and deference. But it is all form and phrase. He does not mean what he says or implies. The moment you show yourself silly enough to take him at his word, this inflated courtesy ceases, under the pressure of his own comfort, convenience, and interest. Every-day life, both public and private, shows this fact. If it were not so, he would not officially make the foreign traveller—to whom the value of time is often beyond estimate—wait until to-morrow, and to-morrow—mañana, mañana—for what might as readily be done to-day. Nor would he puff the smoke of his cigar across a lady's dinner-plate during the courses, flip the fragments of his food in her face with his ever-active tooth-pick, and spit at her side at fashionable restaurant and hotel tables. One can hardly tell whether he is fool enough to think he deludes the rest of mankind by his pretentiousness of politeness, or so conceited and rude as to be indifferent to what others may think of him. Both are characteristics of a race, whose history is that of self-deception and superciliousness.

Scarcely will Valencia have been left, before that feature of agriculture introduced by the Moors into Spain, and cherished since the reconquest of the country in this and neighbouring provinces, will attract the traveller's attention—a vast network of little canals carrying their tribute to every man's field and vineyard. The thirsty soil of one of the driest parts of the continent, drinks the great fertilizer, bearing often the elements of enrichment, and the result is a wondrous affluence of vegetation. Barrenness is not known here. On every hand are spread out varied crops—wheat, barley, maize, rice, beans, potatoes; olives, apples, and

pears; with the purple grape and golden orange, the citron and pomegranate, to beautify the landscape; and and palms to wave their plumage in welcome of the breezes which come to bear away the breath of fragrance. The Valencian and Murcian Moors with their fervid Orientalism, were excusable for framing the pretty sentiment, that "a piece of Paradise had been detached and fallen on this part of our planet." Nor is it surprising that irrigated lands in this part of Spain, are held at almost fabulous prices: nor that water-rights should be guarded with jealous watchfulness.

Thirty-six miles from the city of Valencia is *Jativa*, where the Duke of Calabria—heir of the crown of Naples, and Cæsar Borgia, were both imprisoned in violation of the pledges of Gonzalvo de Cordova; two deeds—and perhaps the only two—which bore heavily on the conscience of the great captain in after life. His kneeling effigy at the side of the high-altar of the church of San Geronimo, Granada—where he was buried—looks, with its uplifted, appealing hands, like a mute token of a last penitential prayer for forgiveness of these acts of bad faith. Ribera, one of the really great Spanish painters—surnamed by the Italians "Spagnoletto"—the little Spaniard—and by which he is almost exclusively known in Italy—was born in Jativa. Forty-two miles further is *Almansa*, where a branch road goes southward to *Alicante*. And thirty-eight miles beyond that is *Chinchilla*, whence another branch passes off to *Murcia*, and *Carthagena*. There are some who advise a detour viâ Murcia, to Granada—chiefly to see a wide growth of palms, and enjoy the rarity of Spanish Diligence travel. Palms will already have ceased to be a

novelty. And as to the Diligence, the less one is compelled to learn of its tight-pack, and of its garlic and tobacco perfumery, the better for his comfort, and perhaps for his equanimity of temper. As the altitude increases beyond Almansa, fertility, and high cultivation, diminish. And the ascent of steppe above steppe, from the maritime to the upper level of the Peninsula, brings with it, on a frosty night, a really pinching cold, calling for plenty of *wraps*. A well-filled lunch-basket will be found to supply pressing wants on long routes, where buffets rarely furnish aught else than bread and wine; the former good, commonly in shape like the handle of a pitcher, with a piece of the pitcher attached, and called *Rosca;* the wine infamous. A Spaniard will thrive, an Anglo-American perish on them; particularly if he be shut up for a night in a second class railway carriage with forty persons in its four communicating compartments, without ventilators, every window closed, and every man an active crater of tobacco smoke. What will strike the traveller, on this and every other route in Spain, when daylight allows surroundings to be seen, is the total absence of those splendid academical and collegiate buildings, sometimes met with along the main routes of Continental summer tourists elsewhere. Perched on promontory and hill-top, they are there like lighthouses of the skies; for, do they not reveal the means of elevating the mind, and pointing the way to nobler existence? In from twelve to thirteen hours from Valencia, the train reaches *Alcazar de San Juan*, the junction with the main north and south railway from San Sebastian—*viâ* Cordova—to Cadiz by one branch, by another to Malaga.

Our way was south, and we were not sorry for it; for the late autumn air of this south-east part of the province of Toledo is too frosty for frail lungs. The table land of this region on which we entered on leaving Alcazar, *en route* toward Cordova, ranges about two thousand feet above the sea-level; and although fertility is no longer found spreading an unbroken vegetation, as in the provinces of Valencia and Murcia, yet where valleys and streamlets were occasionally passed, the hand of the husbandman was shown to have been there by the strips, and sometimes broader expanses of grain. But still higher altitudes, beyond, presented naught but houseless sheep-ranges interspersed with scrubby sedge, giving a wild and forbidding look to the wayside. Nevertheless the passage of *Argamasilla*, sixteen miles from *Alcazar*, where Cervantes is claimed to have written "Don Quixote," and the entrance into the province of *La Mancha*, the great theatre of the exploits of the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure;" recalled incidents and images, woven by genius into such a fabric of interest, that even barrenness, to the eye of fancy stood robed in richness. A few hours may be pleasantly spent hereabouts in skimming pages, which in youth gave both a charm, and a lesson of life. And then as to *La Mancha* habits, manners, and sayings, and Sierra Morena scenery, Cervantes has best told them, as they were, and still are. Who could know them as well as he, who, having delved among them for the few miserable *maravedes* necessary to maintain a wretched existence, was cast into prison to think day by day, of the deep-rooted prejudices, passions, superstitions, and depravities of his countrymen?

It seems strange that two of the finest works of imagination written for the instruction of mankind should have been products of a gaol—"Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Yet, well might a mind such as Cervantes', born before its time for the shaping of human destiny, then and there whet a lance which was to pierce and overthrow many of the absurdities and abuses of that age. Although the attempt may have seemed as foolish as that of his hero's onslaught of the windmills, when it is considered, that the Royal consent was necessary to publication in a day, when the extravagant pretentiousness at which Cervantes aimed his satire, was the characteristic of Church and Court; and mad fancies and bloated self-importance, distinguished the nobility. The dedication to a powerful name—hesitatingly permitted—gained what otherwise would probably have been sought in vain; and the Duke de Bejar as patron of Cervantes, was rewarded by having his name perpetuated with that of the Spanish Shakespeare—for reproof of folly and instruction in wisdom, as well as consummate wit and knowledge of human nature, were his.

Further on, still amid scenes of the knight's chivalry, is Manzanares, whence passes off the railway to Lisbon. And beyond this, about an hour brings the train to *Val de Peñas* station, significant of a wine famous in this and most other parts of Spain; but the quality of which cannot be fairly judged of by the diluted beverage usually found on hotel tables. From Val de Peñas, rock and ravine, are the features of a desolation from which, at the distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles, one is glad to escape by threading a series of

tunnels, linked by bridges spanning intermediate gorges. With revolt and insurrection, not less than with storm and torrent, this is a favourite field for interrupting travel on the great north and south thoroughfare. Escaping from darkness and danger, the onward way is bordered by a growth of scrubby olive trees, stealing scant sustenance from sterile-looking hills, nearly to *Linares*—about twenty miles—the centre of one of the richest mining districts of Spain for lead and copper. Thence cultivation improves to *Baeza,* six miles further. The last-named two places, have stations, merely, on the line of the railway. The towns themselves are some miles distant. Rough vehicles are provided for the conveyance of passengers to them. Thirteen miles beyond Baeza is *Menjibar;* the time from Alcazar de San Juan being from six to seven hours.

At Menjibar a tolerably good meal may be had. Here, he who intends going to Granada by the more direct route will take a seat in the Diligence, which starts shortly after the arrival of the train. Time through, from eleven to twelve hours. The best seats are those of the *Berlina,* corresponding to the *Coupé* of the French and Swiss Diligence. The Spanish *Coupé* is the same as the French Banquette—very good for sight-seeing in fair weather. But in foul weather the *Interior* is preferable. There is no place in Spain of equal interest with Granada which is, at this time, so troublesome, tedious, and uncomfortable, to reach. Although by way of Malaga, or Cordova, the Diligence part of the route is very much shorter, yet failure to make train connections, and the changes, and detentions, consume so much time, that an additional day is

demanded for the journey when coming from the north. When the wanting link of eight or nine miles of the Bobadilla and Granada branch railway is completed—which, *it is said*, will be in 1874—doubtless tourists even coming from the north will prefer the roundabout way. But under no circumstances, it is to be feared, can they hope to have Spanish directors consent to their *seeing* where, and how, they are going. A Spaniard has such a dread of the summer's sun, that he seems to arrange everything with reference to darkness. Hence travel by night you must, in the Peninsula. Going in by Menjibar avoids the necessity of doing a part of the route twice. And happily starting at 12 A.M. we were enabled to see much of the way before night closed around us. Two miles of unpaved road, calcined to dust in dry, and cut into mud-ruts, deep and dangerous, in wet weather, being passed, the upper Guadalquivir was crossed by a fine suspension bridge. Then, over six or seven miles of macadamized road, the town of *Jaen*—population estimated at 20,000—was reached. This was once the capital of the petty Moorish Kingdom of the same name, captured by Ferdinand III of Castile in 1246; and whose tributary Sheikh, subsequently aided that king in the siege and capture of Seville. It is prettily situated in the vicinity, and overlooked by the mountains of Jaen—half the year mantled in snow; and it served as a key to the narrow pass, by which the last Moslem monarchy in Spain was approached from the north. Stopping in the principal plaza to change horses, afforded an opportunity of looking upon representative samples of Jaen humanity. And certainly more unattractive types of

Spanish life have not yet been presented to our travelling notice. From our coming until our going, we were literally beset, so that escape from *imperious demands* of the most *beggarly crowd of beggars* who ever sought sunshine was impossible. And well the sun did shine on them on this late autumnal day, otherwise they might have perished, for their ragged wraps disdained the name of garments.

Jaen is not a Paradise of plenty and pleasantness, however it may be of sanctity, from its Cathedral's possession of the handkerchief with which St. Veronica is traditionally said to have wiped the face of Christ on his way to Calvary. By the way, Spain claims to be rich in this relic. There is another in the church of Santa Clara at Alicante having like pretensions to identity. But then it must not be forgotten that the shrine of St. Veronica in St. Peter's at Rome, is considered specially holy because of its possession of the *original.* And yet Jerusalem has not relinquished her *right to the distinction* of having that most sacred of all relics, which had been released by an enterprising bishop from an imprisonment of more than 500 years in the niche of a wall at Edessa. The multiplication of the pictures of Christ's face upon these handkerchiefs is due to transcripts by the pencil. But it must be said that some of them are ecclesiastically affirmed to have higher descent, deriving their resemblance from an *immediate contact* with the "undoubted original;" which was endowed for that purpose with the miraculous power of propagating itself. *Such,* are wondrous sources of clerical wealth, better than church-rates, tithes, and such devices of priestcraft for priests' benefit.

The stoppage at Jaen gives time enough to see the Cathedral, if promptly availed of.

On leaving Jaen a well cultivated country in grain, vineyards, and fruits, is passed over. Gradually, as the road plunges among mountains, a wide valley through which runs the Rio Frio, narrows to a gorge; a kind of portal to the rich region of the Vega, which lies south of the Sierra Susanna. Here it was, twelve to fourteen miles south of Jaen, that in the time of Ferdinand V, the Moors held two formidable fortresses commanding the defile. From these, frequent marauding excursions were made into the rich region beyond, much to the annoyance of the Spaniards. It was about the time when the then formidable lombard for projecting missiles of stone was first being brought into military use. Secretly cutting a road to the summit of a neighbouring height commanding the fortresses, and with great toil conveying this new engine of war thereto, the Spaniards speedily compelled their surrender; and thus possessed themselves of a long coveted Pass to the Kingdom of Granada.

The Sierra Susanna, bleak and bare, having been crossed, the way winds among foot-hills, until rounding the base of one on the slope of which lies the Albaicin of Granada, the Plaza del Triunfo is passed, and through a series of narrow streets the traveller is finally landed at the Diligence Office about midnight,

The Fonda Victoria, Fonda Alameda, and Fonda Europa, are near by, with *Commissionaires* of course way-laying the unwary. Give no heed to them. You did not come to Granada to be housed in the heart of a dilapidated town; you came to dwell *in* the Alhambra,

if possible; at least *as near to it as you can get;* where its old towers and walls will be before you when you lie down, and rise again, signalling to you all the time, of the past, and shaping your thoughts by day, and your dreams at night. Tell the conductor of the Diligence to furnish you a carriage. He will do so. It is midnight, and you must submit to extortion. Transfer your baggage, and order the coachman to drive you to the Fonda Washington Irving.

Through narrow, winding streets, you will be jolted over pavements that knew the tread of Moors, when nearly half a million of them—including fugitives from places captured by the Spaniards—crowded these thoroughfares; and which, it seems, have not since—nearly four centuries—known repairs. One is apt to fancy he hears a strange guttural dialect, as the dark Darro, along the bank of which he drives, goes gurgling by. Reaching the Plaza Nueva, beneath which that turbid stream now flows as if to hide its degradation to baser uses, and shut out the remembrance of purer days, when golden sands floored its bed, and awaiting beauty welcomed its crystal waters to the marble baths and fountains of its fairy palace, a street to the right is taken—the Calle de los Gomeles—steep, and startlingly still at the midnight hour, leading to the heavy Tuscan gate of Charles V, the *Puerta de las Granadas.* Happily at my first visit to this scene of many memories, full of history and tradition, the witchery of moonlight was there, not merely to reveal the present, but to impart to it the spirituality of the past. The centre of the arched gateway, bears above the royal shield, cut in the dark coarse stone of the structure, wrapped in the wings of

the double-headed Austrian eagle, and surmounted, as also supported on each side, by a sculptured *pome-granate;* the *bursting rhind* of which, and intermediate *granules* (*granatum* in Latin, *granada* in Spanish, meaning *granular*), like the hills on which the city is built and the clustering houses in the valley between, being said to have given origin to the name and arms of the city of Granada.

This Puerta de las Granadas is the principal entrance to the Alhambra hill, the highest of the Sierra foot-hills among which is spread out the present town with a population of 80,000. And it is this hill which possesses greatest interest to the traveller, whether viewed in a historical, or a romantic, artistic, and pic-turesque sense. It presents two plateaus of table-land separated by an intervening valley. The eastern of these—to the right on entering the gate of Charles V—is crowned by the *Torres Vermejos,* so called from their vermilion colour, given by the ferruginous properties of the rock, and of the earth forming the brick, of which they were built. The towers and walls of the Alhambra fortress generally, have the same hue, from a like cause. These Vermilion towers are said by some to date back to the days of the Phœnicians; while others refer their erection to the later times of the Carthagenians and Romans; for whom, in succession, they are reputed to have done duty of ward and watch over the dependent town below. But if their foundation be of that remote period, as parts of the interior dilapidated walls of defence toward the town would seem to indicate, cer-tainly the chief part of the now standing towers are Moorish, as shown by the similarity of plan and build-

ing to other unquestionably Moorish towers, as well as to the presence over gateway and doors of the horse-shoe arch of Arab architecture. There is no doubt that at this later time they formed part of the fortification of the Alhambra, for portions of the ruined wall connecting them with the Torre de la Vela, and what was once the Arsenal, are still found behind the houses nearest the Puerta de las Granadas at the top of the Calle de los Gomeles.

Three avenues lead from within this gate of Charles V. One winding to the right up to the Vermilion towers. A second to the left, by a porter's lodge, fountain, and cross, ascending steeply to the main entrance of the fortress; and along which the Saracen formerly sought seclusion and repose, after fight and foray among those Christians, who, through successive generations, and from the Cavern of Covadonga in the Asturian Pyrenees, slowly, but surely, had driven him to his last stronghold of the Sierra Nevada. And a third avenue of gentler acclivity, a magnificent *Alameda*, with bordering *Paseos* the most of the way, following the line of the intervening valley, embanked in verdure, and shaded by a dense forest of ivy-draped elms, hanging their festoons from tree to tree, and dropping their tresses as if in dalliance with the passer-by. These beautiful memorials of England's rural pride, were sent by her warrior Duke of Wellington, to replace a former growth of giant cork trees, bequeathed by the Moor, but which fell a sacrifice to Spanish cupidity. As we climbed slowly this last avenue, in the still moonlight, the stately elms like sentinels wrapped in their own shadows, seemed to pass us as spectres of the dead come

to re-visit, and mourn the loss of a spot, adorned by them with the elegancies of art, and the graces of sentiment; and about which romantic history, and the charms of a poetic tradition, still linger, to awaken interest, and repay the toil of travel. Thus we came to two hotels; that on the left bearing the name of the tower, rising shattered, yet sternly proud even in its ruin, behind it—*Los Siete Suelos.* The other, on the right, called in honour of that American, whose literature has given a new grace even to the Alhambra. There we stopped at the *Fonda de Washington Irving;* where we found comfortable apartments, an excellent table, good attention, and sheltered galleries—looking out on gardens and fountains—for exercise, when wet weather forbade exposure.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANADA—THE ALHAMBRA. PUERTA DE LOS CARROS. TORRE DE JUSTICIA. PUERTA JUDICIARIA. "THE SON OF THE ALHAMBRA." "TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA" NOT INTENDED FOR A "HANDBOOK." PLAZA DE LOS ALGIBES. TORRE DEL VINO. ALCAZABA—KASSĀBAH, PRISON. TORRE DE LA VELA. PALACE OF CHARLES V. ENTRANCE TO THE ALHAMBRA PALACE.

THE dawning light is apt to awaken one who finds himself among scenes consecrated by chivalry and genius. And the red walls and towers—made ruddier by the rosy light of early morn—on which from the upper front windows of the Washington Irving Hotel the inmate looks, may well tempt him to stroll forth, despite the weariness and vexations of previous travel. With the noble-minded and brave, the spirit rarely brooks the mastery of the body: and such, when the portal of life and being is thrown open for enjoyment, find themselves rewarded, by resisting the seductions of couch and curtains. Nowhere is this realization of pleasure greater than at the Alhambra. For although its mysteries of enchantment may not be penetrated on the instant, yet there is a something so delightful in threading the approaches to them, amid charms which nature herself has cast about as if to lure the pilgrim onward, that he who obeys the behest of his longing will

be sure to feel, that the realities of being are better than the unsubstantial dreams of the sleeper.

No one coming to Granada stands in pause what to do first. Whatever other attractions may be found in and around the city, he came to see the Alhambra; and there it stands, face to face with him—its long line of seamed and scarred wall, stretching to the right and left; interrupted at intervals by towers, shattered, and as if shaken nearly to their fall, by ruthless invaders; who, constrained to abandon, sought to destroy this lingering gem of Moorish art. Turning to the left from the hotel door, and in a few paces further, to the right round the corner of the hotel on the opposite side of the way, a carriage-road is found of easy grade, bordered by little cane-wicket fences, and overhung by elms; between the stately trunks of which, on one side, are seen the walls of the Alhambra fortress-palace; while on the other a thick wood of like trees makes shade for beds of wild violets, bathed in dew, listening to nightingales and waterfalls, which make music for them in the fragrant spring and summer morns. Halfway up the ascent, the road divides into two; the right, for carriages to a gateway—*Puerta de los Carros or del Carril*—without architectural or other attractions, save massiveness and ponderous bars and bolts, to guard this more modern approach within the fortress wall; the left, for pedestrians, leading to the great portal, successively of Moslem and of Christian conquerors—a monument of the glory, and finally of the downfall of Moorish Empire in Western Europe.

Taking the latter road, the lofty *Torre de Justicia*, overtopping the *Gate of Judgment*, the *Gate of the Law*,

sometimes called by the Moors *Sublime Porte*, is soon reached. Facing this—which was, and still is the grand entrance to the fortress-palace of the Alhambra—a semi-circular port-holed barbican defence, built by the French General Sebastiani, who had penetrated into the heart of the Granadian Sierra, is found obtruding its repugnant features upon a scene, the chief interest of which comes from structures connected with other times and triumphs. Sweeping round the foundation of this barbican-fort is the road by which the Alhambra was formerly reached from the town of Granada, along which went forth the Moslem to defend, and finally came the Christian to possess, this last Moorish stronghold; after Boabdil its last Monarch had surrendered its keys, with his crown, to Ferdinand and Isabella. By the side of this ancient road, near the foot of Sebastiani's fort, is a heavy Tuscan fountain, built by the Alcaide Mendoza of that day, in honour of the imperial vandal Charles V. Coarse in material, design, and cutting, it fitly commemorates the barbaric taste and tendencies, of his royal master.

The *Torre de Justicia*, and its *Puerta Judiciaria* its *Gate of Judgment*—claim a more willing attention. This portal was so called, because of the Moslem custom—derived from the ancient Jews, and perpetuated for a time—of administering justice within its porch. The Hebrew usage is recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures—thus—"Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy *gates*," Deuteronomy chap. xvi, verse 18. "Then he (Solomon when building his house) made a *porch* for the throne, where he might *judge*, even the *porch of judgment*," 1 Kings, chap. vii, verse 7. "When

I went out to the *gate* through the city, when I prepared my *seat in the street*, I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, my *judgment* was as a robe and a diadem: I was a father to the poor, and the *cause* which I knew not, *I searched out*," Job, chap. 29, verses 7, 14, 16. And so also was the judgment of Boaz affirmed by a jury of ten elders in the gate of the city, Ruth IV. The Torre de Justicia is about fifty feet square, and between sixty and seventy in height; built of stone embedded in concrete, with brick facings. Strength is its befitting feature as a fortress outwork, not decorative beauty; its plain façade being broken alone by two small Byzantine look-outs, above, and a a magnificent Moorish horse-shoe arch, below. Upon the key-stone of the latter is engraved a *forearm and hand*—vertical; and under it is the entrance to a porch, or vestibule, about twenty feet square, on the sides of which are stone benches for the seating of those—it may be supposed—who came to make known their grievances, and to ask redress of Supreme Authority: while above, the vaulted ceiling of this porch is pierced by a well, through which the defenders could, from the top of the tower, cast projectiles upon such assailants as might force their way into the vestibule. An interior horse-shoe arch, of less span than the outer, supported by Moresco pillars, is closed by a ponderous, iron, double-winged door, similarly barred and bolted. The capital of the right hand pillar bears the inscription in Arabic, "*Praise be given to God; there is no power or strength but in God.*" That, on the left, "*There is no Deity but Allah. Mohammed is his messenger.*" Above the arch is engraved a *key*—upright; and over that is

inscribed in Arabic characters the time of erection of the gate—A.H. 749 (A.D. 1348)—calling it the "*Gate of the Law;*" together with an invocation, that the "*Almighty may make it a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just.*" Still higher, is seen, an example of Spanish desecration of art, as well as a violation of the decalogue, in the nearly total destruction of an exquisite arabesque diaper-mosaic, to make a niche for an idol Virgin; which really looks as if in great grief for the part it has been made to play in this piece of vandalism.

Various interpretations have been given of the sculptured hand over the outer, and key over the inner arch. Some think the former significant of a Moorish superstition thus to "avert the evil eye." And that the latter symbolizes the gift of the key of heaven to the Prophet by Allah; thus conferring on him the prerogative of celestial door-keeper, claimed for Peter by Christians and by him handed down to his Papal successors. Were it not that the Moslem key is found sculptured elsewhere in the Alhambra, as is the Pontifical in the galleries and gardens, courts and chapels, of the Vatican, we might suppose, that at the great portal of the former palace, the *up-raised open hand* above the outer arch, implied, that, he who thus came appealing to God for the purity of his purposes, and the righteousness of his cause, would find within, the key, that would open to him the door of just judgment. If neither of the above be an acceptable solution of the question, the traditional explanation of Washington Irving's gossiping guide Mateo Ximenes, may perhaps

prove satisfactory, at least to the lovers of the supernatural—to wit—"that the Moorish builder—himself a great magician—having sold himself to the devil, had placed the fortress under a spell; and that it would last until the *hand should reach down and grasp the key*, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces." Pilgrims to the art shrine of the Alhambra may well pray for the truth of this interpretation; or at all events that the fortress will endure until the coming of that last *convulsion*, which shall cast down the everlasting looking Torre de Justicia itself, and thus fling these separated types of something, in the mind of the Khalife Yusuf who built it, into contact. This would only be a reversal of Mateo's cause and effect, and—with deference be it spoken—is as likely to prove true as *his* explanation of the mystery. By the way, the "son of the Alhambra" still lives, but in somewhat better plight—for which he may thank the influence of his former employer's great name—than when he "inhabited an almost dismantled hovel in the hamlet." He has succeeded to his "father's trade of a riband weaver," and few there are who wander over the enchanted hill, where his ancestors dwelt from the time of the conquest, who do not take some silken souvenir of one who gave to Mr. Irving the threads woven by him too, into things of wondrous charm and colouring. It is now forty-three years since, as the "father of a numerous progeny" he spun these fibres of tradition which Mr. Irving wrought into such richness of romance, that one is in danger of seeing, not the Alhambra and its inner life, as they were, and are, but as they have been invested, by an imagination so ardent in its pursuit of the beautiful, as occasionally to

have everstepped the revelations of truth, necessary to a narrative, which *at times*, claimed fact, and not fiction, for its object. Ximenes, now more than four score years of age, seems as if he were merely awaiting the movement of the hand toward the key on the Gate of the Law, ere going hence; and no longer wields the wand of the magician over comer and goer. His fancy, waning with physical powers, lights not the footsteps of ramblers. They may stroll hither and thither as best pleases them, with history—sufficiently startling in itself—and its probabilities, to guide them to a knowledge of the Alhambra, and its inmates as they reigned and revelled in dazzling halls, or sighed and wept in the solitude of twilight alcoves and starlit miradors. One may even sit down to rest on a stone bench in the porch of the Torre de Justicia; and reflecting, that, despite the opening of the earth within the portal at the smiting of the Arabian astrologer—of which we are told in the *legend*—and all the digging and delving of the Moorish King Aben Habuz after the Princess who there sank from his sight, yet still stands the structure as solid as when first it hung out its mystic symbols more than six hundred years ago, he may come to the sage conclusion that, after all, the "Tales of the Alhambra" are not fitted for the work of a simple-minded explorer of realities. And perhaps taking the volume out of his pocket, and opening it at the dedication page, he may be surprised to find, that the author had put *fable in the foreground*, by proposing "something in the Haroun Alrasched style;" and giving only "a few Arabesque sketches from life and tales founded on popular traditions." Thus, refreshed, and reminded

not to be deceived by an "airy nothing," he will go forward to look at that which has a local habitation and a name with that right spirit of investigation sure to bring satisfactory results; and suppressive of that tendency to grumble at one who does not deserve it, occasionally indulged by the envious and thoughtless.

The opening of the iron gate, before spoken of in connection with the porch of the Torre de Justicia, gives admission to a strongly walled and vaulted passage-way, bent four times at right angles for defensive purposes, and leading to an inner, heavily bolted, and massive wooden door of the tower, which gives access to the fortress grounds. It was within the terminal part of the passage that the first Catholic mass was celebrated by the Spaniards when taking possession of the Alhambra. Here an altar perpetuates the memory of that religious act, deemed necessary for purification from Moslem pollution; and a Gothic lettered stone tablet set in the wall records the fact of the capture of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and their being in the Alhambra, and giving it in custody to the Count of Tendilla. The elegant brick-work tracery, and azulejo mosaic, over the inner portal, have been irreparably damaged by later occupants. There is still, however, a lingering picturesqueness about it, which tempts many artists to put its likeness in their portfolios.

Thence, a narrow avenue, with strong, concrete, tapia-work wall on each side, leads to an open space 276 by 221 feet in extent, the "Plaza de los Algibes" ---*Place of the Cisterns*—subterranean reservoirs built

by the Moors for the storage of water; a precaution deemed necessary against the contingency of a hostile cutting off the supply; abundantly furnished by aqueducts at all other times as well as for purposes of beauty as use. A mean-looking, shed-covered well, now allows the summer-heated denizens of Granada who seek the Alhambra hill for shade and breeze, to get a draught of the delicious beverage, cooled in the depths of the riven rock bequeathed them by the Moor.

A first object of interest on approaching this Plaza of Cisterns—seen to the right—is a small Moorish tower, on three sides of which are pointed horse-shoe arched entrances; the fourth side being built into a photographer's shop, behind which, is a similar modern house occupied by Señor Contreras—"Conservator of the Arabic monuments of the Alhambra"—a gentleman of rare art-merit, and courteous in imparting information to strangers. His studio is full of gems of Moresco art in miniature. The little Moorish edifice to which we just referred, bears Arabic inscriptions, beautifully decorative to an eye accustomed to the stiffness and precision of Latin and its kindred lettering. It is called "la Torre del Vino," sometimes "Puerta del Vino;" and is supposed by some to have been the entrance to a building now destroyed, where was kept the wine for the use of the inmates of the palace. But from the religious inscriptions over the arches others think it served the purpose of a Moslem mihrab or chapel.

Coming to the Plaza of the Cisterns from the south, on the left—the west side—are seen some of the dilapidated walls of the "Alcazaba-Kassābah, the citadel of the Alhambra. In the time of the Moors there was an

Alcazaba also on the Albaicin hill of the city. It was to this latter citadel that the Queen Ayxa (or Ayeshah) mother of Boabdil, retired, in the civil commotions of Granada instigated by her. The old Moorish armour once contained in the citadel of the Alhambra, was sold, with characteristic official faithlessness, by the Spanish custodian Bucarelli; and thus was lost an interesting historical link of the Moresco-Christian wars of Granada. A tower of the Alcazaba, with a show of security in grated windows, is now used as a convict prison. Uniformed musketeers are perhaps surer means of preventing the escape of á set of idle vagabonds, who seem to pass their time in instructing each other in wickedness. Prisons are but dens of corruption, wherever found, if freedom of intercourse, and freedom from labour be the privileges of convicts—schools for the education of criminals to prey upon society.

Behind the Alcazaba rises the "Torre de la Vela," the highest of the Alhambra towers, of which more will be said when describing the walls and towers in connection. While on the right, the east side of the Plaza, and once covering a surface of four hundred by two hundred and fifty feet, stands what remains of the Moorish palace, hidden from view by a hideous mass of dark creamy stone, an edificial monstrosity, built by the Austro-Spaniard Charles V. He wanted something surpassing that possessed from the Moor, and left his abortion in the never finished, and now crumbling monument of conceit and folly. And that, after having expended upon it millions of dollars wrung by oppression from the remnant of the conquered race; who,

clinging to their faith, yet lingered for a time amid scenes to which their hearts were wedded by love and long possession, until the persecutions of the Inquisition drove them into banishment. The exterior presents a square, each side more than two hundred feet long, of extravagant and repugnant composite style. The interior is an immense circular court, surrounded by a two-storied colonnade, as if intended for an *Imperial Plaza de Toros.* And in fact bull-fights have taken place in it. To obtain space for the building of this huge excrescence, nearly the whole of the Winter Palace of the Moorish kings was destroyed. To the eastward from the Plaza of the Cisterns, passing along the north side of Charles's perishing skeleton of a palace, an obscure door is approached in a plain, unadorned, stucco wall. This is the present entrance to the Moorish palace. We will not go in now, but wait until rest and refreshment have better fitted us to examine what is within. Yet none will fail to notice on the right of approach to it the significant inscription of vaulting ambition, which, overleaping discretion, made itself ridiculous in the eyes of mankind. There, over a doorway, one reads the Christian manarch's boast "Imp. Cæs. Karolo V."—*Imperatori Cæsari Karolo Quinto.* And such a "Cæsar!" An *Imperial Goth* he might more fittingly have been called, for letting loose a set of destructives in the precincts of an enchanted palace. Directly opposite to this, in the wall of the Governor's residence, is an old arch. This is supposed to mark the former entrance to the summer palace of the Alhambra, which we are soon to see. Discoveries now in progress thus far support that opinion.

And it appears not improbable, that the main entrance to the Moorish Winter Palace, of which but a vestige is left, was immediately opposite to the Summer Palace, thus preserving the architectural harmony of the building.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ALHAMBRA CONTINUED. ITS FOUNDER. COURT OF MYRTLES. ANTE-ROOM OF THE COURT OF LIONS. COURT OF LIONS—ITS FOUNTAINS, ARCADES AND PAVILIONS. HALL OF THE ABENCERRAJES. GOVERNMENT AND ITS EFFECTS. STAINS OF THE MARBLE FLOOR—TALES TO ACCOUNT FOR THEM FICTIONAL. BOABDIL NOT GUILTY OF THE CHARGE OF MASSACRE OF THE ABENCERRAJES, WHATEVER THE TRUTH OF HIS TREASON AGAINST HIS FATHER, AND HIS APOSTACY TO HIS RACE AND RELIGION. INJUSTICE OF TRANSFERRING THE ACCUSATION TO ABUL HASSAN. DISCOLORATION OF THE FLOOR DEPENDENT UPON NATURAL CAUSES.

DIFFERENT opinions have been expressed by writers on the Alhambra as to who was the founder of this fortress-palace; some, ascribing its design and commencement to Ibn-l-ahmar—sometimes called Alhamar—the first King of Granada; others, to his son Abu Abdillah, the second sovereign. It is probable from the frequent repetition of the Arabic inscription, "Wā lā ghālib illa Allā"—*there is no conqueror, but Allah*—amid the decorations of the earlier parts of the palace, that the former laid the foundation and built these. For, it was on his return to Granada from the conquest of *Seville*, in the siege and capture of which city by Ferdinand III,

he had assisted—from motives of revenge against the son of its King—that, his subjects saluting him as "Conqueror," he made that reply, which afterwards became a chief motto and ornament of his palace, as it was esteemed a proof of his piety. However this may be, succeeding sovereigns seemed to vie with each other, in adding to, and embellishing the royal residence; until the reign of Yúsuf, who completed its gorgeousness; a gorgeousness, however, of such harmonious colouring, so subdued by interwoven beauty of shape, and shade, and hue, that nature, might well look on it and feel, that art had pardonably, pilfered from her domain of loveliness. It must have been, indeed, a fit abode for sovereignty—becoming the beauty, and the duty of *righteousness*; for *which alone should sovereignty have being.* And it was meet, that his hand, which made it thus, should open to it also, as it finally did, *the Gate of the Law, which should know no wrong.*

The following historical sketch, setting forth more fully the above statement, may be read with interest. The facts are gathered chiefly from a notice of the Kings of Granada from the conquest of that city by the Arabs to the expulsion of the Moors—by Pasqual de Gayangos.

After the conquest of Spain by the Arabs no mention is made of Granada until A.D. 767, when the following is of record by their historians. The governor of the Province, of which Granada was a dependency, built there the fortress Kal'at Al-hamra—the red castle—now known as the Vermilion tower, on the hill overlooking the town. The civil wars ensuing between the Arabians and those of mixed Arab and Spanish blood—

the Arab *mulados*—whence the Spanish *mulatos* applied to those of colour—resulted in the defeat of the former in other parts of the Province, and to their taking refuge in the fortress of Granada. Eventually the independent kingdom sprung from the feuds which led to the establishment of the Umeyah dynasty. Its founder, Zegri Ibn Menad, strengthened Granada and transmitted his power in his family. His nephew Habus Ibn Mákesen who succeeded him in 1019–20, made Granada the seat of his court. Among other buildings erected by him to strengthen and dignify his new capital was the *Kassabah*, a strong fortress within walls embracing the crest of a hill; the ruins of which, under the name of Alcazābah, are still seen within the present Alhambra enclosure. So great was the estimation in which Granada, from the fertility of the adjacent Vega, and the beauty and defensibility of its own position, was held, that, in the Moorish civil wars of the Peninsula it became subject to constant fluctuations of fortune. All its masters, however, were Moors, who well knew the importance of its fortress-crowned hills. As was said by the chieftain Ibn Ghāniyyah—"Spain is like a shield, the arm-hole of which is Granada; let us hold the straps thereof tight and the shield shall never drop from our hand."

It was not until 629 A.H. (A.D. 1232) that Granada escaped, for a season, from the evils of civil strife. A successful insurrectionist of the Kalifate of Cordova, Ibnu-l-ahmar, who had maintained an independent government at Jaen, marched thence on Granada, which fell into his hands. Possessing many qualifications for government, he soon acquired the attachment of the

people by devotiug himself to the peaceful pursuits of life, and to the general welfare. By the administration of justice, encouragement of agricultural industry, manufactures, and trade, and promoting objects of public utility, he not only secured the attachment of those at home, but possessed himself of the confidence of his co-religionists elsewhere to such an extent as to draw multitudes from other parts of Spain; who, from the vicissitudes of war and the oppression of their rulers, were weary of the uncertainty and apprehension which paralyzed industry and prosperity.

From the time of accession to sovereignty of Ibnu-l-ahmar—sometimes called Mohammed Ibn Jusuf, whence Mohammed I—the progress of Granada in general welfare, wealth, and power, was unexampled. Schools, colleges, and hospitals, were founded; aqueducts, baths, and bazaars, built; and canals made throughout his dominions for irrigating and fertilizing the soil. The Kingdom of Granada became in fact, under his rule, a field of industry of all kinds, throughout its length and breadth; a mart for the exchange of articles of comfort and luxury; the home of the Samaritan; and the abode of learning, art, and happiness. Ibn-l-ahmar built, and was the first Moorish monarch who occupied the Alhambra palace; although his son, Mohammed II, extended and beautified still further that matchless residence of royalty.

The Kassābah, or enclosed citadel, which it has already been said was previously erected, was called Kassābah Al-hamrā, either from the fortress now called the Vermilion Tower or an opposite cliff with which it was connected by a wall, or from the material of which

it was built containing oxide of iron giving a red colour to the structure. Within this fortified enclosure Mohammed I erected the palace, called Kassu-l'-hamra, the palace of the Alhamrā, from its being within the walls of that fortress; not from the name of its builder Ibn-l-ahmar, as erroneously said by some.

The Kingdom of Granada, thus established by Ibn-l-ahmar—Mohammed I—and which for two centuries and a half withstood the misfortunes that befell other parts of the Moorish dominion in Spain, was after the death of its founder A.D. 1272 ruled over by his son under the title of Mohammed II. This monarch, though repeatedly engaged in resisting the gradually advancing arms of the Spaniards for the recovery of their lost dominion, inherited nevertheless the nobler qualities of his father, and like him gave encouragement to industry and the arts. He also expended vast treasures in the enlargement and decoration of the Alhambra Palace. His son Abū Abdillah—Mohammed III—built the magnificent Mosque (Arabic *Mesjid*, whence the Spanish *Mesquita*) within the precincts of the Alhambra; which is thus described by Ibnu-l-Khattib the historiographer of Granada. It was "ornamented with Mosaic work and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful, and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers, and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of finest polished marble. Indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, the elegance of the design, and the beauty of the proportions, I do not hesitate to say, that the building has not its like in the country: and I have frequently heard our best architects say, that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be com-

pared to it." This magnificent temple dedicated to the service of the Most High, was on the conquest, reconsecrated by the Monks of St. Francis to uses of religion and duly preserved until the invasion of Spain by the French, who destroyed it entirely.

In the early part of the 14th century, and until the reign of Yúsuf I—A.D. 1334—revolts, assassinations, and usurpations, threw impediments in the way of Granada's progressive greatness. That monarch, however, though hampered by unavoidable conflicts of antagonist races and religions, yet succeeded in re-awakening among his subjects a love of the arts and industries promotive of human good. Nor did he fail to give to the Alhambra new claims on the admiration of mankind, as is shown by various inscriptions still preserved over gateway-arches, and in some of the decorative lettering of the halls and courts. Ibnu-l-Khattib says that he "caused all the rooms of the palace to be newly painted and gilded; and that the expense attending it exceeded the bounds of calculation." For much of what now remains of its fretwork tracery, and its partially preserved colouring, and for the Great Gate of Justice, we are indebted to this munificent Prince.

After this reign there was nothing needed to make the Alhambra a pearl of Paradise in a garden of Eden. But unhappily domestic strife and rebellion, ere long arose, to ruin what might perhaps truly have been called the fairest possession of earth. From the death of Yúsuf—who was stabbed by a madman in A.D. 1353 while at prayers in the Mosque—until A.D. 1466 eleven monarchs ascended the throne of Granada; some by right of succession, others through usurpation. At the

last named period, Muley Abú-l-hasan succeeded his father as Sultan, his life through youth giving promise of a beneficent administration of public affairs; which, probably would have been realized to the kingdom, but for the jealousy of one of his two wives, Ayeshah or Ayxa, by name, who cherished a mortal hatred for the other, Zoraya—the morning star—because of the influence she supposed Zoraya's rare gifts and graces gave her over Abú-l-hasan, and the fear she entertained that he might make that rival queen's son his successor to the prejudice of her own. The intrigues of Ayxa instigated discontent, and led to factions, and treasonable designs among the courtiers. Measures of safety to the royal person and prerogatives became necessary. Revolt followed; and finally Abú Abdillah—Boabdilla, as the Spaniards of that time called him, now written Boabdil—incited by his mother, raised the standard of rebellion, taking the title of Mohammed XI; and thus struck the parricidal blow which destroyed alike his father and his country.

Let us see what remains of the palace of the Kings of Granada at this time. First stating, that the severe, but picturesque towers and walls, and the exterior of the palace itself, give no intimation of the elegance of art within. They impress the beholder with a lesson of power, and of unbending administration of justice. Within, flowers, fountains, and flowing water, all forms of loveliness and luxury, reminded the owner, whatever his state and sovereignty, of the glory and greatness of God, and the gratitude and obedience due to Him by all His creatures. The ornamentation of Arab architecture is inspired by the Koran, as that of Gothic churches is

by the Bible. The representation of animal life being prohibited by the former, caused Arab architects to use other than decorations borrowed from living creatures. Hence, *inscriptions* interwoven with geometrical forms, flowers, shells, and such like shapes of grace, were made to enfold spiritual with physical lessons of beauty. Architectural design thus became a wizard-wand of commingled mind and matter, touching the heart while it charmed the eye. The inscriptions are of three kinds —verses from the Koran; pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and poems in praise of the builders and the building. The interpretations of such as are herein referred to, are taken from the letter-press of Pasqual de Guyangos in the great work of MM. Jules Goury and Owen Jones on Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Alhambra. The inscriptions were originally copied and translated by Alonzo de Castillo, a converted Moor, and interpreter of Philip II, who was employed A.D. 1556 by the Ayuntamiento of the city of Granada to transcribe all Arabic inscriptions in the Alhambra, Generalife, and elsewhere in that province, and to make a Spanish version of them.

Passing through the unpretending door before referred to, and through an equally plain antechamber, where, to the left, is the entrance to the governor's apartments, not now occupied by him, and to the right a passage to Charles's bull-ring, and where a conductor will be found to accompany you, a court is first entered called the "Patio de los Arrayanes"—*Court of Myrtles* —and sometimes the "Patio de la Berkah"—*Court of Blessings.* It is of a high order of Moorish art, and the first of the series usually shown to visitors. It is open

to the sky, and has a length from north to south of one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and a width from east to west of seventy-six. In the middle of the court is a similarly shaped basin of crystal-clear water, one hundred and fifteen feet long, twenty feet wide, and four and a half deep. This is supplied by streams flowing through marble gutters at each end; and it is now the swimming-bath of gold-fishes, as it once was of Sultanas; whose graces, surpassing even those of its present occupants, like theirs too, took fresh charms from congenial sport in sparkling waters. This basin was once embowered by a rich balustrade and lattice screen twined with vines, for shade and privacy; and it is still bordered by a white marble paseo, along the outer edge of which a myrtle hedge three feet high, and of equal width, yet in existence, served as a further screen to the bath, and likewise to break the reflection of the bright walled halls on each side. These buildings are two stories high, separated from the myrtle hedge by a wide gravel bed for flower-vases, and by a marble walk; have façades embroidered in narrow fillets of red and white figuring; and are encrusted around the Moresco arched doors and windows by arabesque relievo decoration, consisting of an interweaving of ever-varying geometric figures, with ornate Cufic lettering chiefly of the following import, viz.—"Go and tell the true believers that divine help, and ready victory, are for them:" "There is no Diety but Allah:" "I am like the nuptial array of a bride, endowed with every beauty and perfection:" and the word "Berkah"—*Blessing*; whence this court, as before said, has, by some, been called *Patio de la Berkah.* The

frequent repetition of this word "Berkah" sustains the belief, that the basin was a swimming-bath; water being considered by the Moors the greatest of *blessings*. And this view is still further supported by the fact of marble steps having been found at each end for descent into it. At each end of this Patio is an arcade, seventy-six feet long by twenty wide. These open toward the Patio between eight slender marble columns at each end, with square capitals in blue and white, some sculptured in fruits and crescents interwoven with ribands, others in minute arches and brackets with shallow curvilinear filling. The columns support seven round arches with fringed edges; above which is open diaper tracery of foliage and flowers, of lightness suited to the slender pillars. The walls of this Court of Myrtles were once faced to the height of five feet with *azulejos*—a porcelain mosaic, formed of an inlaying of various figures and colours; each azulejo looking like a beautifully variegated square tile. The Arabs took great pride in this peculiar kind of wainscoting. It was a luxury unknown to their contemporaries. And now it is imitated merely by a colouring of the tile, burnt in so as to give the surface a glazing. This is but a coarse substitute for the Moorish azulejo. The original azulejos of the Court of Myrtles have been removed except under the arcades at each end, where they are bordered above by a broad band of finest stucco Arabic lettering as of delicate sculpture, set in a filigree of vines and leaves; in which is the royal escutcheon, bearing the motto "Wā Lā Ghālib illa Allā"—*God alone is conqueror*. Still higher, is a delicate casting of mazy network, forming an architrave for the support of the

inlaid cedar-wood ceiling—from which was pilfered its precious pearl-work by the delinquent daughters of the former governor Bucarelli. The Arabic stucco was formed in moulds in oriental fashion, in separate pieces —the joinings being invisible when put in place. Two recesses under each arcade, elaborately ornamented, and vaulted in blue, red, and white pendants, may have been for repose after bath. While a niche at each corner of the court probably sheltered those who guarded the bathers from intrusion; and their after slumbering from disturbance, when lulled by the music of fountains constantly distilling refreshing dews under the arcades. The Arabic word interwoven all around with a graceful art, well expresses the "blessing" of the delicious bath of this court in the tropical heat of a Granada summer.

Under the southern arcade of this court, is the great door giving access thereto from the winter apartment of the palace, destroyed by Charles V, as already stated, to get room for the monument of his barbarism. Above this arcade are two Moresco galleries overlooking the court. They were doubtless parts of the winter apartment, and, with the door below, just spoken of, are the only portions of that edifice left.

Under the northern arcade is the entrance to the "Ante Sala de Embajadores"—*Ante-room of the Hall of Ambassadors;* sometimes called "Ante-Sala de la Barca"—*Ante-room of the Boat*—from its boat-shaped sunken ceiling. Above, and behind the variegated tile roof, and exquisite little cupola, of this northern arcade, rises the huge "Torre de Embajadores ó de Comareh"—*Tower of Ambassadors, or of Comares;* the latter name having been given because the magnificent

decorations of the hall below it, were of the famous workmanship of Comarech, in Persia. This treasury of art should not be examined now, but leaving the Court of Myrtles in the pride of its mirrored reflections of surrounding beauty, a narrow passage should be taken through the eastern salas—once of great richness as the special apartments of the Queen—to the "Ante Sala de la Patio de los Leones"—*the Ante-room of the Court of Lions.*

This ante-room is about 65 by 16 feet, in size. Its Moresco embellishments were almost entirely destroyed by Ferdinand el Catolico, and the Emperor Charles. Commenced by the former at the instance of Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Grand Cardinal of Spain, who, indulging his fanaticism by the destruction of Arabic inscriptions, flattered at the same time his royal patron and patroness, by stuccoing their initials F. Y. *ad libitum* upon the ceiling, during the few months' residence in the Alhambra of Ferdinand and Ysabella, after the conquest of Granada. And continued by Charles, who having covered with common plaster an affluence of art on the side walls, converted this hall into a reception-room, coarse alike in look, and in probable use by this undoubted descendant of the Goths. The former could not tolerate the presence of exquisitely relievoed Alcoranic passages, however pure in sentiment, exalted in wisdom, and reverential of God. Had he tarried long enough everything of the kind would have been blasted by his bigotry. The latter was incapable of appreciating true elegance, and the poetry of a pure and expressive architecture. So between the two, the beauties of this vestibule perished in part, the rest were

hidden, until recently, when Senor Don Rafael Contreras, the present enlightened custodian of the Alhambra, succeeded in removing much of the whitewash and plaster rubbish covering some of the richest decorations, and in reproducing other parts nearly in their original perfection.

Under three superb stalactitic-hung arches—emblazoned with the primary colours and gold, the "Patio de los Leones"—the famed *Court of Lions*—is entered, covering an oblong surface of 132 by 74 feet. In the middle is a massive dodecahedral basin of alabaster, supported by a central pedestal, and by twelve marble pillars; the latter resting upon the backs of as many *lions*, of like material—whence the name of the court. A smaller circular basin, and a tapering jet, above, let fall their abounding water, which, overflowing in crystal pulsations the larger basin below, mingles with streams from the lion's mouths, and steals away through marble gutters traversing the court to temper its summer air with coolness. On the sides of this Court of Lions are arcades, with mosaic tile pavement and shallow *jet d'eau* basins. These open toward the great central fountain, between 120 white marble columns of delicate proportions, supporting square capitals cut in foliage, shells, and shields; according to that rule of Oriental ornamentation which represents a tranquil and passive nature; and that, as it has been "translated through the loom. For it would seem that the Arabs, in changing their wandering for a settled life, in striking the tent to plant it in a form more solid, had transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of Cashmere, which had adorned their former dwellings, to their new,

changing the tent-pole for a marble column, and the silken tissue for gilded plaster." And it may be added, that lightness and airiness continued to give grace to the fixed habitatious of after times; the open courts of which, still revealed the starry glories that overhung the wandering homes of their ancestors and which they sought, too, to imitate in the fretted canopies of their golden halls. The columns of the Court of Lions are grouped at the corners, and arranged, according to the requirements of support, singly or in pairs, along the sides and ends. And upon them rest, short, square pillars, faced with close tracery; panelled between which, and supported by arches of diversified form—round, pointed, or horse-shoe, as best fitted for use and beauty—are exquisite, stucco, diaper screens, presenting an open interlacing of fruits and flowers. Above this is a band of richly set arabesque inscriptions, expressing self-humility, and reverence of God, whose greatness and goodness, are everywhere conspicuously acknowledged in this monument of Arabic architecture, inwrought with elevating sentiments of truth and tenderness. It may have been this lifting of *mind* above the *sensual pomp of a modern Paganism;* this *exaltation of the spirit above an image worship,* palpable to the soul as to the sense; this *upholding of the Invisible that was from the beginning, and ever shall be, as the Sole Sovereign of man's immortal destiny;* these ever present *rebukes of the religionism of the conquerors,* which made the Moslem in their eyes *so hateful,* that naught but the *expurgation of destruction* could make the Alhambra a fit resting place, even for a brief period, *for the worshippers of the Virgin.* Fortunately, Court

and Cardinal did not stay long enough to finish the work of ruin by them commenced; and a *true* Christian may look on the lingering proofs of *Moslem piety* and thank God, that, in these at least his Mahommedan brother *did not err.*

The fillet of religious sentiment described above, is a becoming architrave for the azure and gold cornice—as if of the celestial canopy—which, once a thing of wondrous beauty, surrounds the entire court; but now, discoloured by time, and exposure to weather for upwards of five centuries, and more wantonly injured by man, it scarce serves to tell the tale of its former richness. The one wall of the arcade—toward the halls yet to be described—has been stripped of its azulejos—*mosaic tiles;* but it still preserves above, its facing of graven stars, shells, and geometric figures. Higher still is an architrave of arabesque lettering and lace-work; and above all is spread out the inlaid cedar ceiling, from which was taken and sold its richest ornaments by the Governor's daughters before spoken of, for the means of gratifying petty vanities.

At each end of the Court of Lions projects from the arcade toward the open space, a pavilion about thirty feet square—each, a gem of beauty cast in a mould of grace, and polished by miraculous skill. Their pillars, arches, fretwork screens, and stalactite subceiling, in harmony with the general plan, seem to have been exhaustive of the genius and taste, which unfolded the design and details of this marvellous court. And meet it was that the orange of this golden clime, should furnish the surpassing curve of the dome of precious woods, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, ebony,