is no question of expiation, or term of imprisonment. Here they will simply lie till their friends are able to buy them out, or till Death, more merciful and righteous than the Kadi, comes to their release. There is no secret about it all. These are decrees of time-honoured custom, as thoroughly established as any others which regulate the ordinary life of the people.

As the ordering of the marriage procession, for example, which blocks up our way as we turn out of the castle square. And, for the time being, not much harder, surely, upon the poor prisoner! The little pill-box arrangement which is carried upon a mule at the head of the procession contains the newly-married bride. It is to be hoped that she is not much bigger than a well-grown baby, or else how she can coil herself away is a mystery. Upon the top of the box is a lay figure of the interesting inmate, which has to be ducked in the most comically significant manner whenever one of the many low archways of the streets is encountered. In this guise, at sunset, she is carried round the town for two mortal hours, followed by a disorderly rabble of friends and street-loiterers, who make the quickly darkening air lurid with the light of resinous torches, and hideous with the braying of horns, the squeaking of bagpipes and the thwacking of tom-toms. She will presently be landed at the bridegroom's house, where her lord and master even now awaits her, surrounded by his friends, and will be delivered with much ceremoniousness into his loving care. On the morrow the pair will sit in

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state to receive the congratulations of their friends, and on the third day the bride will hold a levée for her married acquaintances, and be finally consigned to sugar-plums and nonentity.

It is only when darkness closes in over the city that its streets are at all bearable. There is less dust then, less racket and elbowing, and the firefly-like glimmering of the lanterns which all respectable folk carry about with them, lends a mediæval character to the scene. The picturesqueness of the tortuous and uneven lanes, and jumbled-up houses, which the glare of the squalid daytime has quite succeeded in spoiling, now stands out in pretty half-revealing, and is heightened by the white apparitions which flit noiselessly about the open spaces, or cluster round the doorways in dreamy enjoyment of the evening's coolness. Now is the time to visit the Moorish café, if one wants to see the better sort of Tangiers male society enjoying its ease, or taste what a beverage the fragrant berry may produce in really skilful hands. It is not a grand establishment—not even so grand as the French café down the street. A low doorway leads into a single apartment, of fairly large proportions, raftered like an English barn, and ornamented with rude mechanical designs. Exactly opposite the entrance stands the open, brick furnace, where the whole process of brewing is critically inspected, and varied at will, by fanciful new arrivals; and between this point and the door runs a raised divan, for the accommodation of the strangers who are so

uncivilised as to prefer a bench to a seat upon the matted floor. The *habitués* bring with them their little bundles of Indian hemp (Cannabis Indica), a mild substitute for opium, which they smoke in minutely bowled pipes as they drink their solitary cup of black coffee. By half-past eight or so the floor is well covered by groups of squatters, and the array of slippers along the edge of the matting—kicked off by their owners as they step over into the sacred enclosure—is a sight to behold. Some of the company will probably have brought their violins, or tambourines, to the accompaniment of which, together with a due amount of hand-clapping, the low, wailing Arab chant rises and falls with seemingly interminable cadence and repetition. It is more difficult to understand the fascination of the music here than that of the fiercer, more weird, more developed form it has assumed in its Andalucian home; but that it does possess some most potent charm is evident, for the whole audience sway their bodies backwards and forwards in something more than time—in unmistakable sympathy; while they ever and anon join in the chant with a sort of exulting and irrepressible enthusiasm.

Strange indeed are all the customs and habits of this place. Perhaps the oddest of all, to the ordinary dweller in European ways—though why strange, why unexpected, it is difficult to say—is the regulated and open slave traffic that goes on. Most of the bright-faced urchins who keep watch and guard in the bazaars while their masters are gossiping round the corner, or in-

dulging in a siesta in some hidden nook, are slaves. Thoroughly intelligent little fellows they seem, though they can never be got to utter a syllable which any ordinary traveller can comprehend. They look for all the world like great dogs, very eager to serve and help the stranger even while they decline to trust him for a moment out of their sight, and only worried by their painful inability to speak or to be spoken to in a mutually understandable language. These are the low-priced specimens, costing some thirty-five or forty dollars apiece. Girls, if pretty and well formed, will bring a hundred, or even a hundred and twenty dollars, but they are mostly hidden away in the harems. Upon the surface of it the only objectionable part of the business is the method in which the dealing is conducted. Twice a week or so—usually upon the days of the great Sok—the crier goes early through the streets, announcing the details of his little list of human goods. These are presently led out, and can be taken aside and examined by any intending purchaser, as they pass along. When once the bargain is made, however, and the slaves taken home, they seem to be usually well treated, and contented.

And all this time there rings now and again in our ears the voice of the Mueddin from the minaret of the Djama-el-Kebir calling the faithful to prayer, or announcing the flight of the hours by his sand-glass. At midnight, and again at 2 A.M., he says, "Allah is great. It is better to pray than to sleep." At three or four

o'clock—three in summer, four in winter—"The daylight comes, all praise to Allah!" At noon he puts out a white flag and declares again that "Allah is great." At three or four in the afternoon he gives a generally disregarded signal to cease from work. Some three hours later he announces the appearance of the first evening star, and finally, at 9 P.M., calls the world to retirement and devotion.

It is hardly worth while running the risk of unpleasantness by any pertinacious effort to enter the mosques. They contain little of interest, and no furniture or adornment except a movable pulpit, a few lamps and some decoration of the Sanctuary. There is running water in the patio, and ample provision for the purity of body which is so much esteemed by the Moslem, and without which no entrance to the mosque is permitted; but, beyond the fine azulejos and pavements for which these arrangements afford scope, there is nothing to repay the curious visitor. It is instructive to note a rigid opposition to that marriage of the church to the public house which England loves. The odour of sanctity, which shuts the unbeliever and the uncircumcised out of the mosque, prohibits also the establishment in its neighbourhood of any house of refreshment or ill-fame.

Making our visit here in January we may easily include in it the great religious feast of the Isoma, when all the outlying tribes—wilder and more fanatical than their half-breed, and some ways degenerate, town

cousins—flock into the city, and take up their quarters on the Soko. To assist at one such scene is enough—to watch the crowd of three-quarters naked and blood-stained barbarians go through all the prescribed forms of tearing to pieces and eating live sheep, sacrificing oxen, and dancing or parading to all sorts of ear-splitting music. Yet it is an experience to be no more omitted than the slightly more refined bull-fight across the water, and, even after all the new insight which we may have acquired into the ways of our fellow creatures, it throws a wonderfully fresh light upon how the 'other half' of the world lives.

XIII.

GRANADA.

THE road from Málaga—dusty, dirty, dreary Málaga —to Granada is right beautiful, whether we take it by way of the *camino ordinario* which runs over the mountains to Loja, or content ourselves with the more beaten rail-track which curves round by La Pizarra and ancient Antequera.

And there is a peculiar worthiness and significance about the beauty of these roads. Wearied by much sight-seeing, perhaps dully anticipating only some such bare pathway as we have so often trodden in Spain, and just emancipated from the horrors of Málaga—ay, and of Tangiers!—it would be too depressing not to have the romance of Granada ushered in by something fresh and piquant. Let us take the railway. It is the more comfortable route in itself, and entails the fewest attendant unpleasantnesses. Dreary experiences are soon forgotten in the smiling richness of the lower Andalucian plain, a region innocent of frost or biting cold, caressed by an ever-faithful sun, and watered by the Guadalhorce. Long reaches of sugar-cane and vineyard are diversified by luxuriant orange, lemon,

and pomegranate groves, by great banks of prickly pear, and anon the graceful date-palm, with fronds cut clear against the topaz sky ; while in the unending succession of crops they are reaping the corn, and the beans are in pod, when elsewhere the lusty and still youthful year is only just thrusting back winter with any positive advantage. Beyond La Pizarra and Alora the scene changes. Great outlying sierras on either side herald the oncoming of Nature in sterner mood, and presently the road plunges into the magnificent Hoyo pass, and climbs up for miles amidst masses of bare, needle-shaped rocks, with the torrent leaping far below, and flocks of birds circling high around the cruel-looking peaks. All the way past Gobantes and this eastern skirt of the rugged Ronda country there is a novel and savage picturesqueness of surrounding, and then, turning sharply to the right at Bobadilla, we enter again a land of greenery and richest cultivation, which fitly ushers in the *vega* of Granada, with its crown of snow-capped mountains. At every step we come upon historic names and interests. Here is hoary-headed Antequera, a relic—now nought but a relic—of four civilisations. Here is the Yeguas, the waters of which have so often run red with blood, and Loja—sweet and gentle in herself, but so wrapped away in ruggedness that she well merits her motto of a "flower among the thorns,"—Loja, the last home of El Gran Capitan, and for long before that a very focus of the struggle between the waning Crescent and the victorious Cross. And finally,

lying off to the right, there is the little town of Santa Fé, created at one stroke by the Reyes Católicos during their great siege, the only city of the South which has never bowed to the Moslem yoke, or professed the faith of the Prophet, and where Christopher Columbus wrung from Isabella, just as Granada was falling, the "few ships and sailors" for which he had been so long in weary waiting.

Over all this fair land, now—under Christian rule and enlightenment—the most ignorant and crime-ridden bit of the Peninsula, there shone five hundred years ago the more real light of the Arab's knowledge and care. The invader of the eighth century had learned to love and bless the country he had won, and which, with its beauty of nature, its knightly traditions, and early day freedom from priestly shackling, had probably shaped his receptive mind to a refinement and culture which in its own eastern home it ever lacked. He had discovered that the paradise of his Prophet hung exactly over it, and that it was this that made the air so pure, the soil so fertile, and the sunshine so bright. He had wrought its surface with such careful labour that it became a garden in his hands. He had endowed its chief places with a fabulous array of noble buildings—mosques, palaces and universities. He had called to his aid all that the science and art of the world could yield, and had so improved upon what was brought to him, that foreign powers—and even his own parent stock in Fez and Tunis, Rabat and Mansuriah—

could find it necessary to resort to him again to build for them "after the Andalucian style," as of a separate school. He had such a care for letters that the gathering together of a great library had come to be looked upon as of greater import than the accumulation of riches, while his free schools of Granada and Córdoba had become centres of learning, and his very artificers, by their cunning and well-reasoned craftsmanship, could put to shame all the ages that have succeeded to him. And withal he had neglected nothing that could conduce to material prosperity. By his clemency and toleration —toleration religious, political and social—he had bound to his fortunes the people whom he had conquered. He had made a home for all willing and reliant toilers from other countries, and so fostered all natural resources, and the interests of foreign trade, that, even making allowance for antiquarian exaggeration and the glamour of romance, the revenues of the provinces of Granada, Jaen and Córdoba seem to have surpassed anything that the days preceding our own ever saw, and the chief cities were common to all nations.

This, of course, was in the halcyon days of Mahomedan rule—say the tenth, eleventh, and perhaps twelfth centuries—before the seductions of wealth, power and passion had cankered the lives of the people, or a spirit of despair at swiftly-coming destruction had inclined them to make the most of the passing moment. For long after, indeed, the outside remained fair. The light lingered on when the sun of Mahomedanism had

already set. But the tide of re-conquest, which had set in even before the close of the eighth century in the far north, and had assumed formidable proportions under the leadership of Alfonso the Sixth, while it seemed to strengthen the hands of the southern kaliphs by making Andalucia a refuge for the distressed from all parts of the Peninsula, really brought with it the seeds of dissolution, wrapped up in superinduced self-seeking and civil warfare. Córdoba and Jaen and Sevilla waxed yet more fat, like Jeshuron of old, and kicked at all restraint, and at one another. In their enervation and division they fell an easy prey to the arms of St. Ferdinand, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century the great Moorish kingdom had dwindled into the comparatively insignificant province of Granada. Upon this fairest remnant there was still a hectic flush of prosperity and grandeur. Its neighbours' losses seemed, in some sort, to be its gain. Holding within its borders all the elements and necessaries of a perfected kingdom, rich, compact and thickly populated, it seemed unassailable, and while, for yet two hundred years and more, it defied all the powers and wiles of re-united Spain, its capital outdid itself and all its ancient rivals, in the elaboration of every appliance of civilisation and luxury. To this period belongs the third, and in many respects most remarkable development of Moorish art, of which we have seen some examples in Toledo and Sevilla, and of which the most characteristic outcome of all—the infinitely beautiful Alhambra

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palace—was now slowly built and perfected by the sultan Ibn-l-Ahmar and his successors.

Let us see for a moment what was taking place in and around the Alhambra during the last hours of the Moslem dynasties. It is impossible to sift the true quite clear from the false of the records of the day, but we can readily gain an insight—an insight which will be useful to us hereafter—into the corrupted life which surged about the beautiful courts even before they were well completed, and see how the once pure and gracious light, which was soon to be put out, had already become darkness.

The country was now so tempest-tossed by the rivalries and faction fights of the various noble families, that the only way in which their ruler, Muley Abn Hassan, could keep anything like discipline or order was by making a series of inroads and forays upon the Christian bordering which hemmed him in. In one of these he took captive a maiden of surpassing grace, by name Isabel de Solís, whom he promoted to the chiefest place in his harem. Now in Granada alone there were no less than thirty-two powerful clans, or families—the Alamares, Alabeces, Gomeles, Llegas, Mazas, Zegris, Almoradis, Abencerrages, Vanegas, Abenamares, Gazules, etc.—of whom the Abencerrages and the Zegris were the acknowledged chiefs. The former espoused the cause of the new favourite, Zoraya, or 'Star of the Morning' as she was styled in her Moorish home, while the Zegris sided with the discarded sultana Aixa, and her son

Boabdil, 'El Zogoybi.'* So completely was the old king under the influence of the ambitious Zoraya that he was induced to countenance the extermination of all Aixa's children, and if the fate which was thus specially marked out for the young heir to the throne had been visited upon him, the Moorish dominion would perhaps have been indefinitely upheld. For Muley Abn Hassan, backed up by the Abencerrages, represented all that was best in the Court, while Boabdil and the Zegris seem to have been the *ne plus ultra* of rascality. But then the Alhambra would have been shorn of some of its most thrilling romances, so it was perhaps as well that Aixa, finding herself for the present on the losing side, determined at any rate to save her son, and, letting him down from one of the palace windows into the Darro ravine, succeeded in placing him in safety. Henceforth there was for Granada one perpetual tale of civil strife and lawlessness, father warring against son, and each compelled, as he came to the front, to make head against the Christian monarchs who were now thundering at his gates. Sometimes there was one, sometimes two, sometimes even three rulers over the city;—Muley Audali, or 'El Zagal,' as he was nicknamed, the old king's brother, being elected by some of the clans to be their leader, when Abn Hassan became too old and infirm to minister to their thirst for blood-

* The Unlucky, from his having been born under an evil star, and so liable to have all the untoward events of his life attributed to sinister influences. 'El Chico' = the Younger, and has not the reference which is usually supposed to Boabdil's stature.

letting. The seat of government was now in the Alhambra palace, now in the Alcazaba, again in the Albaicin, and often in all three at once, while the streets and plazas of the city were reddened by the almost daily encounterings of the various factions. Slowly the younger man established his authority, and, seated firmly in the Alhambra, gave free rein to all his evil passions. He owed his success in great part to the talents and nobility of his natural brother, Muza, and also to the Abencerrages, who had been won over to his side. The receiving of these into royal favour by no means suited the purposes of the Zegris, who straightway elaborated a plan whereby to rid themselves once and for ever of their rivals. They informed the king that the Abencerrage chief, Abn Mahomet, had been seen, in the garden of the summer palace, in criminal intercourse with the favourite sultana. This so enraged the monarch, that, without waiting to verify any of the statements which had been made to him, he invited all the heads of the offending tribe to the Alhambra, for a feigned consultation, and had them beheaded as they arrived, ordaining at the same time the perpetual banishment of all their families, and the confiscation of their goods and chattels. The sultana was shut up in one of the towers of the Alhambra, and condemned to death at the stake if, within one month, she could not establish her innocence by the ordeal of single combat. These arbitrary proceedings so roused the city that the populace streamed up to the palace swearing allegiance

to Abn Hassan, sacked the royal apartments, killed two hundred Zegris whom they found assembled therein, and would have put an end at once to Boabdil's life and reign, had not Muza, his brother—and the people's idol—calmed the tumult by showing that the greater fault lay with the Zegri faction.

But after this all went wrong. Alhama was taken by the Christians, and Boabdil himself was made a prisoner at the battle of Lucena. The exiled Abencerrages had leagued themselves with Ferdinand and Isabella, and with them went the flower of the Moslem chivalry. Abn Hassan and El Zagal set on foot their old machinations against the absent ruler and the regent Aixa, and therewith were reopened the ancient sores of faction, which the necessity of making united head against a foreign foe had temporarily closed. It was practically the beginning of the end. Boabdil was released, and, with the aid of Aixa and Muza, and the resources provided by his captors, was enabled to gain possession once more of the Alhambra hill. But it was only as a vassal of the Spanish crown, and Ferdinand had but played him as a cat plays a mouse. For yet six years he maintained a show of kingship—helped therein by the death of his father, and the retirement of El Zagal to the little principality of Andaraja—and dissipated his already weakened intellect and fortunes by all Eastern voluptuousness. One after another, however, the cities of the plain and the sea-coast were filched from him, and presently, in 1491, when King Ferdinand

found himself prepared for a last bite, advantage was taken of an alleged infringement of the compact entered into at the time of Boabdil's captivity, and the armies of their Most Catholic Majesties laid their siege against the gates of Granada. The final struggle was short enough. By the 2d of January 1492 the banner of the Cross was waving from the watch-tower of the Alhambra, and El Zogoybi had sallied forth to take up a petty princeship in the Alpujarras. Here he lingered in his valley of Porchena for something over a year. Then he conceded all his rights and possessions to Ferdinand for a sum of money, and passed over with his family into Morocco, where there is a tradition that he died fighting in the service of a kindred chief.

An odd record of this unfortunate monarch has lately turned up—in the shape of his tombstone. It stands now in the museum of Tclemsin, and, beyond establishing the date of his death as the year 1494—about two and a half years after his exit from Granada—bears undoubted evidence of having been used as the sill of a doorway. In effect the story runs that it was so placed, and at the entrance into the public baths, so that all the faithful, as they passed in and out, should trample upon the memorial of the man who had lost for the children of the Prophet their fairest possession.

But while we have been thus invoking the spirits of the past it has grown dark; the long journey over the *vega* is at an end, and we are being jolted over the cruel mis-paving of Granada streets. For the moment it

seems as if all of romance has fled with the light and the shadowy plain, and left us to unadulterated nineteenth-century squalor. But the Calle de Gomeres is reached at last, and, with the steep ascent of the Alhambra hill, there comes a pleasant sense of rest and sweetness. And then—it is fairyland, surely! For at the massive portal of Las Granadas a great sound of rushing water, on either side, greets the ear, and the line of barrack-like houses suddenly gives place to a vista of over-arching branches, interlacing tree-stems, and a carpeting of greenness and flowers which stretches away as far as one can see in the dim light.

Such things as these always confer in Spain a shrinking fear of unreality—the dread that we shall wake to some terrible and all-pervading unloveliness. Yet here it is a vision that endures, even while it changes. True, all this is but the so-called 'garden' of the Alhambra; but herein we may dwell as long as we list, and beyond these green gorges there are ever-satisfying peeps of red walls festooned with ivy, of the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and of the far-stretching *vega* with its belting of picturesque hills. If there were nothing else it would be a spot to linger in. But then, crowning it all, and opening its gates to us at all hours of the day, there is just the most beautiful and most interesting building in the world, of which Charles Fifth, or First, might well say, "If I had been King Boabdil, I would have chosen to make the Alhambra my grave rather than have lived an exile from it."

Even making every allowance for an age of hurried, superficial, unthinking careering over the famous and lovely places of the earth—lending, too, the greatest possible sympathy to such heedful criticisms as that the art here displayed belongs to a late and degenerate age and order, and has moreover run the gauntlet of grievous modernisation—it is hard to understand how people can profess to be disappointed with this glorious old Arab home, or scoff at one for having spent months of study in it without exhausting either its beauties or its interest. Of course a great temple is not to be looked for—or a great castle—or hall—or anything else that is chiefly formal. But that which it *says* it is, it *is*, thoroughly—an old Moorish house wherein the life of its owners, with all that life's comfort, elegance, love of art, and, withal, gross sensuality, mirrors itself without effort, and against all the incongruities and defacings which a Western civilisation has visited upon it.

Its very informality and unpretendingness are virtues, not vices, raising beauty and correct judgment into the lofty regions of unstudied harmony and effect. So, through an insignificant passage one comes suddenly upon a sala of perfect loveliness, approaching careless greatness, too, in conception. Then there is perchance a narrow portal—a thing simply of household convenience—and once more a bewildering vision of delicate and exquisite workmanship breaks upon the eye, a vista of salas and inner salas, with luxurious-looking divans and cabinets, slender *ajimeces* and columns, filigree

spandrels, and lace-like arabesques. Now and again, too, just in anticipation of any sense of weariness through intricacy or repetition of design—but really with no such formal ordering—there is introduced a bit of garden, a patio with shadowy cypress trees and murmuring fountain, a miniature and myrtle-edged lake, or a *mirador* which invites to rest, and spreads out, by way of refreshing, a bird's-eye view over green hillside and whitened city, over outlying farms and orange groves, with the purplish-brown mountains to fill in the background.

How can any worthy picture be drawn of the place? One can only hope to stir up the affections of those who have dwelt in it, to correct perhaps some of the hasty misconceptions of hireling cicerones and too receptive guide-books, and to awaken in some minds the desire to see it all, and live it all, for themselves.

Here, then, are representatives of four great national phases, or epochs, and eight centuries of culture. There is, first, the stronghold of an armed despotism, the Alcazaba—or Kassábah—which crowns the western tip of the huge rocky eminence now called the Alhambra hill; farther east lies the later Arab palace, and alongside of it a group of Christian buildings; while the eastern and southern portions of the ridge are occupied by remains of the sort of feudal town which formed a necessary appanage of the Moorish court, but existed—even flourished—long after all of royalty had departed from the scene. When due note is taken of the