

through my mind at this moment. That court, as we see it from here, this hall, these windows, these colors, all that surrounds me, does not appear new to me ; it seems as if it corresponded with an idea I had in my head, for I do not know how long, confused among a thousand others, perhaps born of a dream, who knows? When I was sixteen I was in love, and that child and I, looking into each other's eyes when alone in a garden under the shade of a hut, uttered involuntarily a cry of joy, which excited us as if it had issued from the mouth of a third person who had discovered our secret. Well, then I often desired to be a king and have a palace ; yet, in giving form to that desire, my imagination never stopped at the gilded palaces of our countries, but flew to distant lands, and there, on the summit of some high mountain, it built a palace of its own design in which every thing was small and lovely, and illuminated by some mysterious light. There were to be seen long suites of rooms decorated with a thousand capricious and delicate ornaments, with windows at which only we two could stand and little columns behind which that child could scarcely have hid her face to play a joke upon me, if she heard my steps approaching from hall to hall, or the sound of my voice in the midst of the murmur of the fountains in the garden. Without knowing it, in building in imagination those palaces, I was building the Alhambra ; at such times I have imagined something similar to these halls, windows, and that court we see from here ; so like them, in fact, that the more I look around me, the better I remember it, and it seems as if I were recognizing the place rather than seeing it for the first time. When people are in love they all dream a little of the Alhambra, and if

they could translate in line and color all those dreams, we should have pictures which would astonish one from their resemblance to what one sees here. This architecture does not express power, glory, and grandeur, but rather love and voluptuousness; love with its mysteries, caprices, expansions, and its bursts of gratitude to God; voluptuousness with its bits of melancholy and silence. There is thus a strong link, a harmony between the beauty of this Alhambra and the souls of those who have been in love at sixteen, when desires are dreams and visions. From this arises the indescribable charm that this beauty exercises; and for this reason the Alhambra, although so deserted and half in ruins, is still the most fascinating palace of the world, and in seeing it for the last time strangers shed tears. It is because in saluting the Alhambra, one bids a last farewell to the most beautiful of his youthful dreams, which are revived for the last time among its walls! One says adieu to faces indescribably dear which have broken through the oblivion of many years to look for a last time through the little columns of these windows! One bids farewell to all the fancies of youth, farewell to that love which never lives again!"

"It is true!" replied my friend; "but what will you say when you have seen the Court of the Lions! Come, let us go to it!"

We hurriedly left the tower, crossed the court of the myrtles, and arrived before a little door facing that of the entrance.

"Stop!" cried out Gongora.

I stopped.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"A hundred."

"Only one : close your eyes and do not open them until I tell you to do so."

"They are closed."

"But be careful to keep them so; if you open them I shall be annoyed!"

"Do not be afraid!"

Gongora took me by the hand and led me forward, I trembling like a leaf.

We took, perhaps, fifteen steps and stopped. Gongora said in a voice full of emotion :

"Look!"

I looked, and I swear on the heads of my readers, I felt two tears running down my cheeks.

We were in the Court of the Lions.

If I had been forced to leave it as soon as I had entered, I should not have been able to tell what I had seen. It is a forest of columns, a mingling of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, an indescribable delicacy, a prodigious richness, a something light, transparent, and undulating, like a great pavilion of lace; with almost the appearance of a building which must dissolve at a breath; a variety of lights, views, mysterious darkness, a confusion, a capricious disorder of little things, the majesty of a palace, the gaiety of a chiosk, an amorous grace, an extravagance, a delirium, the fancy of an imaginative child, the dream of an angel, a madness, a nameless something—such is the first effect produced by the Court of the Lions!

It is a court not larger than a large ball-room; rectangular in form, with walls as high as the Andalusian houses which have only one floor. All around runs a light portico, upheld by slender columns of white marble, grouped in a symmetrical disorder, two by two, and three by three, almost without any

pedestal, so that they seem like the trunks of trees placed on the ground. They are finished with variegated capitals, tall and slender, in the shape of small pilasters, over which curve little arches of graceful form, which, rather than leaning, seemed to be suspended over the columns in the shape of curtains, that sustain the columns themselves, like ribbons and waving garlands. From the middle of the shortest sides advance two groups of columns, which form two species of square temples, of nine arches each, surmounted by as many colored cupola. The walls of these little temples and the exterior of the portico are a real lace-work of stucco, embroideries, and hems, cut and pierced from one side to the other, and as transparent as net-work, changing in design at every step. Sometimes they end in points, in crimps, in festoons, sometimes in ribbons waving around the arches, in kinds of stalactites, fringes, trinkets, and bows, which seem to oscillate and mingle at the slightest breath of air. Large Arabic inscriptions run along the four walls, over the arches, around the capitals, and on the walls of the little temples. In the centre of the court rises a great marble basin, upheld by twelve lions, and surrounded by a little paved canal, from which start four other small canals that, describing a cross between the four sides of the court, cross the portico, enter the neighboring halls, unite with other conduits, and run around the entire building. Behind the two small temples, and in the middle of the other two sides, open halls and suites of halls, with large open doors, that allow one to see the dark terminus against which the little white columns gleam as they would do before the mouth of a grotto. At every step one takes in the court, that forest of columns



seems to move and change place, to form again in another way; behind one column, which seems alone, two, three, or a row will spring out; others separate, unite, and separate again. To look from the end of one of those rooms, every thing seems changed; the arches on the opposite side appear very distant, the columns out of place, the little temples of another form; one sees through walls new arches and columns appearing here illuminated by the sun, there in the shade, beyond scarcely visible in the dim light which falls through the interstices of the stucco; further on they are lost in darkness. There is a continual variety of views, distances, deceptions, mysterious and optical illusions, caused by the architecture, the sun, and your overheated and excited imagination.

“What must this court have been,” said Góngora, “when the interior walls of the portico were glistening with mosaics, the capitals of the columns gleaming with gold, the ceilings and vaults painted in a thousand colors, the doors closed by silken curtains, the arches filled with flowers, and, under the little temples and in the rooms ran perfumed water, and from the nostrils of the lions burst a thousand sprays which fell back into the basin, and the air was full of the most delicious perfumes of Arabia!”

We remained for more than an hour in the court, and it passed like a flash; I, too, did what almost all people do, be they Spanish or strangers, men or women, poets or not. I ran my hand along the walls, touched all the little columns, and passed my two hands around them, one by one, as around the waist of a child; I hid among them, counted them, looked at them on a hundred sides, crossed the court in a hundred ways, tried if it were true that

in saying a word, sotto voce, into the mouth of one lion, one could hear it distinctly from the mouths of all the others; I looked on the marbles for the spots of blood of poetic legends, and wearied both eyes and brain over the arabesques. There were many ladies there. Women do all sorts of childish things in the Court of the Lions; they put their face between the twin columns, hide in dark corners, sit on the ground, and remain for hours motionless, their head resting in their hand, dreaming. These ladies did the same thing. There was one dressed in white who, passing behind the distant columns, when she thought she was unseen, assumed a certain easy, majestic gait, like a melancholy sultana, and then laughed with her friends; it was enchanting to see them. My friend said to me:

"Let us go."

I replied:

"Let us go," without being able to move one step. I not only experienced a sweet feeling of astonishment, but I trembled with pleasure, and was seized with the desire to touch, examine, and see between those walls and columns as if they were of some mysterious substance, and as if the first cause of the fascination which that place exercises upon all, were to be found in their hidden recesses. In all my life I have never thought, nor said, nor shall I say, so many foolish, stupid, pretty, senseless things as I thought and said in that hour.

"One must come here," said Gongora, "at sunrise, at sunset, and on moonlight nights to see all the marvels of color, shade, and light! It is really enough to make one lose his reason!"

We went to see the halls. On the eastern side

there is one called the Hall of Justice, which one reaches in passing under three great arches, each one of which corresponds with a door opening on to the court. It is a long and narrow hall, whose architecture is rich and bold, the walls covered with intricate arabesques and precious mosaics, and the ceiling all points, bunches, and knobs of stucco that hang from the arches, along the walls, and here and there crowd together, droop, emerge from one another, and seem to dispute the space like the bubbles in boiling water, presenting in many points the traces of antique colors, which must have given to that ceiling the appearance of a pavilion covered with suspended fruit and flowers. The hall has three small alcoves, in each one of which, on the ceiling, one still sees an Arabic painting, to which the age and the extreme fineness of work of the pencil by the Arabs, give a great value. The paintings are done on leather, and the leather is fastened to the wall. In the middle compartment are represented, on a gold background, ten men, who are supposed to be ten kings of Granada, dressed in white, seated upon embroidered cushions, with hoods drawn over their heads, and their hands resting on scimitars. The paintings in the other two alcoves represent castles, ladies, cavaliers, and hunting and love scenes, whose signification it is difficult to grasp. The physiognomy of the ten kings, however, correspond marvellously with the idea that we have formed of that people. There is olive color, the sensual mouth, the black, penetrating, and mysterious eye, which one always seems to see gleaming in the dark corners of the halls in the Alhambra.

On the northern side of the court there is another hall called that *de las dos Hermanas* (the Hall of the

Two Sisters), from the two great slabs of marble which form its pavement. It is the loveliest hall in the Alhambra. It is small, square in shape, covered by one of those ceilings in the form of a cupola, which the Spaniards call half oranges, supported by small columns and arches placed in a circle, all ornamented like a grotto with stalactites, in numberless points and indentations, colored and gilded, and so light in appearance that they seem to be suspended in the air, and, if touched, would tremble like a curtain, rend like a cloud, and disappear as if they were a collection of soap bubbles. The walls of stucco, as in all the other halls, and covered with very delicate arabesques, are one of the most marvellous productions of human fancy and patience. The longer one looks, the more the innumerable lines gather and interlace. One figure is formed from another, a third grows out of this, and all three present a fourth, which has hitherto escaped the eye. Then this divides itself suddenly into ten, and is once more decomposed and transformed. One never ceases to discover new combinations, because where the first reappear, having already been forgotten, they produce the same effect as before. One could easily lose his reason and sight in trying to find the end of that labyrinth. It takes an hour to see the outlines of a window, the ornaments of a pilaster, and the arabesques of a freize; but an hour would not suffice to impress upon the mind the design of one of the great cedar doors. On two sides of the hall there are two small alcoves; in the centre is a little basin with a pipe for a water jet, which is joined to the canal which crosses the court and goes to the Fountain of the Lions. In a straight line from the door of entrance, on the opposite side, there is another door through

which one enters a second long, narrow path called the Hall of the Oranges. From this hall, through a third door, one enters a little cabinet called the Cabinet of Lindaraja, exceedingly rich in ornaments, and closed by a very graceful two-arched window which looks out on the garden.

In order to enjoy all the beauty of this magical architecture, it is necessary to go out of the Hall of the Two Sisters, cross the Court of the Lions, and enter the Hall of the Abencerrages, on the southern side, opposite that of the Two Sisters, which it closely resembles in form and ornamentation. From the end of this hall the eye sweeps across the Court of the Lions, passes the Hall of the Two Sisters, enters that of the Oranges, penetrates into the Cabinet of Lindaraja, and so into the garden, whose luxuriant verdure appears under the arches of that exquisite window. The two apertures of this window, which, seen from the distance, appear so small and full of light at the end of that suite of dark rooms, look like two eyes, making one fancy that beyond them must lie some of the mysteries of Paradise.

After seeing the Hall of the Abencerrages, we went to look at the baths lying between the Hall of the Two Sisters and the Court of the Myrtles. We descended a little staircase, passed through a narrow corridor, and came out in a splendid hall called that of the Divans, in which the favorites of the kings used to come, and rest on Persian carpets, and listen to the sound of the lyre, after their bath in the neighboring rooms. This hall was rebuilt on the ruins of the old one, and arabesqued, gilded, and painted by Spanish artists, as the other one must have been ; so that it may be considered as a room of the time of the Arabs, which has been preserved

intact. In its centre is a fountain. In two opposite walls are two species of alcoves (in which the women reclined), the tribunes occupied by the players being higher. The walls are striped, speckled, dotted, and picked out with a thousand different colors, so that they present the appearance of Chinese stuffs wrought with gold threads, and that interminable net-work of figures which would drive the most patient mosaic worker in the world quite crazy!

Yet a painter was working in that room! He had been occupied three months in copying the walls! He was a German. Gongora knew him, and asked: "It is a maddening sort of work, is it not?" To which the man smilingly replied: "It does not seem so to me," as he bent again over his picture.

I looked at him as I should have done at a creature from another world.

We passed into the little bath rooms, which are vaulted and lighted from above by means of some holes in the wall in the shape of stars and flowers. The tubs are of a single piece of marble, very wide, and fastened between the walls. The corridors leading from one room to the other are so low and narrow that a man can hardly pass, but are deliciously cool. Looking in at one of those little rooms, I was suddenly seized by a sad thought.

"What is troubling you?" my friend asked.

"I am thinking," I replied, "how we live, summer and winter, in houses which look like barracks; in rooms on the third floor that are either dark, or else filled by a flood of light; without marble, water, flowers, or little pillars, and that we must live all our lives in this way and die among such walls, without having even once experienced the luxury of these enchanted palaces; that, even in this miser-

able earthly life, it is possible to enjoy immensely ; but I shall enjoy nothing ! I might have been born a king of Granada, four centuries ago, instead of which I am simply a poor man !”

My friend laughed, and, taking my arm between his first finger and thumb, as if to give me a pinch, replied :

“ Don't think of that ; think rather of how much that was beautiful and lovely these tubs have seen ; of the little feet that played in the perfumed water, of the long hair that spread over their edges, of the great languid eyes that looked at the sky through the holes of this ceiling, while, under the arches of the Court of the Lions resounded the hastening steps of an impatient caliph, and the hundred fountains in the palace said with a quickened murmur : ‘ Come, come, come ! ’ while, in a perfumed room, a slave, trembling with reverence, drew the rose-colored curtain.”

“ Oh ! do leave my soul in peace ! ” I said, shrugging my shoulders.

We crossed the garden of the Cabinet of Lindaraja, a mysterious-looking court called *patio della Reja*, and through a long gallery looking out on the country, we arrived at the top of one of the farthest towers of the Alhambra, under a small pavilion opened on all sides, and called *Tocador de la reina*, (the queen's toilette), which seemed to be suspended over an abyss, like the nest of an eagle.

That the spectacle one enjoys from this point is not equalled on the face of the earth, I am sure may be said without fear of contradiction from any one.

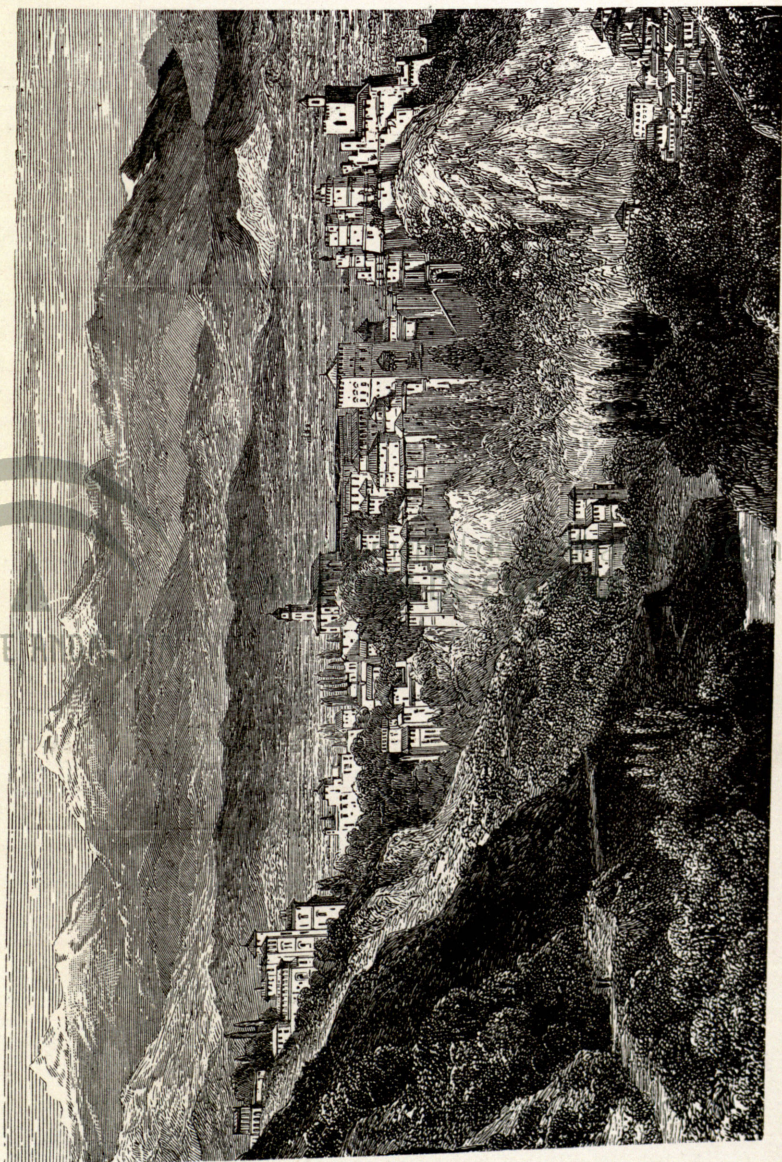
Imagine an immense plain, as green as a field covered with young grass, traversed in all directions by endless rows of cypresses, pines, oaks, and pop-

lars, scattered with thick groves of oranges (which, in the distance, look like bushes), and great kitchen and flower gardens, so filled with fruit trees that they present the appearance of hillsides covered with verdure. Across this immense plain flows the Xenil, shining among the groves and gardens like a silver ribbon. On all sides are wooded hills, and beyond these hills, very high rocks in fantastic shapes, which seem like a girdle of walls and titanic towers separating this paradise from the world. Directly under one's eyes lies the city of Granada, partly stretched over the plain, partly on a hillside scattered with groups of trees and shapeless masses of verdure, rising and waving above the tops of the houses, like enormous plumes, which seem to spread out, join together, and cover the entire city. Farther down is the deep valley of the Darro, more than covered, filled, almost overwhelmed, by a prodigious accumulation of vegetation rising like a mountain, beyond which projects a grove of gigantic poplars which wave their tops under the windows of the tower almost within reach of one's hand. To the right beyond the Darro, on a hill rising straight and bold, like a cupola, toward heaven, is the palace of the Generalife, crowned by aerial gardens, and almost hidden amid a grove of laurels, poplars, and pomegranates. On the opposite side, is a marvellous spectacle, an incredible thing—the vision of a dream! the Sierra Nevada, the highest mountain in Europe, after the Alps, white as snow, to within a few miles of the gates of Granada, white as far as the hills where the palms and pomegranates rear their heads, displays in all its splendor an almost tropical vegetation. Fancy now above this immense paradise, containing all the smiling graces of



the East, and all the grave beauties of the North, which unites Europe to Africa, bringing to these nuptials all the most beautiful marvels of nature, and sending up to heaven in one, all the perfumes of the earth; fancy, I say, above this blessed valley, the sky and sun of Andalusia, which, turning toward the West, tints the summits rose-color, and the slopes of the Sierra with all the colors of the iris and all the shades of the clearest blue pearls. Its rays become golden, purple, and ashy, as they fall upon the rocks crowning the plain; and sinking in the midst of a conflagration of beam, cast, like a last farewell, a luminous crown around the pensive towers of the Alhambra, and the enwreathed pinnacles of the Generalife. Tell me, then, whether the world can offer any thing more solemn, glorious, or intoxicating than this love feast of the earth and sky, before which, for nine centuries, Granada has trembled with voluptuousness and pride.

The roof of the *mirador de la reina* is supported by small Moorish pillars, between which stretch flat arches, that give to the pavilion a strangely capricious and graceful aspect. The walls are painted in fresco, and the initials of Isabella and Philip V, interlaced with cupids and flowers, extend along the frieze. Beside the entrance door there still lies a stone of the old pavement, perforated, on which, it is said, the sultanas were placed, that they might be enveloped in the cloud of perfume burning underneath. Every thing up there breathes of love and joy! Here, one inhales an air as pure as that of the mountain tops; perceives a mingled fragrance of myrtle and rose; and no other sound is heard save the murmur of the Darro, which dashes between the stones of its rocky bed, and the song



VIEW OF GRANADA.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

of thousands of birds hidden in the dense verdure of the valley. It is a veritable rest for lovers ; a hanging alcove, in which to go and dream of an aerial terrace, where they might climb to thank God for being so happy.

" Ah ! Gongora," I exclaimed, after having contemplated, for a few moments, that enchanting spectacle, " I would give ten years of my life could I summon here, by the stroke of a magician's wand, all the dear ones who are waiting for me in Italy ! "

Gongora pointed out a large space upon the wall, quite black with dates and names, written in pencil and charcoal, and cut with pen-knives, by visitors to the Alhambra.

" What is written here ? " he asked.

I approached, and uttered a cry—

" Chateaubriand ! "

" And here ? "

" Byron ! "

" And here ? "

" Victor Hugo ! "

Coming down from the *mirador de la reina* I thought that I had seen the Alhambra, and was imprudent enough to say as much to my friend. If a stick had been in his hand, I am sure he would have given me a blow ; but not having one, he contented himself by looking at me with the air of one asking if I had lost my reason.

We returned to the Court of the Myrtles, and visited the halls on the other side of the Tower of Comares, the greater part half ruined, others altered some perfectly bare, without pavement or roof, but all worth seeing, because of the associations they awaken, and in order to understand thoroughly the structure of the edifice. The old mosque

was converted into a chapel by Charles V ; a great Arabian hall into an oratory. Here and there one sees remains of arabesques, and ceilings of carved cedar. The galleries, courts, and vestibules seem like those of a palace devastated by the flames.

Having visited also this portion of the Alhambra, I really thought there was nothing more to see, and again I was imprudent enough to say so to Gongora. He could contain himself no longer, and leading me into the vestibule of the Court of the Myrtles, up to a plan of the building, which was fastened to the wall, he said :

“ Look ! and you will see that all the rooms, courts, and towers, which we have already visited, do not occupy a twentieth part of the space enclosed by the Alhambra walls ; that we have not yet seen the remains of three other mosques, the ruins of the house of the Cadi, the Water-tower, together with those of the Infanta, the Prisoner, the Candil, Pico, Poignards, *Siete melos*, Captain, Massacre, Hidalgos, Cocks, Heads, Weapons, Cubes, Homage, la Vela, Powder, what is left of the house of Mondejar, the military quarters, iron gate, internal walls, cisterns, and promenades ; for, you must know that the Alhambra is not a palace, but a city ! One might pass a lifetime there in looking up arabesques, reading inscriptions, discovering each day some new view of the hills and mountains ; and in going into ecstasies regularly one hour out of every twenty-four ! ”

And I thought I had seen the Alhambra !

I did not wish to do any more sight-seeing that day, and heaven only knows what a state my head was in when I reached the hotel. The following morning, at sunrise, I returned to the Alhambra ;



went back at evening : and, in fact, continued to go there every day during my sojourn at Granada, either with Gongora, other friends, guides, or alone, as the case might be. The Alhambra always seemed vaster, and more beautiful to me, when I wandered back through those courts and halls, passing hours seated between the columns, or leaning against the windows, with an ever-increasing pleasure, as I discovered each time new beauties, and abandoned myself to those vague and delicious fancies, which had filled my mind on the first day. I should not be able to tell through what entrances my friends led me into the Alhambra, but I remember that every day, in going there, I saw walls, towers, and deserted streets, that I had never seen before, and it seemed as if the Alhambra had changed its site and been transformed, or that new buildings, springing up, as if by magic, around it, had entirely altered its former aspect. How could any one describe the beauty of those places when the sun was setting ! that fantastic thicket, with the moonlight falling upon it ! the immense plain, and snow-clad mountains on quiet nights ! the grand outlines of those enormous walls, superb towers, and high trees, against the starry sky ! or the continuous rustling in the breeze of those boundless masses of verdure, which fill the valley, and cover the hillsides ! It was a spectacle, in the presence of which my companions (born at Granada, and accustomed to witnessing it from their infancy) remained quite speechless, so that we walked for long distances in silence, each one buried in his own thoughts, his heart filled with a gentle sadness, that at times made our eyes moisten, and our faces turn heavenward in a burst of gratitude and tenderness !

The day of my arrival at Granada, when I reëntered the hotel at midnight, instead of silence and quiet, I found the *patio* lighted like a ball-room; people seated at tables sipping sherbet, and others running here and there, talking and laughing, so that I was forced to wait an hour before going to bed. However, I passed that hour very agreeably. While I stood looking at a map of Spain fastened to the wall, a huge man, with a face as red as a beet, approached me, and, touching his cap, asked if I were an Italian, to which I replied in the affirmative. Then he added, smiling :

“ And I too ; I am the proprietor of the hotel.”

“ I am glad to hear it, all the more so because I see that you are making money.”

“ Yes,—” he replied in a melancholy tone.

“ Yes, I cannot complain ; but, believe me, dear sir, no matter how well affairs may go, when one is away from his own country, he feels a great void here” (striking himself on his enormous chest).

I looked at his protruding stomach in silence.

“ A great void,” repeated the landlord ; “ for one never forgets his own country—from what province are you, sir ? ”

“ From Liguria—and you ? ”

“ From Piedmont. Liguria ! Piedmont ! Lombardy ! Those are countries ! ”

“ They are very beautiful, without doubt ; but still, you have no reason to complain of Spain. You live in one of the most beautiful cities of the world, are the proprietor of one of the finest hotels in the city, have a crowd of strangers all the year round, and then I see that you enjoy excellent health.”

“ But the void ! ”

I looked again at his stomach.

"Oh! I understand, sir; but you are wrong, you know, to judge by appearances! You cannot imagine what I feel when an Italian comes here. It may be weakness,—I do not know,—but I should like to see him every day at table; believe me, if my wife did not object to it, I would send him, on my own account, a dozen dishes for the first course."

"What time do you dine to-morrow?"

"At five o'clock. However, one eats little here—warm countries—every one lives lightly—no matter what his nationality may be—it is a rule! But have you not seen the other Italian who is here?"

Saying which, he turned around, and a man who was watching us from a corner of the court approached. After a few words, the landlord left us alone. The stranger was a man in the forties, wretchedly dressed, who talked with his teeth tightly closed, and continually twisted his hands in a nervous manner, as if he had great difficulty in restraining himself from using his fists. He told me he was a Lombardian, a chorus singer, and had arrived the previous day at Granada with other artists, who were engaged at the opera for the summer season.

"A suicidal kind of country," he exclaimed, without any preamble, looking around as if he were about to give a discourse.

"Then you don't like living in Spain?" I asked.

"In Spain? I? Excuse me; but you might as well ask if I liked living in the galleys."

"Why?"

"Why? Don't you see what a people the Spanish are: ignorant, superstitious, proud, sanguinary, impostors, rogues, charlatans, and rascals."

Then he stood motionless for a moment in an in-

terrogative attitude, with the veins of his neck so swollen that they seemed ready to burst."

"Pardon me," I replied, "your opinion is not sufficiently favorable to admit of my agreeing with you. As for ignorance, you will excuse me, but it does not do for us Italians, who still have cities where the schoolmasters are stoned and the professors who give their pupils a cipher are stabbed, to find fault with others. As to superstition, oh, poor us! When we see in the city of all Italy—the one in which popular education is most diffused—a regular tumult take place because a miraculous image of the Virgin has been found by some wretched woman in the middle of the street. Then, as to crime, I tell you frankly that if I were obliged to make a comparison between the two countries, statistics in hand, in the presence of a Spanish audience, without having first informed myself as to the causes and results, I should be very much frightened. I do not mean to say by this that we, taking all things into consideration, are not in a better condition than the Spaniards; but I do mean that an Italian, in judging Spaniards, if he wishes to be just, must be indulgent."

"Excuse me, but that does not satisfy me—it is a country without any *political bias*! a country which is a *prey to anarchy*. Tell me the name of any great Spaniard of the present day!"

"I really cannot—there are so few great men anywhere.

"Cite me a Galileo!"

"Ah, they have none!"

"Cite me a Ratazzi!"

"They have none either."

"Cite me—but they have nothing! Do you think the country beautiful?"



"Ah! excuse me ; that is a point which I will not cede. Andalusia, to cite a single province, is a paradise. Seville, Cadiz, and Granada are magnificent cities."

"What? Do you like the little houses of Seville and Cadiz, which whiten any poor devil from head to foot who happens to graze their walls? Do you like the narrow streets, which one can hardly pass through after a good dinner? Do you find the Andalusian women, with their demoniacal eyes, beautiful? Nonsense! You are too indulgent. They are not a serious people. They called Don Amadeus, and now they wish him no longer! It is just because they are not worthy of being governed by a *civilized man!*" (textual).

"Then you find nothing good in Spain?"

"Nothing!"

"Why do you remain here, then?"

"Simply because I earn my bread here."

"That is something."

"But what food! I live like a dog, with this Spanish cooking!"

"Pardon me ; but instead of living like a dog in Spain, why do you not go and live like a man in Italy?"

This remark rather confused the poor artist; and in order to relieve him from his embarrassment, I offered him a cigar, which he took and lighted without uttering a word. Nor was he the only Italian in Spain who spoke in this manner of the country and its inhabitants; denying even the clearness of the sky and the gracefulness of the Andalusian women. I cannot see what pleasure there is in travelling in this way, with one's heart closed to every charitable feeling, al-

ways ready to censure and despise, as if every good and beautiful thing found in a foreign country had been stolen from our own, and as if we could not boast of being worth any thing ourselves except on the condition of undervaluing others. People who travel in this frame of mind, inspire in me more pity than annoyance, because they deprive themselves voluntarily of many pleasures and comforts. At least, so it seems to me, in judging others by myself; because wherever I go, the first feeling that people and things waken in me is one of sympathy; a desire not to find any thing to censure; a wish to embellish in my own eyes all lovely things, to conceal from myself all that is displeasing, to pardon defects, and to say distinctly to myself and others that I am content with every thing. I am not obliged to make any effort to reach this point, for every thing presents itself almost spontaneously to my eyes under its most agreeable aspect; and my imagination benignly covers all other aspects with a little *couleur de rose*. I am very well aware that one cannot study a country in this way, write critical essays, nor acquire the reputation of being a profound thinker; but I know that one travels with a tranquil mind, and that the journeys are very profitable.

The following day I went to see the Generalife, a summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns, whose name is associated with that of the Alhambra, as that of the Alhambra is with that of Granada; although very few arches and arabesque of the ancient Generalife remain. It is a small, simple, white villa, with few windows, an arched gallery, and a terrace, and is hidden in the midst of a thicket of laurel and myrtle, on the summit of a flowery mountain rising on the right bank of the Darro, opposite the hill of

the Alhambra. In front of the façade of the palace extends a little garden, and other gardens rise one above the other, almost in the form of a terrace, up to the top of the mountain, where a high *loggia* rises, forming the boundary of the Generalife. The avenues of the gardens, the broad steps that lead from one to another, and the beds full of flowers, are flanked by high espaliers, surmounted by arches, and divided into arbors of curved myrtle, and interlaced with graceful designs. At each landing rise small white houses, shaded by trellises and groups of orange trees and cypresses. The water is as abundant now as in the time of the Arabs, and gives to the place a grace, freshness, and life which is quite indescribable. On all sides you hear the murmur of brooklets and fountains. You turn from one avenue and meet a jet of water, look out of a window and see a spurt that comes up to the window-sill, enter a group of trees and receive the spray from a cascade in your face. Everywhere you turn there is water, which is leaping, running, falling, gurgling, or sparkling amid the grass and shrubs. From the top of this *loggia* the eye falls upon all those gardens descending in slopes, and stairs; sinks into the abyss of vegetation which separates the two mountains; takes in all the boundary of the Alhambra, with the cupolas of its little temples, distant towers, and paths that wind among its ruins; extends over the city of Granada, the plain, and hills; and traverses with a single glance all the summits of the Sierra Nevada, which seem within an hour's reach. While you are contemplating this spectacle, your ear is soothed by the murmur of a hundred springs, and the distant sound of the city bells, coming up in waves, from time to time, to-

gether with a mysterious perfume of an earthly paradise, that makes you tremble with delight.

Beyond the Generalife, on the top of a higher mountain, now bare and squalid, there rose, in the time of the Arabs, other royal palaces with gardens joined together by great avenues lined with myrtles. Now, all those marvels of architecture, crowned by groves, fountains, and flowers, those enchanted aërial palaces, those superb nests filled with love and delight, have disappeared, and scarcely a pile of debris, or a little bit of wall, remains to show the traveller where they stood. Yet these ruins, which elsewhere would give rise to a feeling of melancholy, do not have this effect in the presence of that beautiful nature; whose fascination has never been equalled by even the most marvellous works of man.

Upon reëntering the city, I stopped at one end of the *Carrera del Darro* (course of the Darro), before a house richly ornamented with bas-reliefs, representing heraldic shields, armor, cherubims, and lions, with a small balcony on one corner, over which, partly on one wall, partly on the other, I read the following mysterious inscription in large letters :

“ ESPERANDO LA DEL CIELO,”

which signifies, literally translated : *Awaiting that of heaven.* Curious to know the hidden meaning of these words, I wrote them down, to ask the gifted father of my friend about them. He gave me two explanations, one of which is probably correct, but not romantic ; the other romantic, but decidedly doubtful. Here is the latter : The house belonged

to Don Fernando di Zafra, secretary of the Catholic kings, who had a beautiful daughter. A young hidalgo, of a family either inimical or inferior to that of the Zafra, became enamoured of the daughter, and his love was returned, and he asked for her hand, but was refused. This refusal of the father added fuel to the flame of these young people's love. The windows of the house were low, and the lover succeeded, one night, in climbing by a ladder into the girl's room. Whether he overturned a chair in entering, coughed, or gave a cry of joy at the sight of his lovely sweetheart with loosened hair and open arms, tradition does not narrate, but certain it is, that Don Fernando di Zafra, hearing a noise, rushed in, discovered every thing, and, blind with rage, dashed upon the unfortunate youth to put him to death. The young fellow succeeded in making his escape, however, and Don Fernando, in following him, stumbled across one of his own pages, a partisan of this affair, who had helped the hidalgo to enter the house. Without waiting to hear any explanations or prayers, he had him seized, and hanged from the balcony. Tradition states that while the poor victim cried: "Pity! pity!" the offended father replied, pointing to the terrace: "Thou wilt stay there *esperando la del cielo!*" a reply which he afterward had engraved upon the stone over the wall; to the perpetual terror of seducers and go-betweens.

I devoted the remainder of the day to the churches and convents.

The cathedral of Granada deserves, even more than that of Malaga (which is also beautiful and magnificent), to be described part by part; but there

has been enough descriptions of churches already. It was begun in 1529 by the Catholic kings, but remained unfinished. It has a great façade, with three doors, ornamented by statues and bas-reliefs; and is formed by five naves, divided by twenty immense pilasters composed of a group of slender pillars. The chapels contain paintings of *Boccagnegra*, pieces of sculpture by *Torrighiani*, tombs and precious ornaments. The most beautiful of all is the principal chapel, upheld by twenty Corinthian columns, divided into two rows, on the first of which rise colossal statues of the twelve apostles, and on the second an entablature covered with garlands and heads of cherubims. Above runs a row of lovely stained glass windows, representing the Passion, and from the frieze which crowns them spring ten bold arches that form the roof of the chapel. In the arches supporting the columns are six great paintings of *Alonzo Cano*, which have the reputation of being his most beautiful and complete work.

Since I have named *Alonzo Cano* (a native of *Granada*, one of the most valiant Spanish painters, of the sixteenth century, who, although a disciple of the *Sevillian* school rather than a founder, as others assert, of a school of his own, is not less original than his greater contemporaries), I wish to jot down some of the traits of his character and incidents of his life, which are little known out of Spain, but very noteworthy. *Alonzo Cano* was the most quarrelsome, irate, and violent of the Spanish painters. He passed his life in litigation. He was an ecclesiast, and from 1652 to 1658, for six consecutive years, without one day's interruption, he quarrelled with the canons of the *Granada Cathedral*, of whom he was the accountant. Before leav-

ing Granada, he broke into pieces with his own hands a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, which he had made by order of an auditor of the chancery, because the latter ventured to observe that the price seemed a little dear. He was nominated drawing-master of the prince imperial, who, it would seem, was not born with a talent for painting, and treated his pupil so badly that the latter was obliged to have recourse to the king in order to be taken out of his hands. Sent back, by special favor, to Granada, to the chapter of the cathedral, he retained such a feeling of rancor about his old quarrels with the canons, that he would never do another stroke with his pencil for them. This is very little. He nourished a blind, brutal, inextinguishable hatred against the Jews, and had taken the fancy into his head that the touching of a Jew in any way, or of any effect touched by him, would bring him misfortune. This fixed idea made him do some of the most extraordinary things in the world. If, in passing through the street, he touched a Jew, he would take off the infected garment, and return home in his shirt sleeves. If by chance he succeeded in discovering that a servant had received a Jew into the house during his absence, he would discharge the servant, throw away the shoes with which he had trod the pavement profaned by the circumcised, and sometimes even had the pavement entirely made over. He found means to quarrel even when he was dying. When his last hour arrived, and a confessor presented him a common crucifix made with a hatchet, that he might kiss it, he pushed it away with his hand, saying as he did so: "Father, give me a bare cross, so that I may worship Jesus Christ as he really is, and as I see him in my mind." Despite all this, he had a good and

charitable heart, despised every low action, and loved deeply and purely the art in which he made himself immortal.

Returning to the church, when I had made the tour of the chapels and was preparing to leave, I was suddenly seized with the idea that something still remained to be seen. I had not read the guide book, and no one had told me any thing; but I heard a voice within me saying: "Seek!" and indeed I looked around me in every direction without knowing of what I was in search. A guide noticed me, approached sidewise, as they all do, and asked, with a mysterious air:

"Do you wish any thing?"

"I should like you to tell me," I replied, "if there is any thing to be seen in this cathedral besides that which one sees from here!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed the guide, "that you have not seen the royal chapel?"

"What is there in the royal chapel?"

"What is there? Caramba! Nothing less than the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic!"

I thought so! There was a place in my mind prepared for this idea, and the idea was not there! The Catholic kings must, of course, have been buried at Granada, where they fought the last great chivalrous war of the mediæval ages, and where they commissioned Christopher Columbus to arm the ships that took him to the New World! I ran rather than walked to the royal chapel, preceded by the limping guide; an old priest opened the door of the sacristy, and before allowing me to enter and see the tombs, he led me to a species of glass cabinet filled with precious objects, and said:



"You know that Isabella the Catholic, in order to furnish Christopher Columbus with the money for the arming of his ships, and not knowing where to find any, as the coffers of state were empty, put her jewels in pawn."

"Yes ; well?" I asked impatiently, and foreseeing the answer, felt my heart beating rapidly.

"Well," replied the sacristan, "this is the box in which the queen placed her jewels when sending them to pawn!"

Saying which, he opened the door, took out the box, and handed it to me.

Let strong men say what they choose ; for my part, these things make me tremble and weep. I have touched the box which contained the treasures by means of which Columbus was enabled to discover America! Every time that I repeat these words, my blood is stirred within me! and I add: "I have touched it with this hand," and I look at my hand.

That cabinet also contains the sword of King Ferdinand, the crown and sceptre of Isabella, a missal and several other ornaments of these two sovereigns.

We entered the chapel, between the altar and a great iron railing which separates it from the remaining space, in front of two large marble mausoleums, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs of great value. On one of them are stretched the statues of Ferdinand and Isabella, dressed in their royal robes, with crown, sword, and sceptre. On the other were the statues of two other princes of Spain. Around the statues were lions, angels, coats of arms, and various ornaments, which present a regally austere and magnificent aspect.

The sacristan lighted a torch, and, pointing to a kind of trap-door situated in the pavement which separates the two mausoleums, begged me to raise it, so that we could go down below. The guide assisted me, we opened the trap the sacristan descended, and I followed him down a narrow staircase to a little subterranean room, in which were five lead caskets, each one marked with two initials surmounted by a crown. The sacristan lowered the torch, and, touching them one by one, said to me in a slow and solemn voice ;

“ Here reposes the great Queen Isabella the Catholic.”

“ Here reposes the great King Ferdinand V.”

“ Here reposes the King Philip I.”

“ Here reposes Queen Joanna the mad.”

“ Here reposes Donna Maria, her daughter, who died at the age of nine years.”

“ God have them all in his holy keeping.”

Then planting his torch in the ground, he crossed his arms and closed his eyes, as if to give me time for my meditations.

One might grow quite humpbacked leaning over a table while he described all the religious monuments of Granada. There are the superb Cartoja, the Montesacro, containing the grottos of the martyrs ; the Church of San Geronimo, where the great captain Gonsales di Cordova is buried ; the convent of St. Dominic, founded by the inquisitor Torquemada ; that of the Angels, which contains pictures of Cano and Murillo ; together with many others, but I fancy that my readers may be much more weary than I, so will spare them a quantity of descriptions which would probably only give them a confused idea of things.