

that is verses from the Koran; *Asjá*, that is, pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ashár*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners, of the palace." Like most Oriental poetry, the import is altogether flat and insipid to European readers; the charm appears to consist rather in sounds and words than in meaning; now both are lost to eyes that understand not. But well might the poet Iman Ibn Nasr inscribe one wall thus: "Look *attentively* at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decoration*," and certainly surface ornamentation and gorgeous fanciful elegance, were never carried to higher perfection than on the walls of the Alhambra.

The inscriptions belonging to the first two classes are generally written in Cufic, the character of the city El Koofeh, founded about the 17th year of the Hegira. The square form lends itself to geometrical patterns; indeed, it is as difficult to distinguish the letters from the diagrams, as it is the modern Arabic character from the scrolly ornaments. The Cufic letters are often so arranged as to present a uniform appearance both ways; "thus the inscription can be read from the r. to the l., or from the l. to the r., and upwards or downwards. The long poems are all written in the African hand, with such care that no letter is ever wanting in its diacritic points, and the vowels and grammatical signs are likewise inserted." The modern Arabic character, the *Neskhi* or more cursive, was adopted about the year 950, but the old Cufic one continued to be used in inscriptions in conjunction with it down to 1508. These records, so speaking to the Moor, are full of meaning; telling at every turn the greatness, goodness, and unity of the Godhead; they are now lost on the "inattentive" stranger, who can neither read nor interpret the writings on the wall.

The colours employed by the Moors were, in all cases, the primary—blue, red, and yellow (gold); *blues* predominating to correct the reds and yellows, and thus preserve the harmony of colour

for which the Moors had a "highly organised natural instinct." The secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, only occur in the dados of *Azulejo*, which, being nearer the eye, formed a point of repose from the more brilliant colouring above; some may now seem *green*, but this is the change effected by time on the original metallic *blue*. The Catholic kings used both green and purple, and their work can easily be discovered by the coarseness of execution and the want of the harmonious balance of colours, which the Moors understood so much better. Under the Moors, according to Owen Jones, the marble pillars were gilt, but the Spaniards found it easier to scrape off the gold in their repairs, and thus expose the white stone, than to regild them. The elegant palm-like pillars deserve notice, and especially the variety of their capitals; these are, in all cases, carved in white marble; only the embellishments on the mouldings, which are now indicated by faint lines, are painted, the ground being blue, and the ornament the white surface of the marble; in some cases this order is reversed: few of the capitals retain their colouring perfect, although traces of it appear in almost all; the ground is frequently red, with blue leaves on the upper surfaces; all the bands and inscriptions were in gold; the common inscriptions are, "And there is no conqueror but God;" and "Blessing." The dados of *Azulejo* and "frets" deserve careful notice. Intricate as these interlacings appear, they are formed on the simplest rules: "If a series of lines," says Owen Jones, "be drawn equidistant and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained; or an equal variety will result by drawing equidistant lines diagonally and setting off the spaces at each square at right angles." In the *Azulejo* pillars the component parts are the same, the infinite variety of pattern being obtained by changing the colours and juxtaposition of the separate parts.

Where these *Azulejo* tiles are used as pavements, if *inscribed* they have been most likely placed there by the Spaniards, for the Mohamedans are most careful even of treading on any accidental scrap of paper, for fear it should contain the revered name of Allah. Many of the marble pavements in the Alhambra clearly were not the original ones, as they are placed above the ancient level, and conceal portions of the Mosaic dado.

The honeycomb stalactical pendentives are all constructed on mathematical principles; they are composed of numerous prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms proceeding from three primary figures on plain; these are the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, the isosceles triangle. The various component parts are capable of an infinite variety of combination, as infinite as the melodies which may be produced from the seven notes of the musical scale. The conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements; nearly 5000 pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of *Las dos Hermanas*; and although they are simply of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in most perfect preservation: but the carpentry of the Phœnicians passed down to the Moor. These houses, "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14), are exactly those of the ancient Egyptians (Wilk. ii. 125).

The *Artesonado* ceilings, the shutter and door *marqueterie* works, resemble those in the Alcazar of Seville. The patterns, although apparently intricate, are all reducible to the simplest geometrical rules, and the same principle applies equally to the *Lienzos* and *Azulejos*. A common principle of surface ornamentation pervades, as the Moslem prohibition of introducing living forms, narrowed and fixed the decorative scope, and more care was taken in the contrast of colour and variety of lines. The Arabian style certainly consists of the multiplication of the

ornate and minute, and has neither the grand size of the Ægyptian, the exquisite proportion of the Greek and Roman, or the solemnity of the Gothic.

The mode of hanging the doors is that used by the ancients in their temples, and continued in the East to this day; they move on pivots, forming part of the framing, which are let into a socket in a marble slab below, and above into the soffit of the beam; a bolt usually secures, at the same time, both the flaps of the folding-doors and the wicket.

Entering by the obscure portal of Spanish construction, to the l. is the quarter allotted to the governor's residence. The suite of rooms is noble, but every beautiful vestige of the Moor has been swept away. The first *patio* has various names; it is called *de la Alberca* and *de la Barca*—of the "Fish-pond," of the "Bark;" these are corruptions of the true Moorish name "*Berkah*," "the Blessing," which occurs all over it in the Arabic inscriptions. "*Beerkeh*," in Arabic, also signifies a tank, *unde Alberca*. The side walls are planted with myrtles, whence it is called *de los Arrayanes*, Arrayhán, Arabicè "a myrtle." It is about 150 feet long by 80 wide.

To the rt. is an elegant double corridor, the upper portion, recently repaired, being the only specimen of its kind in the Alhambra. Here was the grand entrance of the Moors, which, with the whole winter quarter, was pulled down by Charles V., who built up his palace against it. The under saloon was converted by the French into an oil-magazine; the tank, *Estanque*, in the centre of the court, was formerly enclosed by a Moorish balustrade, which was pulled down and sold in the time of Bucarelli. The marble pavement came from Macael, and is now much broken up, as the French here piled up their firewood for their camp kettles.

The saloons to the rt. of this *patio*, were once most gorgeous; they belonged to the monarch's wife, and hence are still called *el cuarto de la Sultána*. These were gutted in 1831 by the governor La Serna, who con-

verted them into store-rooms for the salt-fish of his *presidarios*. On the opposite side is a small room fitted up by Ferdinand the Catholic, as the ceiling shows, for the archives, which, contained in iron trunks, have never been properly examined. In 1725 the contador Manuel Nuñez de Prado printed some of them; but as he was very ignorant and made the selection himself, garbling and falsifying the pages, the extracts only related to saints, relics, and nonsense, and were so absurd that he was advised to buy up the copies, which, consequently, are very rare. A new compilation was then made by Luis Francisco Viano, a canon of the Sacro Monte, who employed Echevarria as his amanuensis. Just when they were printed Prado died, and with him his project, as the attorney Venencio then sold the sheets for waste paper. This little room contains or contained a fine Moorish marble table, and a splendid earthenware vase, enamelled in blue, white, and gold; the companion was broken in the time of Montilla, who used the fragments as flower-pots, until a French lady carried them away. There is some difficulty in getting into this room. The governor, the contador, and the escribano, each have a key of three locks, and these worthies, like Macbeth's witches, must be well paid before they will meet—" *nuestro al-calde, nunca da paso de valde.*" The *Azulejo* dado which ran round this *patio* was stripped off by Bucarelli's daughters and sold. Near the archives is the Moorish door which led to the mosque.

Advancing to the great tower of Comares, observe the elegant ante-gallery; the slim columns would appear unequal to the superincumbent weight were not the spandrels lightened by perforated ornaments, by which also a cool current of air is admitted. *Lightness* was the aim of Moorish architects, as *massiveness* was of the ancient Egyptians. The real supports were concealed, and purposely kept unexpressed, so that the apparent supports, thin pillars, and gossamer perforated fabric, seemed fairy work: the object was to contradict the idea of weight, and

let the masses appear to hang in air floating like summer clouds. Observe the divans or alcoves at each end of this anteroom, and especially, near that to the rt., the *Azulejo* pillars and portions of the original colours with which the stucco *Turkish* was decorated. Observe, in this anteroom, the ceiling—a wagon-headed dome of wood, of most elaborate patterns, and the honeycomb stalactical pendentives.

Before entering the Hall of Ambassadors, pass by a staircase to the l., which leads up to the governor's dwelling, to the *Mezquita*, once the mosque of the palace. The *patio*, a picture, was made a sheep-pen by Montilla's wife, and since a poultry-yard: one façade retains its original Moorish embroidery, and the beams of the roof are the finest specimens in the Alhambra. The upper part of the cornice above the stalactites is wood, and from the form of the barge-board may be collected the shape of the original tiles which rested on it. The inscriptions between the rafters are " *Al-Mann,*" " *The Grace*" of God; and on the moulding underneath, " *And there is no conqueror but God,*" alternately with " *God is our refuge in every trouble.*" A barbarous Spanish gallery destroys one side: observe the two pillars of the vestibule and their unique capitals. The door of the mosque was stripped of its bronze facings by the Bucarellis, who sold the copper: a fragment only remains, which was out of the reach of these harpies.

Proceeding to the *Mezquita*, the roof was re-painted by Ferdinand and Isabella. Near the entrance on the rt. is the exquisite niché, the *Mihrab* or sanctuary, in which the Koran was deposited. The inscription at the springing of the arch is " *And be not one of the negligent.*" Turning to the l. is the mosque, which Charles V. converted into a chapel, thus himself doing here what he condemned in others at Cordova (p. 230). The incongruous additions mar this noble saloon. A heavy ill-contrived altar is placed in the middle, while all around figure dolphins, pagan mottos, and

cinque-cento ornaments, with the arms of the Mendozas, the hereditary alcaides. A raised gallery or pew, partly gilt and partly unfinished, recalls the "beautifying and repairing" of some bungling churchwarden. The floor of the mosque has been lowered about 2 feet, probably with a view to obtain height for the pew gallery.

Reascending to the anteroom of the *Sala de los Embajadores*, on each side at the entrance are recesses into which, according to some, the slippers were placed—an Oriental and Roman custom (Exod. iii. 5; Mart. iii. 50, 3). The Asiatic, being the antipodes of the European, takes off his shoes, not his hat, as a mark of respect: others contend, and perhaps rightly, that these niches were meant to contain *aleazaras*, or porous drinking vessels filled with cool water, the luxury of the East; and this notion is borne out by the import of some of the inscriptions round these apertures, e.g., "If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture." This reception-room of state occupies the whole interior of the Comares tower, which is a square of 37 ft., by 75 ft. high to the centre of the dome: observe the *Azulejos*, the *Tarkish*, and the site of the royal throne, which was placed opposite the entrance. The rt. inscription runs, "From me, this throne, thou art welcomed morning and evening by the tongues of *Blessing—Berkah*—prosperity, happiness, and friendship; that is the elevated dome, and we, the several recesses, are her daughters; yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely we are all members of the same body, but I am like the heart in the midst of them, and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life." The l. inscription runs, "True, my fellows, these may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusuf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the *Throne of his Empire*: may its

eminence be upheld by the Master of divine glory and the celestial throne!" And splendid indeed must all have been under the Moor, and in perfect contrast with the present Spanish abomination of desolation. The existing ceiling, an *artesonado* dome of wood, ornamented by ribs intersecting each other in various patterns, with ornaments in gold, painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices, is composed of the *Alerce*, and darkened by time; the original ceiling was of stucco, but fell down with an arch which once was carried across the hall. The enormous thickness of the walls may be estimated by the windows, which are so deeply recessed as to look like cabinets, or the lateral chapels of a cathedral. The views from them are enchanting. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V. when he looked out. The saloon has been much injured by earthquakes and the heavy wooden shutters introduced by this Charles. Below this hall are some vaulted rooms, where some second-rate marble statues, probably by Pedro Machuca, 2 nymphs and a Jupiter and Leda, are deposited, being considered too nude for Spanish prudery. Observe the infinity of subterraneous intercommunications, most of which have been blocked up by the Spaniards: these were the escapes of the Sultan in times of outbreak. Here also were the state prisons, and from the window looking down on the Darro it is said that 'Ayes Shah, fearful of her rival Zoraya, let down Boabdil in a basket, as James I. was from the castle of Edinburgh.

Coming up again, turning to the rt., a heavy gallery, built by Charles V., leads to the *Tocador de la Reina*, or the dressing-room of the Queen, as the Spaniards have called this somewhat exposed, and à la *Bathsheba* *Mirador*, which is only the *Tooc* keyseh of the Moslem of Cairo (see Lane, ii. 62). The chilly Fleming Charles blocked up the elegant Moorish colonnade, and the marble shafts still struggle to get out of their mortar prison. The royal dressing-room is about 9 feet square; the interior was modernised

by Charles, and painted in arabesque like the Vatican loggie; but no picture of art can come up to those of nature, when we look around on the hills and defiles as seen from between the marble colonnade. The artists were Julio and Alesandro, pupils of Giovanni da Udina, who had come to Spain to decorate the house of Francisco de los Cobos, the Emperor's secretary, at Ubeda. They represent views of Italian seaports, battles, ships, and banners, but have been barbarously mutilated. These walls are scribbled over with the names of travellers, the homage of all nations. In a corner is a marble slab drilled with holes, through which perfumes were said to have been wafted up while the Sultana was dressing, after the fashion of the "Foramina et Specularia" of the ancients, but the room was either an oratory or a mere *mirador*, as an exposed alfresco dressing-room would have been an absurdity.

From the anteroom of the Comares a passage, protected by iron gratings, leads to the Moorish baths; this place is absurdly called *el Carcel de la Reina*, from supposing it to have been the dungeon of 'Ayeshah. The defences are of Spanish construction, and were put up in 1639 to protect the royal plate-closet. The little *patio* below is well preserved, for these *baños* lay out of the way of ordinary ill-usage. They consist of *El Baño del Rey* and *El Baño del Príncipe*. The vapour-bath is lighted from above by small *lumbres* or "louvres." The Moorish cauldron and leaden pipes were sold by the daughters of Bucarelli. The *Azulejos* are curious. The arrangement of these baths is that still used in Cairo: the bathers undressed in the entrance saloon, and underwent in the *Hararah*, or the "vapour-bath," the usual shampooings. The upper portion of the chamber of repose has a gallery in which musicians were placed. Among the inscriptions is "Glory to our Lord, Abú-l-Hajaj Yusúf, commander of the Moslems: may God render him victorious over his enemies! What is most to be wondered at is the felicity which

awaits in this delightful spot." Near the *baños* is a whispering-gallery, which pleases the childish, tasteless natives more than any Moorish remains. The suite of rooms above were modernised by the newly married Charles V., who arrived here June 5, 1526. Here Spaniards contend that Philip II. was at least begotten, if he was born at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. The ceilings, heavy fire-places, and carvings of Charles, are diametrically opposed to the work of the Moor: he demolished everything both here and to the l. in the *Patio de los Arrayanes*, called also *De Lindaraja*, from the name of a Moorish princess. There is an Arabic fountain in the court.

Retracing our steps through the *Patio de la Alberca*, we pass by an anteroom, much altered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and still worse by Philip V., into the Court of Lions, a Moorish *cloister*, but one never framed for ascetics. Here Spanish bad taste and foreign Vandalism have done their worst. The vile tiled roof, fitter for a barn than a palace, was clapped on by the Irishman Wall in 1770—a round hat on a gorgeous Mameluke. The cockney garden was the work of the French; that, thank God! has been done away with recently. The repairs and whitewashings are Spanish. *Ay! de mi Alhambra!*

The *patio* is an hypethral quadrilateral oblong of some 116 feet by 66; 128 pillars of white marble 11 feet high support a peristyle or portico on each side, so say travellers of the line and rule class: at each end, two elegant pavilions project into the court. The columns are placed sometimes singly, sometimes grouped; although they are so slender that they scarcely seem able to support the arches, 5 centuries of neglect have not yet destroyed this slight fairy thing of filigree, which has not even the appearance of durability; wherever the destroyer has mutilated the fragile ornaments, the temple-loving martlet, guest of summer, builds his nest, and careers in the delicate air, breaking with his twitter the silence of these sunny, now deserted, courts, once made for Ori-

ental enjoyment, and even now just the place to read the *Arabian Nights* in, or spend a honeymoon.

The *fuente* in the centre is a dodecagon basin of alabaster, resting on the backs of 12 lions, rudely and heraldically carved, and closely resembling those of Apulia and Calabria, by which tombs and pulpits of Norman-Saracenic mosaic work are supported. These Arabian sculptures make up for want of reality by a sort of quaint heraldic antiquity; such were those described by Arnobius (Adv. Gen. vi.), "Inter Deos videmus Leonis torvissimam faciem." Their faces are barbed, and their manes cut like scales of a griffin, and the legs like bedposts, with the feet concealed by the pavement, while a water-pipe stuck in their mouths does not add to their dignity. Lions, from remote antiquity, have been used as supporters; the Oriental type will be found in the throne of Solomon (1 Kings vii. 29; x. 20). In fact, the whole Alhambra must have been like the ancient and Byzantine palaces. The Hypodromus, the "portico with a hundred pillars," the *Azulejo* pavement, the cypresses, the net-work of fountains, the sound of falling waters, are all detailed by Martial (xii. 50) and Pliny, jun. (Ep. v. 6), and such was the palace of Justinian described by Gibbon. The inscription round the basin signifies, "Blessed be He who gave the Imám Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions; and if not so, here is a garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency: to look at the basin one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding

the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer? for truly, what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of war? Oh! thou who beholdest these Lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to enable them to show their fury: and Oh! thou, the heir of the Anssár, to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch, belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessings of God for ever be with thee! May he make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies!"

Since the damages done by Sebastian, the fountains of the amphibious Moor, which played here in all directions, long remained ruined and dry. That of the Lions alone is restored, and occasionally is set in action. Some of the most beautiful chambers of the Alhambra open into this court: beginning to the rt. is the *Sala de los Abencerrages*; the exquisite door was sawn into pieces in 1837 by the barbarian Spanish governor: observe the honeycomb stalactite roof; the slender pillar of the alcove explains how Samson pulled down the support of the house of Dagon. The roof and *Azulejos* were repaired by Charles V.: the guide points out some dingy stains near the fountain as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages, massacred here by Boabdil: alas, that boudoirs made for love and life should witness scenes of hatred and death! And oh, dearest reader! believe this and every tale of the Alhambra, a sacred spot far beyond the jurisdiction of matter-of-fact and prosaic history: do not disenchant the romance of poetry, the genius loci; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but mere grass will never grow: above all, eschew geology; deem not these spots ferruginous, for nothing is more cer-

tain than that heroic blood never can be effaced, still less if shed in foul murder. Nor, according to Lady Macbeth, will all the perfumes of Arabia mask the smell. This blood is quite as genuine to all intents of romance as is that of Rizzio at Holyrood-house, or of Becket at Canterbury. Beware, says Voltaire, "des gens durs qui si disent solides, des esprits sombres qui prétendent au jugement parce-qu'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proserire la belle antiquité de la fable—gardez-vous bien de les croire."

At the E. end of the court are 3 saloons of extremely rich decoration: the *Sala de Justicia* is so called from an assemblage of 10 bearded Moors seated in a council or divan, which is painted on the ceiling. According to Mendoza (Guer. de Gran. 1), the portraits represent the successors of King Bulharix; all this is sheer nonsense—but they, painted about 1460, deserve notice as giving the true costume of the Granada Moor; the other pictures represent chivalrous and amorous subjects, all naturally tending to the honour of the Moor, whose royal shield is seen everywhere: in one a Moor unhorses a Christian warrior; another represents a captive lady leading a chained lion, while she is delivered from a wild man by a knight. Observe a game of draughts (the *dámeh* of the Arab, the *aux dames* of France); also the boar-huntings, with ladies looking out of turreted castles, Christians on horseback, Moors in sweeping robes, with a background of trees, buildings, birds, animals, magpies, and rabbits, painted like an illuminated book of the fifteenth century, or a dream of Chaucer's:—

— "On the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkes, and houndes,
And hartes dire all full of woundes."

It is not known by whom these pictures, unique considering the period, persons, and locality, were executed, probably by some Christian renegado. They are painted in bright colours, which are still fresh; the tints are flat, and were first drawn in outline in a brown colour, and on skins of ani-

mals sewn together and nailed to the dome: a fine coating of gypsum was used as priming—a common process with the early Byzantine painters: the ornaments on the gold ground are in relief; they are now, and have long been, neglected. It is to be wished that these relics, which in any other country would be preserved under glass, should be accurately copied the full size, for the plates in Murphy are beneath criticism, from their gross inaccuracy.

Of the many beautiful arches in this building, few surpass that which opens into the central saloon; observe the archivolt, spandrels, and inscriptions: surface lace-like ornamentation never was carried beyond this. In the last of the 3 rooms the cross was first placed by Cardinal Mendoza, and the identical one is preserved at Toledo. Ferdinand "purified" these once gorgeous saloons, that is, white-washed them, and introduced his and his wife's badges, the yoke and the bundle of arrows. And there is a moral in these symbols, which Spaniards now-a-days will not understand: they inculcate "union," the "drawing together," and a fair equality, instead of struggle for pre-eminence. It was by Arragon and Castile's "pulling together" that the Moorish house, divided against itself, was overthrown.

Opposite to the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is that of *Las dos Hermanas*, so called from the 2 slabs of Macael marble, *sisters* in colour and form, which are let into the pavement. This formed a portion of the private apartments of the Moorish kings, of which so much has been destroyed, and the alcoves or sleeping-rooms on each side give it the character of a residence. This *Sala* and its adjuncts is unequalled for the beauty and symmetry of the ornaments, the stalactite roof and general richness, notwithstanding the degradation and defilements perpetrated during the sad long years of Spanish misrule. What must it once have been, cum tales sunt reliquæ! Well may one of the inscriptions invite us to "Look attentively at my elegance, and thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decora-*

tion; here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." This beautiful saloon was made a work-shop under Montilla, and in 1832 was mutilated by the corporation of Granada, who employed a dauber, one Muriel, to put up some paltry things for a fête given to the Infante Francisco de Paula, for which the Moorish decorations were ruthlessly broken, and the "marks of the beast" are yet visible. The entrance to this *Sala* passes under some most elaborate engrailed arches with rich intersecting ornaments; observe the Oriental method of hanging the doors. Above is an upper story with latticed windows, through which the "dark-eyed," or Hauras of the Hareem, could view the fêtes below, themselves unseen and guarded, the idols of a secret shrine, treasures too precious to be gazed upon by any one but their liege lord. This *υπερφων* and *Γυναικισιον* is similar in construction to those used still in the East and in Tetuan; but here, as elsewhere, everything proves the extent of Spanish destruction, which has swept away the important portions of the Seraglio or Hareem, and rendered, as Owen Jones says, even an imaginary restoration of the original building impossible.

At the end of the *Sala* is a charming window looking into the *Patio de Linderaja*, which Charles V. disfigured with his brick additions. This *Ventana* and its alcove were the boudoir of the Sultana, on which poetry and art exhausted their efforts; all the varieties of form and colour which adorn other portions of the Alhambra are here united. The inscriptions, to those who do not understand Arabic, appear to be only beautiful and complex scroll-work; while to the initiated they sing "Praise to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my

robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me."

Such is the Alhambra in its decayed and fallen state, unvisited save by the twittering martlet, who, like the stranger, comes with the spring and flies away with the last smile of summer; now it is but the carcase of what it was when vivified by a living soul; now it is the tomb, not the home of the Moor. It may disappoint those who, fonder of the present and a cigar than of the past and the abstract, arrive heated with the hill, and are thinking of getting back to an ice, a dinner, and a siesta. Again, the nonsense of annuals has fostered an over-exaggerated notion of a place which from the dreams of boyhood has been fancy-formed as a fabric of the Genii. Few airy castles of illusion will stand the prosaic test of reality, and nowhere less than in Spain. But to understand the Alhambra, it must be lived in, and beheld, as we have done so often, in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the South, and when ravages are less apparent, than when flouted by the gay day-glare. At twilight it becomes entirely a vision of the past, for daylight dispels the dreamy haunted air, and we begin to examine, measure, and criticise, while on a stilly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor: then, when the moon, Dian's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, *semant les murs de trèfles blancs*; a depth is then given to the shadows, and a misty undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence, broken only by the drony flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter, like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines; as we linger in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin as if we were looking

down on the *cielo bajo*, or reversed firmament. The baying of the dog and the tinkling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then in proportion as all here around is dead do the fancy and imagination become alive, the halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size: the shadows of the cyresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the infidel and the defilement of the unclean destroyer.

The Alhambra hill is about 2690 ft. long by 730 ft. in its widest part; the walls average 30 ft. high and 6 ft. thick: shaped like a grand piano, with the point to the *Torre de la Vela*; it is girdled with walls and towers. Many of these, exquisitely ornamented, formed the detached residences of favourite sultanas, royal children, and great officers. Leaving the palace by a small door at the hall of justice, is an open space, on which a few years ago, was a fine Moorish tank, now filled up with rubbish by galley-slaves. To the rt. is a small Alameda, and the parish ch., *La Santa Maria*, built in 1581, by Juan de Vega, which was turned into a magazine under Sebastiani; on the S. side, let into the wall, is a Gothic stone, found in digging the foundations, and recording the restoration of 3 churches by one Gudilla; observe the use of *servulos operarios*, instead of the ablative, as an early instance of the change taking place in grammatical Latinity. Following the outer wall to the l. is the *Casa del Observatorio*, so called from its *mirador*, or *Casa Sanchez*, from having been the dwelling of honest Sanchez, our most trustworthy muleteer, who now lives in the Alhambra, *Puerta del Carril*, and may be most safely employed. Once most picturesque, inside and outside, and beloved by every artist, in 1837 it was ruined by a barbarian *empleado*. To this was attached a Moorish *Mezquita*, which is

Spain.—I.

now isolated in the garden below, of which the *mihrab*, or holy niche for the Koran, is most elaborate. Near this a modern mosque has been erected, or rather a sort of caricature summer-house, which is admired by the natives, and this even in the Alhambra! Here also among weeds lie the two Moorish lions, which formerly were in the *Casa de Moneda*.

Continuing lower down is the Moorish postern gate, *La Torre del Pico*, but the machicolations are of the time of the Catholic sovereigns. The French intended to blow this tower up, as a parting legacy; the holes made by their miners yet remain, and prove their good intentions, but the procrastination of their agent, Farses, saved the building. From this gate a path, crossing the ravine, leads up to the *Generalife*; return, however, first, to the *Casa Sanchez*. In the garden opposite was the house, for it no longer exists, of the Conde de Tendilla, the first *Alcaide* of the Alhambra. The fruit grown on this spot is especially exquisite. The bones of the gallant Tendilla were placed under the high altar in the adjoining convent of Franciscans, founded by himself; these Sebastiani scattered to the winds, making the place a barrack for Polish lancers; here the body of the Great Captain was placed until removed to San Jeronimo; and here also, under the two engrailed Moorish arches, long rested the coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, until their sepulchre in the cathedral was finished: pillaged and desecrated by Sebastiani, this convent has since been turned into a magazine by the Spaniards.

The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308 by Mohammed III., and is thus described by Ibnu-l-Khâtîb:—It is “ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble; indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, which the Sultan inspected in person, the elegance of the design, and the beauty

of the proportions, the building has not its like in this country; and I have frequently heard our best architects say that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be compared to it." This, continues Gayangos, was in very good preservation until the ruthless occupation of Sebastiani, when it was entirely destroyed.

Turning hence, again, to the walls, visit *La Torre de las Infantas*, once the residence of the Moorish princesses, now of squalid poverty; to the l. are 2 other towers, called those of *del Candil* and *de las Cautivas*; the latter contains elegant arches and delicate *Tarkish*. Continuing to the rt. is the corner tower, *de la Agua*; here an aqueduct, stemming the most picturesque ravine, supplies the hill with water. The retreating invaders blew up this and the next tower, and had they succeeded, as they wished, in destroying the aqueduct, the Alhambra would have become again a desert. Other Corsican-injured towers now intervene between "*Los Siete Suelos*," the 7 stories, or the former grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to the Xenil by the *Puerta de los Molinos*: hence it was afterwards walled up, as being a gate of bad omen. This is a pure Orientalism. So likewise, when princes came in, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, no man shall enter in by it" (Ezek. xliv. 2). All was wantonly blown up by the enemy. The walls were 14 ft. thick, but what can withstand "villainous saltpetre?" Whatever escaped did so by lucky accident, and now the ruins of 6 towers, their fragments of embroidery and porcelain, testify what they once were; all this quarter, with the Moorish palace of the Mufti and *La Casa de las Viudas*, was levelled by Sebastiani to make an exercising-ground for his soldiers. Passing the *Puerta del Carril*, by which carriages enter the Alhambra, the circuit is completed.

To visit the *Generalife*, pass out at the *Puerta del Pico*; to the l. are the remains of the stables of the Moorish guard. A deep and romantic ravine now divides the hill of the Alhambra

from the *Sierra del Sol*. Ascending amid figs and vines is the *Generalife*—Jennatu-l-'arif, the "garden of the architect," of whom Isma'il-Ibn-Faraj, the Sultan, purchased the site in 1320. This mountain villa, *Senectutis nidulus*, now belongs to the Marquis of Campo-tejar, of the Grimaldi Gentili family. He is an absentee, living at Genoa, so the real owner, as usual, is the administrador. This is a villa of waters; the canal of the Darro empties here its full virgin stream; it boils through the court under evergreen arches, while an open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, no longer seeming like a filigree boudoir, but a grand sombre solid mass of fortress. The paltry chapel is not worth visiting; the living-rooms are at the head of the court, but the inmates and furniture present a miserable contrast with Moorish forms and colour. Observe the arches and arabesques; here are some bad and apocryphal portraits; one of *El Rey Chico* is dressed like François I. in yellow and black fur, and has the inoffensive look of a man fitter to lose than to win a throne; here is also a bad portrait of the Great Captain, in black and gold: ditto of Ferdinand and Isabella. Observe the genealogical tree of the Grimaldi; the founder, Cidi Aya, a Moorish infante, aided Ferdinand at the conquest, and became a Christian by the name of Don Pedro; here also is his son Alonso, trampling like a renegado on Moorish flags; the sword of the Rey Chico was the greatest curiosity of the house. Visit the cypresses, the "trysting-place" of the Sultana; which are enormous, and old as the Moors; the frail Zoraya is said to have been discovered under them, with her lover, the Abencerrage; but all this is a calumny of Romancers, and time out of mind trees have borne false witness, like the "Holm and Mastick" of the chaste Susanna. The guides, however, point them out, exactly as the myrtles at Trœzene, under which Phædra became enamoured of Hippolytus, were shown in the days of Pausanias (i. 22, 2), and the tree in Crete, under which Zeus and Europa dallied, was a lion in the time of Theophrastus (Hist. Plant. i. 9).

Behind these cypresses is a raised garden, with flights of Italian steps, perforated with fountains; ascending are some remains of Moorish tanks, and among them the well-built *Algibe de la Lluvia*, about which the guides tell a stupid story of Don John of Austria's thirsty troops: the palace of *Los Alixares*, which stood above, has disappeared; indeed, whatever escaped the Spaniard has been swept away by the Gaul. On the top of the hill is a knoll called the Moor's chair, *la Silla del Moro*; here are the ruins of a Moorish building and of the Spanish chapel of Santa Elena, which Sebastiani's ravagers clambered up to overturn: the view is splendid; that, thank God! never can be defiled or destroyed. Return to Granada by the Generalife and the cypress avenue; thence, over an unirrigated and therefore tawny waste, to the *Campo Santo* or burial-ground. This truly miserable place is a true thing of Spain—a land without taste or tenderness. Those who dislike cemeteries may, on leaving the Generalife avenue, turn to the rt. by the public gardens to the site of the convent *de los Martires*.

The curious *Mazmorras* on the platform have been filled up; these artificial excavations are remnants of the Moor, the modern Moorish term is *metamor*; *matmorra* in Arabic means "a prison," for, like the *λακκοι* of the Athenians, herein were guarded either corn or convicts. The dungeons of the Inquisition at Seville were called *Mazmorras*. These granaries were invented in Egypt. Such were the "storehouses" of Joseph (Gen. xli. 56). The use of them passed thence into Thrace, Africa, and Spain. Consult Pliny, 'N. H.' xviii. 30, and Varro, 'R. R.' i. 57. In these, *Syros*, *Σειρους*, grain was preserved for more than 50 years, and they were admirably contrived for concealment during the *forays* of invaders (Hirt. 'Bell. Afr.' 65). At Burjasot, near Valencia, they are still called *Silos*, probably a corruption of the ancient name, since *Soilo* in Basque signifies an "excavation;" they are lined with a cement, like the Moorish water-tanks.

The convent *de los Martires*, where bishop Pedro Gonzalo was martyred in 1456, and the first chapel built by the Catholic kings, has been sequestered, and is pulled down for the sake of its materials. The garden, with its little aqueduct, is pretty. Next visit the *barranco* or ravine behind it, where gipsies live in troglodyte burrows, amid aloes and prickly pears. The dark daughters of Moultan sit in their rags under their vines, while their elfin brats beg of a stranger an *ochavico*. Hence to the *Campo del Principe*—the parish ch. of San Cecilio is said to have been a Mosarabic and has the privilege of ringing its bell on Good Friday, when all other belfries are mute, and so on to the fine convent, *Santo Domingo*, which now serves for the *Museo*. The noble facade is by Diego de Siloe. The interior chapel is all frippery, and the altar del Rosario of outrageous churrigueresque; the collection of pictures are unmitigated rubbish. Granada never had much fine art, and all the best disappeared during the invasion and reforms. Sebastiani got the lion's share. He employed Argote as his jackal, from whose mouth we had the details of his doings as duly recorded in our previous editions. Among the least bad pictures now here are the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella by *Antonio Rincon*—the *Mabuse* of Spain. These probably are the identical pictures alluded to by Cean Bermudez (Dic. iv. 198). There are also specimens of the conceited second rate *Atanasio Bocanegra*, and a parcel of San Brunos and Carthusians by *J. Sanchez Cotan*. Observe the portable altar from the St. Jerome Convent, with 6 fine enamels on copper, in the style of Jean Penicaud of Limoges, unfortunately the original mounting has been destroyed. Notice also some carving by Mora and Risueño, pupils of Cano. The works of this chief of the Granada school have been so effectually "removed" by Sebastiani and Co., that were it not for the cathedral he would scarcely be represented in the very city on which he lavished his talents. Next visit the convent gardens, and especially the *Cuarto Real*, which was a

royal Moorish villa. The approach is under a high embowered archway of bays and enormous myrtles. Observe the saloons and the *Azulejo*, with Cufic inscriptions in green, white, and blue. The white tiles with golden scrolls occur nowhere else. The painted *Turkish* was whitewashed by the French; this garden was called by the Moors *Almanjara*, and the suburb *Vib-al Fajarin*. It was ceded, April 5, 1492, to Alonso de Valiza, prior of Santa Cruz, of Avila. Of the two gardens, the larger belonged to Dala-horra, mother of Muley Hacén, and the smaller, which, in 1615, was built over by the monks, to the Alcalde Mofarax. The original deed was copied into the *Libro Becerro* of the convent, from which we made an abstract. The "livery of seisin" was thus:—Don Alonso entered the garden pavilion, affirming loudly that he took possession; next he opened and shut the door, giving the key to *Macafreto*, a well-known householder of Granada; he then went into the garden, cut off a bit of a tree with his knife, and dug up some earth with his spade. Such was the practice of Moorish conveyancers.

Passing out by the *Puerta del Pescado* is a Moorish gateway with 3 arches. Return now to the *Campillo*, the "little field," or space, opposite the inn, and the site of the monument to the unfortunate Maria Pineda and the actor Isidoro Maiquez; tragedy and farce. The theatre is tolerable, and was built by the French, who, to enlarge this *place*, took down a portion of the Moorish citadel, *El Bibantaubin*, which was formerly surrounded by walls and towers; one tower still exists below *Fonda del Comercio*, imbedded in a modern barrack, the portal of which is churrigueresque, and worthily guarded by statues of Hogarth-like grenadiers. Here is the *Carrera del Darro*, or public walk, with planted avenues, which communicates with the Alameda on the Xenil, and is much frequented in the mornings of winter, and the evenings of summer.

The *Darro* rises from the hill of myrtles near Hueter, and approaches Granada under the *Monte Sacro*, a hill so

called from the finding certain *sacred* bones and relics, to which are attributed the sweetness and fertilizing quality of the stream. The walks on both sides of this swift arrowy Darro up this hill are delicious: the stream gambols down the defile; hence its Arabic name *Hádaroh*, from *Hadar*, "rapidity in flowing." The Romans called the river *Salon*. Gold is found in the bed; whence some wiseacres, catching at sound, have derived the name Darro, "quasi *dat aurum*;" and in 1526 a crown was given to Isabel, wife of Charles V., made from *diminute nuggets* found in this Pactolus. Here amphibious gold-fishers still puddle in the eddies, earning a hard and miserable livelihood in groping for poor diggings; *nugæ difficiles*. The gorge through which it flows under the Generalife was the *Haxariz*, or "Garden of Recreation," of the Moors, and was studded with villas. The Darro, after washing the base of the Alhambra, flows under the *Plaza nueva*, being arched over, and when swelled by rains, there is always much risk of its blowing up this covering. Such, says the Seguidilla, is the portion which Darro will bear to his bride the Xenil.

*" Darro tiene prometido,
El casarse con Xenil,
Y le ha de llevar en dote
Plaza nueva y Zacatin."*

The Moorish *Zacatin*—*Arabicè Zacca*; streets, passages—is as antique as the Spanish *Plaza nueva* is modern. In summer it is covered with an awning, a *toledo*, which gives a cool and tenty look. Go, without fail, ye artists, to the back part, the *respaldos*, and sketch the Prout-like houses and toppling balconies, so old that they seem only not to fall. Here is every form and colour of picturesque poverty; vines clamber up the irregularities, while below naiads dabble, washing their red and yellow garments in the all-gilding glorious sunbeams. The Darro reappears at the end of its career at the "*Carrera*," and then marries itself to the Xenil. This—the Singilis of the Romans, the *Shingil* of the Moor—flows from the Sierra Nevada through a most alpine country. The waters,

composed of melted snow, are unwholesome, as, indeed, are most of those of Granada, which have a purgative tendency. The Moorish poets, who saw in the Xenil the life-blood of the Vega, the element of wealth, compared its waters to "melted gold flowing between emerald banks." "What has Cairo boast of with her Nile, since Granada has a thousand Niles?" The letter *she*, *sheen*, has the numerical value of a thousand; hence the play on the name *Xenil*.

The artist will, of course, trace this Xenil up to its glacier sources, from whence it gushes, pure, cold, and chaste. Far from cities, and free from their drains and pollutions, the waters descend through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden, which woos its embrace, and drains off its affection. The fickle impatient stream, fretted at every stone which opposes its escape, enters Granada under the Antequerula, and is crossed by a bridge built by Sebastiani, who, laid out a botanical garden on the banks, which the Spaniards destroyed on his departure, carrying their Iberian hatred and vengeance from persons to things and even benefits. The *Salon*, or fine walk, was much improved in 1826 by Gen. Campana. The *Bomba* fountain is vastly admired by the natives, but the other sculptural decorations are in the vilest art: never were pomegranates worse imitated than in this town of *Granada*, which teems with real models, and once was celebrated for its Alonso Canos and carvers. The beauty and fashion of Granada congregate on this Alameda, which is constantly injured by overfloodings. The Xenil and Darro unite below it, and, after cleansing the town of its sewers, are "*sangrado*," or drained, themselves for the irrigation of the Vega. The Xenil, soon increased by infinite mountain tributaries, unites, a noble stream, with the Guadalquivir, near Eciija. The grand fête on this Alameda is St. John's Eve, when at 12 o'clock, at the cry of *las doce*, all rush into the Xenil to wash their faces and thus ensure good complexions.

There is not much else to be seen in

Granada. Walk up the *Carrera del Darro*, to the celebrated *Plaza de Vibrambla*, the "gate of the river:" the Moorish arch struggles amid modern additions, incongruous but not unpicturesque. The old gate is called *de las orejas*, because at a festival in 1621 the mob tore off the ears of many ladies to get the rings; formerly it was called *de los cuchillos*, because here the police stuck up the dagger-knives found on rogues; the modern gate is called *de las cucharas*, of the spoons: pleasant and poetical nomenclature! The quaint Moorish *Plaza* was converted by the Spaniards into a market-place: one row of old Moorish houses, with squarish windows, remained on the N. side, so lately as 1843, when they were pulled down by one Ramon Crook, and the present buildings in the Baker-street style erected. This is the square so famous in ballad song for the *Cañas*, or the Jereed, and the bull-fightings of Gazul. Here the pageantry of *Pasos* and *Corpus Christi* are displayed; the members of the Ayuntamiento looking on from their appropriate *Casas de los Miradores*. Recently this place has been "lighted and improved," whereby its Moorish character and ballad interest is ruined and all the associations put to flight by the prose of commonplace civilisation. On market-days sorts of booths and stalls are put up, much like the tents of an Arab *Douar*. The fruit is very fine, especially the grapes, figs, and melons: the latter are piled in heaps like cannon-shot; few, however, of the arsenals of Spain can vie with this supply of natural artillery. The figs pass all praise, from the fleshy purple *Breba* to the small greengage-looking later fruit. The *Breba* or early fig is here, as in the East, thought unwholesome, and leading to bad consequences (Hosea ix. 10); by which few transpyrenean travellers seem to be deterred. Keeping along the l. side, enter the *Pescaderia*; the old wooden balconies will delight the artistical eye as much as the ancient fish-like smell of the shambles will offend the nose. To the N. of the Plaza is the palace of the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas