banner that told of the finishing triumph of the Spanish Christian, and the utter overthrow of the Spanish Moor; ascending to the top of this tower, look abroad, and call up some of the memories and promises of the past, linked inseparably with the matchless landscape. The city of Granada is seen below sweeping in a crescent from the north—where it covers the foot of Mount Alfacar—across a western level, to the south where it ends in the precipitous slope of the Alhambra Hill. It is divided into two chief districts by the little River Darro, which, escaping from a narrow valley, runs southerly to unite, ere reaching the Hermitage of Saint Sebastian, with the Genil. That part of the city beyond the Darro is called the *Albaicin*. Always the favourite seat of faction, it was often enabled to maintain rebellion against supreme authority by its strong position, and the citadel crowning its height in which the disaffected took refuge. It was here that revolt set at defiance the government of Abul Hassan, and, aided by his Spanish foes from without, finally overthew it. When Baeza was captured by the Christians in the early part of the thirteenth century, the Moorish refugees thence, were assigned a residence in this quarter; hence its name. While those who escaped from Antequera when that place fell into the hands of the Spaniards in 1410, formed a distinct settlement at the foot and on the slope of the Alhambra Hill; and that part of Granada has since been called *Antequeruela*. The narrowness of the streets—a characteristic of Hispano-Moorish towns—and the absence of yard spaces in the heart of the city, give it, as looked on from a distance, an appearance of compactness, like one vast white building, crowned by

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varying domes, towers, and pinnacles. The finest picture of the Alhambra, and its immediate surroundings, must be sought beyond its hill. The terrace in front of the Church of San Nicholas, in the Albaicin, gives a panorama of these parts, rarely equalled in bold and beautiful features. But it is a narrower picture, without the instructive breadth of that unrolled before the gazer from the Torre de la Vela.

From this watch-tower—whence sounded the peal of a conquest, that brought curses on a country whose worship of God had before been a recognition, and culture of His gifts—from this tower the Alhambra hill on which it stands, is seen, bound by a coronet of picturesque defences, over which nature is flinging a veil of verdure. These enclose groves and gardens, which still cling to the remains of former glory. While from surrounding slopes and avenues, canopied by shadowy elms, ascends to the listening ear the music of streams and waterfalls. To the north, across a wild gorge separating it from the Alhambra, is the lofty *Cerro del Sol*, on which are terraced the airy palace and gardens of the *Generalife.* Thither the Moorish kings resorted during the sultry summer heats, for the enjoyment of breezes by which that height seems always fanned, from Nevada's icy halls. In a direction north by west, is seen the *Sierra Susana;* far beyond which lie the *mountains of Jaen.* The Sierra Susana—with rugged offshoots of Elvira formerly bristling with watch-towers, now crumbling souvenirs of war, and waste, and vengeance—stretches through the distant north-west, even to the west. There, *Loja* terraced on rocks, guards the pass long fought for, and finally won from

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the Moor by the Spaniard. South-west is the *Sierra Tejeda,* hiding in its rocky bosom that famous Moorish fortress, whose capture by the Christians was their attainment of a key of Granada, and caused the Moslem wail *Ay de mi Alhama!* so touchingly rendered to us "Woe is me Alhama!" To the south the Alpujarras pencils its wavy outline against a sky bathed to softest tone by Mediterranean mists; and reaches its eastern foot far away to touch the southern skirt of the *Sierra Nevada.* This, stretches from the north-east forming the whole eastern wall of the Vega. Though domed with eternal snow and lifting its icy pinnacles in defiance of summer's sun, yet is this monarch mountain, whose gleaming diadem is the sign of its sovereignty, garlanded in beauty below with the offerings of a lovely nature, in return for streams whose ever-flowing waters are the blessing of the garden thus walled in from the rest of the world, like the "happy valley" of romance.

This mountain-girdled plain is called the *Vega,* from the Arabic *bek-ah* (the letters *b* and *v* are interchangeable, especially throughout the southern part of the Spanish peninsula,) meaning a place between mountains; and it was said by an Arabian historian of Granada, to be "superior in extent and productiveness to the celebrated *Ghauttah*—meadow—of Damascus, and which can only be compared to a terrestrial Paradise." Even now, though not cultivated with skill and industry equal to the Moor's, the Vega presents a scene of surpassing agricultural thrift and richness, for Spain. White walled villas and villages spot the verdant plain, like pearls their green sea-home; while countless canals refresh the fervid soil, over which the windings of the

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Genil are seen also, threading their silvery way. Looking abroad over this wide-spread panorama, one fails not to recall historic deeds of which it was the theatre. Deeds of glory, and shame; of courage, and cruelty; of daring, defeat, and triumph; of treason shedding repentant tears; and of superstition, bigotry, and persecution, dishonouring the God in whose name their curses were coined! There to the west, near three leagues off, is the *Bridge of Pinos,* famous for bloody battles; and where Columbus, disheartened, but not despairing, received the summons of Isabella to the glory of an immortality, which failed not to shed upon her name also an everlasting lustre. Somewhat nearer in the same direction, the little town of Santa Fé—so called by Isabella in token of her trust in Divine Providence throughout this war for the "*Holy Faith,*" and built in the orderly fashion of a military encampment—marks the spot where the Christian Sovereigns boldly pitched their tents, when passing the mountain barriers of Granada, they resolved on the siege of the last Moorish stronghold in Spain. There it was that a bold Moor on his Arab steed, leaped the barrier of the Christian camp; and hurling his lance at the royal tent, bearing an insolent inscription *for the Queen,* made good his escape. And there, may still be seen, in a chapel built on the site of the Sovereign's quarters, the large wooden crucifix carried in Ferdinand and Isabella's campaign of conquest. To the south, nearly two leagues off, on the slope of a foothill of the Alpujarras, stretching far into the Vega, is the now deserted road—near that of the present day—by which the traitor and parricide, Boabdil, passed into banishment. On that spot, looking

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back on the Alhambra, from whose tower of the Vela floated the flag of the Christians; and pierced, doubtless, by the pang of conscious wickedness; he heaved the sigh which still clings in name to the height which was to shut out all further realization of his reign, and by which it thenceforth has been known—"el ultimo suspiro del Moro"—*The last sigh of the Moor.* At the distance of three miles in a south-east direction, on a slight eminence skirting the Sierra Nevada, is the little town of *Subia,* nestling in trees and shrubbery. There it was that Queen Isabella went from the encampment of Santa Fé, to obtain a view of the city of Granada, ere it fell into the hands of the Spaniards. On the left of the main road entering the town from Granada, a convent and church erected by order of the Queen, mark the site of the house from the terraced roof of which she and the ladies of her court looked forth on the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amid magnificent groves that threw their deep shadows on the white walled houses of the city below. Though strongly escorted by the chivalry of the Spanish army, this gratification of woman's curiosity was hazardous. For the Moors attracted by the gay pageant, and stung by resentment of the intrusion, issued in force from the city, and challenging the Spaniards to battle, one of their number—Tarfe by name, the same who had penetrated the Christian camp and hurled his lance at the royal tent—insulted the Spaniards' religious faith, by tying to his horse's tail the inscription "Ave Maria," and dragging it along the front of their army. Although Ferdinand had forbidden personal combats, this sacrilege led him to waive his prohibition in deference to the

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honour of the "Blessed Virgin." A Spanish cavalier—Garcilassó de la Vega—was permitted to vindicate her cause, according to the laws of the duel then prevalent. So says the tradition of the time. It further declares that Garcilasso, overthrown, and about to receive the Moor's dagger aimed at his throat, quickly shortened his sword and plunged it into the heart of his foe. Whether this defeat, or a desire to capture the royal personages, impelled the Moors, cannot now be determined, but it is historically certain that they attacked the Spanish escort with their whole force, and that one of the fiercest battles of this Hispano-Moorish war was fought on this occasion, of what was intended by the Spanish Court to be merely a pleasure excursion. The escape of Ferdinand and Isabella was deemed by them miraculous: and it was in obedience to the ecclesiastical inculcations of the times, that the church and convent—bearing the royal shield and initials, ribbon and arrows—were then erected, in token of their gratitude to the "Holy Virgin," whose protection, during the combat raging round them, they on bended knees implored.

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With these, and like incidents, every spot of the Vega has been familiar. Human blood stained everywhere its golden and purple harvests; and a war of fanaticism, as was that of Spanish extermination of the Moors, sowed broadcast its seeds of sin and suffering, over as lovely a garden as ever was planted with blessings by Divine Beneficence. But the lapse of ages has served somewhat to recreate its perished charms; and the pilgrim to the Alhambra will be well repaid, by ascending day by day the Tower of the Vela, and

beholding, in early Spring, the glad burst of vegetation; when bud and blossom, grass, herb, and every green thing, clothe the wide Vega and the hills around in a garment woven by the hand of enchantment in the loom of nature. If this visit be made toward sunset, he will enjoy also a richness of sky-colouring, charm of changeful light, grace of horizon-lines, and beauty of blush as the descending sun throws its last roseate ray on the snow-crown of the Sierra Nevada, rarely seen in such perfection elsewhere. Take the Vega and its mountain setting as a whole, with their combinations of loveliness of earth and sky; fields, forests, and vineyards; picturesque towers, and fairy palaces; silvery streams, shadowy slopes, and empurpled depths; mysterious unfoldings of aerial sublimity, and clouds clothed in gorgeous robes, then vanishing away leaving naught but an opaline canopy slowly melting into twilight azure; than which, there is nothing more beautiful in the wide world.

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CHAPTER XVII.

WAY OF THE DEAD. GENERALIFE PALACE. PORTRAIT OF BOABDIL. GARDENS OF THE GENERALIFE. SILLA DEL MORO. CASA DEL CARBON. ALCAICERIA. INCULCATION OF FANATICISM. PROMISCUOUS SIGHT-SEEING. CARTUJA CONVENT. CATHEDRAL. TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. RETABLO OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL—ITS SIGNIFICANCE. TOMB OF PULGAR. SAN AUGUSTIAS. IDOLATRY. CHURCH OF SAN GERONIMO. GONSALVO DE CORDOVA. GIPSIES—THEIR CAVERN HOMES—HABITS—DANCES. EMPEROR OF BRAZIL A WORKMAN.

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ONE has no disposition to close the oriental volume of art-studies, to take up that of the less poetic west—especially if the latter be of inharmonious composition. Hence he is not likely, at Granada, to turn to churches, convents, chancillerias, palaces, and plazas, however pompous their pretentions, until he has exhausted every vestige of Arab architecture. These monuments of the past, although shorn of fairy proportions and decorations, by bigotry, barbaric taste, or as culpable neglect, have a charm about them even in ruin; and awaken deepest interest in the destinies of a people, whose coming, advanced civilization, career of conquest, and final fall in Spain, seem matters of romance.

The central avenue of the Alhambra park terminates

at the entrance gate of the Generalife gardens. Before passing through this, a precipitous road to the left will be seen following the dividing ravine of the Generalife and Alhambra hills. This is known as the "Way of the Dead;" up which are borne the bodies of those too poor for priestly procession and prayers. This wretched mortality scorning the purifying process of fire, or that being forbidden by priestcraft to prevent the Devil being cheated out of his burnings hereafter, is thrown into a pit to rot and be revelled on in common with all such; as may be seen by those curious in such matters, at the *Campo Santo* a short distance to the right. The coffin hired for the hour to dignify the transit, is returned to the undertaker to fulfil a like purpose of post-mortem vanity for others.

The Generalife is now the property of Count Palavicini, owner of the famed villa of that name, near Genoa. He is the lineal descendant of the Moorish Prince Cid Hiaya, whose indignation at the unnatural conduct of Boabdil led to his aid of the Spaniards to overthrow that usurper's power; and finally resulted in his conversion to Christianity. He became the founder of the Grimaldi Gentili family of whom came the Marquises of Compotejar—Count Palavicini being the present possessor of that title.

A card of admission, obtained from the *mayor-domo* of the city residence, passes the visitor through the gate; when a short walk through a pretty avenue brings him to the palace portal. Thence the custodian conducts him through an embowered garden and Moorish arcades, to a suite of rooms commanding charming views of surrounding scenery, and decorated in ara-

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besque conformably with the rules of that style of art. But everywhere, in halls, arcades, and corridors, are seen Spanish plaster and white-wash, nearly obliterating the embroidery of wall, arch, and capital—that apparent petrifaction of interlacing vegetation and geometric figures, defying the scrutiny of the eye to disentangle. The Genoese owner of the Generalife would have done well to visit, once, at least, this inheritance from his Moorish ancestor, to realize its elegancies, and forbid their concealment under a coat of mortar. In two of the rooms are found a genealogical tree of the Grimaldi family; and quite a number of indifferent and doubtful portraits. One of the latter, Washington Irving refers to as a portrait of el rey Chico—*Boabdil.* The custodian of the Generalife, and the *mayor-domo* of the town-palace, say that there is no portrait of Boabdil in the collection at the Generalife. That which Mr. Irving probably mistook for it, is one of *Abenhut*—which now bears the following inscription, perhaps to prevent a similar mistake being made in future. "Abenhut rey de Granada y Cordova, y de lo demas de Andalucia, del linage de los Reyes de Zaragoza, de Aragon, y de los Godos, fué Rey preeminente en justicia, bondàd, y liberalidad." *Abenhut King of Granada and Cordova, and of the rest of Andalucia, of the lineage of the kings of Zaragoza, of Aragon, and of the Goths, was a king pre-eminent in justice, goodness and liberality.* But there is at this time, in the palace of the Archbishop of Granada, a painting represented to be a portrait of Boabdil when quite a young man. The figure is full length, in Moorish turban and robe. By whom painted, or when, the prelate's chaplain did not say. The story

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of it, however, is curious as associated with Peninsular Sovereignty. It belonged to a Spanish lady who bequeathed it to Queen Isabella II. As the Queen cannot get it, being herself a fugitive from her throne, it was placed in trust for her with the Archbishop, until a possible turn of the wheel of fortune may permit her return again to Spain. Thus the only Isabella who has succeeded to the throne of her namesake "La Catolica," finds herself banished from a kingdom, like that Boabdil whose portrait was meant to adorn her halls, and honour the memory of her famous predecessor; who, more than all others, was the instrument of overthrowing his power, and driving him into exile. A few generations suffice to illustrate the consistent fulfilment of divine laws. These fail not to operate upon all alike. Power and place, serve but to make more palpable the punishment sure to be meted out to those who array themselves against right and duty. Few more striking examples of wrong-doing are known, than those furnished by the lives of Boabdil and Isabella II. And retribution has known no distinction between the wickedness of the Moslem, and the sins of the Christian.

The gardens of the Generalife, as at present seen, are of modern creation; and altogether too shaved and shorn, and fashioned into a pattern of vegetable millinery, for a lover of the natural and of its artistic imitation. But the few grand old cypresses, which have cast their dark shadows upon the deeds of centuries there enacted, command reverential deference. We have already rejected the silly story of Zoraya having been caught under one of them in dalliance

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with the chief of the Abencerrajes—for which his head, and the heads of many of his family paid a penalty to *Boabdil's* jealousy. *Zoraya* was the *favourite Sultana of his father.* She it was who stood in the way of Boabdil's, and his mother's, selfish projects. And as to his assassination of the Abencerrajes, and his condemnation of his wife Morayma to be burnt for infidelity—subject to a trial at arms—the whole tale has been shown to be a fabrication. The water of the Darro, brought from snowy sources along the flank of the Sierra above, challenges attention, as it plunges seething into the garden, and runs rioting on its way, making music suited to the tales of a discordant past—of war and waste, ravage and ruin. Yet such is not its mission. Leaping by a moss-covered arch, the gorge of the Generalife, it carries tribute of good through countless channels to the Alhambra wilderness of vegetation; and then flows with gentler cadence, bathing the wild violets that shelter themselves from summer's sun in the forest that wraps the foot of the Alhambra hill in twilight. Terraces mount to the foot of a pavilion at the top of the garden slope, overlooking surroundings. But, for a surpassing view of these, the *Silla del Moro,* at the summit of the Cerro del Sol, should be sought. There, where Moslem khalifs and Christian kings have alike sat, and gazed on a scene of natural grandeur well calculated to teach them humility and dependence, others may likewise look forth, and in presence of the works of Omnipotence, profitably muse on human insignificance, and the instability of worldly fame, fortune, and power.

From the Plaza Nueva—at the foot of the Calle de

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los Gomeles—on the west side of which stands the Chancelleria, a somewhat pretentious modern building, three streets run southerly, diverging slightly from each other. That, in the middle, is the shopping street of Granada, the once celebrated *Zacatin*, which name it still retains, though fearfully fallen from its high estate, when the rich stuffs and gems of the East were brought hither to deck sovereignty and beauty. A little beyond half the length of this street, another to the left crosses the river Darro by a bridge to a Moorish portal covered with arabesque, leading to a court, in which *Don-keys*—the most useful and therefore noble of all the *Dons* of Spain—are seen panniered, and being loaded with charcoal. The building surrounding the court is said to have been the Moorish post-office; that institution, which, as much as any other, gave impulse to progress, having originated with the Moors. It is now degraded to the uses of a charcoal depôt, and a dwelling for promiscuous humanity of low instincts. Broken and blackened, yet has the lace-work horse-shoe-arch entrance to this *Casa del Carbon*, stood model for many an itinerant artist, who has carried from Granada souvenirs of the picturesque.

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Near that part of the Zacatin from which the Casa del Carbon is sought, is a gateway to the right leading to the *Alcaiceria*—the Moorish bazaar of Granada's palmiest days. Although in 1843 greatly damaged by fire, its Arab architecture is still manifest. A long, narrow, unroofed *corridor*—it may be called—marble floored and guttered, shut in on both sides by slender pillared, and arabesque walled and windowed shops, runs from the Zacatin to the Plaza in front of the

Cathedral. From this main corridor two parallel alleys of like construction, pass at right angles to the great square of the Vivarambla—now, as formerly, the centre of Granadian fêtes and spectacles. The Alcaiceria was the Moorish bazaar for the sale of richest fabrics—cloths of gold and silver, silk, and sumptuous merchandise of all kinds, brought from every clime, to gratify taste, and a love of luxury. This bazaar it was, with other public buildings of the city, that Hernan Perez de Pulgar, a daring cavalier of the Spanish army, sought to set fire to during the siege of Granada. The insult offered by the Moor Tarfe, who hurled his lance at the pavilion of Queen Isabella, has already been mentioned. This affront excited a deep feeling of indignation among the chivalry of Spain. Pulgar, one of the bravest of an age renowned for deeds of personal daring, resolved to resent it; and, accompanied by fifteen dauntless companions, he set out for Granada under cover of midnight darkness, led by a Moorish renegade. Entering the channel of the Darro river, they proceeded to a bridge just outside the city wall. Leaving their horses with a guard under this, they noiselessly pursued their way for a short distance until they reached the covered drain of the river, which passed, then—as it now passes—under a part of the city. This, becoming again an open channel near the great Mosque, they here mounted the river bank, undiscovered; and proceeding directly to the Mosque, Pulgar affixed to the door a parchment bearing the words *Ave Maria.* Thus dedicating to the Virgin a Moslem temple, and insulting the religious faith of the Moorish worshipper of "La allah illah allah"—*the God*

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who alone is God. It was this audacious act which led to Tarfe's subsequent dragging in the dust the same parchment, tied to his horse's tail, in sight of the Spanish Sovereigns and their escort. Pulgar next proceeded to the Alcaiceria—near at hand—and was in act of setting fire to it, when the coming by of the Moorish guard going the usual rounds, forced him and his comrades, after a brief collision, to take refuge in flight by the same channel which had admitted them into the city. Reaching their horses, they made good their escape to the Spanish camp at Santa Fé. This bold feat is an example of many of equal daring, which characterized the Hispano-Moorish wars. While it likewise serves to illustrate that fanaticism, which strangely seems to think that its most acceptable service to the object of its worship, is a really disgusting indulgence in acts, as offensive to decorum, as they are to the honest convictions of another's religious faith. Supreme goodness, whatever the material form with which finite fancy chooses to clothe it, surely is not honoured by vulgar indignities to the faith of a fellow-being: to say nothing of the irreverence thus shown to the Divine Source of *all charity.* All people, even those of the same generic religionism, as the Papists or the Puritans of a formulary Christianity, when they fall under the influence of sectarian fanaticism, are no more deserving the name of Christians, than the Tartars who dyed the track of Tamerlane with human blood; or the Seminole Indians whose most welcome sacrifice to the Great Spirit they believe to be the scalps of helpless victims.

Other Moorish remains which may repay the looking

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up by the specialist of Arabic architecture, exist in many of the byways and patios of Granada. With the exception, however, of an exquisitely designed and decorated and perfectly preserved villa, a short distance beyond the present chapel of San Sebastian on the avenue of the Genil river, and said to have been an occasional resort of the Khalife, such are the injuries to which most of them have been subjected, that the tourist in search of health and general enjoyment, will wisely rest from the pursuit of them. And alamedas, plazas, market-places, gates, galleries, convent ruins, churches, hospitals, schools and such like municipal and ecclesiastical rubbish, of a second class Spanish town, bear such a repugnant, dirty, dilapidated sameness, that one who has elsewhere run the gauntlet of their search, may trust to stumbling on them in his rambles for exercise and incidental sight-seeing; without troubling himself by an unprofitable hunt of them, through narrow, crooked, and filthy streets, beset by beggars, jostled by omnipresent donkeys—the beasts of burthen, as they are the recipients of a worse than beastly cruelty—and tripped up by scavenger dogs at every few steps.

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The *Cartuja Convent, Cathedral, Church of San Geronimo, and Church of San Augustias,* are not included in the above remarks. The first of these, a suppressed Carthusian convent about a mile from the Elvira gate on the Jaen road, is remarkable for the rich inlaid doors, screens, and vestment drawers of the chapel and sacristia. Ebony, ivory, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl, have been mingled in multiplied figures of harmonious combination, by ingenuity, taste, and skill, to

beautify a sanctuary, remarkable also for some of the finest specimens of coloured marble, veined and clouded —native to the mountains of Granada—to be found in any part of the world. A Virgin and Child, in the chapel, imputed to Alonzo Cano, and a Head of Christ said to be by Murillo, are worth more than the whole collection of the so-called Museum of Granada. But the disgusting daubs hung in the cloisters, purporting to represent the diabolical persecutions of the Carthusians by English Reformers, are beneath criticism—either art or historical. A painted cross on the wall of the refectory is an admirable illusion. And a statue of St. Bruno—founder of the Brotherhood of Carthusians by Mora is reputed one of the finest works of that master.

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The Cathedral, however imposing in appearance when seen from the Alhambra heights, as its domes and spires rise above adjacent buildings, ceases when closely examined, to impress one who has seen the far nobler sanctuaries of other parts of Spain. Its pseudo-classic style is characteristic of an inflated effort to make it—that, which it surely is not—the "equal of any other famous Christian Church." Nevertheless the student of history, and the lover of painting and sculpture, handmaids of architecture, will be deeply interested in this monument of great events, tomb of famous persons, and treasury of collateral art. It stands on the site of the great Moslem Mosque; is the mausoleum of Ferdinand and Isabella, of the unhappy Juana and her faithless spouse, and of the knightly Pulgar; and in it are preserved many of the great works of Alonzo Cano, who, although he considered it a pleasant pastime

to lay down his pencil and take up his chisel, yet thought, and once said, that, "to create form and relief on a flat surface is a greater labour than to fashion one shape into another." The form and attitude of his sculptured creations were more elegant than those of Juni, and were rarely surpassed even by those of Montañes. He was a Canon of this Cathedral, which accounts for his brush and mallet having been so munificently used for its embellishment. The Chapter warmly remonstrated against his appointment because "his learning was not sufficient." A protest which led his patron, Philip IV, to reply—"I can make canons like you at pleasure, but God alone can make an Alonzo Cano." However much Philip's want of political sagacity unfitted him for government, certainly taste and discrimination, in art and literature, cannot be denied him. Ribera also has several works of merit in this Cathedral. But the searcher after the sensational, as well as the historian, will be apt to seek speedily the Royal Chapel, erected by express command of Ferdinand, where will be found within a superb reja, and just before the altar, two magnificent sepulchral monuments of alabaster, sculptured in an elaborate style of art. On one of these recline the effigies of the Catholic Sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella; and on the other, those of their daughter Juana, and her husband Philip. Their bodies lie in the vault below in leaden coffins. Damp and dim, chilly and forbidding, is the charnel-house where now rest those whose dwelling-places in life were courts and camps; except poor Juana, who—as has been already stated—after the death of Philip, clung to his remains in a monastery until a welcomed

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death released her from the sorrows of time. When the erection of the memorial mouments in this Capilla de los Reyes was determined on, Torregiano, the fellow-pupil of Michael Angelo, and favourite of Lorenzo de Medici, came to Spain at the instance of Pope Alexánder VI, in expectation of being employed to do the work. Whatever led to the result, whether his personal assault on the great master-builder who proposed to "lift the dome of the old Roman Pantheon into mid air," or the influence of national partiality, is not known, but he was passed by, and a native artist selected, who certainly has not failed to dignify mortality by a great tribute of genius. Torregiano has however left examples of his rare ability in other parts of Spain. And the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey has made the English familiar with his fame. The altar-retablo of carved wood in the Royal Chapel, is of great interest. It has already been particularly referred to, as an authentic record of important events, especially that of the surrender of the Alhambra to the Christian Monarchs. Part of the retablo represents a "Conversion of Infidels" by wholesale baptism of the Moorish multitude. It is a truthful setting forth of the propagandism enforced as soon as the power of the Christian conqueror was established in Granada. A shameless haste would not await the too tardy process of convincing the understanding of the Moors, who simply submitted to the necessities of the hour; and when oppression could be no longer borne, and sense of safety became merged in desperation, sought in insurrection the sole remedy for their grievances. This served the Spaniards as a pretext for promiscuous slaughter of the

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"unbelieving backsliders," and an appropriation of all things to themselves. The retablo is the work of Felipe de Vigarny—he who afterwards executed the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was considered the ablest sculptor in Spain at that day. The *Sacristia* of the Royal Chapel contains many relics of the monarchs who were the founders of Spanish greatness.

The *Sagrario,* the flaunting churrigueresque parish church of the Cathedral, is built upon the exact site on which stood the Moslem Mosque of former days. Near the door between the Sagrario and the Royal Chapel—in the former—is the tomb of Hernan Perez del Pulgar; he who affixed, on this identical spot, the Catholic Christian's *Hail Mary* to the Moorish temple dedicated to the *Lord God who alone is God.* The Emperor Charles V conferred many honours on Pulgar, for his heroic maintenance of the virtue and honour of "the Queen of earthly Queens;" and he also assigned this as his place of burial.

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The semi-barbaric crudities of the *Church of San Augustias,* on the Carrera del Darro, would make it unworthy even of mention, were it not that the *miraculous image, said to have travelled alone* from far off Toledo to become *Patroness of Granada,* here dwells, within a jasper pillared canopy above the high altar. Without intending to comment further—at length, as has already been done—on Spanish paganism, examples of its existence should not be passed unmentioned. It continues in Spain, as it was many centuries since in northern Italy, when Claudius, archbishop of Turin, wrote, "When, sorely against my will, I undertook the burden of a bishopric, I found all the churches of Turin

stuffed full of vile and accursed images; and I set myself to destroy what the people were sottishly worshipping. Hence it was that many mouths were open to revile me; and, truly, if the Lord had not helped me, they had nearly swallowed me up." This patron-saint (San Augustias) of Granada is carried, during Easter festival, to the Cathedral, in procession; amid the pomp of priestly parade, with gaudy banners, and blasts of brazen trumpets; the rabble—both the titled and the tattered—uncovering and bowing before the idol they are taught to believe has power to save and sanctify, by a clergy who could arrest this transgression of Divine Law if they would.

The *Convent of San Geronimo* has been converted into a military barrack. The Church connected therewith, slowly masking itself in decay, remains a kind of inheritance to a mendicant residuary legatee; who sits at its portal for the pittance of the charitable curious, who come to wonder that the tomb within of the "great Captain"—perhaps the most renowned of all Spain's military chieftains—commands no respect from those to whom he left an example of surpassing devotion to his Sovereign, as well as unsurpassed achievements in war. Though the reputed deeds of the Cid gave to the middle ages a charm of wondrous interest, yet *traditional* chronicles, and their handmaids, *song and romance*, are the sources whence were drawn a knowledge of his achievements—which, in truth, put a questionable being before us as one endowed with every attribute of heroism. But the eventful life of Gonsalvo de Cordova, of later date, has been presented by the records of the time as it really was. History has done

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its work in a manner not to be disputed; whatever liberties have been taken therewith by romantic fiction, to dazzle, if not to delude; to please popular taste for the sensational, not to instruct it by an authentic offering of all things, great and small, good and evil, which made up the reality of Gonsalvo's life. Judged of by reliable records, Gonsalvo de Cordova must be awarded loftiest praise for his achievements in Italy; and especially for his conquest and government of the kingdom of Naples; for his military genius and successes; promptness of decision, spirit and energy of action. Nor did these surpass his political sagacity in vice-regal government; his unblemished morality, official integrity, and freedom from rancor, avarice, and licentiousness. And it is equally authentic, that when the false and faithless Ferdinand, for whom this distinguished subject had wrought so much of glory and empire, with an ingratitude and jealousy like those which characterized his conduct toward all illustrious men who served him, deprived him of authority and consigned him to a retirement implying disgrace—ordering at the same time his arrest if he sought to quit it—he rose above a sense of the indignity; and sustained by an exalted self-approval, with good-will, liberal, and courteous conduct, to all around him, he continued to make enduring friends of the truly good and great who sought his companionship.

Yet on this character rests a stain. What human fame so fair as not to bear it! Exalted lives best teach the lesson of a common inheritance of frailty, and the need of forgiveness, as of watchfulness. The duty of history forbids the concealment, or the justifica-

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tion of wrong, alike with the blurring of right. To tamper with these, is to impair the influence for good of truth. Hence faithful narrative has avoided the arts of romance; that deluding tale-teller, which has done even more than the eloquent and reliable historian, to make Gonsalvo known to foreigners—not, as he was; but as romance has sought to present him, in bold relief—with nobility of nature, and lofty deeds alone; withholding the fact of his violation of word given to the young Duke of Calabria, heir to the throne of Naples, and to Cæsar Borgia. Both of these placed themselves in Gonsalvo's power on his personal pledge of liberty and safe-conduct, to them given. A pledge intended to be made more sacred by his superadded oath on the Holy Sacrament. However the great corruptions of that period may have served to justify the forfeiture, and whatever the opposing instructions subsequently received from his heartless master, Ferdinand, his paramount obligations to a solemn vow, demanded its fulfilment. To falter, and make it, as he did, a question for casuists to decide, was to endanger his honour. And to turn back from his engagement, as he also did, affixed to his name a reproach which cannot be removed,

One hundred banners, trophies of his triumphs, once hung above Gonsalvo's tomb in the church of San Geronimo. Nearly all of them have fallen into fragments, or, like the body of their conqueror, have become a prey to the consumer of all things. But the effigies of the great captain and his wife, one on each side of the high altar, still kneel there, like mute petitioners for that mercy, without the promise of which man would indeed be most miserable. While in the transept, a scarcely

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legible inscription on a worn and dingy marble slab, tells, that beneath lies one, who—it must be conceded—did more than any other of his generation, to enlarge the empire, and shed lustre on the arms of Spain.

Among the sights of secondary interest at Granada are the gipsies, said to number several thousand, not leading a roving life, as in many parts of Spain, but living in a community of their own; among, yet distinct from those, who claim to have come of special Spanish blood; though every gipsy in Granada, and their ancestors for generations, have been born and bred on Spanish soil. Yet it is plain, that though living thus long among the descendants of the old Iberian, the gipsy is not of them. Features, countenance, complexion, hair, manners, customs, language, show that this race, whencesoever it originally came, whether from the Indus—probably the fact—or wherever else, has remained outside of that changeful civilization in the midst of which it may have temporarily taken up its abode. Neither time, nor social influences, either constraining or pursuasive, have changed it, physically or morally. Even persecution in proportion to its fierceness seems but to have more firmly united them in antagonism to their oppressors—with whom they will not wed, and who, unable to overcome by any means of seduction their chastity, are thus without power to destroy their distinctiveness. For let it be said, that whatever else of wrong is laid to their charge, none impeach their virtues of chastity and domestic affection. The gipsies of Granada live in caves, with which the eastern flank of the Albaicin hill, opposite to that of the Generalife, is honeycombed; and overlooking the

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Darro river, which flows wildly below, whose song to them is a lament of the source of their being, ere fate drove them forth to wander amid cheerless wastes. Above their habitations the prickly pear spreads itself in tropical luxuriance. A great part of the Albaicin hill is a wilderness of this defiant shrubbery, whose thorny armour fitly symbolizes the resistance of the gipsy to surrounding influences. Within their cavern-cabins, darkness, smoke, an air of impoverishment and discomfort, attend on the dingy occupants. And without, hogs, dogs, chickens, and children, mingle in sympathetic joy and sorrow. The visitor intruding on these premises will find himself welcomed according to the usages of the community. Gain is the necessity of the colony. The scanty earnings of their scorned mechanics and suspected tradesmen, of thieves and fortune-tellers, barely suffice to foil starvation. Hence he who comes among them to gratify curiosity, must pay, as he does among others, for what he wants. And if when shown the mysteries of a gipsy hovel, or a gipsy dance, he fails to manifest his appreciation of the courtesy by a liberal gratuity, he must not be surprised when he gets home to find that his pocket has been picked by way of indemnity. The practice of pilfering among the poor, proscribed creatures, is such a necessity of life, and so expert have they become in filching, that under any circumstances the getting away from their begging and thieving, still owner of something possessed on going among them, may be considered a greater miracle than would be the loss of what one may have held in his hand. Travellers usually prefer to have a party of gipsy dancers brought to the Washington Irving Hotel,

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to show the *romalis.* There is no difficulty in getting up this *funcion*—as it is grandly called. The chief, or *capitan* of the tribe, who is a guitarist of extraordinary skill, will obey the summons of your commissionaire, or of the hotel-keeper. But, however interesting, even exciting, the gipsy-dance, when seen well rendered, for the first time, in a familiar place, it falls far short of the effect coming of seeing it amid the suspicious surroundings of gipsy cavern-life: when the leer of decrepid crones peering through elfin locks from shrivelled, bronzed faces, the spell of witchcraft, and the stealthy eye of awaiting theft are upon you: and by the light of an expiring fire, or the flickering flame of a dying torch; with echoes of clattering castanets coming from dim recesses like chidings of crowding voices from the graves of those who have perished under the persecutions of heartless oppressors. He who wants to see the romalis with scenic realities must go to the caves of the Albaicin. There, amid the dim shifting lines of light and shadow, within; or with that instructive nature without, which shows no preferences among men, but unrolls nightly a starry canopy over all alike; he may become more fully impressed by whatever there is of the emotional in gipsy grace and gesture—movement, music, and mystery. Thus, a short time since, thought the present Emperor of Brazil; when, prying into things abroad, he deemed nothing relating to human progress, motives, actions, and results, too insignificant to be noticed. A ruler who rises earlier and works harder and later than most day-labourers for their daily bread, he does not consider sovereignty a sinecure; but a station entailing an obligation to work for those, who,

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serving its possessor, it is his duty to serve in turn. To do rightly what he knows, and to know rightly what he does, seem with him imperative rules of life. Hence a habit of *industry*, which adds lustre to his crown. His pleasures during his late European tour, came of occupation, knowledge being the object in which he was in search, while that obtained served but to strengthen his will and vigour for further acquirements. Other princes, mere burthens on nations they curse, might well profit by this truly noble example of one, who acts as if he thought, and rightly, that virtue, wisdom, and knowledge, are the true titles to royalty; and that the meanest of all claims is the accident of birth.

The gipsy dancers are the prettiest of their young girls. Not always do men take part in the dance. These peach-bloom belles—"olive complexion" applied to those of southern blood, is neither true, nor complimentary, for the olive is *green* when growing, and *dark purple* when ripe—these gipsy belles, are vigorous and active, without disfigurement of stays, or stiffeners of any kind. Such would destroy the suppleness of body demanded by the undulations of this dance. Eyes, dark and lustrous, or artfully subdued and winning, flash, or melt, and penetrate, when of the true Andalucian fire—especially native to Seville—to the very joints and marrow of susceptibilty. While luxuriant hair, straight or wavy, is knotted low on the back of the head, pierced from side to side by an ornamental pin, or arrow: and natural flowers are stuck or wreathed in the coal black tresses, with a perfection of art rarely seen out of Spain. Nor are the coquetries of dress wanting, to finish the fascination intent on bewitching the senses

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that keep guard over pesetas and escudos. Gossamer is the favourite garb of the graces; and when genial airs are breathing soul and motion into being, gives the bewitching transparency wished for by beautiful truth: while a taste taught of Andalucian colouring, adds still other charms to the gipsy dancer's toilette.

The dances in Spanish private life of the upper classes, are similar to those in fashion elsewhere in Europe. There is nothing about them distinctive of national usage—nothing especially elegant or expressive. They are the exceptions to the rule of the Peninsula; the lower classes of which, the typical Spaniards of the day composing the multitude, adhere to the primitive modes of abandonment to gaiety; coming, it may have been, from the East, with their peculiar accompaniments, but surely in vogue, as shown by Roman writers, among the Bœtican and Iberian ancestors of the present Spaniard. The fandango, bolero, cachuca, romalis, ole, zama-cueca, call them what you will which proclaim joyousness by physical motion, all partake of corresponding manifestations; resulting from the nature, feelings, customs, and impulses, common among those who seek thus to show unfettered being, regardless alike of toil and poverty; and who, as says the old song, "think it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away."

Usually in the gipsy dance, and as seen in other parts of Andalucia under other names, two persons—sometimes four—take positions opposite each other, on the sharp snapping of fingers, click of castanets, or clapping of hands, to the required measure of the music. And these, with an occasional keeping of time by the

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heel, serve, throughout the dance, to give life and spirit to the softer strain of the guitar—commonly accompanied by words, often improvised. It is singular what a frenzy of agitation, this clapping, snapping, and rattling of hands, fingers, and castanets, produces in bystanders, to whom a gipsy dance, or an Andalucian bolero, has become a necessity of life. A kind of quicksilver feeling takes possession of their frame, and courses through all its veins and alleys, loosening the springs of perpetual motion. The effect upon the dancers is magical. They do not touch each other. In that at least, the gipsies claim exemption from criticism. Nor does the interest of lookers-on, come of the gymnastic boundings, and activities of legs and feet, of French taste and training; or of German gyrations in embrace, in which delicacy dies from the intoxication of the senses. But the gipsy's soul seems to drink in the inspiration of song with the stirring stroke of the time, visibly sympathized in by all present. This goes surging through the mysterious avenues of the spirit, seeking utterance in expressive attitudes of the whole being. The breast heaves and sinks with emotion; and the body, arms, and head, undulate, like billows that rise and fall, yet break not; but go shining or shadowing on, in ever new and changeful, lines, and lights, and shades. Love, and its fitful and feverish passions, make the tale of life; with which all hearts taught of nature, are in sympathy. The gipsy ever finds will and ways for renderings of the theme. And attack, resistance, retreat; pursuit and escape; siege, languor, surrender; and final joy of victor and vanquished—the most welcome unfolding—are shown in the gipsies' opera-house of cave, or venta court-

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yard, plaza or posada, with a physical grace and eloquence, of beautiful expression.

We speak of this Peninsular dance as shown by its chaste and charming devotées; and as sometimes casually seen during the Carnival at Seville, when danced on the paved side-walk of the Plaza Nueva, by lady—representative—gipsies, under friendly disguise and protection of mask and domino. Coarser exhibitions, in places of questionable character, got up chiefly for prurient travellers, are too commonly sought by them, and made the standards by which to judge of a people's morals. This is alike mean and unjust. Mean, in the omission to acknowledge the existence of specially disreputable sources of information availed of. Unjust in charging a use with the frailties of abuse. Where is it that low licentiousness does not pervert rational amusements to base purposes, and shame them by infamous distortions? Shall London be judged of by the Cremorne Gardens? or Paris by the Mabile? The condemnation of popular Spanish dances, as voluptuous *indecencies, by fastidious foreigners, silent as to their own sins, and fanciful about those of their neighbours,* is unfair, and without foundation in the customs of the reputable. There is neither actual, nor intended breach of delicacy and decorum; as he would soon learn who dared to trespass upon the Gipsy dancer's claim to inviolability. The consciously innocent are not prone to suspicion. Sin itself, too commonly, is the parent of ungenerous surmise.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CLIMATE OF GRANADA. ROUTE TO MALAGA VIA LOJA. A SPANISH DILIGENCE. ANTEQUERA. PEÑA DE LOS ENAMORADOS. BOBADILLA. MONTILLA WINE. FRANCISCO DE BOBADILLA'S TREATMENT OF COLUMBUS. PASS OF THE GUADALHORCE RIVER. MALAGA. SITUATION. PRODUCTIONS. CLIMATE. WINTER RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDS. SURROUNDINGS. SIEGE AND ATTENDANT EVENTS. SPANISH CRUELTIES. CATHEDRAL. ESPARTO.

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No inducements are offered to the foreigner, by the climate, for either summer or winter residence in Granada. Although its height above the sea—about two thousand five hundred feet—and its proximity to snow mountains, make it desirable to the inhabitants of some other, and hotter parts of Spain, the sea-shores of France and England, and the highlands and lake regions, of Scotland, the Tyrol, and Switzerland, are more accessible to the people of other countries, and have greater attractions of cool and bracing breezes. The relaxed and languid, cannot expect toning up in the—not unfrequently—roasting summer suns, and stagnant night-airs, of Granada. While a temperature of frost in winter, forbids the invalid from any form of pulmonary disease, seeking a place not unfamiliar at

that season with snow and ice, and without sufficient in-door comforts. The Courts of the Alhambra and the Garden of the Vega, should be sought in spring and autumn.

From Granada to Malaga the way is by rail—about an hour and a half in time—to Loja; situated on a height, in the gap of a lofty Sierra—one of the gates of the Vega. Many memories of the Hispano-Moorish wars cluster about this town. Near by, on the hill of Albohacen, the Spanish army, under Ferdinand, sustained a bloody defeat, and the King himself barely escaped being made prisoner by Ali Atar, a Moorish veteran ninety years old, but still possessing a sinewy frame and indomitable spirit. And here, still later, Ferdinand returned, the favourite of fortune, to capture Loja, and the king—Boabdil—who failed to make good its defence. From Loja the route is by Diligence—at this time (1873) one hour,—to a movable station; which marks the progress of construction of the slowly-approaching railway from Bobadilla. The interest of this part of the route is the novelty of the conveyance —that is, if one can so far master his sense of discomfort, and apprehension of an upset, as to feel interested in anything but his personal safety.

Above or below, inside or out, of a lumbering Spanish Diligence, are things of choice. The *Coupé*—as called in Spain, *Banquette* elsewhere—is the most desirable in good weather. Above, and open in front, it gives the best view. At the same time one is sure of air enough to qualify somewhat the smoke of tobacco, and stench of garlic and onions; of most intolerable concentration in an air-tight compartment; a realiza-

tion in Spain not to be wondered at, if Father Caimo the traveller's estimate, of the production and consumption of the last two articles be true—to wit—"970.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.000.045!" Ladies cannot mount to the Coupé, and must make up their minds to be poisoned, unless they secure the entire *Berlina*—in Spanish, Coupé in French—for the *Interior* is a species of Spanish pest-house. Safety being assured thus far, risks have yet to be encountered on the few miles of a route, which, when washed and worn by storm and much travel, appears not to have been repaired since the time of the Moors; and over which one is heaved, and pitched, and tumbled, at the mercy of eight mules led by a wild postilion: a yelling road-side driver, running afoot most of the time, and banging the middle members of the team; and a *cocher* seated on the box, considering it his exalted duty to crack whip, and whoop at delinquent mules, hurling at them abusive epithets from the moment of starting to that of stopping at the railway station—which gets a new name for every furlong it advances. Thence, the train creeps, in about two hours, to *Bobadilla*; passing on the way *Antequera*; where, between three and four centuries since, old Roman remains were quarried for monastic, and other purposes; and near which, on the road to Archidona, is the romantic spot known as the "Peña de los Enamorados." This *Lover's Rock* is so called from a tragical incident in Hispano-Moorish history. A Christian slave, and the daughter of his Moorish master, in Granada, in love with each other, and fearing discovery of their secret passion, left the city clandestinely. But before reaching Spanish terri-

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tory, their intended place of refuge, their elopement was discovered, and they were pursued to this spot. Finding escape impossible, and dreading the vengeance of their pursuers, they threw themselves from the rock; preferring certain death to separation, and the probable penalties of their passion. This spot is memorable for other incidents of later historic interest. To Peña de los Enamorados it was, that Ferdinand of Castile and Aragon, having been defeated before Loja, retreated without halting. And here it was, that he then determined on abandoning all further attempts to gain possession of that key of the Kingdom of Granada. But four years after, inspired by new hopes coming of successes in other directions, Ferdinand assembled his army in this same meadow, where rests the foot of the Lover's Rock as on a green carpet, and resolved on again trying his fortune on the heights of Albohacen, and once more seeking to possess himself of the Loja portal to the Vega and its Moorish capital. The result has been mentioned.

At *Bobadilla,* the Granada branch railway joins the main line from Madrid through Cordova to Malaga. There, one, who has made acquaintance with the famous wine of *Montilla*—which gave name to the somewhat similar, and now more widely known *Amontillado* of Jerez—will feel tempted to run up to the vineyards that produce it, a little more than midway between Bobadilla and Cordova.

The name of the station at which passengers from Granada change trains to take that for Malaga, cannot fail to recall to memory the infamous conduct of *Francisco de Bobadilla;* who was empowered by Ferdinand

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and Isabella to supersede Columbus in the government of his New World discoveries; and who, straining authority to the utmost, sent him to Spain in chains. Sustained by a lofty self-approval, the unfailing support of the truly great, Columbus did not stoop to deprecate the violence of this base tool of power, but looked beyond to the Sovereigns who had employed him. Those Sovereigns, whose crown bears no darker stain than that affixed by their own hands, when they signed the letters entrusting authority to one of ungovernable ambition, and recklessness of right; and who felt that no indignities and injustice heaped upon Columbus, would be displeasing, at least, to the suspicious and jealous-minded Ferdinand.

Those who take the route from Granada to Malaga by Bobadilla, here mentioned, instead of that by carriage or saddle, through historic Alhama and Velez-Malaga, must of course lose the chance of looking at places, made memorable by some of the bloodiest encounters for the possession of the Peninsula. And those, who, coming from Gibraltar to Granada, take the sea-route to Malaga, and then the railway through Bobadilla, instead of the entire land-route by Ronda, will miss some of the most picturesque scenery in Spain; where grandeur, wildness, and beauty, combine with culture and cottage, to form effective groupings for the artistic tourist; touched too by tints of exceeding richness. *Ronda* is the Spanish *Tivoli.* What the Arno is to the old Roman relic, so long a shrine of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims, the Guadiaro is to Ronda; belting the city with a girdle of deep, dark emerald, far below in its rock-walled chasm, several hundred feet; then leaping

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into sight with flashing and foaming waters, a thing of wild and wayward freedom.

But the railway route will be found the shortest, cheapest, and most comfortable. And certainly, the scenery into which it plunges after leaving Bobadilla, is little, if any, less imposing than that on the great thoroughfares of travel in Switzerland. Mountains, gorges, precipices, overhanging rocks, torrents, tunnels, ledges, viaducts, bridges—Alpine obstacles overcome by skill and labour, marking the Pass of the Guadalhorce river, after leaving Bobadilla—make a flitting panorama for the passenger, of exciting interest. An interest that becomes tempered to calmness, in the Andalucian valley through which the way next winds, amid orange orchards; palm, pomegranate, and olive groves; vineyards, and hedges of prickly pear. Thus soothed by the genial beauty of the tropical landscape—if the traveller shall have had the rare good fortune in Spain of making his journey by daylight—he will reach Malaga better fitted to encounter the annoyances of a Spanish railway station.

The near approach to Malaga is more imposing by sea than by land. The port, land-locked on the north, east, and west, is entered from the south; and is bordered, through a part of its sweep, by a busy quay, and the grayish-white houses of 100,000 inhabitants; from the midst of which rises the one specially conspicuous object of the city—the Cathedral; impressive certainly in its distant *ensemble,* if not on a closer inspection of its parts. The town to the north-east is dominated over by the Castle of *Gibralfaro*—a corruption of *Gibel-faro,* the hill of the lighthouse—always the sovereign, some-

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times the scourge, at others the saviour of the city from foreign aggression. For, from the time of those old founders of commerce, the Phœnicians, down to the struggles for power, dominion, and mercantile supremacy, of Spaniard and Moor, the possession of this favoured outlet of Andalucian productions, has been sought by all nations who have in turn ruled the empire of the Mediterranean.

Reaching still higher than the rock-fortress, and sweeping round to the north and north-west, successive hill-terraces rise above each other to the height of from two thousand to three thousand feet, forming a background, more remarkable—as seen by most foreigners, in winter—for bold features of nature, than for beauty of cultivation. And yet, when Spring breathes on the barren looking winter scene, budding vineyards and orchards clothe the slopes and stages of these heights in a garb of varied and wide-spread verdure, forming a belt of emerald between the blue of sea and sky. Beyond this, a wide and lofty mountain wall protects the city still further from northern and north-western blasts; except at one point, about nine miles distant in the latter direction, where the Guadalhorce river breaks through the Sierra.

The attractions of Malaga are chiefly for traders and invalids. It can boast of nothing in any direction of art, or of the specially curious, worth turning aside for by the amateur tourist. And yet, standing on the line of one of the highways of Southern European travel, and well known as the mercantile emporium of Southern Spain, few feel disposed to pass it unseen. English and Americans, who, more than all others, rejoice in high-

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day and holiday festivals, made gay to-day—if grave to-morrow — by Malaga wines, even luscious *Las Lagrimas,* first cousin to the Neapolitan *Lachryma Christi;* by the right royal *Montilla* here shipped; by Malaga raisins, green grapes, figs, almonds, oranges, olives, oil, and sugar; will, despite the dearth of spiritual food, feel tempted to look at this abounding storehouse of things that have made many a cheery impress on harvest-home and Christmas memories. Mince pies, plum puddings, and such like compromising compounds, mingled in man's ready-made fermenting apparatus—as the human stomach shows itself to be at such times—maintain a mysterious power over the Anglo-American *palate:* which is much like the Moor's, who, when dying, was urged by an Alfaqui to pray to God. Whereupon he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and supplicatingly exclaimed — "O Lord of all things which Thou hast in Paradise, I beseech Thee only for two! Grant me to drink of Malaga Xaráb, and the Zebibi of Seville!" So Anglo-Saxons, of whatever diversified offshoot, and whatever wayward faith—whether of the priest-purified Catholic, old or new; or of the clerically cherished, and hence specially pious Churchman, altitudinarian, latitudinarian, or platitudinarian; or of the *more* than pious Puritan, and his multiplied and still multiplying followers in *Dissension,* who grope among the weeds of fable and fail to find the seed of truth; all, besides an united Anglo-Saxon care of the consciences of the rest of mankind, agree in a longing for *two things, pie and pudding*—which *need* no prayer for seasoning with the sanctifying grace of *self-complacent righteousness.*

The merchant speculator may turn his visit to profitable account, in ways needless to name to that sharp-sighted specimen of our race. As to Malaga as a winter residence for invalids, much has been said, and not always with sufficient reference to the facts in the case. There has been too great proneness to deal in generalities; and especially to claim for Malaga the healthiest climate and the lowest death-rate, known, as if these alone bore upon the question of winter residence for the sick. But these are not sufficient to prove its better adaptation to the wants of the diseased; especially to the necessities of those labouring under pulmonary disease—to which let it be understood these remarks apply. That Malaga has a milder, and more equable temperature, and perhaps not more rain, in winter, and is therefore better suited to invalids than any other city putting forth rival claims *in Spain*, must be conceded. It must also be admitted, that, in regard to these desiderata, Malaga rightly claims precedence of the usual winter residences of invalids in the South of France and Italy. But the difference is so trivial as to make the question worth consideration, whether some things, indispensable to the good of patients, attainable in other places, may not outweigh these claims of Malaga. In-door comforts, in an Anglo-American sense, should not be overlooked. When the weather is changeable, wet, windy, or cold, they are necessary to those whose apartment is then their sole haven of safety. As heretofore said, it is a fact that all houses in southern Spain are built to exclude summer heat, and without reference to winter cold—to which all parts even of Mediterranean Spain, Malaga not excepted,

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are at times liable. The sun is an enemy whose beams are like so many poisoned arrows, in the opinion of the Spaniard, against which every defence is uplifted. And the brief torture of shade, encroaching on utter darkness, and of shivering, in winter, must be endured, for the sake of that longer immunity from suffering, which household peculiarities give him in the hot season. But it is in the winter that the foreign invalid wants sun, warmth, and cheerfulness; for these he leaves his northern home; and instead of them, he finds to his dismay, that he too must shiver like the cloaked, and ponchoed Spaniard, and heave many a sigh for the fireside comforts of the old homestead. We speak of cold in its comparative sense, and as felt by those who have not sufficient heat-making power, or of opportunities of out-door exercise to give it to them. To such, the temperate degree—55° of Fahrenheit—is insufficient. And when the mercury descends into the forties, sometimes varying 14° and 15° in twenty-four hours—as it does at Malaga occasionally in the months of December, January, and February, when the *terral* blows from the north-west down the gorge of the Guadalhorce—without any safe means for heating the apartment, it is absolutely damaging even in the forming stages of pulmonary disease. As to those labouring under advanced consumption, a speedier death commonly comes of this, and other deprivations, to which they are often subjected. Atmospheric registrations should certainly not be disregarded in determining the question of winter residence for invalids. Neither should they be exclusively relied on, as seems to be thought by some who have written on this subject. And let it be borne in

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