed too, caught up with the diligence, which started instantly, and when I got my breath, I related my tale of woe to my travelling companions, who were more amused and filled with

pity by it than I had dared hope, after that cruel laugh at my strangulation.

But my troubles were not at an end. One of those irresistible attacks of drowsiness, which used to seize me during those long nocturnal marches with the soldiers, suddenly took possession of me, and tormented me until we reached the railway station, without my being able to sleep for a moment. I fancy that a cannon ball, suspended by a cord from the roof of the diligence, would have caused less annoyance to my unfortunate fellow-travellers, than did my poor head, swinging on all sides, as it did, as if only fastened to the neck by one nerve.

I had, on one side a nun, on the other a boy, in front of me a peasant, and throughout all that trip I did nothing but thump those three victims with my head, with the monotonous vibration of the tongue of a bell. The nun, poor creature, allowed me to hit her, and was silent, perhaps in expiation of her sins of thought; but the boy and the peasant woman muttered, from time to time: "He is a barbarian!" "This can't go on!" "His head is like lead!" Finally, a joke of one of the travellers liberated all four of us from that torture. The peasant having complained a little louder than usual, a voice at the end of the diligence exclaimed:

"Console yourself! If he has not broken your head by this time, you may rest assured that he won't do so; for it will be a sign that it could stand the blow of a hammer!"

Every one laughed; I waked, and asked their pardon, and the three victims were so content to find themselves freed from that everlasting knocking, that instead of revenging themselves with bitter words they said:

“Poor fellow! You have slept very badly! You must have hurt your head!”

We finally reached the railway; and, behold the irony of fate! alone though I was in the carriage, where I could have slept like a sultan, I did not succeed in closing my eyes. I felt the deepest regret when I thought that I had taken that journey by night, and that I had not seen any thing, and should not be able to enjoy the spectacle of Granada in the distance! And the sweet verses of Martinez della Rosa passed through my mind:

“O beloved country! I see thee at last once more! I see again thy beauteous soil, thy fertile and joyous fields, thy splendid sun, thy quiet sky!

“Oh, yes! I see the famous Granada extend along the plain from hill to hill; her towers rise amid eternally verdant gardens; her crystal streams kissing her walls; the superb mountains surrounding her valleys, and the Sierra Nevada crowning the distant horizons!

“Oh! the recollection of thee followed me on every side, Granada! disturbed my pleasures, my peace, my glory, and my oppressed soul and heart! On the frozen banks of the Seine and Thames I remembered the pleasant borders of the Darro and Xenil, and sighed! Very often, and in humming a joyful ballad, my pain became bitter, and the ill-suppressed tears choked my voice!

“In vain the delightful Arno offered me her banks, enamelled with flowers, the asylum of love and peace. The plain watered by the quiet Xenil,” I said, “is more flowery still! The sojourn in beautiful Granada is dearer to me!” and I murmured these words in disconsolate accents, and, remembering the home of my fathers, I raised my melancholy eyes to heaven:

"What is thy magic, thy ineffable charm, O country, O sweet name so dear to us! The African, far away from his native desert, looks with sorrowing disdain on verdant fields; the rough Laplander, torn from his maternal soil, sighs for the perpetual night and perpetual ice; and I, I to whom a benevolent fate granted the favor of being born and growing up in thy blessed bosom, blessed by so many gifts from God, I, far from thee, could I forget thee, Granada?"

When I reached Granada, it was very dark, and not the outline of a house was to be seen. A diligence, drawn by two horses

" . . . . . anzi due cavallette  
Di quelle di Mosè là dell' Egitto "

landed me at a hotel, where I was obliged to wait an hour for a bed to be made, and, finally, after three o'clock in the morning, I was able to lay my head on a pillow. But my misfortunes were not at an end. When I began to doze, I heard an indistinct murmur in the neighboring room, and then a masculine voice which said quite clearly: "Oh, what a little foot!" Any one with bowels of compassion may judge of the effect! The pillow was slightly ripped, I drew out two bits of wool, stuck them into my ears, and going over my journey in thought, I fell into a heavy sleep.

The following morning I went out betimes, and roamed around the streets of Granada, until a respectable hour arrived for me to go and drag out of his house a young Granadine, whom I had known at Madrid, in the house of Fernandez Guerra, Góngora by name, the son of an illustrious archeologist

and descendant of the famous poet of Cordova, Louis Gongora, of whom I have said a little. The portion of the city which I saw during those few hours did not come up to my expectations. I fancied I should find mysterious little streets and small white houses, as at Cordova and Seville; I found, on the contrary, spacious squares, some beautiful straight streets, and the others tortuous and narrow, it is true, but lined with high houses, painted in imitation bas-reliefs, with cupids, garlands, bits of curtain, and veils of a thousand colors, without that oriental aspect peculiar to the other Andalusian cities. The lowest part of Granada is almost entirely built with the regularity of a modern city. Passing through those streets, I was seized with a feeling of disdain, and should certainly have carried to Signor Gongora a clouded face, if, by chance, in that careless roaming about, I had not come out upon the famous *Alameda*, which enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful promenade in the world, and which compensated me a thousand times for the odious regularity of the streets that lead to it.

Let my reader imagine a long avenue of extraordinary width, through which fifty carriages in line could pass, flanked by minor avenues, along which run rows of immense trees, that form at a great height an enormous arch of verdure, so thick that not a ray of sunshine can penetrate it; and, at the extremities of the middle avenue, two fountains, which throw up water in large streams, that fall again in a fine vaporous rain; and, between the avenues, crystalline springs; and, in the centre, a garden filled with roses, myrtle, jessamine, and sprays of water. On one side, the river Xenil, which flows between two banks shaded by groves of laurel, and,

far away, the mountains covered with snow, upon which the distant palms rear their fantastic heads ; and, all about, a vivid green, very thick and luxuriant, which allows one to catch a glimpse here and there of a strip of blue sky that is bewitching.

Returning from the Alameda, I met a great number of peasants who were coming from the city, two by two, and in troops, with their wives and children, singing and joking. Their costume did not appear to me different from that of the peasants about Cordova and Seville. They wore velvet hats, some with large brims, others with high brims turned back ; a jacket made of strips of various-colored cloth ; a red or blue sash ; tight breeches, buttoned down the sides ; and a pair of leather gaiters, open on one side so that the leg could be seen. The women were dressed as in the other provinces, and there was no noticeable difference even in their faces.

I went to the house of my friend, found him buried in his archeological studies, before a pile of old medals and historical stones. He received me with joy and a charming Andalusian courtesy. After having exchanged the first greetings, we both pronounced in one voice that magical word, which in every portion of the world awakens in every soul a tumult of grand recollections and a feeling of secret desire ; that gives the last impulse toward Spain to any one who has conceived the idea of travelling and not yet arrived at the determination of starting ; which makes the hearts of poets and painters beat, and the eyes of women glisten—the Alhambra!

We rushed out of the house.

The Alhambra is situated on a high hill which

dominates the city, and presents, from a distance, the appearance of a fortress, like almost all the oriental palaces. But when I started with Gongora through the street of *los Gomeles*, to visit that famous castle, I had not yet seen its walls even from afar, and I should not have been able to tell in what part of the city it stood. The street of *los Gomeles* rises gradually and describes a slight curve, so that, for quite a way, one sees nothing before him but houses, and may fancy that the Alhambra is still distant. Gongora did not speak; but I saw by his face that he was thoroughly enjoying the thought of the delight and surprise which I should experience. He looked smilingly at the ground, replied to all questions with a sign that seemed to say: "In a moment," and from time to time raised his eyes almost furtively to measure the road which lay before us. And I so enjoyed his pleasure that I could have thrown my arms around his neck and thanked him.

We arrived before a great gate that shut in the street; Gongora said to me: "Here we are;"—I entered.

I found myself in a large grove of trees of an immense height, inclining toward each other on either side of a broad avenue, which ascends the hill and is lost in the shade. They are so thick that a man could scarcely pass between them, and in whichever direction one looks, nothing is to be seen but trunks which shut in the road like a continuous wall. The boughs of the trees cross above the avenue; in the grove, not a ray of sun penetrates, the shade is very dense; and on every side rivulets murmur, nightingales sing, and a spring-like freshness is felt.

"We are already in the Alhambra," said Gon-

gora to me; "turn around and you will see the towers and embattled walls of the boundary."

"But where is the palace?" I asked.

"That is a mystery," he replied; "let us go on at random."

We climbed an avenue which runs along the great middle boulevard, and winds up toward the summit of the hill. The trees form a pavilion of verdure over it, so that not a bit of the sky is to be seen, and the grass, bushes, and flowers make on the sides two light espaliers, variegated and odorous, slightly inclined toward each other as if they were trying to unite, attracted by the beauty of their coloring and the softness of their fragrance.

"Let us stop for a moment," I said; "I wish to take a full breath of this air; it seems as if it contained some mysterious germs which, infused into the blood, would prolong life; it is air that breathes of youth and health!"

"Here is the door," exclaimed Gongora.

I turned as if I had been struck, and saw, a few steps before us, a large square tower, dark in color, crowned with battlements, and having an arched door, above which one sees a chiseled key and hand.

I questioned my friend about it, and he said it was the principal entrance of the Alhambra, and was called the Door of Justice, because under that arch the Arab kings used to pronounce their sentences. The key signifies that that door is the key to the fortress, and the hand is a symbol of the five principal precepts of Islam: Prayer, Fasting, Benevolence, Holy War, and Pilgrimage to Mecca. An Arabic inscription testifies that the edifice was constructed four centuries ago by Abul Hagag Yusuf,



and another, that one reads at the same time on the columns, says : " There is no God but Allah ; and Mahomet is his prophet ! There is no power nor strength aside from Allah ! "

We passed under the gateway and continued to climb an embanked road, until we found ourselves at the summit of the hill in the middle of the level enclosure of a parapet scattered with plants and flowers. I instantly turned toward the valley to enjoy the view ; but Gongora seized me by the arm and made me look on the opposite side. I was facing a great palace in the style of the Renaissance, half in ruins, and flanked by some miserable-looking little houses.

" What joke is this ? " I asked ; " you bring me here to see an Arabian castle, and I find my road blocked by a modern palace ? Who conceived the disgraceful idea of erecting that edifice in the centre of the garden of the city ? "

" Charles, the Fifth. "

" He was a vandal—I have not yet pardoned him for that Gothic church planted in the middle of the mosque at Cordova ; and now this barracks makes me hate his crown and his glory. But where in the name of heaven is the Alhambra ? "

" It is there. "

" Where, there ? "

" Among those wretched houses. "

" Oh, come now ! "

" I give you my word of honor. "

I folded my arms and looked at him ; he laughed.

" Well, then, this great name of Alhambra is only one of the usual charlatan-like hyperboles of poets. I, Europe, the world at large, have all been ridiculously fooled ! Was it worth dreaming of the Al-

hambra for three hundred and sixty-five nights in succession, to come and see a group of deserted hovels with some broken columns in their midst, and some dingy inscriptions?"

"How much I am enjoying this!" replied Gongora, bursting out into a laugh. "Cheer up and come and persuade yourself that the world has not been fooled. We will go into the hovels."

We entered by a little door, crossed a corridor, and found ourselves in a courtyard. I seized Gongora's hand with a sudden bound, and he asked me in a tone of triumph:

"Are you persuaded?"

I made no reply, I did not see him, I was already far away from him; the Alhambra had already begun to exercise upon me that deep and mysterious fascination from which none escape, and which no one is able to explain.

We were in the *patio de los Arrayanes* (court of the myrtles), which is the largest in the building, and presents at once the appearance of a hall, courtyard, and garden. A large basin of rectangular form, filled with water, surrounded by a hedge of myrtle, extends from one side to the other of the *patio*, and reflects, like a mirror, the arches, arabesques, and inscriptions upon the walls. On the right of the entrance stretch out two rows, one above the other, of Moorish arches, upheld by light columns; and on the opposite side of the court rises a tower, with a door, through which one sees the inner semi-obscure halls and the twin windows, and beyond the windows, the blue sky and the summits of the distant mountains. The walls are ornamented, to a certain height from the ground, with superb mosaics, and from the mosaics up, they are arabesqued in a

very fine design, which seems to tremble and change at every step, and here and there, between the arabesques and along the arches extend, twist, and interlace like garlands, Arabic inscriptions, which include salutations, sentences, and legends.

Near the door of entrance is written in large characters: "Eternal salvation! Benediction! *Prosperity!*—Felicity!—Praised be God for the benefit of Islam!"

At another point is written: "I seek my refuge in the Lord of the Morning,"—elsewhere: "O God! To Thee we owe everlasting thanks and undying praises!"

In other places are verses from the Koran, and entire poems in praise of the caliphs.

We remained for some moments looking around us without opening our mouths; not the buzzing of a fly was heard. From time to time Gongora made a move toward the tower, and I, holding him by the arm felt that he was trembling with impatience.

"But we must hurry," he finally said, "else we shall not get back to Granada until evening."

"What do I care for Granada!" I replied "what do I care about evening, morning, or myself. I am in the East!"

"But you are only in the antechamber of the Alhambra, my dear Arab," said Gongora, pushing me forward; "come, come with me where it will seem more like being in the East than even here!"

And he led me, reluctantly, to the sill of the tower door. There I turned to look once more on the court of the myrtles, and uttered a cry of surprise. Between the little columns of that arched gallery which faces the tower, on the opposite side of the

court, was a girl with a beautiful dark Andalusian face, and a white mantle wrapped around her head and falling over her shoulders. She stood, leaning on the parapet in a melancholy attitude, with her eyes fastened upon us. I cannot describe the fantastic effect which that figure produced at that moment; the grace that it received from the arches which curved over the head, and from the two columns that formed a frame, and the beautiful harmony that it gave to all the court, almost as if it were a necessary ornament to that architecture, conceived by the brain of the architect when he designed the whole. She appeared like a sultana who was waiting for her lord, thinking of another sky and another love. And she continued to watch us; my heart began beating, and I questioned my friend with my eyes, so as to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Suddenly the sultana laughed, dropped her white mantle, and disappeared.

"She is a servant," said Gongora.

I remained puzzled.

It was in fact a servant of the administrator of the Alhambra, who was in the habit of playing that trick upon strangers.

We entered the tower, called the tower of Comares, or vulgarly of the Ambassadors.

The interior of the tower forms two halls, the first of which is called the hall of the boat, some say because it is boat-shaped, and some because it was called by the Arabs Hall of the *Baraka*, or benediction, which word might have been perverted by the ignorant into that of *barca* (boat). This hall does not seem like human work: it is all an enormous tracery of embroideries in the form of garlands, roses, branches, and leaves, which cover the ceiling, arches, and

walls on every side, and in every way, closely twisted, interlaced, and placed one above the other, yet marvellously distinct, and combined in such a manner that they are all seen at once at a single glance, and present an appearance of magnificence that dazzles, and a grace that fascinates one. I approached one of the walls, fixed my eyes on the farthest point of an arabesque, and tried to follow its twists and turns on the wall; the eye loses itself, the mind becomes disturbed, and all the arabesques from the floor to the ceiling seem to move and mingle, to make you lose the thread of their inextricable network. You may make every effort not to look around, fix all your attention on only one span of the wall, put your face to it, and follow the thread with your finger: it is useless; after a moment the embroideries grow mixed, a veil stretches out between you and the wall, and your arm falls. The wall seems woven like a cloth, is rich as a brocade, transparent as lace, and veined like a leaf; you cannot look at it closely, cannot remember the designs; it would be like wishing to count the ants in an ant-hill; you must be contented with giving a vague glance at the walls; then rest, look again, and resting, think of something else, and talk. After having gazed around a little with the air of a man seized with a vertigo rather than a feeling of admiration, I turned toward Gongora so that he might read in my face what I wished to say to him.

"Let us enter the other deserted place," he replied, smiling, and he pushed me into the great Hall of the Ambassadors, which occupies the entire interior of the tower, because the hall of the Barca really belongs to a small building which, although joined to the tower, actually forms no part of it. The hall is

square in shape, spacious, and lighted by nine large arched windows in the form of doors, which present almost the appearance of so many alcoves, so thick are the walls ; and each one is divided in half, toward the outside, by a little marble column which supports two elegant small arches, surmounted in their turn by two little arched windows. The walls are covered with mosaics and arabesques multiform and indescribably delicate, with innumerable inscriptions which extend in the form of broad embroidered ribbons over the arches of the windows, up the corners, along the friezes, and around the niches, in which vases filled with flowers and perfumed water were placed. The ceiling, which is very high, is composed of pieces of cedar wood, white, gilded, and blue, put together in the shape of circles, stars, and crowns ; and forms so many little ceilings, cells, and small windows, through a hundred of which falls a soft light ; and from the cornice that joins the ceiling to the walls, hung pieces of stucco worked and embroidered like stalactites and bunches of flowers. The throne was placed in a window opposite the entrance. From the windows of this side one enjoys a magnificent view of the valley of the Douro, deep and silent, as if it, too, felt the fascination of the majesty of the Alhambra ; from the windows of the other two sides are seen the boundary walls and the towers of the fortress, and from the side of the entrance, in the distance, the light arches of the Court of the Myrtles, and the waters of the basin, which reflect the azure of the sky.

"Well," asked Gongora, "was it worth the trouble of dreaming three hundred and sixty-five nights about the Alhambra?"

"It is strange," I replied, "what is passing