

death under the very eyes of the fair lady and her duenna, and in spite of their evident distress; and how all these, and other more peaceful diversions, took place while the unconscious or hard-hearted parents are enjoying a quiet game of chess.

It is all beautiful, at all hours. And not the least so when the moonlight is bringing the slender columns and graceful arches into yet more delicate relief; when it is glancing through the filigree façade, or perforated roof, throwing a mysterious shadow over the dim salas, and an uncertain flecking upon the marble pavements. Then all is softened and quietened; a decent veil is drawn over the incongruities and excrescences of the last four hundred years, and it is only difficult not to re-people court and garden, tower and wall, with the images of the past. There is a great outcry in some quarters for a complete restoration—for a going beyond the tender propping up and putting together of perishing beauty to the ruthless replacement of all that is lost, and a re-adorning with all the ancient colouring. Let it be done by all means—let walls and ceilings and columns be made brilliant as in days of yore, and the garish light tempered by stained glass—provided that the clever restorers will at the same time bring back the old life, and all its accessories. If that cannot be done let not the place be transformed into a great show-house, but left, as now, to sunlight, and moonlight, and flitting birds, and the dimming hand of time.

There are other parts of the Alhambra which hardly

yield to the palace proper in point of loveliness. There is the exquisite court of the Mosque, or Council—del Mexuar—adjoining which, on the south, was the *zaguan* which formed the original public entrance into the palace: there is the Mezquita itself, with its elegant mihrab, or sanctuary: there are the baths—pictures of luxury, and models of art; or the queen's boudoir, looking out over the Albaicin, and away to the north-eastern mountains, where, before the days of its perversion, the watchers waited of a morning to greet the sunrise with prayer and blessing. Then there is the Torre de las Damas, or del Principe, built, with all its bright garden, by the sultan Ismael for his beloved Olva. It is spoiled now, ruinously defaced by brutal latter-day hands, but it keeps its old *mirador* still intact, with abundance of fine decoration therein. Close at hand nestles the tiny mosque where some say that Jusuf I., the chief founder of the Alhambra palaces, was murdered at his prayers. Here one may find a remarkably perfect Arabic inscription, formerly placed over the entrance of the Mint; together with two Assyrian lions brought from the same place, and the coat of arms of the first Christian proprietor, Astasio de Bracamonte, shield-bearer of the Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, and brother of the great 'Tertius Rex' cardinal whom Ferdinand and Isabella appointed first governor of the Alhambra. Farther on lie the towers of Las Infantas and La Cautiva. Perfect gems of good, careful design are these quaint dwellings, and full of exquisite azulejos

and tracery, even while their exteriors are bald to repulsiveness. All sorts of romantic traditions float about them;—tales of the princesses who were here kept in ineffectual seclusion from the world of gay deceivers, and of the Christian captive—*La Cautiva*—who flung herself from the window of her prison rather than submit to the gallantry of an amorous sultan. This, by the way, could hardly have been Isabel de Solís, as is commonly reported, for the famous ‘Morning Star’ seems to have been by no means averse to her gilded captivity, but to have made the very best of it, like the able woman she was.

But we have spent so long a time in sauntering through the Alberca and Leones courts, and noticing a few of their points of interest, that over these places of, after all, secondary importance we must not linger, but must hasten on, by the defaced *Puerta de Hierro*, and the *Torre de los Picos*—defaced by the remains of the *Marques de Mondéjar’s* stables, and the ravages of the French seventy or eighty years ago—to take a peep at the *Generalife*, the ‘House of recreation,’ which the sultan Omar built upon the opposite hill-slope as a place of extra-secret retirement and pleasure.

The ravine which we have to cross yields a very noteworthy bit of scenery. Worn deep by winter torrents, its overhanging red banks contrast splendidly with their veiling of gnarled tree-roots, and festoons of ivy. At every turn a fresh and beautiful view may be obtained of the rugged walls and towers of the *Alhambra*,

and, from the foot of the steep ascent, a grand panorama of the whole northern line of battlement, with its straight-falling skirt of forest, and the rapid, gold-producing Darro as foreground. La Cuesta del Rey Chico, or De los Molinos, this ravine should be called, but it more commonly goes by the name of Cuesta de los Muertos, from its forming the line of communication between the Albaicin and the new cemetery, which stands at the foot of the mound formerly occupied by the half-fabulous, wholly-magnificent palace of Los Alijares. Up here, nearly every afternoon, come troops of poor folk, carrying their dead, sometimes in coffins, sometimes simply laid out upon stretchers. The little processions do not make so repulsive a sight as might be imagined, especially if it be a young girl or an infant that is being borne to the last resting-place. These are generally dressed in gauzy white and blue—the Virgin's colours—with wreaths upon their brows, and abundance of flower decoration. It must be confessed, however, that the conduct of the bearers is not very decorous, and that, if one cares to go forward with them to the cemetery, there are scenes of horror to be witnessed over which it is well to draw a veil.

Beyond some fine arabesques and ceilings there is not much good Moorish work in the Generalife, and there is everywhere a most fearsome covering of white-wash. That which is unspoiled, and which is entirely lovely, is the natural beauty of the spot. The cool waters of the Sierra Nevada rush through court and

garden with unceasing noise and motion, and leave behind them a delicious greenery, and sense of sweet refreshing. The finest cypresses, myrtles and cedars in Spain are to be found here, and at all seasons there are bright-hued flowers and bright-voiced birds to make gladness in the midst of desolation. Then the views from every point are splendid:—from the mirador wherewith Charles V. replaced the significantly styled “Sultana’s Prison” of the upper floor; from the terraces of the gardens, from the Belvedere, and from the adjacent Silla del Moro, which looks out over all these fortresses and palaces from the crest of the Cerro de Santa Elena. The salas yield an interesting series of portraits by Bocanegra, Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello, and other lesser lights of the Spanish schools. Here is the fair-haired El Chico, handsome enough of face if ugly in heart, and still handsomer in the contrasted yellow and black of his velvet habit. Here is his ‘red-blooded’ cousin, Cid Hiaya—‘red’ because he was a renegade to his faith and country, and no longer to be reckoned as of true Moorish, or blue blood. He prospered, nevertheless, receiving from the Reyes Católicos—among other rewards for his treachery—this very manor of the Generalife. As Don Pedro of Granada he was made its first Christian lord, and so he figures here among his Moorish and Spanish sovereigns. Here, too, are many of his descendants, including the great-granddaughter who married into the Genoese family of the Grimaldis, and so eventually, after three or four generations, and

as the fine old genealogical tree hard by will show, carried all the property over to the Campotejar branch—its present owners. Ferdinand and Isabella, with their Gran Capitan, stare at us, of course, with eyes of orthodox characterlessness, and near them hang the crazy Joanna—sweet and affectionate though, even if a little bit dazed sometimes—and her handsome and good-for-nothing helpmate. It is curious to see that, while Joanna wears the velvet head-dress to which the portraits of her sister, our Katherine of Aragon, have accustomed us, Philip affects the ‘beef-eater’ cap so beloved of England in the fifteenth century.

Leaving the Generalife by its great gate, the Canceleda de Fuente Peña, a few paces down the road bring us to what was once the principal entrance into the Alta Alhambra, the now dismantled tower and *zaguan* of Los Pozos, or Siete Suelos. The enterprising visitor, especially if he happens to be the guest of worthy Señor Don José Gadea of the Siete Suelos Hotel, will probably search long and vainly here for the missing four stories of the tower. The remains of three only are traceable, and all the outer works and the *zaguan* are gone. This gate formed the communication with the *pozos*, or granaries outside, which provided victualling for the Alhambra in time of siege, and from it a subterranean way led down to the lovely Cuarto Real, the gardens of the sultana, and El Bib-Taubin at the foot of the hill. But all certain record of the spot is lost, and so is gone, too, the gateway through which El Chico

and his little following passed away, on the morning of the second of January 1492, to their cage in the Alpujarras, and which Isabella is said to have walled up in accordance with the desire of the dethroned monarch that it should never again be put to common uses.

El pobre Chico!—El Zogoybi!—We may follow his footsteps for a little way, as he went across by where the Calderon villa now stands, and down the road leading to the Puerta de los Molinos. It was a new way then, made in order that the Christian hosts might pass up from Santa Fé to take possession of the Alhambra without having to face the angry mob in the city lanes. At the foot of the slope—just across the Genil—there stood, and still stands, the little hermitage of San Sebastian, and here the Last of the Moors had to make a halt, before setting out finally on his melancholy tramp across the Vega, to perform an act of vassalage to the Reyes Católicos, who were awaiting him here, and to deliver up to them the keys of his beautiful home. But beyond the indulging in what is perhaps morbid sentiment—for the Moslem dominion in Spain richly deserved its fate by the fifteenth century—there is not a shadow of interest or picturesqueness about the little sanctuary, or much about its surroundings, unless we care to study more arabesques in the ancient Alcázar de Said. It will be more profitable, therefore, to make a sharp turn to the right just beyond the Puerta de los Molinos, and come back to the Granada world of to-day, as it struts and plumes itself upon the Alamedas de Queypos and

Invierno. It is perhaps the result of a sharp contrast, but, somehow, there always appears to be a more affected strut, and a more careful pluming, on these Granada promenades than upon any similar Vanity Fairs in Spain. And yet it is a pleasant resort. The walks are admirably laid out and kept,—are made beautiful, moreover, by the overshadowing of great elm trees, and by bright *parterres* of flowering plants; the Bomba fountain is irresistible in its grotesqueness; there is any amount of amusing life to be studied, and, for a wonder, the complimentary epithet of '*Granadinas muy finas*' is something else than mere flattery.

With these gorgeously-dressed christians upon the parade begins a long array of gorgeously dressed christian buildings, with equally great advantages in the way of noble traditions and associations, and equally failing to do, or be, anything particularly good or useful. There is first, right on the winter paseo, the Churrigueresque 'Las Augustias' church, with its sickly and overwrought *Virgen de las Augustias* over the portal. This is the home of one of the most potent and celebrated of all the Spanish Virgins, and during the processions of Easter week, when, in common with other holy images, her jewelled presentment is carried about the streets, the numerous devotees of our Lady of Sorrows can always give an excellent account of themselves in the free fights which are apt to occur between the rival parties. The devotion of the people—of the women especially—to the *Patrona de Granada* is unbounded, and, upon

occasions such as her annual Easter pilgrimage to the cathedral, quite touching to behold. Her sanctuary here on the Alameda, too, is tenanted at all hours of the day by groups of earnest, sable-robed worshippers, with a fair sprinkling even of the stronger sex—the *rareæ aves* of a Spanish church.

Almost opposite to Nuestra Señora de las Augustias, stands the modernised Bib-Taubin, now an artillery barrack, and then a few minutes' plunging through narrow streets leads us to the once great San Gerónimo, a type of Granada churches. It is the oldest purely Catholic foundation in the city, having been begun four years after the conquest, from the designs of Diego de Siloé, one of the apostles of the transition work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and son of the Gil de Siloé who has left specimens of his delicate Renaissance hand-work in so many corners of the great Spanish churches. When the famous Gran Capitan, Gonsalvo Fernandez de Córdoba, King Ferdinand's noble and vilely used servant, died, in the year 1515, his widow begged Charles the Fifth to grant her the Capilla Mayor of the still unfinished church as a burial-place, binding herself in return to complete the building. How the work was then carried out it is impossible to say. The present interior is a brilliant effort of modern restoration, and one does not know which is the worse—its tawdriness or its dishonesty.

A great many interesting mementoes of the Great Siege hang about this place. There are admirably

executed kneeling figures of Gonsalvo and his wife on either side of the high altar, and in front is their tombstone, with its simple and eloquent tribute to greatness. Doña Maria Manrique has lain here undisturbed, but there are only one or two bones of her husband, the rest of his remains having been carried away to Madrid twelve years ago. There is a monument here, too, of his nephew, the oddly named Veintecuatro de Granada, and over the altars of the transepts are huge shields bearing the Great Captain's coat of arms, and upheld by the figures of four of his companions, Garcilaso de Vega, Ponce de Leon, Hernan Perez del Pulgar and the indomitable Mendoza.

There was another famous man, too, who had to do with this old Christian temple, greater than all the rest of them in his gentleness, endurance and self-restraint — Fray Fernando de Talavera, first Archbishop of Granada, and sometime Bishop of Avila. It was to Talavera and the noble Tendilla that the conquered city owed the years of peace and prospering which ushered in the new domination. For they held the passionate and discontented Moors by the silken cords of kindness, and while the count secured for them, as long as in him lay, all their chiefest and most cherished privileges, his ecclesiastical co-adjutor won them over to the faith of the Crucified by those powers of moral persuasion and pure living to which the church of the Middle Ages was so loth to resort.

Close by San Gerónimo one meets with the best of

all the memorials of that saintly Juan de Robles, or Juan de Dios, whom the Spanish painters have so loved to take as a subject—an admirably arranged hospital, founded by the saint himself early in the sixteenth century. He may be regarded as the father of the system of hospital management which has ever since been so well carried out in Spain, and which to-day forms one of the pleasant features of the nation's life. Honoured abundantly after death, Juan de Dios was accounted a madman while he lived, like so many other reformers, and was shut up in the iron cage which the curious may still see in the neighbouring Hospicio Real. Over the entrance of his hospital is a statue by Mora, representing the saint as he died, kneeling in prayer; and upon one of the arches of the chapel is the not very laudable injunction with which he was wont to ask for aid, "Haced bien para vosotros mismos" (Do good to yourselves). The present buildings are not the work of the saint, as is usually stated. He died in 1550, and they were not begun till 1552. The church is still later; and is chiefly remarkable for the immense sums of money which have been spent over it—more than upon any similar edifice in the city.

Alas that one cannot point to the amount of gorgeousness here as something unique! All the round of these places may be made—San Pedro y San Pablo, Santo Domingo, the abominable and art-forsaken Cartuja, San Juan de los Reyes, and all the rest of them—and but little met with save tawdry display enthroned

amidst glorious memories. Here and there, of course, there are pleasant oases, such as some of the detail of Queen Isabella's great Hospicio, or the fine Renaissance façade with which Diego de Siloé endowed Santo Domingo, but with the exception of a few green spots such as these the public buildings of Granada are a veritable desert land.

Perhaps the cathedral should be singled out, however, for more favourable consideration, and all the more readily because it is too often accounted a type of everything that is bad in ecclesiastical architecture. It is a mixed Gothic and Græco-Roman building, designed by its creator (the already-noticed Diego de Siloé) to be "second to no church in the world except perhaps St. Peter's." Vast in size and conception, bad, certainly, in most of the detail, it nevertheless possesses some excellent salient features. Such are, the fineness of its general proportions, the grand spaciousness of the people's nave, the clever expansion of the Capilla Mayor into a huge segment of a circle—73 feet in diameter—and the admirably calculated vistas to be obtained westwards from the open ambulatory round the chevet.

The church is rich, too, in works of art of high merit—carvings and paintings by Alonso Cano, two or three really praiseworthy pictures by Juan de Sevilla and Atanasio Bocanegra, a few good Riberas, and some fine stained glass by Palomino.

Alonso Cano is one of the phalanx of unrecognised

Spanish artists. He was a pupil of Juan de Castillo at Sevilla, with Murillo, and was the friend of Velazquez, who was working at the same time in Pacheco's studio. A man of acknowledged talent, his violent and eccentric character made him more or less an outcast during the whole of his long life. Even putting aside most of the absurd tales related of him,* and rejecting the libel about the murder of his wife at Valladolid, there is abundant evidence that he must have made matters uncomfortable for all around him. After leading a wandering life for nearly fifty years he obtained from the Crown a minor canon's stall in the cathedral of Granada, as some recognition of his artistic merits, and settled down in the Albaicin for the sixteen years yet left to him. Not in peace, however; for he made himself so obnoxious to the chapter that they availed themselves of his neglect to qualify by taking orders, and kept him for two years out of his preferment. Palomino relates that the cabal formed against him was owing to his having insulted one of the chancery judges, who had given him a commission. The unfortunate *oidor* had objected to pay what he considered an exorbitant price for a small figure of St. Anthony, basing his remonstrance upon the ground that the artist seemed to value himself above his patron, and to rate his time accordingly. Cano thereupon flew into a great fury,

* The idea of his throwing an ill-carved crucifix at the head of the priest who came to absolve him on his deathbed is, for example, far too 'ben trovata' to be 'vera.'

dashed the image to pieces upon the floor, and drove his employer out of the house, crying that, while the king could make judges out of the dust of the earth, only God could make an Alonso Cano. His works are very widely scattered. The Louvre has a remarkably large collection of them, and the Madrid galleries a fair number. Some fine isolated examples may be met with in the Sevillian and Madrid churches, and in several other points where fancy, or necessity, led him to pitch his tent for a while. He can, however, be studied to the best advantage in this cathedral of Granada—in the *Virgen de la Soledad*, which hangs in the chapel of San Miguel, in the *Anunciacion*, etc. series of the Capilla Mayor, and in the noble heads of Saints Peter and Paul in the Capilla de la Virgen del Carmen. With all the faults of exaggeration into which his wayward character led him he was a great artist, a good colourist and draughtsman, and full of expression—often carried away by it. In the comparatively untrodden path of wood-carving he shone even more than in his painting, far surpassing his master the famous Montañes. The St. Francis in the sacristy of Toledo Cathedral, the St. Anthony in the church of San Nicolas at Murcia, and the Virgin and Child in the sacristy at Granada are models of delicate and skilful workmanship and grasp of subject. His somewhat over-rated heads of Adam and Eve at the entrance to the Capilla Mayor were bequeathed to his servant, who presently sold them to the chapter. This, one would think, must

have been the same man who made a gain out of his master's extraordinary aversion to Judaïsm, which he carried so far as to discard any article of clothing which had been defiled—or alleged to have been defiled—by contact with any of the hated race. The *Virgen de la Soledad* underwent, a few years ago, an experience similar to that which overtook Murillo's St. Anthony in the cathedral of Sevilla, being stolen from its frame by an enterprising manufacturer of holy images. It was discovered, however, after the lapse of two months, stowed away in a dismantled house in the Carrera del Darro, and carefully restored.

Through a fine late Gothic portal in the south aisle access is gained to the Capilla Real, built for King Ferdinand in the degenerate early days of the sixteenth century, as a mausoleum for Isabella and himself, the architect being the same Philippe Vigarni, or Felipe de Borgoña, who designed the central lantern of Burgos cathedral, and carved the stalls at Toledo. The "queen of earthly queens," and "the wisest king that ever ruled in Spain," could not bear to be dis-associated even by death from their cherished Granada, and no care or money seems to have been spared to make their final resting-place a world's marvel. It is only a pity that the huge marble tombs to which all the rest leads up—Peralta's celebrated masterpieces—should be so unworthy of their noble position. Even as Renaissance works they are only notable for beauty of material, for elaboration, and for failure in artistic grasp.

Far more powerful, and more really artful, are Vigarni's old bas-reliefs upon the retablo just behind — the fanciful representation of the surrender of Granada to the left, and of the enforced baptism of the Moriscoes on the right. The distinctness and force of these are simply splendid. The Christians are trooping up in all full blown pride to take possession of their hardly won spoils, while the Moors, with Boabdil at their head, come creeping out of the Alhambra in the sorest hurt and dejection. The smug complacency of Cardinal Mendoza's aquiline features is a perfect character study, and is reflected upon the faces of the monks who, in the opposite relief, are administering wholesale baptism to a drove of reluctant and disgusted Moors. One may be sure that these converts are the fruit of Cisneros' intimidation and terror-dealing, when he came to hasten the work of proselytism, and not of the gentle suasion of the good Talavera. It is really a marvel how so vigorous and sarcastic a setting forth of the Church's ways has been permitted all these generations to edify and instruct beholders.

And then there is the palace of Death itself—the little vault beneath those mighty catafalques where lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Juana la Loca and her husband,* and of their little son the prince

* The story of Juana carrying Philip's coffin about with her for forty-seven years is a pretty fabrication. For the greater part of her half century of widowhood she was little else than a state prisoner, shut up in the Convent of Santa Clara near Tordesillas, and rarely paid a visit to her husband's mausoleum.

Miguel. We may go down and see them, and handle them—these plain, iron-bound leaden caskets—as they lie upon their narrow shelves, and may be quite sure, too, that it is the veritable royal dust which is here, and which has never been disturbed. ‘F’—just an initial letter—that is all the record.

A dark passage leads from the royal chapel to the adjoining *sagrario*, which occupies the site of the chief Moorish mosque of Granada. Here rests the good Talavera, and close by, in his own little chapel, the valiant Pulgar, who is credited upon his tombstone with having “taken possession” of the sanctuary for the Virgin, when, in the year 1490, he entered the city by night, and stuck an ‘Ave Maria’ into the door of the mosque, upon his dagger’s point. A pleasanter exit, however, may be made by the south door, near which, in the ancient archbishop’s palace, there may be traced a fine loggia—formerly open and double-staged—of round arches, with ball ornament and twisted columns. In conjunction with the adjoining south façade of the Capilla Real, a curious mixture of late Gothic, Plateresque and Renaissance work, this loggia forms a thoroughly quaint corner; while just across the narrow street there is the old Churrigueresque Casa de Ayuntamiento, very sham, but very effective withal, in general effect of line and colouring.

The city has another section of Christian work, by no means so profitless as its churches and public buildings. Indeed, to some minds, the pseudo-classical

Churrigueresque and Renaissance houses of the early Spanish settlers here, with the story-telling escutcheons and other emblazonments wherewith they were wont to be decorated, will prove of even greater interest than the older forms. These are to be met with in nearly every street, and the façades and portals at least are generally in excellent preservation. There is the house where El Gran Capitan lived and died, the quaint Casa de Tiros hard by, the group of old mansions in the Calle de las Tablas, and a host of others. Most notable of all, perhaps, is the sixteenth-century Casa de Castril in the Darro Carretera, where the detail is so good that the work is commonly ascribed to Siloé himself. "Esperándola del Cielo" the house is called also, from the legend inscribed over an angle window. The proprietor was one Hernando de Zafra, who, in his younger days, had been an honoured servant of the Reyes Católicos. Suspecting that his daughter had formed an unworthy attachment for a favourite page, the old man set a careful watch, and rushed up one evening into her boudoir when he had reason to believe that he should find the youthful pair in amorous colloquy. The page was there, sure enough, but his only fault had been to assist the real lover to effect his escape by this angle window which juts out over the Carretera. The irate father was not in a mood, however, to listen to any excuse. "Mercy!" cried the poor lad, shrinking back to the window, and loudly protesting his innocence. "Look for it in heaven," replied his master, plunging his dagger.

into his victim, and then, lifting him up by main force, casting him down upon the pavement below. Ever since that hour the window has been kept closed up, and the place has been known by the words which were forthwith written over it, '*Esperándola del cielo,*'—'*Looking for it from heaven.*'

But even middle-aged Granada is fast passing away. The Bibarrambla, the Zacatin, the Pescaderia, the Alcaiceria have all put on new faces during the last ten or twelve years, and are not only 'minding their *p*'s and *q*'s'—as folk say—in an objectionably modern style, but are busily intent upon turning them into entirely uninteresting *abc*'s. And how changed must it all be since the days when the shred of Moorish arch which has been thrust into a corner beyond the stately Calle de los Reyes Católicos was the lordly entrance into the Alhambra; when the baths just on the other side of the road were a favourite afternoon lounge for luxurious citizens, and when the now dusty, dye-coloured, gipsy-ridden quarter of the Albaicin was almost a city in itself, with its mosque of San Salvador—or what is now known as San Salvador—its royal house of Albaida, and a host of dependent and independent palaces.