

said, "she lingered half a century of dreamy existence, as completely dead to the world as the remains which slept beside her." Strange as seemed her conduct at times, to those who understood not the workings of her sensitive, and sorrowing spirit, there were many things she said, and did, when acts of sovereign duty were sought of her, evincing personal prudence and political sagacity. But the light of her happiness and usefulness she believed had gone out, and she felt better fitted for the shade and for sorrow. As she said soon after the death of Philip, when applied to on some matters of pressing business—"My father will attend to all this when he returns; he is much more conversant with business than I am; I have no other duties now, but to pray for the soul of my departed husband." After her death at Tordesillas, her remains, with those of Philip, were removed to Granada by their son Charles V. It is thus shown that, after the first signs of her melancholy, Juana was not in Granada during life. The story of her confinement in the Alhambra is therefore without foundation, except in the invention of local guides, who, as a tribe, are not willing to acknowledge ignorance; and maintain their self-importance, though not often a character for veracity, by answering every question, after *some fashion*.

From this Patio de la Reja an arched passage, to the left, leads to the Garden of Lindaraja, and to many small and unimportant rooms under the Hall of the Two Sisters. One of these, the "Sala de los Secretos"—*Chamber of Secrets*—is constructed on acoustic principles, which allow of the reflection of a whisper from a certain part of the chamber to another corresponding

curved surface at a distance. Such results of building, proceed much more frequently from accident than design. Although the crystal mirror of Lindaraja's fountain is still here, for the flowers and fruits that cling to the spot to glass themselves in; and some of the arcades are left unenclosed, in which to sit and muse, where nature once exhaled her sweetest breath; yet, time has left so many traces of change and neglect, that, saddened by the echoes heard everywhere in the historic halls and courts which have been passed through one is not apt to linger long amid this scene of story.

Returning to the Patio de la Reja, a large door from it gives access to the vestibule of what is called the "Treasury." Whatever it may have been in Moorish possession, certain it is that Spain has no use for it as such now. A Government always in arrears has no necessity for a place of deposit. *Safety is anticipated by manifold appropriations.* To the left from this vestibule, a dark, narrow, winding passage leads to the "Patio de los Baños"—*Court of the Baths*—sometimes called *Chamber of Repose* because fitted up with alcoves in which were couches for rest after the bath. Four Moresco pillars at the angles of this quadrilateral court, support an arched and balustraded gallery, facing the four sides and overlooking the Patio; whence came dulcet notes of lutes to mingle with the music of the fountain below, and lull into voluptuous and perfumed repose both Sultan and Sultana. Still higher, elegantly arched windows are placed under a richly gilded and coloured canopy; which serves, together with the golden and iris-hued lacework of the walls, and the mosaic pave-

ment, to subdue intensity of light, and adapt it to the indolent uses of the place. Indeed, so shadowy is this court and the adjoining rooms, that they seem subterranean. Looking at this Patio de los Baños even at this day, when its charm and means of luxurious enjoyment have been much impaired, the truth may be fully comprehended of one among its many inscriptions—"What is to be wondered at is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot."

The Court of Repose communicates with a suite of marble-floored, and azulejo-walled bath-rooms—plunge, vapour, and shampooing—covered by thick, vaulted ceilings, pierced by small stellated apertures, for twilight and ventilation. Although deprived of much of the fitting up, there are enough of the arrangements of these rooms left to show how high the Moors ranked cleanliness, as means of health and comfort; especially associated with the passive exercise of shampooing, so counter-active of the enervating influences of a hot climate and sedentary life.

Returning through the Court of Repose to the vestibule of the Treasury, a long passage leads thence westward to the "Patio de la Mezquita"—*Court of the Mosque*. A room on the left of the outlet of the long passage from which some centuries of accumulated rubbish has recently been removed by Señor Contreras, shows by its extensive Arabic decoration to have been an important part of the palace. And from its nearness to, and direct communication with the archway referred to at the commencement of our description as the probable portal to the Summer Palace, it is not at all unlikely that this lately discovered chamber was the

principal ante-room or guard-room. Another doorway from the Patio de la Mezquita, leads into what was the Moorish Mosque, converted by Charles V into a chapel by such extensive alterations as to destroy every feature of the original structure. No one will wish to linger in a place where bigotry and barbaric taste have ruled, to the destruction of reverential manifestations of trust and worship of the Source of all Truth. There is not a thing in the chapel to gratify either religious sentiment, or a love of architectural beauty. Whereas, round the archivolt of the windows of the façades of the Court of the Mezquita the following Arabic inscription will be found to have escaped sacrilege—"There is no Deity but Allah, the living, the Eternal, whom neither sleep nor slumber overtakes. He knows what is before men, and what is behind them; and they comprehend not of his wisdom. He has extended his throne over the heavens and the earth: he is the High—the Great."

To the left on quitting the chapel is an arcade, with columns and arches facing the patio, and windows behind overlooking the steep declivity of the Alhambra hill-side descending to the river Darro. It was from one of these windows that Boabdil is sometimes said to have escaped from imprisonment in the Tower of Comares. But by going to that end of the arcade toward the tower and descending a few steps, two rooms are found, passing through which, the opening of a strong door gives access to a passage communicating at its farther end with another running at right angles. Three doorways open from the latter passage into a like number of small rooms. These have no direct com-

munication with each other. Each of the side rooms has an iron-grated window, and the middle room a balconied window, overlooking from a considerable height, the Alhambra Hill-side. These rooms and the passages are in the lower part of the massive Tower of Comares, under the Hall of Ambassadors; and they formed the Prison of the Palace. Here it was that those charged with offences against the sovereignty of the State, were confined. And doubtless it was here that Boabdil and his mother were imprisoned, for conspiracy against the King his father. Prescott ("History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella") by the following passage erroneously locates their place of confinement in the *upper* part of the tower—thus—"the Sultana binding together the scarfs and veils belonging to herself and attendants, succeeded by means of this perilous conveyance, in making her escape, together with her children, from the upper apartments of the tower in which she was lodged." *There are no upper apartments in the Tower of Comares.* From the ceilings of the several rooms and passages, above described as forming the palace-prison, up to the pyramidal cupola of the tower, the whole space is occupied by the Great Hall of Ambassadors. Besides, from such a height of nearly a hundred feet from the ground, it would have been impossible to lower Boabdil who had attained to man's stature, with delicate "scarfs and veils," even if the strength of a few women had been equal to the task. If such an experiment had been attempted, it is not probable he would have survived to head a rebellion. In a foot-note to his history, Mr. Prescott refers to "Mr. Irving's beautiful Spanish sketch-book,

The Alhambra," in which he "devotes a chapter to mementos of Boabdil," showing that Mr. P. had then read that book. And yet he strangely overlooked the fact, that the author of those "mementos," *written in the Alhambra itself*, says—"I next visited the dungeon where he (Boabdil) was confined." "It is a vaulted room in the Tower of Comares, *under the Hall of Ambassadors.*"

But the difficulties of the Sultana's feat—as given by Mr. Prescott—would have been increased, by a resort to the same "perilous conveyance in making her escape;" although the "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" refers to no such attempt; and Mr. Irving, in his chapter of mementos above mentioned, says—in speaking of the gallery whence Boabdil escaped—"as I paced this gallery, my imagination pictured the anxious queen leaning over the parapet, and listening with the throbbings of a mother's heart, to the last echoes of the horse's hoof, as her son scoured along the narrow valley of the Darro." It is clear from this that his researches led him to the conclusion, that *she remained behind*; to mature with the aid of disaffected chiefs the conspiracy against her husband's sovereign authority which she had originated, and thus far guided.

To those acquainted with the arrangement of the rooms and passages beneath the Hall of Ambassadors there is no difficulty in understanding how Boabdil's escape may have been effected. The three rooms doubtless used for prison purposes—but by no means so dismal as to warrant the word "dungeon" applied to them—communicate by separate doors with a passage; at one end of which is another and smaller room—

probably an attendants' or a guard-room, having a window but a few feet above a stone gallery along that entire side of the tower. The other end of the passage communicates directly, and upon the same level, with a similar stone gallery on the opposite side of the tower, by a doorway. There is thus a gallery on each of two sides of the Tower of Comares, within twelve or fifteen feet of the ground, a distance one would not hesitate to leap who felt that danger was behind, and safety before him. Amid the corruptions of Courts it is easy for bribery to overcome the scruples of dependants. They rarely fail to follow the example of superiors. Where material obstacles to escape, as in this case, were not insurmountable, it needs not then the machinery of romance to solve the mystery, however such things may serve to gratify the taste of the imaginative.

But the things leading to, and following this imprisonment, are of sufficient interest to claim incidental remark in connection with a place, in which, as a focus of events, was crowded much of the closing history of a race, who, though trodden out by the foot of conquest and oppression, left proofs of arts and industry which have served to shame their successors.

After the breaking up of the Hispano-Arabic empire into many minor kingdoms and principalities, the jealousies and rivalries of these, and constantly recurring insurrections in each, made them successively easy victims to a power, which, at first feeble from its own segregation, yet became stronger from a steady accretion of parts, until it finally acquired the force of unity. The middle of the thirteenth century found the Kingdom of Granada standing alone, in its resistance to

the Spaniard. All others of the independent Moslem Governments of the Peninsula had submitted to the Catholic arms, or intrigue. Although but a small part of that rich possession which had for five centuries been ruled by the Moslem, still the compact dominion of Granada had resources sufficient to enable it to resist for two hundred years the efforts to conquer it. With a dense population; great wealth; agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing productions, varied and abundant; seaports facilitating foreign commerce; mountain boundaries and intersecting sierras, serving as walls and fortresses, rendered more formidable by military skill; and a capital easy of access to all parts of the kingdom, of unsurpassed strength of position, abounding magazines, and ever-flowing fountains; it is not unreasonable to suppose that harmony and patriotism, would have enabled a brave people—as that Hispano-Moorish race undoubtedly was—as successfully to preserve their nationality, as the handful of Alpine mountaineers, who have maintained independence and free government in the heart of Europe, amid surrounding dynasties which have sought in vain to subdue and absorb them.

But as dissension and conspiracy, had worked the division of the great Hispano-Arabic empire, and speedily the destruction of the fragments into which it had been broken, with one exception, so did they, finally, bring about the ruin of that one; which had long maintained a nationality characterized by unsurpassed prosperity—the sole heir of that Arabic civilization and learning in Europe, which attracted the attention, awakened the ambition, and commanded the patronage

of France, Britain, Germany, and Italy. While, the malign influences however, in the former cases, were the offspring of political ambition among rival chiefs and factions, the last were engendered in woman's jealousy, suspicion, hatred, and revenge; whetted into restless and reckless activity by ungoverned maternal instincts, which heeded not the sovereignty of law, her obligations to the social system under which she lived and had accepted her domestic relation, nor her duty to the religion she professed.

These immediate causes of the fall of Granada doubtless came from the inherent Moorish defects of that social institution, which is essential to the happiness and perpetuation of mankind. Whatever may be said of the harmonies of polygamy under a domestic despotism that enslaves soul and body, and outlaws all thoughts, feelings, and actions, maintaining correlative sexual privileges and obligations, it is certain from the universal workings of the liberated mind and heart, that the longings of human nature are for reciprocal affection and fidelity. Nor can these desires, whatever the seeming assent to established usages, be subdued. They are like the deep pulsations of the ocean, which, however still the surface, move to and fro their strong tides, as sources—under Divine laws—of healthful impulse, new life and being. And they cannot be interfered with in either case without disastrous results. The aspect of family life, alike with the broader relations of human intercourse, as presented by Christian morality, purity, and duty, comes of that same Supreme Wisdom that made man as he is; a possessor of gifts, which, guided aright, best fit him for the happiness of earth,

and the inheritance of heaven. He has not been left, by a Creator of Eternal Beneficence, without a Law of life adapted to the necessities of his being. The purification of home from foreign influences and control—often the sources of untold evils; the inviolability of its relations and interests; the sanctity of its love and confidence; and its duty of mutual faith, dependence, and justice, taught by the decree of unity “at the beginning,” were confirmed by the divinity of truth throughout Christ’s ministry, and comprehensively enforced in His answer to the Pharisees when tempting Him,—“What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.” The interpretation of this command which limits its application solely to the *corporeal* relation of man and wife, is one only befitting a feeble intellect, or dishonesty seeking self-delusion. A broad, comprehensive, and righteous sense, of Christian duty, well knows, that there are many ways of destroying the harmony and oneness of the married state, and sowing the seeds of a *spiritual separation* whose fruits poison the well-springs of being for time, and often for eternity. Reverence for Creative Wisdom, and its lessons of immortal destiny, forbid the belief, that the *mortal part* of man *alone* had place in a law for his good, to the *exclusion of that* in which only dare we accept the declaration that he was created in the likeness of his Maker.

Whatever collateral benefits may have come therefrom to the world at large, there is no doubt that the wider intercourse of mankind in our day than of old, has developed a mercantile spirit in professedly Christian communities of absorbing energy, whose greed of

gain, like a plague sweeping over the earth, has brought all else under the dominion of its pestilential law. Mammon has usurped the worship due to God: to Whom, mere formularies of prayer and praise—self-deluding sedatives of conscience—yield no acceptable service. That comes, alone, of fulfilling the Divine Commandments; of actual, not nominal, Christianity. He, upon whom the Spirit of Truth was “put,” and who was “chosen to show judgment,” said—“if thou would be perfect sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.” Be an almoner, not a miser.

This pursuit and hoarding of riches, taxing every capacity of the mind, and laying under tribute of service and of sacrifice, the energies and the interests of the soul, is in positive disobedience of Divine Law. Nor should we look for aught else than weariness and vexation of spirit; the “hope deferred which maketh the heart sick;” and final disappointment, and oft times wretchedness; after years of toil, anxiety, apprehensions, or realities of evil, even to the endangering of an inheritance of salvation; as consequences of this indulgence in avarice, in disregard of Supreme Wisdom. They are the retribution of wrong-doing, appointed under the Ordinance of Creation; and confirmed by the Law and the Lessons of Revelation. Whatever shape this lust for lucre may take; and however advocated by selfishness, or by misguided instincts and affections; and whether gratified by a surrender of ennobling pursuits and of personal repose, or by a mean and dishonourable speculation upon the toil of others without equivalent return, few, indeed, if any, are the instances in which it does not work its own punishment.

So diffused has become this poison of covetousness that the olden purity of the Christian fireside has not escaped its malign influence. Even the hopes of childhood budding into promise of happiness, are blasted by the infection of domestic bargaining and scheming. Pounds shillings and pence, dollars and cents, are now the values of all Anglo-Saxon possessions: and a daughter, estimated as in an Oriental slave-market, is parentally taught, or constrained—there are many ways of doing this—to degrade her married relation, in principle, to the harlotry of a harem. Marriages are “arranged,” “settlements made,” and “property qualifications” investigated, with the same cool calculation of profits, or its chances, as if the being disposed of—the owner of a soul, perhaps, striving to cling to truth, purity, and love, as the safeguards of happiness here and hopes hereafter—were a bale of broadcloth, or a barrel of bacon.

The wretchedness commonly resulting from such trading transactions, is not the fate of the immediate victims alone. A curse awaits children, whose inheritance of wealth independent of parental control—it may be through a pitiful ambition to perpetuate a perishing name—is attended in nearly all cases by a precocious self-sufficiency, impatience of home influence, indifference to its counsels, and eventual rebellion against parental authority. Subjection to the snares of the designing, vicious companionship, and criminal idleness, if not criminal activity in wickedness, complete the career of such. Many a spring-time promise has been blighted by the too long lingering frost of winter.

Whatever arguments the sophistry of selfishness may

urge in defence of separate interests in domestic life, the answer to them is found in the fact of a Divine Law ordained for the peace, happiness, welfare, and permanence, of that holiest of human sanctuaries—the *Christian home*. It is precisely this *sanctity of unity* of the *real Christian married relation*, which has made its influence for good so powerful over those, who have been born and bred within its blessed sphere. And it is the want of it under Moslem institutions, that leaves the harem without promise of fidelity; a pest-house of intrigue and corruption; subject to the rule of a spirit of discord, whose agencies of mischief are human passions, stirred to their depths by antagonistic feelings and interests. Abul Hassan's household illustrated this truth; and shaping, as did its feuds, the closing history of Granada, they give startling point to the warning—“Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.”

Muley Abul Hassan—frequently and briefly written Abul Hassan—King of Granada, married in early life Ayeshah or Ayxa, daughter of his great uncle Mohammed VII. She became the mother of Abu Abdallah—commonly called Boabdil. He afterwards made Fatima—surnamed Zoraya—the Morning Star—one of his wives. Mr. Prescott, in his “History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,” has strangely represented Zoraya as the mother of Boabdil. The confounding of the two Sultanas is referred to by Mr. Irving, in the “Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.” He speaks of it as an error made by “several historians,” without naming them: and adds, that the statement which

makes Ayxa the mother of Boabdil, and Zoraya the rival Sultana, of whom and her offspring Ayxa was jealous—"is according to the most reliable authorities." Ayxa, a woman of stern, determined, and impetuous character, jealous of the influence of Zoraya over the King, and apprehensive that her offspring might supplant Boabdil, secretly organized a conspiracy for the dethronement of her husband and the elevation of her own son to the sovereignty. The previous history of the fall of the great Moorish empire in Spain, and the successive passing away of its parts, had shown an ever-present existence of factionists—ready instruments of gratifying discontent, and always on the alert to avail of chances of aggrandizement. Granada was doomed to follow the footsteps of her ill-fated predecessors in ruin. With such agents at hand, even in the precincts of the palace, the Sultana Ayxa and Boabdil, were on the eve of consummating their double scheme of revenge and ambition, when its discovery by the King led to their imprisonment in the Tower of Comares. None can justly blame Abul Hassan for this least objectionable mode of foiling a conspiracy endangering his life and throne; especially when it is considered, that it was in his power to inflict the summary punishment of death, for the threefold treason against him, as husband, father, and King.

If further testimony than that of accepted history were wanted to prove this conspiracy, it is found in the events following the escape of Boabdil from the Tower of Comares. These were sufficiently recounted when speaking of the charge of murder of the Abencerrajes, in connection with the Hall of that name. From the

day of his return with a band of malcontents to join Ayxa in the Albaicin, and light up the flames of civil war in Granada; down to that when his father, disabled by age and affliction, could no longer struggle against rebellion in maintenance of his place and power; this apostate son, under the guidance of a mother whose spirit was steeped in the bitterness of jealousy, suspicion, and hate, and led by an ambition which blinded her to the gulf of perdition toward which she was leading him, added proof to proof of the crime conceived and matured in the paternal mansion, and against the sanctity of paternal rights.

Though less fierce, persistent, and unrelenting, than his mother, Boabdil was nevertheless a compliant tool in the hands he had been led to think uplifted solely for the promotion of his interests. He knew not that there were springs of action in her nature which gave still a stronger impulse to visible passion and purpose, however powerful these in the shaping of events. Around the controlling and regulating centre of human motives, satellites of apparently independent purpose move, each in its own orbit. But the great governing law of selfishness dominates them all, maintaining obedience to itself, while it gives direction and force to each. The pride and haughtiness of Ayxa's character, were excited to unrestrained jealousy, and revenge by the favour of the King for Zoraya. She would bear no rival near a throne, whose honours and privileges she had long looked upon as exclusively hers. Suspicion, with a spirit of such intensity of selfishness, was proof of wrong done, or intended. Of immutable justice, and the duties this imposes in the varied relations of life,

she was incapable of taking cognizance, from the darkness of a soul shut in from the light of nobler affinities; and from that blessed beam of Charity illuminating the Christian's life whose practice and profession conform. Ambitious and implacable, she resolved that the sceptre she could not sway in the hands of her husband, a man of impressible nature, prompt to decide, and of great courage and firmness in action, should still be hers, held by a son of feebler qualities, moulded in plastic childhood into conformity with her interested policy, and taught to look upon her as the source of his gratifications and fortunes. For she well knew that the current of her feelings, thoughts, and objects, would continue to give direction to his. But for the presence of her stern, active, and inflexible spirit, imbued with that meanest and least pardonable of frailties, enduring and vulgar bitterness, history furnishes no warrant for supposing that Boabdil would have been capable of executing, the filial treason of which he was guilty. On the contrary, later manifestations of self-reproach shall be instanced, to show his possible possession of kindlier nature. At least inherent inertness must be conceded to him. He was like neutral iron, becoming an agent of force solely because of the galvanic current encircling it.

Whatever natural affections he possessed were not able to resist the weakening and perverting influence of mischievous and designing agencies, operating upon morbidly excited susceptibilities. It is thus, that the unprincipled and heartless, sow seeds of suspicion, distrust, and discontent; whose harvest is oftentimes one of alienation, attended with penalties of evil, that even the

limit of time may not always end. Certainly the life of Boabdil, after the maternal training of him for a parricide which led to his self-banishment from his father's house, was one of nearly uninterrupted disasters until his death. The promises by his mother of independent power and gratified ambition, begun in the whispered conspiracies of the Alhambra, and repeated in all the vicissitudes of bolder rebellion, perished one by one, becoming phantoms to mock the credulity with which, from the faith of feebleness, he clung to her counsels; until the Spaniard, conqueror of all else, summoned Granada to surrender. It seemed as if the Sword of Divine Vengeance were uplifted over a throne, in whose fortress-palace began, where was consummated, and which had become the last refuge of a treason, made memorable and abhorrent to every righteous sense of natural, religious, and political duty. Then it was, and there, that Boabdil, awakened by a conviction of truth from the delusion which had so long and fatally guided him, exclaimed to the suffering and humiliated people, "It was my crime in ascending the throne in rebellion against my father, which has brought these woes upon the kingdom: but Allah has grievously visited my sins upon my head."

In this brief, self-accusing declaration, is summed up the judgment of mankind. None will deny the justice of the punishment which took from him the crown he had most unrighteously coveted; and banished him from the home whence he had forcibly and with blood-stained hands, driven his own father. The lesson should not be lost upon those tempted either by ambition, pride, prejudice, or passion, to a violation of the

laws of God written upon the human heart, and revealed in lessons of commissioned wisdom to the conscience and conviction of man.

A romantic disposition, indulging in dreams of solitude, has striven to find excuses for Boabdil's heartlessness and perfidy, in the reputed faults of another. But it is not allowed of history, however compassionate of penitential suffering, to palliate wickedness, and to withhold legitimate inculcations of truth, honour, and duty. To screen cruelty and crime from reprobation, by diverting attention from material facts to collateral issues, may be pardoned in a special pleader, but not in a professedly impartial recorder, and judge, of immediate causes of great results. It has been said, that, on the occasion of El Zagal's proposal to Boabdil of compromise of conflicting interests, after his father's death, that they might unite in defending their country against the Christians, he spurned it, saying, "How shall I trust a man who has murdered my father and my kindred by treachery." The tendencies to ungenerous suspicion in which he had been schooled, and which had so unhappily shaped his career; and resentment for his uncle's resistance to his unnatural conduct; might well create a doubt of the imputation thus cast upon El Zagal. And so far from withdrawing attention from himself, the remark compels the conclusion, that a reacting sense of duty which caused him to reproach another, was even then bringing remorse to his own threshold. Doubtless he thought, at that sad moment, of the sufferings and sorrows, the wearisome days and nights, through which his father had passed to his long sleep; and wished, that his hand had been paralyzed,

ere it planted a barb in his heart—the parental heart, which ceases not to love a child until it ceases to beat, however it may be forced by events to repress the expression of its longings. Sensitive, and probably impetuous, his father was; quick to feel injuries and injustice; openly indignant at wrong; and a dauntless and unswerving vindicator of what he believed to be right. There is every reason to think that he also illustrated the truth, that such temperaments are commonly allied to a forgiving disposition—the mark of a magnanimous nature. Sedition and turbulence, had ceased to arouse the activities of Abul Hassan's spirit, ere the sleep of the tomb stilled his pulses. Waning health and vanished sight did for him a work of peace. Yet the pang coming of domestic discord and desertion still lingered; which, even at such a moment, Boabdil's hand sought not to assuage. Life-long continuance was given that pang by persistent rebellion of the son. It ceased only with the breath of being. Boabdil's reply to his uncle needs the seal of truth, which a frank confession of participation in his father's murder would have given.

Whether viewed in his private or public relation, it would be difficult to conceive a more inglorious career than his. Commenced in conspiracy, and continued in rebellion, against sire and sovereign; pursued in alternate hostilities, submission, alliance, treachery, and final surrender of nearly eight centuries of Moorish dominion to the Christians—enemies of his race and religion, bent on their extermination; and whose use of him from time to time for the accomplishment of their object, was the measure of their contempt for his

humiliation, and of his vassalage—for that was one which, he did not hesitate to violate as faithlessly as he had forfeited allegiance to his king and kindred; and which thus served as excuse to the Spaniards to hasten the conquest of Granada. All these brought to him an infamy, from the consciousness of which he had not the heroic virtue to escape by death in a last struggle for his kingdom. That alternative would have spared him, at least the reproach of that mother who originated, directed, and finished his ruin; as, on their way to banishment, when looking back for the last time on the red towers and walls of the Alhambra fading in the distance, Boabdil exclaimed, "When were woes ever equal to mine," and his "last sigh" melted in tears, the hardened, as heartless cause of his misfortunes, contemptuously responded—"You do well to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man." However such an upbraiding shows much lauded "lion-hearted" qualities, it surely does not illustrate either womanly kindness, or the tenderness, love, and sympathy, of a self-sacrificing mother. Her message to her son on his retreat to Velez el Blanco—"a throne, or a grave," suited better her inordinate longing for power and revenge. She had not the wisdom, or the soul to see, that neither triumph, nor the tomb, could exalt wickedness. The indignation of the "turbaned Moor" met by Mr. Irving in the Court of Lions, speaks the judgment of those who come to see the monuments of their departed glory. In answer to that author's "endeavour to vindicate the memory of the unlucky Boabdil," he replied—"If he (Muley Hassan) had been properly seconded, Granada would still have

been ours; but his son Boabdil thwarted his plans, crippled his power, sowed treason in his palace, and dissension in his camp. May the curse of God light upon him for his treachery!" Such, we shall see, was his fate. Intense as became his remorse from overwhelming miseries, it was natural for one who knew not the impulses of heroic patriotism, to look for alleviation in the activities of repentance. Hence, when arranging the terms of surrender of Granada, he sought to secure to the Sultana Zoraya, who had adhered faithfully to his father through all his adversities, the patrimony left her by him. Toward her sons—his kindred of blood—it has been said, he showed fraternal kindness. But it is a fact, illustrative of the sure, though often slow fulfilment of justice, that while Boabdil perished in Africa, a participant in civil strife, and his issue became merged and forgotten in unknown being, his father's shield, that of Zoraya's children, has continued to give the blazon to that of their posterity to this day, as nobles of Spain; and still bears the Moorish motto—"God alone is Conqueror"—as if significant of the final and righteous issue of events, to which reference has been made in connection with the Tower of Comares.

Although, by reason of the massiveness and strength of the walls of this tower, they seem built for all time, yet so delicate is the interior decoration, that, speaking of its wondrous Hall of Ambassadors and Vestibule, with other parts of the Alhambra Palace, as a whole, it may be said—so fair, and yet so frail a fabric is it, that one might fancy it woven by the frosty fingers of some winter-sprite of the neighbouring snowy Sierra, to dis-

appear when blown on by the breath of vernal zephyrs. And yet, light and fragile as it seems, with such studied reference to the perfection of material and construction, was it built, that, though wantonly and wickedly damaged by Spanish despoilers, the portion of it not entirely destroyed by royal command, is even now, after more than five centuries since its completion, better preserved than the palace erected by Charles V to supersede it, two centuries and a half later. The Arabic inscription on the great fountain of the Court of Lions is a fit apostrophe inspired by halls and courts, robed in glory as they once were when painted as by the rainbow, and perfumed by the fruits and flowers of Andalusia. "Blessed is He who gave the Imam Mohammed a mansion which in beauty exceeds all other mansions . . . and where is a garden containing wonders, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ALHAMBRA HILL, WALL, AND TOWERS. TORRE DE JUSTICIA. TORRE DE LOS PRISONES. TORRE DE LOS SIETE SUELOS—ROMANTIC STORIES CONNECTED THEREWITH. HISTORY SHOULD REFUSE TO ACCEPT TRADITIONS HOWEVER PLEASING TO THE FANCY. STORY OF THE CLOSURE OF THE PORTAL OF THE TORRE DE LOS SIETE SUELOS A FABLE. BOABDIL'S DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA. WHERE HE GAVE UP THE KEYS OF THE CITY. INTERESTING EVIDENCES RELATING TO THE SURRENDER. WORKS OF ART OFTEN MOST RELIABLE RECORDS. TORRE DE LA AGUA. TORRE DE LAS INFANTAS—VIEW THENCE. LEGEND OF THE INFANTAS. TORRE DE LA CAUTIVA. TORRE DE LA CANDIL. TORRE DE LOS PICOS. PUERTA DE LA HIERRA. CASA DEL OBSERVATORIO AND MOORISH MOSQUE. MOSLEM PANTHEON. ALCAZABA KASSÁBAH. TORRE DEL HOMENAGE. TORRE DEL ARMERIA. TORRE DE LA VELA. VIEW OF THE VEGA. BRIDGE OF PINOS. SANTA FÉ. ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO. SUBIA.

THE Alhambra Hill rises rapidly from the Plaza Nueva ; and within the Gate of Charles V—Puerta de la Granadas—as already stated, has two upper plateaus. That to the east of a valley, consisting chiefly of the Campo de los Martyros, with the Vermilion Towers at

one end; and that to the west having upon it the Palace just described, together with a considerable area devoted to various purposes, enclosed by defensive walls and towers. Although nearly destroyed by the French on their abandonment of the Alhambra in 1812, yet this fortress part of the hill presents so many picturesque views, from the unhindered wildness of verdure which revels on its ruins, and it is so linked with interesting incidents of the past, that it may not be left unexplored without risk of regret. It helps to give material expression to the Arabian epoch in Spain—the sterner one of war, as the Palace marks the milder reign of peace. And yet portions of it will remind the rambler, of romantic legends whose witchery once beguiled his willing credulity, and still haunts the subterranean chambers and crumbling battlements of these defences.

The Alhambra plateau is higher than the Campo de los Martyros. This esplanade surrounded by walls and towers is an elongated, irregular oval, extending from east to west, and having a length of 2,690 feet, and a width of 730 feet. The wall and towers are built of a concrete of stone, earth, and lime, faced for the most part with brick; ferruginous ingredients giving them a more than usual redness; while the intense heat of an Andalusian sun has baked them into almost rocky hardness. The height of the wall is 27 feet, the average thickness 5 feet.

Taking the Torre de Justicia—already described—as a starting point, and passing eastward the Puerta del Carril, the *Torre de los Prisioneros* is soon seen lifting its broken battlements nearly on a line with the top of the port-holed southern wall. Enclosed gardens within

the Alhambra grounds prevent near approach to this tower. It is better seen from the outside, as are likewise two smaller (nameless) towers abutting upon the grounds of the Sieta Suelos Hotel, outside of the Alhambra enclosure. But by passing the Church of Sa. Maria within the enclosure, and taking the streets called Calle Real, and Calle de San Francisco, until the ruined Convent and Church of San Francisco—where once rested the bodies of the deceased Isabella and Ferdinand until the completion of their sepulchre in the Royal Chapel—are reached, a gate will be found on the opposite side of the way, giving entrance to a large garden and vineyard. Through these a path leads to the “Torre de los Siete Suelos”—*Tower of the Seven Floors*. This, in the time of the Moors, was a strongly defended position, with two stone arched floors below ground, and five above. A thousand fantastical stories are told by the common people about this Torre de los Siete Suelos, and the treasures buried in its deep vaults, the entrance to which is defended by horrid monsters subject alone to the power of enchantment. One of these, Washington Irving wrought into his exciting “Legend of the Moor’s Legacy.” Many in later times would like to be as fortunate as Peregil, the water-carrier, therein told of, in getting their arms up to their elbows into jars of golden coin, and precious stones, by means of a perfumed taper and an incantation. Some however while actually engaged in the mysteries of the black art, still pursued even in our day, get plunged into utter darkness, like the alcalde, alguazil, and barber—there said to be buried—by the sudden going out of life’s precious taper, with which they are groping

in the secret ways of avarice. It is a keen sarcasm—that of the author of "Tales of the Alhambra"—which says of the worthies shut up under the tower of the seven floors—"Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of pimping barbers, sharking alquazils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday."

The damage of this tower wrought by the explosion of the mine, when the French evacuated Granada in 1812, amounted to nearly total destruction. Fragmentary walls, windows, and gateway, still seen, indicate the general plan of construction; but the mass of fallen ruins alone gives an idea of the formidable character of this work when it was one of the principal gateways and defences of the fortress.

It was through the gate of this Torre de los Siete Suelos, that Boabdil the last of the Hispano-Moorish kings, is said, by some recent foreign writers overzealous in clothing Spanish history in a garb of romance, to have left the Alhambra with a retinue of fifty cavaliers, after stipulating for the capitulation of Granada; passing thence over the opposite Hill of the Martyrs, through the Puerta de los Molinos, and across the Genil river to a spot marked at this day by the Hermitage of St. Sebastian—then a Moorish mosque—where King Ferdinand awaited him to receive the formal surrender of the keys of the city. It has been stated also—in "traditional mementos"—that with the "melancholy caprice of a broken spirit" Boabdil requested of the Catholic monarchs, that no one after—

wards might be permitted to pass through this gate, that the "gate was walled up," and has been further closed by the stones gathered from the ruins of the French explosion. Or, as professed history has put it—"His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day (1850)—a mute memorial of that event." The author from whom the above quotation is made, says in the introduction to his volume treating of the Moresco-Spanish wars, that this is "a tract of history, but too much overgrown with the weeds of fable." True. And it is to be regretted that some who have put the sickle into the Spanish harvest, have not only gathered tares and wheat together, but have even sought the withered product of "stony places," thus still further deteriorating the crop. The statements and incidents above referred to, if correct, would be of little interest, and of no use unless to illustrate Boabdil's affected sensibility. Nevertheless, truth, even in small matters, is better than error; especially when the latter has been strengthened by repetition of those who have not taken the trouble to look into things for themselves. The "Guia del Viajero en Granada" states, that in 1747 the Gate of the Seven Floors was *shut*, because the tower served as a refuge for evil-doers. It is not probable, if it had been "walled up" by *royal command* in 1492, at Boabdil's reputed sentimental request, that it would have been afterwards restored, as there were several other equally, and for some purposes, more convenient entrances to the Alhambra. *Certain it is, the gateway is now there—in 1872 and 1873—without trace of its ever having been walled up.* The gate itself and jambs, bear the marks of decaying old

age; and the gate is fastened by hasp and staple, which a few strokes with a hammer would readily detach. The fallen rubbish from the French explosion in 1812 does not prevent clambering down to the gate. When one looks at it, as it now is, the story of this outlet having been walled up, appears as much of a fable, as that of the treasure and guardian monsters beneath the tower. The "humble historiographer" of the Alhambra—as the "meagre varlet" of a cicerone has been flatteringly called—who "remembers to have heard his father and grandfather say" so much, however learned in legendary lore, and therefore entertaining as "a simple-minded, gossiping companion," should scarcely have been permitted to blind a seeker after facts, to things as they are, and to rational conclusions. Prospective pesetas give wonderful activity of invention to talkative Spanish guides. And then too the eager and enthusiastic credulity of their hearers, makes such an easy and pleasant field of labour to them! Their tales remind one of musical variations, which often smother an original air beyond possibility of recognition, and in proportion to their departure from true harmony excite astonishment. It is not surprising that these professional story-tellers should strive to make things as strange as possible, their "brains continually running upon golden legends"—as has been said by an ardent lover of these; which, interpreted by simple sense, means legends that bring gold into their usually empty pockets.

But, those, who, having visited Granada, have examined with due care mementos of the past, are made to question still further certain statements put forth as

historical, of Boabdil's departure from the Alhambra. We speak of those statements accessible to the English reader, and usually regarded as standard authorities. In the "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada"—much drawn upon by later writers—and in still earlier "Mementos of Boabdil" by the same author, as before said, he is represented as passing through the gate of the Torre de los Siete Suelos to the small mosque now consecrated as the Hermitage of St. Sebastian, where he delivered up the keys of the city. The author, tracing the route of Boabdil as followed by himself from the gate of the tower across the hill of martyrs, then says—in the "Mementos of Boabdil"—"passing by the Puerta de los Molinos, I issued forth upon the public promenade, called the Prado, and pursuing the course of the Xenil, arrived at a small Moorish mosque, now converted into the chapel or hermitage of St. Sebastian. A tablet on the wall relates that on this spot Boabdil surrendered the keys of Granada to the Castilian sovereigns."

We have italicized the last sentence to draw special attention to it. For, having gone over the same ground, book in hand describing the route, our astonishment, it may be supposed, was great, when, confronting us, was the monumental "tablet" immured in the Chapel of St. Sebastian, giving a positive contradiction to the passage quoted. The following is its inscription—to wit—*"Habiendo Muley Abdeli, ultimo rey moro de Granada, entregado las llaves de dicha ciudad, el viernes 2 de enero de 1492 á las tres de la tarde en la puerta de la Alhambra á nuestros catolicos monarcas don Fernando V de Arragon y doña Isabel de Castilla, despues de 777 años que esta dicha ciudad sufria el yugo mahometano desde*

la perdida de España acaecida domingo 2 de noviembre de 714: *salio dicho catolico rey a despedir al espresado Boabdil hasta este sitio*, antes mezquita de moros y ahora erigida en capilla de San Sebastian, donde dieron las primeras gracias á Dios nuestro Señor el glorioso conquistador y su ejercito; entonando la real capilla el te deum, y tremolando en la Torre de la Vela, el estandarte de la fe: en cuya memoria se toca a dicha hora *la plegaria* en la Catedral, y se gana indulgencia plenaria rezando tres padres nuestros y tres ave marias." This Spanish inscription, translated, reads thus—Muley Abdeli, the last of the Moorish kings of Granada, having given up the keys of this city, Friday the 2d January 1492 at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the gate of the Alhambra, to our Catholic monarchs Ferdinand V of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, after 777 years that this city suffered the Mahomedan yoke after its loss to Spain, which occurred on Sunday 2nd November 714: the above monarch came out to take leave of the said Boabdil at this place, before a Moorish mosque, and now erected a chapel to St. Sebastian. Our glorious Señor and his army first gave thanks to God, intoning in the Royal Chapel a Te Deum, (the great mosque of the city received Catholic consecration for that purpose) and waving from the Tower of the Vela the Standard of the Faith. In memory of which there is sounded at the same time *la plegaria* in the Cathedral: and one will gain plenary indulgence by saying three Pater Nosters and three Ave Marias.

It is thus seen, that, if this ancient tablet is to be regarded as authority in the premises, *the keys of Granada were not surrendered to Ferdinand here, but*

at the gate of the Alhambra; and that the object of the Spanish monarch coming to this outer limit of the city, was, however heartless, an extension of *kingly courtesy to his fallen foe*.

It is not surprising, that this visible and very intelligible witness having been misinterpreted by the author of "Mementos," another of these mute records of events, possibly unknown to him, should not have been referred to as throwing additional light on the subject.

The Royal Chapel—Capilla de los Reyes—at Granada, was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, immediately after the Conquest—1492—and was completed in 1517, one year after the death of the former; who commanded that the remains of himself and the queen, should therein be entombed. The building is, then, of the generation corresponding to that of the siege and surrender of Granada; and it cannot reasonably be doubted, that those who designed and executed its details were familiar with the events of the time, and of the place in which they lived. It is plain, that those engaged on the work, proposed to make it expressive of the achievement which shed a crowning glory upon the Spanish throne, by adhering to the art-rule of the epoch, and making architecture and sculpture delineators of the history of the day. And all this having been done at the time when facts were fresh and fixed, the olden record remains now as it was at first, reliable authority; needing no "later researches," to give "*necessary correctness and enrichment* to new editions" as has been said of a recently written "Chronicle."

The retablo of the High Altar—a representation in

relievo of great events, mostly religious, in Spanish churches—is, in the Royal Chapel of the Granada Cathedral, of highest antiquarian interest; embodying, as it does, in sculptured Alerce, the stories of the surrender of the Moors, and the conversion of many of them to Christianity by baptism. The former of these shows the Moors issuing, *not* from the Gate of the Torre de los Siete Suelos, *but from the Gate of Judgment of the Torre de Justicia*, Boabdil on foot, advancing with the keys in his outstretched hand toward King Ferdinand; who, with Queen Isabella, and the Grand Cardinal Mendoza—all mounted—followed by a courtly retinue, are approaching the gate. There, are the Alhambra walls, and Great Tower, and Gate of Judgment, in features, symbols, and surroundings, as they were, and still are, unmistakably identical, staggering one's faith in later written history. We cannot disregard the testimony of these mute witnesses. In all ages of the world sculptured remains have been found among the most truthful records of what had gone before: and the student of the dead past deems himself the happiest of mortals, if he can but disinter a long buried fragment telling the secrets of ages that were. These imperishable testimonies, worked out in time and toil, seem to take an impress of faithfulness from the unsleeping inspirations of soul, and maturity of thought, which shape them. A touch may make or mar; and the hand is not likely to be outstretched until assurance sends it to its duty. And the vigils kept over that which we know shall tell the story of being to those to come, warn us against a record the future cannot efface. Marble and bronze once lifted to

their place cannot know again the plastic touch of change. The Apollo Belvidere, and the Laocoon, could know no "new editions;" and the Venus de Medici and Dying Gladiator, had of necessity to remain as they were first given to the world. Would, that much of written history needed as little to be "corrected and enriched!"

The inscription on the tablet at the Hermitage of St. Sebastian, is thus seen to be corroborated by the retable of the Royal Chapel; before which kneel the effigies of the Sovereigns whose triumph is there told, as if solemnly attesting its truth. As ancient records nearly contemporaneous with the events to which they refer, both Tablet and Retablo challenge the careful examination of the visitor to this scene of fierce and final struggle of antagonist religionists, for the empire of the Spanish Peninsula. And in accepting them as authority in the premises, we are placed under no necessity to ask the aid of a far-fetched "melancholy caprice," to account for a *heartless parricide and apostate* issuing from a gate, where would have been encountered steepness and steps scarcely safe for his retinue of mounted cavaliers to descend, when there was near at hand the usual and easy outlet of the great portal.

Continuing the circuit of the wall from the Torre de los Siete Suelos, on the eastern end of the hill is found the shattered *Torre de la Agua*; so-called because here the water for the use of the Alhambra reaches it, by an aqueduct spanning the ravine that separates this from the adjoining height of the Cerro del Sol. The picture presented here—best seen from outside the wall—of bold natural scenery, outlining the wreck and ruin of

art clad in clambering vines seeking to bind a coronet of verdure on broken battlements, as if in token of triumph over the pride and panoply of evil, is one, of which many an artist's portfolio has carried away the counterfeit presentment. Adjoining this water-tower, within the Alhambra grounds, is a pretty garden of pinks and forget-me-nots, roses and verbenas, looking into the crystal stream coming from fountains afar off to bring freshness to them; and a little cottage, trellised with grape-vines and honeysuckles, where lives a venerable señora—possibly a descendant of some Moorish monarch—who seems blessed in the seclusion of a spot volumned with lessons of wisdom; and where the music of ever-flowing waters tell her of God's ceaseless bounties, and the perfume of flowers reminds her always of the incense of gratitude due to the Creator of All-Good. A posy from her floral treasury is apt to testify her favour to appreciative visitors; to whom also, she kindly points the path to "La Torre de las Infantas." This *Tower of the Princesses* is so called from having been, according to the traditions of the place, the usual abode of the daughters of Moorish kings. And the very great elegance of the interior architectural decoration supports the opinion that it had more than a common use. It is one of the towers that escaped demolition from the explosion of the French mine. Nevertheless, having been used as a barrack by the invaders, it has sustained irreparable damage, not only by the smoke of fires made in the superb patio, penetrating and blackening nearly all the exquisite filagree stucco, but by the absolute destruction of much of the arabesque and marble work.

How needlessly ruinous war is made even by the self-boastful missionaries of a refined humanity. Savages, as they are termed, who decline to accept a civilization calling itself Christian, the honesty and justice of which they have been taught by experience to question, receive from the white man lessons of blood, in deliberately predetermined and wanton massacre even of the unresisting. How shall the *crimes* of war—for such there are in the estimation of a human belief in its sometimes unavoidable necessity—be averted, if the personally influential in government, and nationally powerful in arms, resolve to show no mercy? Shall man, claiming to be civilized, disregard with impunity the inculcations of civilization; and degrade himself, and shame his profession, by following in the footsteps of a butchery born of barbarism?

The patio of the lower floor of the Princesses' Tower is marble paved, with a Moorish basin and jet d'eau in the middle. Rooms on the three sides, and alcoves in front, formed the retreats from summer heat; a pyramidal inlaid dome at the top of the building shutting out the sun. The second and third floors have columned arcades overlooking the patio and fountains below, and upon these surrounding chambers open; while balconied windows of some of these rooms give glimpses of near and far off scenery. But it is from the top of the tower that a more comprehensive view of the bold and beautiful of nature is had—as once seen by us, blossoming trees and shrubbery, and full blown flowers, decking the gardens below, and sending up fragrance on vernal breezes; with the embowered Generalife across the way; and farther off, in the opposite direction, the Vega un-

rolling its emerald carpet; while yet beyond, the Sierra Nevada lifted its snow-domes, over-looking all, like a sublime temple of Him who spake such beauty into being. These were among the things that served to cherish thought and sentiment in the young favourites of fortune—as the high-born are commonly called—whose refuge this tower was, to shut them in from the temptations of the outside world. But if tradition tells the truth, some of them as they grew apace became discontented with a Garden of Eden which had not for them fruit of the tree of knowledge. They wished to put forth their hands and pluck, and eat as did others. And being beguiled by Spanish cavaliers, subtle as the serpent of old, they stole away, and sought it in Christian lands, where it is well known to grow in commingled maturity of "good and evil." The "little old fairy queen who frequents the evening tertulias of Dame Antonia," tells the story of the temptation in "Tales of the Alhambra." The rambler over this enchanted hill may sit down by Zorahayda's fountain in the twilight patio, and while awaiting its bubbling, and the coming of the gentle maiden's sorrowing spirit, read the "Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra;" list to the silver lute, as, touched by ethereal fingers its strain floats like a sigh through the mysterious stillness; and behold the baptism of the enchanted one, and her melting away into an eternity of bliss. Then, let him follow the pure and gentle priestess at whose feet fell the inspiration of harmony for the triumph of truth and love, and if he have not a new and tender joy of exquisite art, he must be strangely and unhappily made.

A short distance west of the last named tower, and on the same side of the Alhambra plateau, overlooking the deep ravine which separates it from the Generalife, is "La Torre de la Cautiva"—*The Tower of the Captive*. It derives its name from the presumed residence here of Doña Isabella, daughter of Sancho Ximenes de Solis, who fell into the hands of Abul Hassan when a frontier fortress defended by her father—who was killed in the assault—was captured by the Moors. Though a child when brought to Granada, she was treated with the deference due to her rank. This tower is believed to have been appropriated to her use, where she was reared in Moslem faith and usages. Her exceeding grace and beauty at maturity, impressed the King so strongly, that he made her one of his Sultana's under the name of Zoraya. It was of her that Ayxa became jealous, and was thereby led into the rebellion which resulted in the dishonour, and ultimate ruin of her son Boabdil. Although shattered by the explosion of mines—fig-trees growing in the breaches and wild roses hanging tresses from fissures—and broken and blackened inside by a wanton soldiery, this tower in its columns, arches, and traceried chambers, retains traces of having been devoted, not to military, but probably to domestic uses.

"La Torre del Candil"—*The Tower of the Light, or Lamp*—next beyond that of the captive, to the westward, is without special architectural or historical interest. But a little further, "La Torre de los Picos"—named from its peaked battlements—by massiveness and strength, and by its formidable looking gateway, shows that it was considered an important defensive

position. The fact indeed that this was the great postern entrance to the Alhambra grounds, made it necessary that it should have great strength. Outside of this postern are the ruins of the palace stables; and near at hand the "Puerta de la Hierra"—the *iron door*. Some of the local guides point out this postern outlet as that by which Boabdil escaped from the palace, when foiled in his conspiracy against his father's throne. The correct account of his imprisonment, and escape, has already been given. But there is no doubt, that it was through this Puerta de la Hierra, that the mournful cavalcade of Boabdil's *family* passed, before dawn of the day of the surrender of the Alhambra to the Spaniards. Going thence, as they did, through one of the most unfrequented quarters of the city, to avoid exposure to those, who, it was feared, would reproach them for the misfortunes that had been brought upon the country.

From this, garden enclosures, and the Palace, including the Tower of Comares, prevent a continuous exploration of the northern limit of the Alhambra plateau. By a lane leading from the Torre de los Picos along the rear of the Moorish Palace, and that of Charles V, the Plaza de los Algibes is reached; whence, to the west, through a gateway of a still standing part of the wall of the Alcazaba, the enclosure of that fortress is entered. On the way from the Torre de los Picos, and not far from it—to the right—a gate gives access to the "Casa del Observatorio," where will be found a small *Moorish Mosque*. It was probably the private chapel, or place of prayer of a court official of distinction, whose residence was outside of the palace. An

attempt at restoration of its damaged interior, has given a somewhat effective idea of Arabic decoration. It is quite coarse, however, compared with that of the exterior—especially that of the doorway—which, though much discoloured, is far finer in the cutting of its delicate tracery. A little beyond is the "Casa del Cura" where is a marble tank, once used for the preparation for deceased Moorish Sovereigns for burial in the Moslem Pantheon, formerly near at hand, but since the Spanish succession, utterly destroyed. Here it was, that the body of the dethroned King Muley Abul Hassan was brought for interment, after his death at Solobreña on the Mediterranean. The conspiracy and crime that drove him from a home, welcomed him to a grave. They had yet to find their own rest over a pathway strewn with thorns and scorpion-stings, in a wretched sepulchre sought of outraged humanity.

The near-by parish church of Santa Maria de la Alhambra may be looked at for the sake of the antique Gothic tablet immured in its exterior. As the Moslem gave place to the Catholic Christian, his magnificent house of prayer, which stood here, gave way likewise to a not at all attractive shrine to Mary. The untidy hovels, miserable mendicants, and ragged children, hereabouts, forbid the belief, that human life is bettered by the change of religionism.

When the explorer, taking the last-named objects of interest on his way from the Torre de los Picos, shall have crossed the Plaza of Cisterns, and entered the enclosure of the Alcazaba-Kassābah, he will find but few remains of that once formidable Moorish citadel. To the right at the far end of the shattered

wall of the *Pelota*, is the "Torre del Homenage"—*Tower of Homage*—where once was the strongly fortified entrance to the Alcazaba from the town below, distinct from that of the Torre de Justicia. This tower is now a wretched galley-slave prison. West of this, a cluster of brick hovels marks the site of the "Torre de Armeria"—the great Moorish Armory—the rich materials of which, mile-stones of military progress, were sold to gratify official cupidity; and partly to defray the cost of a bull-fight in Charles V's palace—Plaza de Toros. To the left of the modern entrance, a long line of brick and stone concrete wall, separates the citadel enclosure from the *Adarves*—outer and lower bastions and towers, extending to the Torre de Justicia, and completing the circuit of the Alhambra fortifications. These were destroyed by Charles V to get room for terraced gardens. Between the farther end of this wall and the site of the armory, on the extreme western point of the Alhambra Hill plateau, is the "Torre de la Vela"—*the Watch Tower*. It occupies the most commanding position of the Alhambra height; and happily, the walls not having been weakened by the explosion which shattered other towers, it remains a safe look-out, affording the most comprehensive view of the magnificent surroundings of this historic spot. Ascending to the parapeted summit, whence Moorish bell rang out the summons to man to take, each in his turn, the blessed boon of pure water, brought from far-off sources, for field, and fountain, and garden; and where it also proclaimed the coming of that conqueror, who, by a continued use of the custom, has given proof—in this at least—of wisdom; where too, was first unfurled the