

walls, and buildings rising above are picturesque in the extreme.

Granada is truly a charming place for an artist. No pencil can do justice to the interior of the palace, the exquisite details baffle all attempts at correct delineation; but there are picturesque views without end, and if he sits down to sketch the first day of his arrival, thinking nothing can be more beautiful than the point he has selected, the chances are that he will in a few days see a dozen views ten times more attractive.

We had a delightful excursion to Santa Fé, the Last Sigh of the Moor, and Zubia.

Starting at seven, two hours' ride through a perfect garden, brought us to Santa Fé. After Isabella had joined the army the camp was consumed by fire, to the great astonishment of the Moors, who suspected some artifice, and this town was then erected, the first and last example of a besieging army adopting so energetic a measure. It had its effect on the Moors, who from that moment despaired of resisting an enemy so determined and powerful. The town is built of brick and mortar, and coarse *tapia*-work. There is little to observe except the *façade* of the church which is tolerable, and the unusual military regularity of the streets.

The ride of three hours from there to Padul, the Last Sigh of the Moor, is extremely beautiful,

along a natural terrace, passing several villages, where the people seem well off, and commanding delicious views of the rich and verdant Vega ; such crops of wheat, flax, and beans, as are seldom seen. In the distance Granada, sparkling in the sun, and beyond the plain different ranges of mountains, and the Sierra Nevada with its snowy summits partly capped in the clouds. The foreground to the view consisted of a wood of olives, most of them with picturesque old trunks. Ascending the road, the last point where a small portion of Granada is seen, but nothing of the beauty and the richness of the Vega, is the place called El Suspiro, the Sigh of the Moor, where Boabdil and his suite, gazing for the last time, on a city once so powerful, so happy, and so rich, but then conquered and degraded under a foreign yoke, saw a light cloud of smoke burst from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery told them that the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. "God is great," he said ; but unable to refrain his grief, burst into a flood of tears.

"Weep not," said his mother, the Sultana Ayesha ; "weep not as a woman for the loss of a kingdom, which you knew not how to defend as a man."

Jusef Aben Tomixa, who accompanied him, said :

"Recollect that great and remarkable misfortunes confer on men who support them with courage and

fortitude, as much renown as prosperity and happiness."

" Ah! what misfortunes," sobbed the unfortunate prince, " were ever to be compared to mine."

Fifty devoted followers accompanied him to the district assigned him in the Valley of Purchena, in the mountains of Alpujarras; but Boabdil could not forget that he had been a king, and his vizier seeing his misery, sold his territory to Ferdinand for eighty thousand ducats of gold, and they sailed to Africa, where he was well received by the King of Fez. Thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada, he assisted that monarch to subdue a rebellion. A fearful battle took place, and in the midst of a dreadful carnage, Boabdil fell, truly called through life El Zogoybi, the Unlucky, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to defend his own. M. Gayangos, however, says he lived at Fez, until 1538, leaving children, and his posterity were beggars at the mosque doors—a truly melancholy instance of the sins and weakness of the father visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations.

Skirting the plain, we rode on to Zubia, a village situated on the opposite side of the Vega to Santa Fé, and yet it is said to have been in this village, that Isabella and her brilliant Court, attended by a gallant band of the most celebrated warriors, sallied from the camp, which was too far distant to enable them to see Granada, and entering one of the

houses of a hamlet which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the Court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic Sovereigns would be enthroned within its walls, and its courts shine with the splendour of Spanish chivalry. The prelates and friars looked with serene satisfaction at the triumph that awaited them, when the mosques and minarets they saw would be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops succeed to the infidel fakeers. This curiosity caused the Moors under Musa to sally out. They endeavoured in vain to provoke the Spaniards to single combat, Ferdinand having forbid that description of warfare, as the Moslems were generally successful. At last a renowned Moor appeared with an inscription of Ave Maria at his charger's tail, dragging it through the dirt. A short time before, fifteen Spanish cavaliers had surprised a gate of Granada, and one of them had dashed through the city, and after nailing this inscription on the principal mosque, fought his way back to the camp. Outrageous at this indignity to the Holy Virgin, Ferdinand allowed one of his Cavaliers, Garcilassa de la Vega, to encounter the Moor. The Christian was victorious, and a general engagement ensuing immediately afterwards, the Moslems were driven back to Granada with a loss of

two thousand men.* The house is still to be seen, Washington Irving says, where the Queen saw the battle; but inquiring before I got to the village, of some of the inhabitants, and learning nothing of it, I turned off to Granada at the river, Mrs. H—— being wearied with our long ride, satisfied with seeing the village, its pretty towers, and beautiful situation, at the end of the cultivated portion of the Vega, backed by rocky hills, remarkable for their deep furrows, and reddish and grey tints.

We were about an hour in riding to Zubia, the distance about five miles, and the same time from there to Granada, passing by the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Ferdinand and Isabella there met Boabdil, who surrendered to the Sovereigns the keys of the capital of his kingdom, the last relics, as he called them, of the Arabian empire in Spain. He implored the King to receive them with the clemency he had promised. Touched with his misfortunes, they would not permit him to do homage; and the Queen, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had for years been with her as a hostage. During this ride from Padul, we crossed a great number of rapid streams, which irrigate the Vega, by means of innumerable channels, producing what is beautiful to see in this dry climate, a never-fading, brilliant verdure. The peasants are well off, earning their tenpence or

* See Conquest of Granada.

one shilling, at the least, a day—high wages where everything is cheap. The farmers complain like the town-people, that they are taxed heavily, which is certainly the case; and they assert that the friends of the Government pay less than others, but the truth is, all pay largely to support an immense army, and a still greater force of *employés* and pensioners. The following list is copied from the Herald, and will give a good idea of the wretched system which impoverishes the country:—

In the office of the War Department	. 1,516
„ „ Treasury . . .	34,000
„ „ Admiralty . . .	3,492
„ „ Minister of Commerce .	4,176
„ „ Home Department . .	3,801
„ „ Minister of Justice . .	2,582
„ „ Foreign Affairs . . .	246
„ „	20,185
Minister of War, Generals, Officers, including those on the reserved and retired list	151,367
Passive classes (not including the pensions of the judges), officers waiting for restoration, and the heirs of deceased pensioners of all the Ministers . . .	53,589
	<hr/>
	274,954

And the army is said to cost one million sterling more than is requisite for the country.

I saw few of the ladies of Granada in the promenades, but many on their balconies, with their hair always dressed with flowers. Very few were good-looking, and they seem inferior to the Valencians in style and manner, as well as in beauty. The world seems to be growing more serious and thoughtful, and even in Spain dancing is seldom seen. A school-master for three dollars got up a ball, to give us an opportunity of seeing the national dances. The boys and girls were prettily dressed, the former in white leather knee breeches, Majo jackets, and sashes; the girls in blue and white dresses, reaching to their knees, and exhibiting to advantage their pretty figures. Nothing could exceed the grace and ease with which they danced the fandango, cachuco, bolero, and various other dances of the same class, and so resembling each other, that a more experienced eye than mine is requisite to describe the difference, which sometimes consisted in whirling round and round more frequently, sometimes in springing higher, or in throwing back the head as in the cachuco. The room was full of the children's parents and other relations; and as every other dance consisted of grown-up women, with long heavy petticoats, we were soon tired. Spanish dances certainly require Spanish dresses. The children danced remarkably well, without the least straining or exaggeration, accompanied with the cheerful click of the castanets of the dancers, and occasionally with the voice.

The population of Granada is, they say, now seventy-five thousand. Formerly, as I have said, in the time of the Moors, four times, and at last more than six times that number; but the valleys were the richest in the world, the mountains full of minerals, and excellent ports afforded the wealth which commerce produces. Well might the Moors delight in their Granada. Like Naples or Rome, it is impossible to leave it without regret, and without acknowledging that it is one of those few places which have realised all our expectations.

The Fonda della Minerva is very comfortable, charges reasonable, twenty-five reals (five or six shillings) each a-day; and the best rooms look over the most cheerful plaza in the town, and have a fine view of the Sierra Nevada. The dinners are occasionally Spanish, but the strong oil may always be avoided, and there is no lack of simple dishes. The sherry is tolerable, and the common table wine, for which no charge is made, is a very pleasant valdepenas. Servants may here be sometimes hired, but the guides are a sad set, and to take their own accounts of each other, some have committed murder, and all been in prison for theft. We had the best, Bensaken, the father, evidently a Moorish name; but like all Spaniards with Arab blood in their veins, he denied he was of Moorish extraction. His son is a good-looking fellow, speaks excellent Spanish, and I should probably have taken him as a servant for the rest

of our journey, but he endeavoured not only to cheat me but his own father, declaring that he was ill and could not attend us, when in came Bensaken, as well as ever he was in his life. The indifference with which he treated this attempt to deceive him made me think he was accustomed to such tricks. Bensaken, the father's charge, is a dollar a-day in Granada, and two for travelling. He is very intelligent and I think honest. It is very difficult to find a good travelling servant in Spain. We could not get any kind of one at Barcelona and Valencia. They were unwilling to leave their homes for less than a year; and now our roughing and riding are almost over, I regretted less being unable to meet with one here, and Mrs. H—— being timid, I engaged a man to walk by her horse, and attend to our luggage, &c., on the road.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALHAMA—ROBBERS—MALAGA—MOORISH CASTLE—STREETS—
SHOPS—THE CATHEDRAL—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—TERRA-
COTTA IMAGES.

WE left Granada at six o'clock, and for two hours our road lay through the Vega. The crops of beans and wheat and flax were admirable, and the views splendid, looking back on Granada and the Sierra Nevada. M. L—— joined our party again, and a Mr. T—— who was going to Malaga. Mrs. H—— used to call our worthy French friend comical, he was so full of fun and so very lively, sometimes seated on his horse like a lady, and as often, when he wanted to talk, with his face towards the tail; but now, poor fellow! he is very melancholy at leaving Granada, where he has buried his friend. He, however, undertook again to pay the accounts, which he managed with great good-humour, and quite sufficient economy, preferring to submit, as all travellers should, to a few impositions rather than have angry

disputes ; and nothing could exceed his vigilance in watching the pot containing our dinner, guarding it from saffron, oil, garlic, and other Spanish nastiness, and cooking himself some excellent omelets.

After leaving the well-irrigated Vega, we came to a barren waste, a perfect contrast. We descended to the village of La Mala, a wild, dreary place, but rich in salt-pits ; and after breakfasting at the venta, proceeded to Alhama. The first three hours of our route lay through sterile districts, little or not at all cultivated, and most uninteresting, and we then descended one of the most bleak Sierras in Spain, to the little village of Casin, surrounded by trees ; and after crossing a river and ascending another steep hill we came in sight of the city. The first view of it is beautiful, appearing from there as if built upon the slope of a verdant hill, the streets rising terrace-like one above another, and behind a fine range of mountains, the Sierra of Alhama, the Tegada, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The course of the river winding through the valley is easily traced by the trees and shrubs on its banks, except in one part where it passes through a splendid rocky gorge. The approach to Alhama, up a long, broad, inclined entrance, suitable for a metropolis, destroys the first impression, for you then find that the city is situate on an eminence, surrounded by a deep rocky chasm—an immense natural moat, through which the river Marchan,

foams amongst wild romantic rocks mingled with beautiful foliage, picturesque mills and bridges, with Moorish houses perched above, forming one of the most romantic scenes in Spain.

Many parts of the city have a very Oriental appearance. There are baths in the neighbourhood, which we distinguished before we arrived, by the vapour rising from them, whence the name of the place, Al Hamam (bath in Arabic). An ancient aqueduct, which still supplies the inhabitants with water, crosses the plaza on circular arches, which appeared to me Moorish, though very like Roman. Alhama was the richest place in the Moorish territory, and from its strength and peculiar position, was called the Key of Granada.

Notwithstanding its vicinity to the capital, the Marquis of Cadiz determined to take it. The warlike troop under his command, set out in 1482, from Seville, and passing through the gorges of the Alpujarras arrived without being perceived within half a league of Alhama. They remained concealed in a deep valley formed by steep rocks (probably the one we passed), where they waited for night. When the Spanish General thought the inhabitants would be asleep, he set out with three hundred soldiers, and by means of ladders they had brought with them, mounted the ramparts of the castle which command the town. Killing the sentinels, they rushed to the gates, which they secured, instantly

opened, and admitted the rest of their forces. The inhabitants of Alhama, surprised but not conquered, courageously flew to their arms, and barricaded the entrance of the city on the side of castle. At the dawn of day they were attacked by the Spaniards, but resisted obstinately, until night put an end to the combat.

The next day the Castilians, who had received reinforcements, renewed the fight. The Moors defended themselves in the streets, in their plazas, and in the houses; but at last, overwhelmed with the increasing number of their enemies, and covered with wounds and worn out with fatigue, they could resist no longer. The city was pillaged, and most of the inhabitants put to the sword. The women and children, who had taken refuge in the mosques, were torn from those asylums by the furious conquerors, and even their lives were not spared.

Thus fell Alhama, and the once flourishing city became in two days a vast sepulchre, a scene of desolation; the streets, formerly crowded with a joyous and wealthy people, were strewed with ruins and the dead bodies of the slaughtered Moors. Thrice did the King of Granada attempt to recover this important place, but without success.

This was the first conquest of one of the bulwarks of his kingdom. Fortress after fortress, city after city, were besieged and taken; and after nearly ten years war, Granada; like a second Troy, was at last subdued.

The mournful little Spanish ballad, "Ay de mi, Alhama" (Woe is me, Alhama), translated by Byron, is supposed to be of Spanish origin, and written soon after the event, to depict the grief of the people of Granada on the taking of this strong city.

Passeavase el Rey moro
 Por la Ciudad de Granada,
 Desde las puertas de Elvira
 Hasta las de Bivarambla.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Cartas le fueron venidas
 Que Alhama era ganada.
 Las cartas echó en el fuego,
 Y al mensajero matava.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
 Lloran tan grande perdida.
 Lloravan todas las demas
 Quantas en Granada avia.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

Por las calles y ventanas
 Mucho luto parecia;
 Llorava el Rey como sembra,
 Qu'es mucho lo que perdia,

Ay de mi, Alhama !

As the posada is said to be wretched, we went to the Casa de los Caballeros, which looks clean ; but I had also good reason to exclaim "Ay de mi, Alhama !" for my bed was full of creepers.

We left the city at a quarter past four o'clock, in the dark; but the day soon dawned, and we had a wild ride, ascending but an indifferent path. The view of the chasm of Alhama is very fine; afterwards the grand mountain of Tegada attracted our attention, and illuminated as we saw it with the golden tints of the rising sun, it was truly splendid.

Having reached the summit of the mountain pass, we descended a rough path into a wild and beautiful valley, and had a very picturesque view of a rocky gorge on our right. The dogs in these mountainous regions are armed in a very formidable manner with strong collars, on which are several, or sometimes only one, long, sharp pike in front, and are trained when they attack men to throw back their heads and trust to their weapon, and not their teeth. Being very large, powerful animals, their whole weight thus thrown on the bristling collars would inflict a wound on their victim which would probably be fatal.

When about two leagues from Alhama, we saw five very suspicious-looking fellows, with, however, only one gun. They assembled on the road, as if to stop us, when they saw only Messrs. L—— and T—— in advance; but when the rest of the party came in sight, they moved off towards the hills. Monsieur L—— distinctly observed one man drawing the attention of the others to my double-barrelled gun. The roads have the reputation of being

so safe, we should have had no apprehension of their being robbers; but their manner was so suspicious, we were convinced that they were brigands. Our suspicions were confirmed when soon afterwards we met two parties of the *guardia civile* who were in search of them, and gave us descriptions of their persons, which agreed exactly, and their opinion was they would undoubtedly have robbed us if they had not seen my gun and I had not been on horseback. They are the remains of a band of upwards of twenty, whose Captain José has been as celebrated for several years as the famous José Maria. He was found murdered on the road six weeks ago, apparently by his followers, who then became very imprudent, and robbed a *guardia civile* of his horse and gun. Energetic measures were taken, and first twelve, and afterwards four more were apprehended. The rest of the gang attacked a grandee and General in the army, on his way from Malaga to Madrid, in his carriage, and wounded him severely. All the guards and soldiers in the district turned out in search of them, and every effort was made for their discovery. One of the brigands betrayed his friends, and they were taken, and all of them, not excepting the betrayer, instantly shot. Mr. T——, whom I afterwards met at Madrid, said he saw the dead bodies brought into Malaga, flung over donkeys like so many sacks of corn, but he could not say if they were the same we saw.

In Andalusia it is certainly prudent to carry arms, as all Spanish travellers do ; but three or four Englishmen, with double-barrelled guns, need not fear any attack from bands of brigands or single footpads (*rateros*), who turn out when they see an opportunity of attacking unarmed strangers.

We stopped an hour for breakfast at the Venta del Almondin, opposite the fine mountain of Tegada and the village of Alcacin. I had a very small teapot, canisters for tea and sugar, gridiron, cups, and a supply of knives, forks, and spoons in a strong mahogany dressing-box, which I had made into a canteen. The spoons were of silver, and the mistress of the venta, thinking the forks were of the same material, and seeing that I was too busy sketching to detect her, managed to steal one of them.

We started again, and in an hour and a half after leaving the venta arrived at Vinuela, which seemed as we approached to be situated in a basin, surrounded with hills and groves of oranges, whose delicious and almost too powerful flowers perfumed the air ; but we soon found it was only the commencement of a rich but narrow valley, through which the Avila flows, through pleasant groves of oranges, lemons, aloes, and prickly pears, which, combined with the verdant hills and rich cultivation, made the valley look like a little paradise after the dreary mountains we had passed.

Our route was in the broad bed of the Avila,

sometimes crossing its narrow stream ; and glad we were of such a flat road after the rough steep paths we had crossed in the mountains.

About two o'clock we approached Velez el Malaga, picturesquely situated, with three hills rising behind the town. Some remains of walls and towers of the Moorish castle exist on the centre hill. Ferdinand took this place in person, killing a Moor with his own hand. The view from these hills must be very splendid of the rich plain and fields, hedged round with prickly pears and lofty rushes, and hills covered with pretty little white farms, with their frames for drying the grapes, larger but similar in shape to cucumber-frames, and beyond this rich garden a magnificent range of mountains.

In an hour we came to the Mediterranean and an uninteresting country, but soon afterwards left the good diligence road, and followed a path between the sea and some wild, picturesque rocks. This path soon joins again the public road, and immediately afterwards we passed a strong fort and several martello towers. Both to-day and yesterday we have seen occasionally on the hills, round watch-towers, apparently Moorish ; and we observed also in the valley of the Avila some old picturesque bridges, of the same period. The ride is pretty to Malaga, through a succession of rocks and valleys, richly cultivated towards the sea, but entirely by raising water from wells, by sakeas, sometimes worked by a donkey but generally by a mule. The rocks approaching Malaga

seemed very picturesque; it was, however, nine o'clock when we entered the town, and therefore almost quite dark.

I was much interested in observing the wild-looking hills and valleys which surround this place. It was in similar deep, rocky gorges, dry beds of torrents, that the peasants, roused to resistance by the valiant El Zagal, the brother of Abu-l-Hasan, utterly routed the Marquis of Cadiz and the flower of the Andalusian chivalry. The peasants hurled stones and darts from the rocks and precipices. Courage and skill were useless in paths almost impassable to horses, and in defiles too narrow for many to pass at a time. The Marquis, attended by his faithful lances, escaped; and some others, after great sufferings, were equally fortunate. The most moderate account states that two hundred and fifty, and Pulgar asserts that four hundred, persons of rank, and thirty commanders of the military fraternity of St. James, were slain; and, according to some authors, eight hundred were killed, and double that number made prisoners.

“All Andalusia was overwhelmed by this great affliction. There was no drying of the eyes that wept in her. There was scarcely a family in the South but had to mourn the loss of some one of its members by death or captivity.” This disaster was cruelly revenged. Ferdinand besieged Malaga with an immense host, and his Queen, Isabella, appeared in the camp, to encourage the assailants.

The battle raged with fire and sword, above and under ground, along the ramparts, the ocean, and the land, at the same time. The siege lasted three months, the Moors exhibiting the greatest skill and courage in the sallies which they made, and in defence of the fortifications. The Christians were brave, as usual; but a famine which raged in the town, was of more service to them than their valour.

As the population was very numerous, and no provisions could be introduced, the inhabitants experienced in a short time privations, which became every day more severe and intolerable. The rich citizens, who could not support hunger, assembled secretly to consult as to the means of surrendering the town to the Castilians, without exposing themselves to the rage of the people. They commissioned Ali Dordux to negotiate with the Christians; but this chief, according to an Arabian historian, bribed by Ferdinand, admitted the enemy at night into the fortress of Gebalfaro, from whence they spread into the town, which was pillaged by the soldiers. Many of the inhabitants perished in the confusion, others lost their liberty, and some few escaped by sea. The Spanish chroniclers say Ferdinand refused to grant any terms, and the inhabitants, after protracted negotiations, threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, reminding him of the liberality of their ancestors, when Cordova and other

Christian cities were taken, after a defence as pertinacious as their own.

The Governor, Hamet el Zegri, made a most gallant and obstinate resistance; and as he did but his duty to his country and his King, and only yielded to the slow advances of famine, he deserved a better fate than chains, a dungeon, and perpetual slavery. It is, however, some slight palliation for Ferdinand and Isabella, that one thousand six hundred Christians were found prisoners, some menial servants to the Moors, and others in chains in the dungeons. The arts which adorned the Alhambra had not softened the religious bigotry and cruelty which then prevailed.

The brave followers of El Zegri, the renowned Gomeres, were made slaves, and sent as presents to the Pope; and even the Moorish maidens were also made captives, and many given to Joanna the Queen of Naples, to the Queen of Portugal, and the great ladies of the Court of Spain.

Ferdinand added duplicity to cruelty, and, fearful lest they should conceal their effects, proclaimed that he would receive thirty dollars a-head as a ransom for the whole population, if paid within nine months; and that their personal effects should be admitted as part payment. The people gave in a full inventory of their goods, but not being able to raise the full amount, Ferdinand obtained complete possession of the persons and property of his

victims. There is no greater stain on the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella than their cruelty to the unfortunate inhabitants of Malaga, condemning all, without distinction, to slavery, for their obstinacy in defending their city and religion, with the most heroic courage—unmindful of the generosity of the Moors to the Christians, when they conquered Spain.*

The Moorish castle, now repaired, still defends the city; and a line of interesting forts (sometimes so numerous as to be almost close together) and walls, picturesquely following the ascent and slopes of the hill, leads up to the fortress. The view from the summit is very fine, of the sea, the port—which is very much exposed, but full of small vessels—the immense city, and the surrounding hills. We did not quite reach the summit, not having an order; but a soldier on guard, as a favour, admitted us to a point where the view was as fine almost as it could be at the top; and, what is wonderful in Spain, he refused a present of a peseta.

The sights of Malaga are seen in an hour or two, but the town requires longer time, as it contains a population of ninety thousand. There are a great number of good streets, some of them very regu-

* Condé, vol. III, p. 238; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. I, chap. CX, and vol. II, chap. CXIII; Conquest of Granada, p. 128.