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JENNINGS
LANDSCAPE
ANNUAL
GRANADA
1835

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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BIBLIOTECA DE
LA ALHAMBRA

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N.º 6



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TOWER OF COMARES.

London Published Oct. 28. 1834. by Robert Jennings & Co. 67. Chancery Lane.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

JENNINGS'
 LANDSCAPE ANNUAL
 FOR 1835. OR
 TOURIST IN SPAIN.
Commencing with
 GRANADA.



LUQUE.

LONDON.

ROBERT JENNINGS & CO
 62, CHEAPSIDE.

VELTH & HAUSER, 11, BOULEVARDE DES ITALIENS, PARIS.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

R282

THE
TOURIST IN SPAIN.
GRANADA.

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

DAVID ROBERTS.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
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As Death upon his hand turns o'er
The different gems the world displays,
He seizes first, to swell his store,
The brightest jewel he surveys.

Thy name, by every breath convey'd,
Stretch'd o'er the globe its boundless flight ;
Alas ! in eve the length'ning shade,
But lengthens to be lost in night !

KAMAL EDDIN.

D DRAWINGS BY DAVID
LONDON:

ROBERT JENNINGS AND CO. 62, CHEAPSIDE.

1835.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



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LONDON:
PRINTED BY MAURICE, CLARK, AND CO.,
FENCHURCH STREET.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD NORTHWICK, BARON OF NORTHWICK,
F.S.A., ETC. ETC.

AS A MARK OF THE ARTIST'S RESPECT,

THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE ANCIENT

MOORISH KINGDOM OF GRANADA

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL has already conducted his readers to the fairest scenes of France and Italy. In traversing those lands, renowned alike in history and song, he endeavoured to gather from hoar antiquity, from the page of the adventurous traveller, and from the poet's lay, whatever he remembered as the bright source of his veneration for the genius of the south.

He pursues, in the present volume, a somewhat bolder flight. Spain—wild, ardent, melancholy Spain—the only land in Europe that the children of the East seem to have cared to make their home; the nurse of romance, after it left its cradle in the Arab desarts;—the glowing mother of chivalry; the sovereign of an infant world, whose wondrous plains and forests, but for her, had been perhaps still unknown;—

Spain—a land in itself bearing features expressive of all that can give interest to external nature, and possessing annals filled to overflowing with memorials of the great, the erring, and the ill-fated, furnishes themes on which the mind, looking either for lessons or for excitement, may brood long and well.

The feelings of mingled surprise and admiration with which he traced these annals, placed the Author in a position midway between history and tradition;—not far enough from reality to forget the truth, but still sufficiently excited to give credence to the whispers of his own opinions and sympathies. He presents the reader with the result of the inquiries and thoughts which have had their origin in this state of mind. That fiction may be made the handmaid of truth, is proved by many a memorable example, and he trusts that his attempt to combine the various consequences of a long succession of events in a narrative condensed by, rather than founded in fiction, will not fail in the principal object he has had in view. The Moors of Spain were a people marked by the strongest lineaments of human power and genius; their character, their glory, and their fall were alike distinguished by the mysterious energy which raised the founder of their nation into a conqueror; carried their tribes, first from desert to desert, and then from kingdom to kingdom; impelled them, when satiated with conquest, into the nobler regions of

philosophy; and in their desolation cast over them a glow of splendour, too deep, perhaps, ever to become evanescent.

But while thus endeavouring to develop the character of the Moors, and of Moorish history, by the aid of a slight fiction, he has not left the reader without the information he might naturally look for from the simple narrative of the traveller or the historian. Examining the best sources of intelligence, he has detailed the circumstances of the fall of the Moors, as they are recorded in the annals of the country; while in every instance the noble talent of the Artist has been brought into companionship with the knowledge and ability of enlightened travellers.

To combine, as far as his ability would permit him, the mild attractions of a descriptive tour with the more useful display of events and characters, has ever been the aim of the Author of the *LANDSCAPE ANNUAL*. The reception which has hitherto attended the work, affords him encouragement to believe, that he has, in some degree, succeeded in his efforts; and with the hopes thus inspired, he trusts that the present volume will be found not wholly unfaithful as a mirror of the noble scenes, and still nobler incidents, which he has attempted to describe.

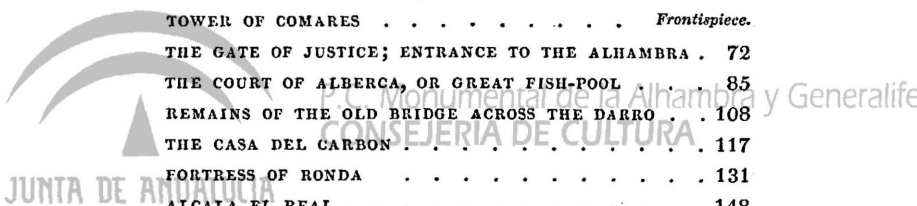
In the tone of language and style of imagery he has adopted, the author ought perhaps to add, in justice to his own views, that it was not done without mature

reflection and deliberation. Had he continued to preserve, throughout, the calm and even tenour of the tourist's way, as in the narratives of Italy and France, he felt that he should have justly exposed himself to the charge of tameness and want of feeling on such a subject as the downfall of the Spanish Moors. While he disclaims any attempt to catch even the semblance of that fire and energy, combined with novelty and elegance of ideas, or that loftiness and magnificence of expression which displayed a genius at once refined and gigantic, the author's admiration of the noble theme on which he wrote of itself impelled him to a deeper and warmer tone, and to a more frequent use of that imagery and those epithets, resulting from the more impassioned interest which he felt.

He trusts that he may be justified in this change by the nature of his subject, which, involving scenes in which the passions were strongly roused, and commemorating the fortunes and vicissitudes of rival nations, seemed to indicate the propriety of a greater elevation of style and a more poetical expression than might otherwise be consistent with a work of this description.

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MOUNTAIN FORTRESS OF LUQUE	<i>Vignette.</i>



Description of Vignette-Title.

LUGUE is one of those strong mountain-forts, so often met with in the mountain passes that separate the kingdom of Granada from the other parts of Andalusia. It lies about two leagues to the south of an ancient Moorish city, with an extensive castle now in ruins, called CASTRO. This is situated in a line of country extending from Cordova to Granada, and is about one day's journey from the former. The aspect of the entire region is now wild and desolate, but still, in spots, retains marks of its former cultivation. Although almost totally neglected, the soil is so rich, that the tourist has the greatest difficulty in keeping his horse from sinking over the knees in the thick alluvial soil.

In crossing these wild hilly districts, stretching between the two cities, the country farther on appears covered with the richest verdure; even the face of the loftiest cliffs is seen decorated with the most beautiful and variegated flowers. Notwithstanding the distance between these ancient capitals is not great, yet from there being no road whatever, the journey occupies a space of three days. Through the whole line of passage may be traced the remains of an ancient Roman road, which in many places continues in tolerable good condition, together with its bridges, which in some instances have a most singular appearance, the channels of the streams having long abandoned their original beds, leaving the bridges half buried and choked up by the soil around them; and being only prevented from totally disappearing by the massy structure of the stones of which they are composed. It is not at all improbable, that this road may have been in active use during the reign of the Moors, inasmuch as a constant communication must have been kept up between the two great capitals of the Moorish empire. It has been allowed, like every thing connected with this unfortunate nation after their expulsion, to fall into decay. What farther renders this conjecture the more probable, is, the long line of Moorish watch-towers still in existence, connecting the intervening stations with each other, and following as nearly as possible the line of the great Roman road.

There is some allusion to this Tower of Luque in the very interesting Chronicle of Granada by Mr. Irving, when mentioning the battle in which Abu Abdallah was taken prisoner, and the brave alcaide of Loxa was slain.

List of the Wood Engravings ;

WITH DESCRIPTIONS.

THE GATE OF ELVIRA page 1

This gateway was erected on the northern side of the city, opening upon the beautiful and fertile plain, or *vega*, as that of the Xenil is situated to the south. It was in passing through this portal on his first campaign, that King Abu Abdallah broke his lance, as described in the course of the following narrative.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE LIONS 25

This far-famed and splendid portion of the Alhambra, called the *Quarto de los Leones*, or Apartment of the Lions, is an oblong court one hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth, environed with a colonnade seven feet broad on the sides, and ten at the end. The colonnade is paved with white marble, the square with coloured tiles, and the walls are covered for five feet from the ground with blue and yellow tiles in a chequered form. Both above and below these, are borders of small escutcheons in blue and gold enamel, with the motto, "No Conqueror but God." The columns that support the roof and gallery are of white marble, very slender and richly adorned with arabesques. The ceiling of the portico is finished in a still more elaborate and complicated manner, being frosted, and handled with astonishing delicacy; and the stucco laid on the walls with inimitable care and art. The capitals are of various designs, though each design is repeated several times in the circumference of the court.—See the description of the Plate, p. 245.

THE TOWER OF THE BELL 45

The Tower of the Bell, or as it is sometimes called *Torre de la Campana*, and *de la Vela*, is one of the loftiest in the whole fortress range of the Alhambra. It commands, with a perfect view of the city, the entire extent of the vega; and from this tower was the signal invariably given for the opening of the sluices, or flood-gates, to distribute the waters, at fixed seasons, for the purpose of irrigating that fertile and magnificent plain. This was effected by intersecting it with canals, from which issued lesser streams, all which gave to the blooming vega the aspect of one spacious and delicious garden. On the top of this tower was raised an immense cross by the victorious Christians, when they took possession of the last grand strong-hold of the Moors. I may further mention some beautiful lines written on this very subject by Mr. Alaric Watts, which have much of the spirit and pathos worthy of so fine a theme.

The Torre de la Campana, or rather towers, have in later times been appropriated to the use of prisons. Below them, on the south side, on a slip of terrace, is the governor's garden, a very delightful walk, filled with fine orange and cypress trees and myrtle hedges, but wholly consigned to neglect. The view it commands is incomparable. Two large vases, enamelled with gold and azure foliages and characters, are the only ornaments left; these were taken out of the vaults under the royal apartments. On the right hand of the Plaza de los Algibes, is a solitary gateway, formerly the entrance into some of the outward quadrangles thrown down by Charles the Fifth, to make room for his superb palace, which stands facing the Torre de la Campana.

THE MOORISH ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT SQUARE OF
THE CISTERNS 63

The *Plaza de los Algibes*, or Great Square of the Cisterns, lies contiguous to the palace of Charles the Fifth, and doubtless received its name from the circumstance of the great reservoirs for water having been constructed beneath its surface. These ancient cisterns are continually supplied with a running stream, fed by the neighbouring hills of the *Sierra Nevada*. So rapid and abundant was the flow as fully to suffice for the inhabitants and for the baths of that vast fortress. One of these, carried to a considerable depth, is one hundred and two feet in length by fifty-six feet in width, and is enclosed by a wall, over-arched, and six feet thick. The arch was forty-seven feet seven inches high in the centre, and seventeen feet five inches below the surface of the ground.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ALBAYCIN 97

That quarter of the city of Granada called the Albaycin, must be familiar alike to the tourist and to the historical reader, as containing one of the oldest and most massive of those palace fortresses which decorated the great cities of the Spanish Moors. It was the chief scene of those ferocious civil conflicts of the people, such as they will be found described in the following narrative, towards the close of the Moorish monarchy, more eagerly contested in its decline and fall. It was the grand rallying point of the last Moorish king and of his mother, the sultana Aixa, in their contest with the father and the uncle for the Moorish crown.

A considerable portion of the hill of the Albaycin is still enclosed by a thick massive wall, flanked by ponderous towers of equal strength, erected at short intervals along the ramparts. Like all other Moorish fortifications in Spain, they are formed of a strong composition called *tapia*, consisting of clay, mortar, and gravel. Time has rendered it more hard and durable than even stone itself, but though employed to such an extent, the art of producing it seems now totally lost. At Xeres, the city walls, which are of the same composition, were actually sawn into slabs for covering the drains and sewers of that comparatively rich and flourishing city. There is every reason to believe that this composition is of great antiquity, and the same so much in use among the Romans.

The entrance to the Albaycin is situated to the north, near the gate of Elvira, opening upon the beautiful plain.

THE GATE OF THE XENIL 127

The Gate of the Xenil, so named from its vicinity to the river so called, is situated on the south side of the town, opening to the part of the plain opposite to that of the Elvira. Not far from this gate, on the other side of the river Xenil, stands a small convent that marks the spot upon which the unhappy Abu Abdallah delivered up the keys of Granada to the conqueror.

THE TOCADOR, OR TOILET OF THE QUEEN 167

El Tocador, or the Dressing room of the Sultana, is a small square cabinet in the centre of an open gallery, from which it receives light by a door and three windows. It is surrounded by a balcony three feet broad, the roof of which is supported at intervals by columns of white marble. The look-out is perfectly charming,—the view of the Generalife with the embowered terraces, the flashing waters of the winding Darro, and the beautiful retreats along its banks—all combining to produce a species of fascination to the eye. The interior of the Toilet is exquisitely decorated; and subsequently, the Emperor Charles caused this pretty retreat to be painted with representations of his brilliant wars, and a great variety of grotesques, which appear to be copies, or at all events imitations of those in the *Loggia* of the Vatican. They are said to have been greatly defaced and injured by idle scribblers, although enough remains to show they were the productions of eminent artists. The tourist proceeds through a long passage, or antichamber, from the Tocador, and thence suddenly enters into the magnificent Hall of the Ambassadors; on the left hand it opens on the Comuna, or Great Baths; and on the right, into the large Hall of Audience in the Tower of Comares.

From the inscriptions which adorn this charmingly secluded spot, some writers maintain that it was in old time the oratory of the palace, no doubt from the circumstance of the principal window having an eastern aspect. The inscription on the cornice, which runs round it, seems to tend further to corroborate the justness of such an opinion:—

“ In the name of God, who is merciful! God be with our Prophet Mohammed! Health and happiness to his friends! God is the light of heaven and of the earth, and his resplendence is like himself. It is a luminary with many branches and many lights, but producing only one general refulgence. It is the lamp of lamps, a brilliant constellation nourished with eternal oil. It is neither western nor eastern; once illumined, it diffuses light for ever, without being touched, and with this light God guides those whom he loves; and he gives proverbs to nations.”

In the Hall of Comares, likewise, is situated the gallery which formed the prison of the sultanas, and is still termed the Queen's Prison, from the popular persuasion of Abu Abdallah's consort having been there confined on the charge of adultery. You ascend into it by a small modern staircase, the original and more beautiful one having been destroyed. A portion of this gallery is enclosed with an iron grating. Both the railing and the corridor have a modern appearance, when contrasted with the remaining portion of the palace. The gallery communicates with four apartments, built during the reign of Charles the Fifth, on a ground-work of Moorish construction.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA 191

The chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella constitutes the sole portion of the grand cathedral elevated upon the site of the ancient Moorish mosque, which was added to the original structure by these two illustrious princes, who reflect the same lustre on the annals of Spain, as do its Mohammedan conquerors themselves upon the genius and character of their native tribes. Adapted to the Gothic form of the cross, the modern cathedral presents an unwieldy mass destitute of real architectural beauty, consisting, as it does, of an assemblage of three churches in one. Of these, one is a rude-built parish church; the second, a large chapel erected by Ferdinand the Fifth during that unfavourable era of the arts, when the light, elegant style and ornamental beauty of the Saracenic was almost wholly abandoned to make way for the heavy, unmeaning, and sombre architecture which preceded the knowledge and introduction of the pure and noble Greek. Ferdinand and Isabella repose before the altar, under a large marble monument adorned with figures and grotesques, in a sufficiently improved style to show the progress which the arts had already made since the building of the edifice. Of the most costly materials, like most of the existing churches of Spain, it is overloaded with rich and lavish ornament, as totally destitute of taste as of simplicity. If the tourist will but be at the pains of comparing the modern Christian cathedral of Granada with the grand old mosque of Cordova, he will trace the grounds for the justness of this statement at once, with more pleasure and deeper conviction than any explanation could afford.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE VIVA RAMBLA 213

With the exception of the Zacatin, there are few places in Granada which have undergone less change than the square of the Viva Rambla. The houses and shops are as nearly as possible the same as when tenanted by the Moorish shopkeepers and artisans. It presents all those peculiar traits in its aspect and localities, which tend to impress the idea that it is still inhabited by the same active and ingenious people. Every where there is much to remind us of their former presence and useful possession, extending even to the Spanish dress and features; and we almost think we are conversing with the subjects of a Moorish monarch, as we note the swarthy complexion, large, dark, and full eye, and the roundness of countenance, still declaring their eastern origin. In regard to costume, it is true the modern Andalusian does not, like his Moslem ancestors, continue to shave the head; but, from the same cause, no Spaniard shaves *himself*, and consequently there are, perhaps, more barbers in Spain than any other country in Europe. Though he allows his hair to grow, he still envelopes his head in the folds of a handkerchief, which has replaced the turban; his loins are still girded by an ample sash, and to this day the Spaniard wears his *capa*, or cloak, thrown over the left shoulder in the same graceful manner as the *haik* worn by the Moor, or his *manta*, a sort of coarse woollen cloth, by the peasant or muleteer. It is the same with the Arab of the present time, his dress is wide and open, principally to show the full embroidered cotton drawers underneath. "These, and other things, constantly remind

you," says the ingenious and observant artist, who visited parts of Barbary as well as Spain, "that you are still walking amongst the descendants of the Prophet."

THE TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA 241

This tomb, intended as a monument rather to commemorate the triumph of the Christian sovereigns over the infidel, than of Spanish rulers who had united her scattered gems of empire in one grand symmetric crown,—is composed of the purest white marble, and is also of the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. It is evidently the production of Italian artists, and has every appearance of having been constructed during the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Adjoining the two monarchs, who lie side by side, appear, on a similarly constructed tomb of still more admirable workmanship, the effigies of Phillip the Fair, their son-in-law, and of their daughter Joan. Over the great door is the emblem of the united monarchies,—a bundle of arrows tied together, and clutched in the talons of a single-headed eagle. In the chapel is an altar-piece, on which appear some curious carvings in wood, apparently of the time of Ferdinand, representing the unfortunate Abu Abdallah surrendering the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and his court; whilst the wretched Moors are seen in the back-ground issuing from the Gate of Judgment with their hands bound, and in an abject, despairing attitude.

In another compartment is shown the Moors, and also Moorish women with their faces concealed, receiving baptism; and they are the more interesting as being, perhaps, the only thing of the kind in existence giving an exact idea of the dresses worn by the Spanish Moors. That of the women, in particular, has been remarked for its precise similarity with the one borne by the women of Tetuan, and of these the artist in his costumes of Spain and Barbary has shown me several specimens. The veil, for instance, and the swathings round the legs are the same, and there are numerous other resemblances sufficient to establish the transcendent influence of the conquering Moor over the habits and character of his subject Goths. The cathedral is remarkably rich in sculpture and other remains, chiefly of Italian art, Charles the Fifth being known as a lavish patron of the leading artists of his age. Many of their best scholars, when they could not themselves attend, accepted his invitation to decorate the churches and other public buildings of Spain. Of these the most original and eccentric was Torrigiano, the rival of Michael Angelo, who in a sudden fit of anger struck the great Florentine and broke his nose, which ever afterwards appeared flattened. This irritable genius went to England, and was employed in the chapel of Henry the Seventh; but compelled by some fatal feud again to fly, he sought a refuge in Granada, and assisted to decorate the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella. Having been employed by some Spanish cardinal to form a statue, he conceived himself inadequately rewarded, and broke it into pieces with his mallet. Soon after he was denounced before the Holy Inquisition, and condemned to expiate his temerity and his plain-dealing in the fires of the *auto-da-fé*.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

CHAPTER I.

Come, Hope, with golden ray,
Beam through the gathering night ;
Lo, the same sun that fades to-day
In the far main, ere dawn repairs his light.

ROMANCERO ANTIGUO.

At the close of that dread eventful day, when the Moorish monarch beheld the Christian captives of the fallen Zaharāh led in triumph through the gates of

Granada,* a noble and elder of his council, famed alike for eloquence and wisdom, left the evening banquet of the Alhambra to meditate in the cool delicious shades of its spreading gardens. The venerable yet still chivalrous Aben Kassim had been the companion of the ruling prince from the earliest period of his career; had shared in his victories, been the partner of his pleasures, and, in the most perilous moments, approved himself the chief stay and pillar of the state. But while the Moslem king continued, as in youth, fiery and impetuous, enamoured of power, but wild, dark, and involved in all the wanderings of passion, Aben Kassim had become mild, temperate, and thoughtful. The fervid zeal for the glory of his religion which had led him into the noblest scenes of Moorish conflict; the passion which had made him the hero of some of the tenderest lays of the poets, still exerted their power over his soul; but his motives were now wholly imbued with the glowing spirit of his love of country, and of his friend.

The creed of the great prophet and reformer did not, however, teach him to gather wisdom from the internal warfare of self with self. It left him his passionate dreams of delight; he was too devout a Musulmān not to cherish them as anticipations of the bright and everlasting paradise. But Aben Kassim had too much mind to be kept in bondage by the rich and sensual visions of the heaven pictured to

* The city of Zaharāh, carried by storm, was the first blow struck by the king of Granada, which provoked this last and memorable war.

the eyes of the faithful in their bold career. Almost unconsciously rising beyond the highest circle of the visible domain of faith; disposed to that seriousness so revered by its loftiest disciples, he had by the mere force of thought, and by a rapid succession of changes, not unobserved, acquired a habit of attention to the signs of the age, and the shadowy aspect of coming events. Genius, combined with knowledge, gave him a power higher and truer in the study of destiny, than the oldest of the Islamite prophets, who held communion with their celestial chief.

The noble hajib* now entered the deep grove of mingled cypress and myrtles, which skirted the eastern towers of the Alhambra. Through the occasional vistas of these sequestered shades, the vast edifice presented itself to the eye in all its dim, undefined proportions; its gorgeous and sumptuous hues. † Its

* The prime minister, and presiding chief of the council.

† On emerging from the hills, into the spacious and blooming plain, the old Moorish capital is seen in the distance, and more conspicuously the ruddy light of its Vermilion Towers, (a) high overhung by the range of the snow-clad Sierra. The sight of the famed Alhambra, associated with the memory of the adventurous heroism, the strange romantic loves, the fearful fate, the now mouldering towers of its lordly masters, impresses the soul with deep and mournful feelings ere the traveller enters its deserted courts, its yet splendid but silent halls. A fortress of palaces, its walls bristling with castellated forts embrace the entire crest of the hill which commands the city, forming part of the grand Sierra Nevada, a chain of mountains perpetually covered with snow. Thus spacious as splendid, it would admit a garrison of forty thousand men, and

(a) Alhambra,—“the red house;” so called from the colour of the materials originally employed.

bold turrets, its gilded domes and minarets had now ceased to reflect the rays of the departed sun, but the deep purple of the sky rested like a glory upon the massy angles and buttresses of the lofty towers.

was frequently the sole possession of different contending monarchs during the civil wars of Granada. Its desertion, after the conquest of the Moors by the Castilian monarchs, with the abandonment of the palace of Charles V. seemed to be dedicating it to ruin and decay—a mighty monument to the power and splendour of its founders.

Granada, the beloved city of this vast mountain-fortress, lay at its feet. Approached by steep winding avenues, through groves of fragrant beauty, decorated with temples, gardens, and fountains, the white, glittering edifices, the sparkling of the waters, and the golden light of spires and minarets, gave to the dark green foliage and the deep azure of its skies a splendour of relief almost dazzling to the eye. Through an antique Moorish tower of vast dimensions, opened the chief entrance leading to its grand portal, the Gate of Judgment, within which sat a public tribunal (*a*) to pronounce instant decision on the causes of the people. The arch of the grand vestibule extends half the height of the tower; on the key-stone is sculptured a gigantic hand, and in the same manner, on the inner side, a gigantic key: the former, it is believed, representing the emblem of doctrine, the latter that of faith, and borne as an armorial ensign on the banners of the Moslems in their early conquests, opposed to the Christian cross. A winding passage from the porch conducts the spectator to an open esplanade, the Plaza de los Algibes, where were situated the great reservoirs cut in the solid rock for supplies of the purest water. At this point, the magnificence of the prospect from the walls above, along the vale of the Darro, and through the Vega, is nowhere to be surpassed. Proceeding round a part of the imperial palace, the tourist next enters the interior of the palace by a plain, unornamented portal; and it is then

(*a*) The Hall of the Two Sisters, and all the splendid suite of saloons and towers, as they will be found more particularly described in the appropriate portions of the work assigned to them.

In proportion as the last refulgent light of day sank in the horizon, the whole of the spacious structure—losing its brilliancy—seemed to dilate in solidity and extent.

the enchantment of eastern pomp, luxury, and refinement first bursts upon his astonished view. Here appears the Court of the Alberca, and at the upper end rises the Tower of Comares. Through an arch-way at the lower part he approaches the celebrated Court of Lions, on one side of which lies the Hall of the Ambassadors.

The lavish splendour of the Alhambra gave rise to the popular belief that its great founder, Mohammed Aben Alahmar, must have dealt in magic. The first king of the noble line of Beni Nasar, he gained the throne by his reputation for wisdom and beneficence, in 1238. His former character as a governor seemed to actuate every movement of the monarch; with qualities at once brilliant and solid, he promoted many noble and useful institutions, and was beloved by his subjects as their guardian and their friend. He commenced the building of the grand fortress towards the middle of the thirteenth century, directed its progress in person, and was often seen conversing with the architect and the labourers. Though surviving to an extremely advanced age, he left his vast undertaking to be finished by his successor, Yusef Abul Hajig, who erected the beautiful Gate of Justice. Vieing with the example set by his illustrious predecessor, he evinced all the ardour of a great and good mind in promoting the happiness and prosperity of his people, and so strong was his attachment to learning and the arts, that at a period when the rest of Europe was lost in comparative barbarism, Granada presented a capital and a court surrounded with all the luxuries of taste and refinement, all that was elegant and emblematic in the genius of this active and extraordinary people. "Granada," says an Arabian writer, "was, in the days of Yusef, as a silver vase filled with emeralds and jacinths."

The above view includes the whole of the fortress, together with the Generalife. Immediately in the centre stands the Tower of the Homage, to the left of which rises the palace

“Holy Prophet!” ejaculated Aben Kassim, as he gathered his spangled kaftan* closer about him to resist the breeze which now blew keener from the snow-capped mountains, † wildly mourning through the groves;—“Holy Prophet!” he repeated, “thou wert not enshrined in splendour and luxuries like these, when the messenger of the Supreme first taught thee

commenced by the emperor, Charles V. This is a very magnificent building, composed entirely of marbles found in the neighbouring mountains, and in any other situation it would be deemed beautiful. Here it is eclipsed by the splendour of the Moorish edifices by which it is surrounded.

Still farther to the left is the noble Tower of Comares, while the building on the rising ground behind is the Palace of the Generalife. Between that and the Tower of Comares, is the one of the Infantas, and the Water Tower. The hill rising in the back ground is called the Mountain of the Sun, high overhanging the whole, and with its summits wrapt in the clouds of the Sierra Nevada. That loftiest tower on the right is the Torre de la Velha, or as it is sometimes called the Tower of the Bell, which commands the whole view of the fortress, together with the extensive Vega, or plain of Granada. On the extreme right lies the Torre de Vermejas, between which and that of the Bell is situated the principal entrance to the Alhambra.

Descending the hill of the Albaycin, which is still partly surrounded by a long line of battlemented towers, between two of which is the entrance which forms one of the woodcuts,—namely that to the Albaycin,—and thence crossing a large square in front of the palace of the Captain-General, we ascended a winding and confined street, called the Calle de los Gomezes, from which point the artist took his view of the Vermilion Towers.

* Decorated robe or mantle.

† The Sierra Nevada, a chain of hills to the south of Granada, the summits of which are constantly covered with snow.

the ineffable mysteries of eternity; when the glories of a celestial paradise burst upon thy more than mortal view. Thy cave of refuge boasted no battle-towers, no rampart walls of brass; yet wert thou more inviolate than steel-clad monarchs in that fort-girt sweep of golden palaces. He who veiled thee with the spider's simple web, who bade the dove to build, and spread her wings around his prophet's head,* whispered to thee there more sweet and wondrous counsel than all the wisdom of our learned ulemas, † the vain, weak-eyed policy, the idler eloquence of our grand divans. In the eyes of the most Merciful and Gracious thou didst find favour and exaltation, for thy doctrine breathed the faith of the compassionate and the resigned. ‡ Adversity opened to thee the stores of experience § and truth, and Destiny guided thy steps in the right path, till thou couldst behold all-joyful Paradise prefigured in the "shade of the scymitars,"

* Incidents related by historians and followers of the prophet, in recounting Mohammed's escape from the pursuit of his enemies, and referred to the immediate miraculous interposition of the Deity.

† An order of lawyers next in rank to the cadhi.

‡ Of Islam, or resignation.

§ Witness the noble lines by the Sultan of Mousel, written when deprived of his crown, and a prisoner :—

Hail! chastening friend, Adversity, 'tis thine
The mental ore to temper and refine,
To cast in virtue's mould the yielding heart,
And honour's polish to the mind impart.

Without thy wakening touch, thy plastic aid,
I'd lain the shapeless mass that nature made;
But formed, great artist, by thy magic hand,
I gleam a sword to conquer and command.

beckoning thy young bright Faith's disciples to rush into the grove of spears, to mark unquailed the lightning of the battle clouds, and greet thy enemies with a joy yet loftier than we welcome the pure blessed season of thy earthly Bairam.* But where is now the generous soul of thy earthly khaliphs, who raised their golden thrones upon the necks of subjugated kings? where the thousand cities, and palaces, and tribes, and nations? Fallen; fallen on the bitter scorn and hatred of Islamite with Islamite, of brethren and families, of ancient tribes with tribes! Once were thy institutes of bravery and honour clad in the royal robes of sovereignty, courteous and magnanimous; once were discipline and justice wedded with the gravity of reason and sound discretion;—days for ever fled! The season of alms, and prayers, and pilgrimage, thy people flocked to the voice of thy muezzins;† then were the faithful sheltered beneath the sacred shield of their judge-kings, when they sat in their gold and gem-embroidered kaftans at the gate, and gave out even measure to the meanest son of Islam. Where now is the impulse which bore thy Moslems, with the Koran newly written on their hearts,—graven on their flashing falchions,—beyond the uttermost bounds of their native seas, built up kingdoms, seignories, and states to its glory, and towered upon the wings of conquest, till it out-soared even the

* The Mohammedan Easter.

† Appointed to give public notice of the five recurring periods of prayer during the day.

chivalry of the mighty Charlemagne, and laid the loftiest crests of his favourite heroes in the dust?"*

Scarcely had the last words fallen from the lips of the old, impassioned Moslem, when the moon, a small silver crescent, was seen slowly surmounting the shadowy crests and broader minarets of the Alhambra. Aben Kassim felt like a mortal from whose eyes the veil of ages had fallen away; who was permitted to behold the secret fountain of his ancestral glory,—the mysterious shrine, in whose golden cells the banner of Mohammed had been treasured by the fates ere yet unfolded to the world. †

The Prophet had, beyond question, chosen well when he selected the half-orbed moon for the bright material emblem of his worshipped faith. For beautiful is the moon looking from heaven's azure depths over a city in all its living strength, its turmoil, and its greatness; beautiful is she when her beams fall thick and luminous over the field glittering with tents and spears. But still more lovely is she when pouring a chastened glory upon the ruins of empire slumbering in their time-hallowed deserts, she seems as if she were only watching the steps of the lonely traveller, or waiting to reveal some mystery to the ardent soul of a true worshipper.

* "When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer,
On Ronscesvalles died."

† A favourite tradition of the old Moslems, who abounded in gigantic imagery and corresponding expressions, wherever their passions were concerned.

Mohammed knew well that his earthly followers would often need some visible celestial emblem to inspire them with the recollections of past glory, and never since the sword-planted tree of his faith took root, has that bright crown of his standard beamed through the veil of night, but it has awakened in some warrior of his tribes a more indomitable spirit; in some Imam's priest or pilgrim-poet, a deeper, more glowing enthusiasm as they bent at the sacred shrine, calling on Allah and his Prophet. Aben Kassim reverently raised his turban from his brow as he fixed his eyes on the clear calm heavens, till the planet had risen high above those palace towers, their shadowy courts, wooded avenues, groves, fountains, and garden bowers,—the last and most beloved capital of the faithful. Then with the slow step of one whose thoughts ponder on deeds given to power, wisdom, strength,—not the feebleness of haste or low policy, to fulfil,—he entered that magnificent area of the 'Alhambra, called the Court of the Lions. The splendid marble pavement, the capitals and pillars of the porticoes, the alabaster reservoirs, the water of their bright fount that threw its spray rejoicingly into the pure, still air,—all far and near received a new and mysterious touch of beauty from the silver light of the waning moon.

Aben Kassim paused for a moment in this proud, spirit-stirring scene; all was silent around him, but a quick ear might catch at intervals the mellow voices of the lutes, awakening the hours to love and song, amid the golden saloons and inner chambers, or the plaintive note of some bird from the myrtle gardens of

the Linderaxa. It was none of these, however, that made the thoughtful Moslem pause ; his step rested before one of those singular inscriptions emblazoned from early ages on the halls and temples, not less than on the swords, of the Prophet's children, teaching them how kingdoms were to be won, and how, when conquered, they were to be maintained. A sigh escaped him as he turned away from the admonitory wisdom of the past,—that sole despised heritage of our sires ; and he proceeded with more hurried step and clouded brow to the palace residence of the king, into whose presence he alone, of all his aged council, ventured at every hour.

Muley Ibn Hassan was seated in one of those luxurious retreats of the Alhambra, prepared by the seductive genius, the elegant voluptuous flatteries of successive architects, painters, and poets of those brilliant times. Beauty in all its forms, under every species of capricious taste, rare fancy, and emblematic invention, was to be seen in the variegated labours of these delicious saloons. Through richly ornamented windows and flower-wreathed lattices, came the odorous air of gardens shut out from every eye but that of the prince and his favourite sultanas and friends. Glittering, half-concealed fountains of the purest water diffused a coolness which gave sweet anticipation of the approaching night, and could one human being have entered that enchanting seclusion, so lovely in its solitude, without the heavy sense in his heart of human sin and calamity, he might well have rejoiced to behold on earth so rich an earnest of something not

of fleeting beauty, a type of man's recovered paradise with all its promises of delight.

But there was an expression on the features of the Moslem king which would have dissipated every gentle and loving thought,—all of peace, or heaven-inspiring solitude, from the mind of the most unsuspecting of beings.

He was now long past the meridian of life, and his stately strong-knit frame had begun to bend and rock under the united force of time, enervating indulgence, and the stormy passions of his breast. Still his countenance was more strongly ploughed by anxiety than by age. His swarthy brow bore traces of the most violent tempests that can shake the human soul. Not deficient in the light of intelligence, the mental characteristics of his face were themselves but interpreters of the pride, the terrible self-will, which ruled all the thoughts and avenues of his being.

Aben Kassim then was the only one of his ministers who feared him not in his gloomy moods; and the stern monarch, as he greeted him with a few pithy words, seemed to admit that he knew him to be his only real friend, and that he had, therefore, a right to approach him when he pleased, and to speak what he thought. "Son of Ismael,"* said the noble scheikh, "methinks the hour is drawing nigh which must de-

* The peculiar veneration of the Moslems for the paternal authority, is in nothing shown more clearly than in this prevailing custom of individual address; nor could there be a higher compliment to the son, than thus to sink his own name in that of his father,—a fact which places Boabdil's usurpation in no very amiable light.

cide the fate of empire between thee and the descendant of thy vassal Goths. Fortune, my prince, like the heavenly emblem of our faith, shone on the Moslem arms till their glory had reached its flood—till wearing a paler aspect it began to wane with the revolution of days. Will it rise once more, fair as yon glorious crescent? will it ever more irradiate the world with its glorious beams? Or is it not in the book of destiny, O prince, even from the beginning, that the fame of nations which hath risen like the sun in the east, shall set in the west amid a darker night; that they who have achieved deeds of splendour shall but feel the darkness of adversity fall more heavily upon their souls! Brave as thou art, didst thou do well, O king, to hurl defiance at the Christian foe? Nay, chafe not; but having cast down the gauntlet to his teeth, draw the sword of the Prophet,—away with the scabbard, and let it woo the smiles of victory once again, as it were a new and hard-won bride. It is not war, nor the fortune of the open battle-field, which fills my prophetic spirit with alarm; I doubt not the onset of thy chivalry, the rush of spears, and the daunting clamour of our horsemen in the shock of steed with steed. It is not war; it is the deep designing policy, the cool and cautious treachery, the arts and intrigues of Arragon's king, the firm and fanatic spirit of his Castilian consort, which Aben Kassim most dreads. More darkly inauspicious than the chivalry of Christendom marshalled in frank array against our scymitars, with what weapons shall we resist his dastard arts? Vain to us is the aid of Afric's princes, and the fiery

blood of her desert tribes, against the bribe which dissolves the ties of concord and saps the foundation of our empire, arming the hand of Moor against the peace of Moor."

"What think you, noble scheikh? plots Ferdinand in secret to raise up enemies to our throne in the chiefs and children of the faithful?"

"Yea! in the tribes of your Zegriss and Gomelez, in the palace, in the harem of Muley Hassan, O king."

"And wouldst thou, therefore, pay him tribute, Aben Kassim? wouldst deprecate my policy—nay, my long craving—my burning thirst and passion for war? retribution, long merited, in avengement of great Allah's and his holy Prophet's cause? It is welcome to my soul!"

"Daringly great! but rash, unadvised, wert thou, O king, when with taunts on his rejected claims thou didst spurn the royal envoy, and for vassal-pay present the glistening scymitar to the Christian court. But was it wise and well for a commander of the faithful—for a father of his tribes, and of horsemen—for a ruler of the people, and a judge of the city? was it prudent as it was honourable to the heart of the heroic chief of our chivalry?"

"Oh, Aben Kassim! and couldst *thou* have heard that vain-presuming knight remind thee of thy vassal lot, and call aloud for tribute before the assembled emirs and elders of the empire, seated amid thy symbols of sway, robed in thy royal kaftan on thy imperial divan, a throne won for thee by the sword of judg-

ment wielded by thy Prophet? Had he sent to challenge us to open tourney, at the tilt of reeds, or to place the destiny of empire on lance with lance, more pleasing to me had been the sight of that malapert envoy in our lists. But his idle, vaunting embassy, told in so lofty a tone, made me tremble with rage to smite him, spite of his sacred badge, even where he stood. And, methinks, he ought to thank thee, that he does not now look down from our battlements, in place of bearing our sharp-edged missive to the wily monarchs of Arragon and Castile. By Allah! it will rouse their chill, stagnate blood when they hear that all Granada's kings who once gave tribute-money to Castile are dead and gone—that our royal mint coins nothing now but blades of swords and heads of javelins. Yet it irks me that we let him wag his pert and impious tongue, when the flash of many a weapon told him that justice was near at hand, ready to sprinkle the mouths of our lion-founts with his impetuous blood."

"Nay, count not of him, my royal master, at an hour like this. Ye have struck the first blow—ye have perilled life and crown upon the die, be it for good or for evil result. Why a moment's delay? Haste, fall swift as death, an eagle from his mountain rock with the prey in view, on the scattered squadrons of the foe. Granada's last hope lies in the fiery combat; she can only foil her subtle enemy by rushing from field to field, reaping fresh harvests of the sword. Give him no breathing time to play his secret game, and stake the life of Moor against royal Moor. No more let the

edge of Moslem steel smite the breasts of the Prophet's children!—seize on every resource—pour through all its wide-spread channels thy long-treasured gold, till it turn to steel-clad hosts. Yea, the magician of the war, strike the earth with thy golden rod, till there upspring legions upon legions, and our hardy mountain warriors cover all our plains. Let the old Moorish pennon, unfurled once more on the bright blue seas, bear Afric's fiercest tribes,—the swart sons of the desert—to confront the pride of European chivalry gathering round us from each Christian land in aid of our haughty foe. Let us, too, summon all of heroism and fiery zeal in the cause of our Prophet, to stand by us in the mighty struggle, to brace the hearts of the children of Allah, to conquer with renown, or still more greatly to perish. By our faith and our country, go forth with rapid heart-cleaving blows! beat down the artful points and stratagems of thy enemy, as the sword of God,* wielded with the old resistless fire of his Khaled, consumed whole hosts of unbelievers!”

“It is now,” replied the king, “I recognise the young companion of my victories—my staff—the light of my path; for thy looks are terrible as when, young in arms, we broke the strength of famed Pelayo's breed of mountain freemen, and bade their humbled monarch do obeisance to the dazzling glory of the crescent; terrible as when we opened a path through hostile squadrons on Cordova's plains, and brought

* The sword of God: a frequent figure in alluding to the exploits of Mohammed. His favourite, Khaled, was renowned for his brilliant success in the early battles of the khaliphs.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

GRANADA.

from the works of the Counts

Printed by Lopez Almagro

their chief a captive into our capital. Thy counsel, noble scheikh, comes from lips touched with the hallowed wisdom which inspired our Prophet. I see he is thy friend, and still be thou the friend of Muley Hassan, and let all be done as thy own brave heart would have it."

"Then Allah speed us! let us join the grand divan, and next, oh king, summon we to the sacred mosque our imauns and elders,—yea, the hajees,* every pious follower of their revered priests, even our faquirs and santons, to offer up their prayers for Granada! Thence let them proclaim through her cities, from end to end, the greatest of our holy wars; thence unfurl our Prophet's sacred banner, and hurl back the infidel from the soil of our beloved country!"

And was it not a glorious resolve, to hand down to their children and to their far successors the bright heritage of their heroic sires—those blissful seats so long illumined by the torches of genius and science, by the lords of the sword and of the lyre—the glory of those heavens, the magnificence of nature arrayed in all the splendours and delights which mortal art and industry can picture to the eye and to the soul! Then who can wonder at the rapture with which the Moor looked upon the bright and beautiful city of his princes!† In the dewy twilight of morning, breathing

* Pilgrims;—hajeer Baba, or pilgrim Baba.

† Wildly romantic, and strange as magnificent in its solitude, the aspect of Spain combines with the softer features and enchantments of the south, all the stern bleak air of grandeur so characteristic of the eastern desert. With its bulwarks

the soft spirit of its southern sea, mingled with the pure breezy freshness of its snowy sierra; in the radiance of the noonday sun, in the solemn shades of evening, Granada burst upon his sight with a splendour

of dark sierras, its sweep of wide cheerless plains, alternating with the most delightful and fertile regions, abounding in all the exquisite beauties of its southern clime; it may be said to resemble the architecture of its singular conquerors,—vast and massy, dark and forbidding in its exterior, but suddenly opening upon all the interior beauty, glory, and refined luxurious taste, which pictured to their eastern imaginations the paradise of the blest. But the rugged, dreary hills, with their ruinous towers and battlements, the broken aqueduct and bridge, the wasted or diverted fountains, the lost, neglected roads, the torrent-worn dells and ravines, the birds of prey soaring from the snow-capped peaks above, the leafless site of groves, gardens, and busy hamlets—haunts of the wild fowl and the fox—the stern deep silence which wraps heath, and vale, and stream; what a wondrous contrast to the whole scenery, under the impulse of the genius—the astonishing activity, the colonial policy, and teeming fertility characteristic of the Moors! It is this which gives to the loneliness of its plains and valleys, the mouldering fragments of its mountain-towns and castles beneath the deep blue skies, in a sunny soil fertilized by its crystal springs and rivers, so peculiarly mournful and almost unnatural an air. Thus Granada, like some mighty relic of vanished empire, every where presents traces of her palmy days of splendour; the foot of the Moor is still on her soil; the look, the accent, the very character and manners of her regenerating Arab victor are visible in her children—in their features, habits, and costume—in the implements of husbandry as in the weapons of war. Still with their legend of the saint is mingled the romantic ballad or love-song of the Moor, as the herdsman returns at eventide by the Darro side, or the slow-journeying muleteers beguile the hour, winding their way down the steep mountain-pass. Within her chain of natural outworks, lofty sierras of marble and granite with cloud-piercing peaks, glowing under a burning

unknown to any other city in the world. Loved with a species of idolatry, without parallel perhaps, except in the glory of the Syrian Damascus, or the marble Tadmor in the palmy days of its famed queen,

sun, lay Granada, like some splendid beauty enveloped in rude attire, but whose dazzling charms and enchantments as you approach more near, rivet the eye and fill the soul of the beholder. In her city of palaces, filled with umbrageous courts and avenues,—a sylvan scene of garden, grove, and fountain-freshness wildly intermingled,—a labyrinth of exquisitely decorated nature in her wilderness of mingled sweets,—she bade the rocks pour forth their cool delicious springs through her thousand sparkling founts, her snow-clad hills, to supply her marble halls, her fretted domes, and sacred temples,—their wild declivities to bloom with the cistus, the aloe, the fig-tree, the pomegranate, and the vine,—her vegas to teem with fruit and grain, and her garden-bowers with the myrtle and roses of Yemen, beneath their stately canopy of palm and cypress groves. From such a throne of beauty did the last queen of the Moorish capitals behold the approach of the storm, first cradled in the Asturian mountains by a handful of vanquished Goths, and now, having swept over her brilliant empire of the south, about to burst with exterminating fury upon the most beautiful and beloved of her mighty conquests. From her thousand frontier towns and fortresses, through all her thickly peopled plains and hamlets, came the sound of its ruin loud and yet louder upon the ear.

The view here given is taken from the banks of the Xenil. The trees in the foreground are the date palm; whilst that with the large broad leaves immediately below them is the plantain. The rude-looking but picturesque mill on the right is of Moorish origin. It is used for raising water for the purposes of irrigation. Midway in the distance appears part of the town, and immediately surmounting it rises the vast fortress of the Alhambra. One of the first objects that strikes the eye of the tourist on entering the town, is the old Moorish gateway, which conducts him to the entrance of the grand square of the Vivarambla.

far around her swelled the mountains which appear to have been raised by nature for her lordly barrier, their snow-bound crests emulating in whiteness the crystal of the moon-beams—their deep dark woods bending in bold contrast to the glistening clothing of the summits, and the not less exquisite splendour of the golden roofs of palaces and mosques that shone on the plains below. Wide spreading along the sunny sides of the delicious site of this queen of cities, the murmur of its golden river, the bloom of gardens and orchards vied with the luxury of an eastern Eden. Immediately on the skirts of those pleasure grounds which appeared only lavishly adorned to skreen, in their sylvan recesses, the most lovely of women from the too ardent rays of the sun, extended yellow corn-fields and purple vineyards far as the eye could reach over fertile lands, richly peopled with busy hamlets, strong thriving towns, with innumerable castles and fortresses in the distance.

In the midst of this spacious glowing scene of fertility, enriched with all the gems of art, lay Granada, like some proud beauty calm and stately, seated secure in her own spangled halls. From the two hills which she crowned with her numerous sumptuous edifices, the Darro and the Xenil were seen mingling their limpid waters, in which the peasants not unfrequently gathered the purest grains of gold and silver. The most conspicuous objects in the direction of the Darro, flowing through the valley of the two hills and dividing the city, were the palace of the Alhambra and the Vermilion Towers,—the former venerable in the eyes

of the Moor as the grand citadel of his country's glory; the latter, as one of those monuments which seem to defy the calculations of time, still frowning midst the surrounding ruins of a fallen empire. To the northward of the river rose the stern rude-looking towers of the Albaycin and of Alcazaba; while the broad intervening plain was covered with the light, airy, and variously adorned dwellings of the wealthy population. The city of Granada, thus beautiful in itself as in its situation, was probably founded by one of those colonies of Phœnicia, which the adventurous merchants of that country had established in several provinces of Europe. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a place well worthy of their attention,—calculated for a strong military station; and it was transmitted from them to the Goths. But it was reserved for the Saracens to invest it with all the strength and magnificence which it was naturally so well fitted to receive. Having in the early part of the eighth century fallen beneath the arms of the victorious Omniades, it gradually assumed the character of a city, which had for its rulers the most polished and luxurious people in the world. It was not, however, till the close of the thirteenth century that the Moorish people conceived the magnificent idea of the Alhambra. Their coffers were then sufficiently well stored to enable the monarch to carry into effect his noble design. The plans adopted by Muley Mohammed Abdallah were further pursued by his successor; but the marble walls of the palace, the splendid shrines of the mosque, rose not without stains of blood upon their glittering decorations. Moham-

med, the successor of Muley, was an usurper and a murderer; the money itself, which defrayed the cost of the sacred edifice, was wrung by oppression from Christians and Jews. For many years subsequently, not a reign is described by the historians of the Moors without the record of some deed of blood,—the work of princely hands.

In 1340, Alphonso XI., taking advantage of the divisions which existed in Granada, obtained a signal victory over its sovereign, who perished by assassination, hated and despised for his misfortunes. But the calamities which followed were not sufficient to warn the infatuated people of the declining grandeur of their empire, and the king of Castile continued to possess the complete ascendancy in the state. When Mohammed Alhamar, a dethroned monarch, fled to him for help, Pedro, justly surnamed the Cruel, accepted the gold and jewels which the unhappy prince poured at his feet; but almost immediately afterwards, seated on an ass, he paraded him, together with his attendants, through the city, and stabbed him with his own hand on the field of the Tablada.* The king whom the Castilian sovereign, after this barbarous murder, established upon the throne, reigned in security, as did also his successor, Mohammed Abouhadjad, whose mild character and virtuous moderation enabled him not only to remain at peace with Castile, but to

* At the moment he was stabbed, he addressed his assassin in these words, which became the subject of more than one ballad: "Oh, Peter! Peter! what an exploit for a knight and a king!"

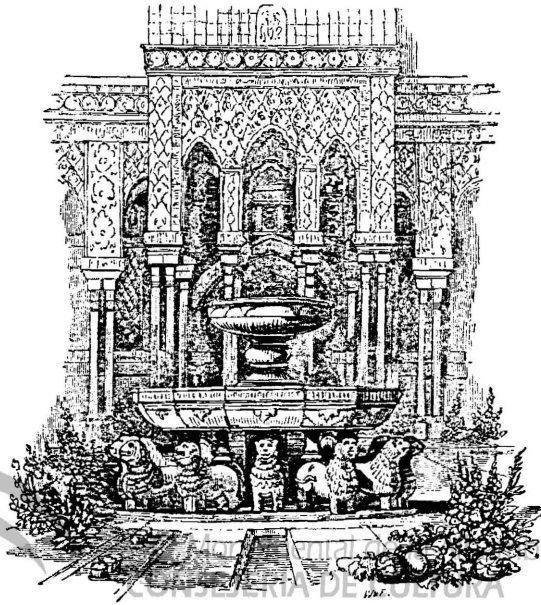
improve his territory with new and splendid additions to all its principal cities. It was but for a brief space, however, that the gleam of returning glory continued to shine on the Moors of Granada. The succeeding prince involved himself in bitter strife with the fierce monarch of Morocco; and, like the hero of antiquity, perished in the envenomed folds of a poisoned mantle sent him by an artful enemy. A similar fate attended his successor who, in the agonies of death, ordered the immediate execution of his brother, whom he hated with so intense a hate that his last thoughts were employed in securing his destruction. The bearer of the death-warrant found Juzef, the intended victim, engaged in a game of chess. "Grant me time to finish the game," was the request of the prince, and with difficulty he obtained the desired permission. The brief interval which sufficed to conclude the game, was enough also to change the colour of his destiny. His brother had expired in the interim, and the loud shouts of the populace proclaimed him lawful successor to the throne. The humanity which formed a conspicuous trait in the character of this prince, contributed greatly to the improvement of the state. He took no vengeance on his enemies, recollected not the cruelty with which he had been treated by the partisans of his brother, but bestowed on the children of that monarch the strongest marks of affection.

The succeeding reigns exhibit few incidents that mark not strongly the rapid decay of that high and magnanimous spirit, which for a long time distinguished the Moors of Granada. At length, clouds,

darker and more tempestuous than had yet been seen, lowered upon the horizon. Ismael, who obtained possession of the crown in 1453, found himself threatened by the strength of Castile, as by that of an enemy who had gradually grown up into the possession of a power that could no longer be resisted.

But all that prudence or valour could achieve was effected by this prince. He employed his people in recultivating the lands which had been laid waste by the enemy ;—forests were cleared away to make room for the plough, and the villages that lay smouldering in ashes again furnished homes for the terrified and desolate peasantry. His efforts, however, could effect little while the wrath of the Castilian remained unappeased ; a peace purchased at the expense of an annual tribute of six hundred Christian captives, or as many Moors when the Christians were exhausted, besides twelve thousand ducats, could alone protect the city of Granada from the horrors of renewed invasion.

Unfortunately for the Moors, as we have shown, his son and successor, Muley Mohammed Ibn Hassan, pursued not the prudent line of conduct by which his crown had been preserved from the hands of the enemy. Placing a false trust in his valour and resources, he ventured to dispute the claim of the Castilian monarch to the tribute agreed upon by his father ; the tocsin of war again resounded through the streets of Granada, and sent its fearful echoes from the snowy sierra to the now chivalrous and splendid court of Ferdinand and Isabella.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

CHAPTER II.

Ventecico murmurador.

ROMANCERO ANTIGUO.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream scarce flowing,
Mimic lustres lie ;
Blow gentle, gentle breeze,
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies,
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

LOCKHART.

A PRINCE of the Abencerrages, in the yet chivalrous epoch of the Moorish sway, combining the brilliant qualities of his ancestral line with magnanimity and

courtesy above those of his generous tribe, was reclining at the feet of the loveliest of Andalusia's maidens, famed alike for the softness and brilliancy of their charms.* She it was had first inspired him with the emprise of love and honour, borne in his heart and proudly emblazoned upon his crest. It was one of those rich, deep-glowing evenings of an Andalusian summer when nature, in all her luxuriant splendour, fills earth, and air, and sky, with a radiant beauty unknown to other lands. Every object seemed imbued with a glory, an elasticity of existence, irresistibly inspiring, and enchanting to the eye. Each flower, and shrub, and tree, shone with their own peculiarly ripe and dazzling hues. The myrtle, the citron, the camellia, and the rose, over-arched by stately palm and cypress, and fed from the pure, sparkling waters and breezy incense of the hills, shed an ineffable sweetness through the clear, mild heaven, reflecting its deep purple light upon tower and stream; while the nightingale from her favourite tree filled the garden bowers with a thrill of passionate delight, in perfect unison with the hour and the scene. But was it the only music which fell on the charmed ear in these delicious retreats of love?† was there not yet sweeter melody which, breathed from

* "Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, tho' so much it strikes;
Nor liken it—I never saw the like—
An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke; a cameleopard, a gazelle—
No, none of these will do."—BYRON.

† The Generalife; the name of which imports, the Mansion of Pleasure.

the soul to the soul, lent a charm to the spot such as, in the vivid language of their clime, made those lovers feel as if paradise were indeed in that part of heaven which shone so radiantly fair above their heads?

Amid those bright and balmy bowers,—intermingled in lavish glory of bloom, and flower, and fruit,—and high o'er-canopied by fragrant murmuring groves, they sat, pure and lovely as the flashing waters of the marble fount which rose bubbling at their feet, ever catching some fresh beauty from each other's looks, like those scenes on which they gazed from the moon's chastened beams; there they sat, entranced in the first delicious consciousness of full, reciprocated passion;—and the passion of such a clime! You would have thought they were some bright realization in mortal form of that ideal-beautiful and heroic in the elysium of the faithful, as it is so fondly pictured in the fascinating strains of the fervent poets of their land.

“Great is Allah! and how good!” at length spoke the young, plumed chief, while his large dark eye still hung upon the enchanting features of his adored; “he alone, my sweetest Zelinda, who holdeth the secrets of hearts, and the destinies of empires in his hands, could give to his faithful the rapture of moments like these.”

“Tell me, are they so very dear to you?” breathed the melody of a voice which thrilled every vein of the noble Moor.

“By your fair self, I swear, a thousand times more dear amid these fierce tumults of reviving war,—dear as the sylvan couch, where nestle his loves, to yon

warbler of the night,—as the spring to the parched lips of the desert-pilgrim, as the voice of its mate to the wild roe of the forest.”

“Would Ibn Hammed, then, so often fly from his Zelinda’s side to share the stern dark joy of the battle? or is it the will of Allah,—is it so written—that we must submit?” and her eyes met his with that deeply fond and confiding expression which told how easy it were to die *with* him; that it was the idea of separation, not of death, which made her voice falter,—her bosom heave with sighs.

“Light of thy father’s eyes,—my star of beauty midst a sea of storms,—brightest daughter of thy princely line,—sole sultana of my soul,—even thy sighs and tears are precious as the fragrant and dewy sweetness of the rose to her own enamoured bird; for when near you I am happy above all the children of Allah, favoured more than other sons of the Abencerrages, thus to hear thee speak, drink glory from thy smiles, and read the truth of our promised paradise in those heavenly eyes.”

“Ah! flatterer!” murmured Zelinda; “it was thus you taught me to love: ere my noble father placed my hands within yours, you already swayed my heart. If you so love to feign, I would you should become a minstrel, and doff those dazzling arms to sit ever near me, and do naught but sing me pretty lays and pastorals of our country’s loves.”

“Nay, *thy* love, Zelinda, sheds a glory on my path, and makes these delicious scenes, so captivating in their veiled splendour to those who love the night, a

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



PALACE OF THE GENERALIFE,

from the Alhambra.

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

thousand times more refreshing to my soul. Well did their royal conquerors to call them the retreats of love;* for that are they, by our Prophet, without the gaudy mantle of their sylvan palaces, with all their trickeries

* By a small postern, midway in the descent of the hill, were the Moorish monarchs wont to proceed to their spring residence in the delicious retreats of the Generalife. Luxuriously, most enchantingly adapted for the palace gardens of royalty, it combined all that was exquisite in locality and choice; being delightfully cool and fragrant, situated a little east of the Alhambra, where the towers rise loftiest to the eye, on a pleasant hill confronting that of the grand fortress. The prospect it commanded over the vale of the Darro and the surrounding scenery was picturesque in the extreme; the golden spires of mosque, and minaret, and tower appearing through the deep green woods and gardens, and reflected in the waters of the Vega rivers, like stars studding the dark blue vault of night. Hence, too, were beheld the old Moorish bridge and tower, on which were erected a noble line of galleries forming a communication between the Alhambra and the Albaycin. Amidst mosques and steeples the crystal stream was seen winding its way into the heart of that beloved city. The hanging woods and gardens of the Generalife, contrasted with the fine verdant slopes crowned with the turrets of the Alhambra, the banks of the Sierra del Sol, and on the north the Albaycin, with innumerable gardens and orchards, and subterranean dwellings,—altogether presented a wilderness of beauties, a scene of fairy objects to the eye unequalled, perhaps, in any other spot. Lavish nature, fostered by the luxurious refinements, the captivations of ingenious art; the distribution of the entire edifice and surrounding gardens, tastefully adapted to the aspect of the ground, all threw a species of enchantment round the scene, such as is felt only on opening into the interior of the Alhambra. But its great charm consisted less in external splendour and grandeur of design than in the uniform study of elegant decoration and research, exquisite adaptation to the tastes and manners of its possessors, the most refined luxury and enjoyment mingled with the permanently useful,

of cunning art, in an hour like this. Though they rise so fair and brilliant from their rich flower-bespangled hills, though kings revel in their delights and teach their marble halls and spacious corridors to ring with the wassail strains of pleasure, more dear to me are the

the seasonable, and even comfortable, so marked a feature in the architecture of the Moors. The symmetry of the portico, bearing that frequent inscription, "There is no Conqueror but God," has long been the admiration of the beholder. Its columns of white marble, the elaborate work above the arches, the richness of the mosaic, and the brilliant diversity of the colours produce a striking effect. The intricate wood-work, and stucco ornaments of the interior are of similar design, equally splendid with those of the Alhambra. One of the ceilings is considered the master-piece of Arabian art.

With its canal and fountains, its gardens boasted perennial freshness and beauty, the glow but of a season in a less favoured spot: the purity of its air, its extreme salubrity, a stranger to the usual sources of decay, while it expanded the soul and gave elasticity to the frame, gave also deeper lustre to its woods, richer fragrance to its flowers, and a warmer vegetation, which drew a finer spirit into its bright mellow fruits of the magnificent east. The gardens were laid out in the Chinese style; the dark cypress in the back ground, with the palm in their shady recesses, spread their stately branches above the citron, the myrtle, the fig; and again, the aloe, the tamarisk, the promegranate, were surrounded by the roses of Tunis, the jasmine, the mimosa, and sweet-blowing lilies of Yemen. Many an aged cypress still spreads its venerable arms over the spot once sought by the princely Moors in seasons of relaxation or of pleasure, and you hear the murmurs of the same river which, flowing through these delicious retreats, preserved that invaluable freshness and fertility so remarkable in the aspect of the soil under the sway of its former masters. To this, their accurate scientific knowledge, and in particular that of irrigation, conduced in no small degree. Rows of embowering trees were planted on its banks so luxuriant as to form a sylvan arch

sweet, glad songs of our early pilgrim-poets, who drank inspiration at their Prophet's shrine; and the wisdom of our ancient scheikhs who loved truth and justice, and made the precepts of the great Koran the guide of their faith and life."

from side to side, and in the centre of the gardens rose a lofty summer-house, constructed of canes, about thirty feet in height, and in the circular form of a dome. The high-arched fragrant bowers of the Generalife, overhanging the river, and reflected in its waters and those of its bright alabaster fountains, produce almost a magic effect upon the eye; the perspective conveying an idea of the vast and indefinite, very favourable to the impression of such a scene. On the several sides appear clumps of the glowing laurel and other evergreens, to which the Moors were most attached, forming a skreen or guard for the magnificent flowers and plants,—the blooming product of an Arabian climate. Large beds of roses, fenced off with lines of ilex, shed their rich ineffable sweetness through the summer air, borne through bower, and balcony, and the trellised chambers of the high-born beauties with the delicious night-breeze, in pleasing union with the soft notes of the lute or the guitar.

With a southern aspect, and sheltered on every other side, the view from the end of the gardens is truly magnificent; the golden waters of the Darro, with the blooming vega stretching into the distance,—the massy Albaycin with part of Granada at your feet, and beyond all, the vast chain of dim and dusky mountains encircling that once beloved region of chivalry and romance.

The view of the palace, as it here appears, is from the splendid Hall of the Ambassadors; the edifice immediately to the left is part of the Alhambra, and the white tower, just seen peering over it, is named the Tower of the Infantas. The ruins of a fortification seen on the heights above are called the Seat of the Moor, from the circumstance of the last king of Granada having from that spot gazed sorrowfully down upon the splendid capital from which he had been banished by his people. Towering over the whole is seen the grand mountain-chain of the Sierra Nevada.

“ Ah, my Ibn Hammed, would we indeed lived in those better, simpler days ! With the grandeur of our country, with the splendour of her arts and learning, and all the wonders of her hidden science, her fortunes seem to desert her,—a fragment of her glorious and beautiful empire alone remains.”

“ Because her princes, my Zelinda, court honour less than power and luxury, and the sway over each other ; dead to all true fame in arms. The sun of our glory which shone on the thousand triumphs of our Mohammeds and our Tarikhs hath for ever set. With all its intricate beauties, the elegancies and splendours of our Alhambra—these soft delights of fragrant fountains, perfumed baths, cool groves with sylvan arcades, and airy palaces, with all Granada's wonders of wedded art and nature, how feeble are the joys they can inspire to those I feel in listening to the chronicles of our old exploits, and striving to transfuse the same daring, resistless spirit into the breasts of my Abencerrages ! Their fame to me is dear ; for it is the heritage of our fathers,—the bright torch, pure as the fire of the sacred lamp,—and it is relumined at that of our love. Sigh not that our country and our love are linked in one precious tie, before which all other charms, all the magnificence of state, the idle pomp of power look poor in the eyes of thy Ibn Hammed.”

“ And in mine too,” whispered his betrothed : “ when thou art absent, what to me are these fairy haunts, the loveliness of heaven and earth, and these enchanting views from our fragrant myrtle bowers ! I

wander amidst their flowery sweets ; list to the glad music of the rich bloomy groves, the murmuring fountains, and the soft low breathings of the summer winds amid the reeds ; I hear them and I sigh—I tremble for my Ibn Hammed.”

“ You tremble for *me*, my Zelinda ! you sigh for *me* ! Let me hear you speak ; speak thus for ever, and I will dread no rival.”

“ Let others, my Ibn Hammed, envy the beauty of our clime ; the splendour of our halls and palaces. Granada in all the pomp and triumph of her genius, to which nature herself is but as a handmaid ; Granada famed through all the east, beloved of the mightiest khaliphs of ancient Cairo and Bagdad, who vainly sought to vie with her in glory and in grandeur ; all, all earth can give would I joyously resign to preserve the love of my Ibn Hammed. Yet did he really love as he is beloved, would he so eagerly leave his Zelinda, to plunge into the terrors of the gleaming battle field ? The ruin of Granada is written ; but if it be not Allah’s will that we perish, I would that we might even now flee to the desarts. Here we are exposed to perils worse than death.”

“ And fearest thou, my love, for me in the strife of honour ?”

“ I fear for thee and for myself. I glory in thy fame ; for woe is me ! I see that our loves may not be happy upon earth. Snares are laid for our feet ; the air I breathe, though so bright and pure, oppresses my soul, for it is poisoned with the presence of Abu Abdallah. Amiable, generous as he appears to others,

and beloved by the people, his long unhappy passion that would snatch me from thy arms makes him our bitter foe. Great and benignant as thou art, the shield of thy country and thy king, yet wilt thou fall a victim to the deadly feuds of royal Moor with Moor, to the fiery and cruel Muley, or to his weak, licentious son. Dark and terrible as hath been the past; more fatal moments, I dread to think, are at hand. They cast their black shadows before; see you them not in the threatening union of the Castilian throne with Arragon and Navarre, in our monarch's defiance of the Christian princes, and in the ceaseless feuds between our families and tribes? The kingdom of the Moors trembles as with an earthquake, breathing fresh vigour into the Christian hosts."

Terrified and trembling, Zelinda ceased to speak, and drawing her closer to him, her lover supported her head upon his breast. "Why weeps my love?

Is this spoken like the noble-hearted, high-souled daughter of my heroic friend? Was it my Zelinda who could listen to the tumult of the conflict unappalled; and shower her sunny smiles upon my Abencerrages, as we flew through Elvira's gates to the field of fame? Doth the name of the queenly Isabel thus blanch thy cheek? or the mean, perfidious arts of her consort of Arragon? Nay, daughter of a noble sire, summon back, bright as the radiant beauty of thy eyes, the brightness of thy spirit's joy!"

"I fear the Christian, Ibn Hammed; yet more do I dread the royal Moor."

"The Moor! ah! said'st thou? there is a dark

meaning in thy words. Hath Abu Abdallah,* of the close thoughts, mild eye, and open brow,—too well loved by Granada, too amiable in woman's eyes, dared again to insult thee with words of love?"

"Did I say aught of Abu Abdallah, it were to ask thee not to cross his path."

"What, if he should step between me and all I hold dearest upon earth? to dream of the peerless princess of my love; the adopted daughter of his royal sire; the betrothed of an Abencerrage!"

"Heed him not, my Ibn Hammed; again and again I reject his hated vows. In that thou may'st read the magic of thy love; for thee, I gladly scorn a sultana's throne."

"Nay, nothing can make thee dearer in my eyes; but, by Allah, it gives renewed bitterness, tenfold justice to my hatred and my scorn of the dark plotter against our peace. Gentle, generous, and just as he can show himself to others, shall he persecute thee thus with his obstinate, unrequited passion? Let him openly appear and decide our loves in the field."

"Sooner shall you behold me die at your feet!" was the reply of the terrified girl, as she clung to him ere he hurried away.

"Fiery and cruel is Muley Hassan," he continued; "but he loves his country, he spurns at tribute to her foe, and the blood of the Abencerrages will freely flow to support his throne."

"Fearful omens, my Hammed, point to yet darker

* Better known by the name of Boabdil; and surnamed El Zagoybi, the Unhappy.

days ; and it is therefore I tremble as I gaze upon the bravest of the brave, and am growing feeble-hearted now," and the beautiful Zelinda drooped her head upon his bosom, yielding to a burst of passionate grief she could no longer restrain.

As the young chief, with soft whispers and gentle caresses sought to dispel her fears, wild sounds came borne upon the night-winds, of mingled fury and lamentation. Gathering fresh strength as they rose into general tumult, which fell portentously upon the ear, he clasped the weeping beauty in his arms, and bearing her to the nearest saloons, consigned her to the care of her maidens, and rushed eagerly to learn the source of so fierce an outcry at the dead hour of night. As he hurried down the shady avenues of the Alhambra, he saw approaching a vast concourse of the people, directing their rage towards the palace of Muley Hassan, and filling the air with deep universal lament.

"Alhama ! woe is me, Alhama !* Accursed be Muley Hassan ! How long shall he betray the faithful into the hands of the Christian spoiler !" With the same cry swelling far and wide, on they poured like a torrent, directed by the deep refulgent light of its Vermilion Towers, † till they reached the very walls of the vast

* The spirited version, by Lord Byron, of the old Moorish ballad will here occur to the reader :—

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town :
From Elvira's gates to those,
Of Vivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama !

† Of the Torres Vermejas, or Vermilion Towers, the most picturesque and striking among the conspicuous objects which



Drawn by David Roberts

Engraved by Frazer

THE VERMILION TOWER.

London: Published Oct 1846, 1847, by Robert Jennings & Co's Chesapeake.

fortress, where, renewing their execrations, they were in vain opposed by the Moorish sentinels and guards. But soon every tower and citadel along the whole sweep of its massy ramparts seemed alive with gleaming steel and swarthy visages; while fraught with darker terrors was heard the same shrill, piercing voice which, on the fall of Zaharāh, predicted the approaching doom. It was that of the aged faquir, to which the superstitious populace responded with shouts of vengeance which rang through the midnight air, and piercing the precincts of the Alhambra, bore the signal of insurrection through court, and hall, and corridor to the ear of the royal Moor. "Woe; woe to Granada!" cried

arrest the eye of the tourist on entering the spacious Vega, no authentic account has survived as to date or origin. They rise boldly from their rocky height, rivalling the proudest of the Alhambra; and it is generally admitted that they are of greater antiquity than any by which they are surrounded. It is the popular belief that they were erected by the Romans; but some writers assert, with more show of probability, by some wandering colony of the Phœnicians. This it has also been observed, in many instances, is the popular impression of the Spaniards themselves upon the spot, but upon what authority it would be idle to conjecture. It is, however, known as the regal home of successive races of warrior-chiefs through the eventful history of the Phœnicians, Romans, Goths, Moors, and Christians. Its present inmates, although of a more peaceful and less honourable calling, are, perhaps, more usefully employed than their predecessors. The place is inhabited by a colony of potters, and the proud Vermilion Towers, instead of reflecting the steel cap and morion of the mail-clad warriors, are appropriated to baking the produce of their quiet labours in the sun, which is here almost sufficiently powerful to allow of dispensing with the heat of an oven for the same purpose.

the fanatic; "Alhama is no more. Are her children captives? Not one hath escaped the sword; the ruins of Zaharāh have fallen upon our heads! Would that I had spoken a lie. Do I lie, when I cry woe to Granada, to the last of her Moorish kings?"—"Allah! Allah! holy Prophet! hear him not!" re-echoed the tumultuous people; while the young chief, eager to stem the tide of popular delusion, hurried down to the tents of his Abencerrages. One shrill blast of his clarion drew the brave around him; and soon, marshalled in stern array, they wound their silent course from the Vivar-rambla to occupy the gate of Elvira, leading into the plain. "Here, my friends and brothers, you will be first in the onset! await my return;" and swift as the wind he was borne by his fiery barb to the palace of Muley Hassan, eager that he should retrieve the loss of Alhama at the head of all his tribes.

Nor was the arrival of the Abencerrage unwelcome to the king; for the tumult had reached its height. Such was the excitement of the infatuated Moors, impelled by the Zegrís and other tribes, that they called on Muley to pay tribute to the Castilian monarchs, or to yield up the crown.

It was at this moment the Abencerrage showed himself on the ramparts, where he found Muley Hassan, who had in vain attempted to allay the ferment, surrounded by his counsellors and the most distinguished among the tribes.

The eloquent Aben Kassim, popular by his talents and his virtues no less than his fidelity, and whose munificence had brought throngs of students and artists of

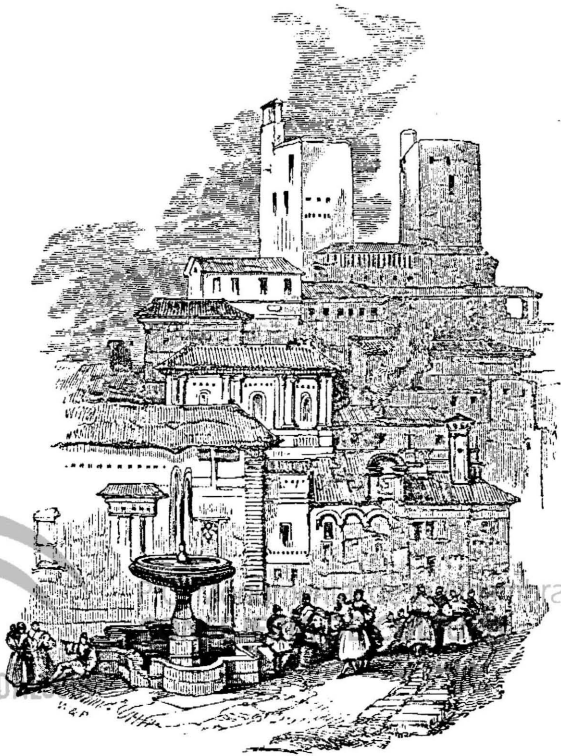
other lands to acquire knowledge in the learned institutions of the Moors, stood opposing his enchanting and divine art to the blind infatuated fury of the crowd. Nor could he give a nobler test of his friendship for a bold but misguided monarch, who, becoming the slave of his own passion, enthralled by the charms of a Christian captive, had brought his country to the very brink of ruin. But Aben Kassim, like the Abencerrages and the noblest Moorish tribes, struggled for honour and for country, beholding in its monarch only the symbol of its power ; nor was his appeal to the passions of the fickle people of Granada without its expected results. He addressed them with the noble confidence, the secret scorn of lofty intellect, born to command. He swayed the muttering surges of their reckless varying minds with the practised power of some skilful mariner ; he drew elements of the most opposite qualities,—concord, reason, and courage, from the rabble rout of violence, fanaticism, and dastard selfishness,—those national failings of the lower orders of the Moslems. It seemed after he had spoken, as if oil had been poured upon the troubled sea of life around him.

“There is no Conqueror but God,” he concluded, “and Mohammed, his Prophet, was his sword. Are ye not his children? the children of the faithful, victorious in a thousand battles? Why tremble ye then at what is destined to come? is it not the will of Allah? doth he not gird ye with the same weapons which conquered the world? His sword is unsheathed again; and will ye bow your necks to the foot of the Christian? Nay; even then the hour of judgment, the day of

grace is gone by; and here," turning to the chiefs, "here is the tribute you owe to Ferdinand and his queen. The breasts of Moslem heroes are henceforth the only bulwarks of Granada and her happy homés. If ye tremble, crouch beneath the shield of your glorious tribes, the sons of Mohammed and of Tarikh, not at the feet of the infidels who will trample you into dust. If you will live, live renowned as your ancestors; learn how to die for the country which they bequeathed you. Go, prepare for battle; to conquer or to perish!" Here the aged orator turned to the chief of the Abencerrages, who, waving his jewelled scymitar, flashing through the darkness of the night, swore to "lead his brethren to Alhama, if the king refused to put himself at the head of Andalusia's chivalry, and to tear down from the watch-towers of the devoted city the symbols of the Christian sway."

At these words the wavering, unruly multitude, sent up a shout of exultation. "God is great, and Mohammed is his Prophet! Down with Macer; away with the lying prophet! Glory to the Abencerrages! Allah, for Alhama; open wide the gates!"

With these cries the infatuated people of Granada, ever fiery or depressed, and variable as the passions of their conflicting rulers, hurried away to their homes, resolute to second the ardour of their chiefs; and once more the heart of that troubled city lay hushed in deep, but brief repose.



CHAPTER III.

They passed the Elvira gate with banners all displayed,
They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade,
What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers,
What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears !

THE VOW OF THE MOOR.

In the bitterness of his spirit for the calamitous fall of Alhama, the Moslem monarch smote his breast ; trampled his jewelled turban in the dust. His first impulse was to take vengeance on its governor, who had been absent when it was surprised. He was then

quietly returning from the neighbourhood of Antequerra, whither he had gone to be present at some festival. The nobles and messengers despatched to bring his head, are said to have met him on the way, and the following part of the old Moorish ballad commemorates the event:—

Out spake Granada's noble, "Alcayde, thou must die,
The royal Moor thy head will fix th' Alhambra's gates on high,
With thy white beard and hoary hair beneath thy turban green ;
For thou hast lost the fairest gem of all his crown, I ween."

Then as he eyed the signet sad, the old alcayde said,
"Most worthy lords nought have I done to lose this aged head,
I went but to my sister's, the wedding feast to share
In Antequerre ; (I would the fiends had them who bade me there.)

Yet had I the Moor's gracious leave, writ by his royal hand,
For twice ten days, when fifteen was all I did demand,
Go tell the king, my master, Alhama works me woe !
A heavy cost it is to me, if I must pay it so.

Pray say, if he his city lost, my honour and my fame,
And on my soul, my daughter dear, Granada's flower her name,
Are lost to me ; for she's a thrall in Ponce de Leon's tent,
And to my proffered ransom, these are the words he sent :

'I count not of your golden crowns, her price you cannot bid,
For, Sir, she is a Christian maid, and of the Moor is rid,
Donna Maria de Alhama baptized is she now,'—
Alas, when only Fatima is her right name, I trow."

Thus grieving loud, the Moor he cast the dust upon his head ;
But nought it could avail, and soon, for all that he had said,
To the Alhambra's towers they bore the brave but sad old man,
And from its gates he grisly looked, a dreadful sight to scan.*

The rage and lamentations of his people had carried Muley's indignation to the highest pitch, and none

* Romances Antiguos Españoles.


JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



DESCENT INTO THE CANYON OF GRANADA.

but his faithful Aben Kassim ventured to approach him. He was no stranger to these fearful moods, and aware how closely the passions of the great and the feeble, the hearts of princes and of slaves resemble each other, he was at no loss how to subdue those fierce quick impulses which govern both. The savage genius of Muley stood rebuked and abashed before the calm, deep wisdom, and the godlike faculty of arraying it in eloquent truth and beauty, which distinguished his old experienced counsellor and friend. He became calm; and when the wand of the mind's magician was again displayed, he burned with all the heroism of his race for revenge upon the foe.

Soon summoned around him, he beheld the chiefs and captains of his most chivalrous tribes, at the head of whom shone the high-souled Ibn Hammed, clothed in the dazzling armour of the ancestral princes of his blood.

The blush of dawn beamed on the pride of an oriental chivalry, refined and splendid as it was heroic—on long serried ranks of gallant hearts and lofty miens, as they wound their dazzling path through the gates of Elvira, into the glorious scene of the blooming Vega, so long the idol of the old Moslems and of all their children.* Beautiful at once and

* This view of Granada was taken from the Mountain Pass, entering the plain early on the third day, during the traveller's progress from Cordova to the capital. No landscape, perhaps, which presents itself during his whole tour through Spain and Barbary, leaves a stronger impression on his mind, and no words could convey an idea of the sort of feeling it produces,—so peculiarly novel and absorbing. Having

terrible was the spectacle in the eyes of the assembled people, who burst into a wild shout of confiding exultation, in the strength and gallant bearing of so chivalrous a host.

In the front of these chiefs and brethren, all of princely lineage, rode Muley Hassan with his two sons, followed by their noble tribes, their gemmed and golden armour and burnished casques flashing in the morning sun. The standard of the empire, so rarely unfurled from the inmost sanctuary of the mosque, so deeply revered by every Moslem, displayed to their dazzled eyes the achievements of near a thousand years; and far shone its radiant crescent, the symbol

ascended to the summit of the hill, from which the view is given, the grand Sierra Nevada bursts at once upon his view; the peaks of the mountains were in part enveloped in clouds, whilst the dazzling snow with which it is eternally crowned, reflected as in a mirror the rays of the morning sun, while in the foreground, and nestled as it were in the lap of the vega at its base, rose the towers of imperial Granada. Then between it and the mountains, which lay at your feet stretched the noble plain and valley arrayed, even in the depth of our winter season, in all the bloom of spring. Far to the east wind the silver waters of the Xenil, whilst more near numerous towns and villages spread over that vast and fertile plain, giving additional splendour and animation to the scene. There among the most prominent stands Santa Fe, erected upon the site of the Christian camp, and from the same point, within a league, could be distinguished the beautiful estate presented to our great English captain, the exploits of whose gallant armies in that land of heroism and romance, may rank, in their way, with the proudest of the age of Gonzalos, or the old Campeador. Nearly in the centre of this romantic prospect, and in the very gorge of the pass, stands one of those atalayas, or ancient watch-towers, which stretch in an unbroken line from

of those wondrous conquests which only stayed their dread career in the heart of the mighty empire of Charlemagne. Upon its green and golden field appeared emblazoned in the light of rubies and amethysts, the crimson fruit which gave its name to the beloved city of their kings.* Near it rode the high-souled Muza Ben Gazan, chief of the Alabez, the rival in honour, yet bosom friend of the Abencerrage, followed by Ali Abu Fahar, Cid Yahia, with Hammed El Zegri, Hassan of Gazan, leaders of the fierce Zegriss, the old Gomelez, and other princely clans.

High streamed their old Moorish pennons to the broad, purple sky; and gladdening to their thoughts

this spot to the city of Cordova. After descending the mountain, the tourist approaches Granada by the celebrated bridge of Piños, long famed for many a desperate struggle between the Moors and Christians. It is memorable, if only from the devoted heroism of two Moorish brothers, who being reproached by the people, on the fall of the fortresses they commanded, asked permission to defend the pass of Piños into the plain. At the head of a remnant of their veteran garrisons, they met the onset of the whole Spanish chivalry, and long held possession of the bridge, like the Roman Cocles, performing incredible acts of valour. Disputing it inch by inch, till the stream ran red with blood, every Moor died upon the foot of ground he had occupied to defend, till the two brothers scorning more to live amidst an ungrateful people, fell gloriously covered with wounds. On learning their heroic and protracted defence, with the great slaughter of the Spaniards, the admiration and regret of the Moors exceeded even their reproaches; and eagerly extolling their generous daring, they erected to their memory a column in the vicinity of the bridge, afterwards distinguished by the name of the Two Brothers.

* Granada, said to be so called from the shape of the pomegranate, when cut into halves.

was the sound of their rattling mail, the flash of the scymitar, and the deep, low thunder of their rushing steeds. For right bravely did the fiery barb, the war-clad Arab, and the brilliant swift-footed Andaluz, bear their favourite heroes over the resounding sun-brown plains, as if eager to meet the shock of their Christian foemen, the mountain sons of the Goth.

But the evening of the second day witnessed another sight; when ere the sun's last beams ceased to illumine the peaks of the snowy sierra with a flood of golden fire, deepening the gorgeous hues of dome and spire, of mosque and minaret, her far off watch-towers proclaimed to Granada the return of that brilliant host. No songs of triumph, no trains of captive foes marked its course, as with slow-retreating van and battling rear, still presenting a flashing front to the invader, the blood-stained banner, the scanty horse, the soiled and battered armour, told a tale of fierce but unavailing conflict.

From the loftiest tower of the Alhambra, Abu Abdallah beheld the sight; and eager to ingratiate himself with the fickle, clamorous multitude, he put himself at the head of the royal garrison, and summoning the remaining mercenaries and the foot, hurried into the plain. Here mingling with the retreating squadrons, he gave breath to the hard-pressed Moors, and for a moment turned the tide of battle upon their pursuers. The delight of the people, on witnessing from the walls and watch-towers the deeds of personal valour performed by the young prince, knew no bounds; and never had the popular qualities of their favourite,

his gentle courtesy and suavity of demeanour, now set in prouder relief by this brilliant action, won more rapturous plaudits from the voice of the Moslem horsemen, and the city of their kings.

The Christians having retired, the Moorish monarch re-entered his capital. Upon approaching Alhama, signals from the nearest watch-towers had warned him of the advance of a powerful force led by Guzman Duke of Medina Sidonia, followed, at no great distance, by Ferdinand in person. But pressing the attack, Muley detached the flower of his tribes under the chief of the Abencerrages to surprise and fall upon the Spaniards in succession. The celebrated Ponce de Leon, lord of Cadiz, had meanwhile thrown himself with a small veteran force into the citadel. And a mightier armament which baffled all the Moslem's designs, was at hand; the chivalrous d'Aguilar, the Marquis of Villena, with other lords of the frontier towns, uniting their feudal strength, bore down upon Muley Hassan, whose remaining squadrons after a desperate conflict found themselves constrained to retire under the walls of the capital.

“But where is the heroic Ibn Hammed? where the proud Abencerrages, the dauntless Alabez?” was the repeated inquiry upon the lips of the people. “By Allah! the compassionate and merciful; the blow of a friend is more severe than the sword of a stranger. Have their friends proved but spies? or hath injustice, like a cloud, hidden the light of faith from the king's eyes? But he who trusts in any but God, cannot succeed; and a wise enemy is more to be prized than a foolish

friend!" were among the bitter sarcastic cries of the fickle Moors, on the presumed desertion of the Abencerrages by their royal leader. Any fate was preferable to the keen reproaches, the wild lamentations of his people; and with the fiery genius of the unyielding soldier, Muley Hassan seized the moment of returning fortune to marshal anew his veteran squadrons. Commanding the priests and faquirs to proclaim the Alghied, or Holy War, he invoked the people, the whole surviving chivalry of Granada, to follow him to avenge Alhama,—to the rescue of the faithful, or to perish with them in the field. The summons was responded to, and seldom had Granada beheld a more puissant array; horsemen and foot, all eager to vindicate the cause of their prophet,—their title to the last and most beloved seat of their kings.

Slow and sullenly, the brave legions of retainers headed by the frontier nobles, the most renowned cavaliers of the age, retreated before the overwhelming might of the Moslems, falling back upon the royal army advancing to the relief of Alhama. But from the surrounding heights the din of battle now fell heavily on the ear, and Christian knight and fiery Saracen burning to reach the scene, disputed the ground foot by foot, till they came within sight of a yet deadlier contest, with which they soon mingled, like the meeting of two chafed and mighty torrents rushing from their mountain sluices upon the vales below. As they came in contact with the battle already raging, burst forth with louder and harsher breath the pealing music of that stormy war; for there, beneath the walls of their

fallen city, the Moors joined the conflict between the pride of all Granada and that dauntless Iberian chivalry, worthy the sons of Pelayo and the great Campeador.*

Though enclosed between the city and the foe, the Abencerrages and their adherents, in deep serried ranks of brothers, fought back to back with the combined spirit of a single hero,—beset on all sides, yet holding at bay the terrific charges of the Castilian horse. Maddened to loftiest deeds of daring by the example of their chivalrous chief, they at once met the furious onset of Ponce de Leon from the citadel, and that of the frontier squadrons led by the famed Marquis Villena, with the whole flower of the Spanish camp.† With renewed shock upon shock, they opened a path for their followers, engaging with the Moorish chieftains hand to hand. Every where beating back the most powerful of his opponents, Ibn Hammed, supported by Prince Almanzor and the Alabez, his friends Muza Ben Gazan, Ali Fahar, the Cid Yahia, struggled with heroic despair to cut his way through his fierce assailants, who vainly called on him to surrender.

At this juncture, the union of the Christians must have decided the fate of the Moorish horse; but fiercely

* Ruy Diaz de Bivar, the famous Cid, of whom so much has been chronicled and sung; witness our Poet-laureate, Mr. Lockhart, Mrs. Hemans, &c. &c.

† Such as Diego di Cordova, Alonzo d'Aguilar, Mendoza Zendilla, the Master of Alcantara, at the head of their frontier force and strong mountain-bands.

attacked by Muley Hassan, they fell back upon the force of Ponce de Leon, who now sought to regain the fortress. It was then a design suggested itself to the prince of the Abencerrages, worthy his lofty fame and commanding station ; his eagle glance at once caught the new position of the battle, and burning to add to his laurels the glory of recovering Alhama, he wheeled round his squadron, and advancing the standard of the Prophet with the war-cry of Alhama, rushed on Ponce de Leon, and entered along with him the gates of the disputed city. But ere they could be closed, the Spanish force pressing upon his rear as eagerly as he pursued the garrison, followed, and finally shut out the Moorish king as he was bearing down upon the place. He heard the clashing sound of the massy portals; he beheld the flower of his tribes which he had come to rescue, once more within the fierce and deadly grasp of their inexorable foe. But at the cry of Alhama, not a Moor in that vast host who strained not every nerve to reach its steep, precipitous walls ; and, unprovided as they were with their heavy engines, they rushed to the assault headed by their escaladors, uttering terrific shouts of vengeance which seemed to rend the heavens. Re-echoed from every mountain-height and cloud-capped citadel upon the cliffs, they were repeated along the gorges of the hills to the very watch-towers upon the pinnacles of the rocks. Nor was the spectacle less fearfully sublime, when that whole brilliant array rushed like a single escalador under the eye of their warrior monarch, prepared with heart and hand either to conquer or to perish. It was then the tempest of

the battle began to rage in its darkest terrors; when the passions of the soul let loose, goaded by bitterest religious hatred and thoughts of home and country, panted to indulge that instinctive appetite for blood, which, once excited, gives tenfold horrors to such a scene. As fast as the storming Moors gained the walls, they were hurled down by their terrific foe, forming ramparts for successive bodies of their countrymen rushing on to the assault. But the Christians, animated by the presence of their illustrious leaders, hurried to the ramparts in prodigious throngs, while others were engaged in deadly conflict with the Abencerrages in the streets. Ibn Hammed, under the impression that he was followed by the whole of the Moslem host, had traversed part of the city, displaying with shouts of victory the standard of the holy Prophet; till, being vigorously attacked, and receiving no aid from without, he at once descried the fatal cause, and turning upon his adversaries, attempted to regain the gates. Not a Moorish turban was to be seen upon the ramparts; the terrific shouts, the clash of opposing arms, the heavy crush and fall of armour told him how fearful was the hurling of the Moslems from the walls, how fierce the reiterated assaults of their warlike king!

The noble Abencerrage, beset on all sides, had still recourse to one desperate expedient to retrieve the fortune of the battle, or to perish for his country. Finding it impracticable to open a passage for the Moorish army through the gates, he directed his last determined efforts to reach the ramparts of the city, at once to fall upon the rear of the brave garrison, and

to open a path for the assailants. The ferocity of the conflict to accomplish this daring exploit, incited by every motive of country and of life, surpassed all hitherto beheld in the chivalrous career of the Moorish wars. The princely tribes, for they were mostly of high lineage, were opposed by the pride of Spanish chivalry, fired by ages of national animosity. Both, nevertheless, evinced the courtesies, the generosity, and that high soaring gallantry towards each other, which marked the heroism of their times. As noble Moor after Moor fell on every side, the brave Alonzo d'Aguilar besought their chief to spare his gallant followers, and yield the sword and banner of the Moslems. But the thickly serried rank, presenting a closer and closer front, still disdaining surrender, and placing their sacred banner in the centre, replied only by gathering heaps of slain. Their desperate energy at length opened for them a path; they dashed boldly on the ramparts, selling their lives dearly as they encountered the garrison upon the walls.

But few, and broken, their heroic chief invited his surviving brethren to follow him, and sprung with the sacred banner over the lofty battlements, amidst cries of mingled triumph and terror.* For at the sight of the hero and his gallant band with the golden symbols

* Though the event described in the text, may, at first sight, appear incredible, it is not without a parallel in history. During the treacherous massacre of Shahin Bey and the other Mamalukes, by Mohammed Ali, in the citadel of Cairo, in 1812, one of those redoubtable cavaliers, having cut his way through the ranks of the Dehliis, spurred his horse over the wall, and, notwithstanding the great height

of the empire, disputing the very ramparts of Alhama, a sudden, fearful pause seized upon the rival hosts as if they had beheld some vision, or the impregnable fortress miraculously carried by the behest of the all-conquering God. But when they saw the dauntless Abencerrage urge his fiery barb, at one tremendous leap, over the battlements with the Prophet's ensign broadly spreading to the sky, there broke from the Moslem host a shout of horror, as if they had beheld the fall of their beloved Granada, or their great predicted day of doom. Their cry was re-echoed by the enemy, as they contemplated the strangely daring exploit, which at once deprived them of the bright trophy of victory, and the most heroic of captives who had yet fallen beneath their arms. But the broad-streaming pennon dilating with the wind, its beloved emblem streaming like some aerial glory, bore its champion all unscathed and harmless into the midst of the awe-struck Moors. And again with hotter fury was the deadly assault renewed; again did he advance the celestial banner, and plant his foot against the walls. But he was met with an energy and hostility as unsubdued as his own. Muley Hassan saw that he was enriching the field of the

of the bastion, escaped unhurt. Of the four hundred and seventy Mamalukes who entered the castle, this was the only individual who eluded the vengeance of the Pasha. "When I visited the citadel," says Mr. St. John, "the part of the wall over which he is said to have sprung, was pointed out to me: the height seemed sufficient to render scepticism excusable; but, as very improbable things are many times found to be true, this almost miraculous escape, said to have been witnessed by several persons still living, may, without any extraordinary stretch of credulity, obtain our belief."

foe with the life-blood of his veteran tribes; that Alhama's walls presented bulwarks invincible as steel to mortal heroism, and dark and sullenly he abandoned the assault, pitching his camp before the leaguered city.

Cutting off all supplies, and pressing the siege with unremitting vigour, Muley at length reduced the brave garrison to the extreme of suffering, and Alhama was on the eve of falling to the Moors, when tidings of dismal import were borne to the monarch's ear. Ferdinand, at the head of an immense armament, was again approaching to relieve the gallant victors of Alhama; the newly blended banners of Arragon and Castile were seen from the lofty watch-towers as they moved down the mountain-pass into the plains; while in Granada his son, Abu Abdallah, was plotting to deprive him of his crown. Summoning the chiefs to instant council, it was determined to make one more desperate effort to surprise the place. While the king made a feigned attack on one side, a storming party advanced in the dead of night, dispatched the sentinels and guards, and made their way into the streets. But the Spaniards were still on the alert, the walls bristled with steel, every fresh shock was attended with the same result; while more and more turbaned heads flung from the ramparts, proclaimed that not a single Moor who entered the fatal city had escaped.

Maddened with disappointment, the king drew off his forces, and returned to Granada to preserve his tottering throne. But from that day Muley Hassan was observed to have become a changed man; the

soul—the grandeur of enterprise which incited him to spurn at tribute, was damped; the unconquerable pride of Moslem heroism stood rebuked before his failing fortunes, and on learning the treachery of his son, he seemed to feel that he was no longer a king. His faithful Aben Kassim was more grieved than surprised to behold in the fiery and terrible Muley Hassan, well-proved in many a battle-field, only the wild and moody fatalist brooding over predicted evils,—the wreck of a princely mind. It tasked all his kindly skill, his brilliant eloquence, to sustain his master's courage under the first rude shock of his misfortunes,—a triumphant foe without, treason in his palace, and fast spreading sedition among his people. To the violence of his passions succeeded disappointment, regret, remorse; for he felt that he was the sole author of his own calamities, that he had driven a noble and virtuous queen from his throne and bed; forfeited honour and empire in the embraces of a too enchanting slave.* He was now only roused to acts of vigour by the earnest, impressive appeals of his venerable counsellor. In pursuance of his advice, Muley issued orders for the secret arrest of his son and the sultana, his mother.† Seized and hurried from their apart-

* Zorayda,—so termed for her surpassing beauty; that is, “star of the morning.” By her he had several sons, for whose sake, at the instigation of their too fascinating mother, it is supposed that he persecuted, and even put to death several of his own legitimate children. Such a motive is assigned, by many writers, for the rebellion of his son Boabdil, incited by the sultana Aixa.

† The sultana Aixa, sprung of a high Moorish family and

ments during the night, they were consigned to the Tower of Comares,* one of the most conspicuous and strongly fortified in the whole fortress-range of the grand Alhambra.

But even in acts of policy and vigour, there appeared to be a fatality in the occurrences of this

termed by the Moors of Granada, over whom she exercised considerable influence, "la Horra, or the Chaste," from her pure and virtuous life.

* The lofty Tower of Comares, famed in Moorish history for many a romantic incident, many a strange and dark event or wild legendary tale, abounds in associations that cannot fail to impress the mind. In its precincts were embraced the Golden Saloon, or Hall of the Ambassadors, where the future welfare, the destinies of a mighty people often hung upon the pride, the insulted dignity, or caprice of a single despotic master. There too were passed the prison hours of the unfortunate princes—the sultanas who had ceased to please—immured in its donjon keep, or its grated gallery, as they are to be seen at the present moment. Here too, as we have noticed, was confined the noble sultana, Aixa la Horra, whose devoted tenderness to her son, and all her noble efforts to inspire him with a great spirit, were so ill requited. In the extent and splendour of its great hall—its rich and varied decorations, sparkling with all those starry colours in strong relief and those combinations of skilful art which threw a species of enchantment round the scene, and in its saloons and courts, it displayed all the genius of eastern magnificence. It abounded also in those national inscriptions from the Koran, or founded on some remarkable historical fact or observation of their kings, which held the duties of prince and people continually up to view. From the battlements of the tower and its terraced roof, prospects spread far around, nowhere surpassed in point of variety, novelty, and grandeur. The dark rocky mountains in the distance, glittering more near with the snowy peaks of the sierra—the bright green valley—the luxuriant plain—the whole scene lit up by the radiance of the golden crescent reflected from mosque

strange eventful period, in singular unison with the belief of the people, with the predictions of old Arabian astrologers and learned men, at the birth of Abu Abdallah. There was something undefined and mysterious, approaching to the supernatural, asserted to have been vividly impressed on the popular

and cupola,—a magic scene of sylvan courts, groves, fountains, with the flashing waters of the crystal Darro, now hid, now revealed to the eye, exhibited a scene that might well excite the almost idolatrous attachment of its possessors. On one side, the Alhambra with its shady courts and gardens met the eye; there lay the Court of the Alberca, encircled with flowers, and beyond it the Court of Lions, its beautiful fountains, and light airy arcades; while embosomed in the midst of all appeared the myrtle garden of the Linderaxa, with its rosy bowers and shrubberies. The boundaries of the grand fortress presented a line of battlements, bristling with strong square towers, extending round the entire brow of the hill. On the northern side, the summits of the massy tower beetled high above the woods, which crowned the declivity of the lofty hill. Lower down, the deep narrow glen, widening as it opened from the mountains, led into the vale of the Darro; where, beneath its sylvan arches, the river wound its way among the terraced gardens and pleasure grounds which adorned its banks. The white pavilions glancing at intervals through clustering shrubs and plantations of olive, the melon, and the vine, showed the suburban retreats of the Moors, who carried to luxuriant refinement the study of domestic economy and cultivation of the soil. In another direction were seen the lofty towers—the spacious rich arcades of the Generalife, or summer palace, its hanging gardens, its cypress groves and myrtle bowers, bright with the perennial freshness—the glowing hues imbibed from the pure, fragrant spirit of the southern breeze. On the height above might be seen the spot where the last of the Moorish kings sat in trouble and dismay, when driven by his people from that beloved city on which he gazed, and wept to resign. From beneath could be heard the murmur of waters