CADIZ.

Fernando. There is another interesting industry here. Among these marshes, says Forel, "there breed innumerable small crabs, *cangrejos*, whose foreclaws are delicious. . . . These are torn off from the living animal, who is then turned adrift that the claws may grow on again." We had them for luncheon at the Hôtel de Paris at Cadiz, and found them more delicate than lobster, though not unlike that favorite crustacean.

Cadiz, whether viewed from land or sea, is a study in white. When I first saw it, on my voyage from Tangier, it looked like a white island, a coral structure growing out of the ocean, dazzling and beautiful against the turquoise blue of the Spanish sky. As we drew nearer, white towers and domes could be distinguished, and then the houses, all in white, with shadowed lines between, which were the narrow streets of the city. Seen from the land, Cadiz appears equally like an island, for it lies at the extremity of a long peninsula, and it is only joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. It is as luminous and brilliant when the traveller comes down the Guadalquivir in a steamboat, or by rail across the long flats, as when it is approached by sea. In both cases, the white city against the blue of sea or sky produces the same effect. De Amicis, with wit, says, "To give an idea of Cadiz, one could not do better than write the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin, 'Impressions of Cadiz.'" Nor does Cadiz belie its external appearance when you enter in. Though it is one of the oldest towns in Spain,

having been founded three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome, and eleven hundred years before Christ, it is as clean as if the contractor had handed it over in good order yesterday. So well built, well paved, well lighted, and withal so tidy is it, that the natives call it "a silver dish," and Caballero likens it to an ivory model set in emeralds. This is hyperbole, but it is no exaggeration for me to say that it was the cleanest city that I saw in Spain, and that the women are as neat and tasteful in their dress, and as pretty, as one would expect to find them in such an exceptional town.

Cadiz is strongly fortified, and surrounded by walls. The streets are long, straight, and narrow, and the tall white houses have balconies at all the windows, many of which are enclosed with glass. In the squares are trees and shrubs, and in one, la Plaza de Mina, there are fountains and seats; and a military band plays several times a week, while the people promenade and gossip under the palm-trees and in shady nooks by the fountain. The sea-wall, arranged in broad terraces, is a charming evening walk when the full moon falls with silver light upon the dancing waves and is reflected from the glistening walls of the town. There is an old cathedral, but it has been abandoned for the new one begun in 1720 and finished in this century. Its dome and towers show finely from the sea. Within, it abounds in precious marbles and jasper; it has a high altar of white marble, and a *silleria del coro*, once in Seville, and said to be the finest in Spain. We drove to the suppressed convent of San Francisco, along the sea-

wall, to see some pictures of Murillo, the best of which is a "Marriage of St. Catherine," the last of his paintings. He fell from the scaffold when the work was nearly done, and died from his injuries not long after, in Seville. Cadiz has seen great changes. Under the Romans, it was a great emporium. It held the monopoly of salt fish, and distributed most of the tin of England and the amber of the Baltic. Wealth and luxury made it all that Venice became to mediæval Europe, or that Paris is to the world to-day. Its lordly knights and merchant princes, the worshippers of Venus and Terpsichore, have been celebrated by Martial and Juvenal. Then came the Goths, who destroyed it, and then the Moors, who were in turn driven out by the Spaniard, Don Alonso Sabio, "the learned." He rebuilt and repeopled Cadiz, and with the discovery of America its prosperity returned. Its next disaster was due to the English, who in 1587, under Drake, destroyed its ships and dockyards, and in 1596, under Lord Essex, cruelly sacked the city, the booty being reckoned at thirteen ships of war and forty enormous galleons loaded with American gold and other treasure. Lord Essex burned the city and treated the inhabitants with all the horrors of war. Even from this ruin it recovered, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century its wealth and commerce were greater than those of London, according to Adam Smith. But the war of 1793, the independence of Spanish colonies, French invasion, and civil strife have reduced this mistress of the world to a quiet old dame, who is content to keep her house clean and neat, and live a humdrum and uneventful life.

XXI

CADIZ TO GRANADA

VARIED SCENERY — A PERPLEXING RAILWAY STATION — ANTEQUERA — THE SIERRA NEVADA — DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ESTATE — THE GRASP OF THE IRON HAND — SANTA FÉ — ENTERING GRANADA

THE railways in the southern part of Spain have not been in operation many years, and nothing moves rapidly in the Iberian peninsula. But the deliberate travelling in Andalusia is not so much regretted as in the monotonous scenery of the North. From Cadiz to Utrera we retraced our footsteps, and thence rode through a fertile and pleasant country to Marchena, an ancient town, which was given by Ferdinand V. to the family of Ponce de Leon in 1509. He did not find the fountain of immortal youth in Florida, but he owned what is extremely practical in Spain, a spring of sulphur water, which is highly esteemed for the cure of skin diseases. Here the railway from Cordova comes in, and runs on to Osuna. The town stands on a high hill, which is crowned with a castle and the Colegiata. At each station there are little crowds of peasants in picturesque costumes, who have come to see the train, and women who offer fresh water for sale. The scenery grows wilder, and the road climbs in con-

centric curves through hills, often cultivated with olive orchards and fields of grain. Then it descends to Bobadilla, an important railway junction. The main line from Madrid to Malaga must pass through this place. The railroad to Granada begins here; and the new railroad, which will make it easy to go through the wild scenery of the Ronda route, and journey by Algeciras to Gibraltar, starts from the same place. We had been told that the chances of going wrong at this station, where everybody has to change trains, were great; and we had some amusement in seeing the fluttering and excitement of a "personally conducted" band of Germans, who were eager to get good seats in the train. It seemed as if some totally depraved spirit delighted to mislead them, as they climbed in and out, in and out, of all the trains, and finally, in an exhausted condition, were hustled by the conductor into all sorts of carriages, separated and objurgant, but right at last. We found a very nice little interpreter, who knew the French language, and who for a few *pesetas* so arranged things for us that without anxiety we lunched and rested, and at the right time found our parcels nicely stowed in a clean carriage. We left him bowing profoundly on the platform, as we steamed off to Granada.

A few miles from Bobadilla, we came to Antequera, which was a Roman stronghold, and where there are remains of a palace and a theatre, and also, what is more conducive to present prosperity, a manufactory of woollen cloths and blankets which have a great reputation as "fast colors." An hour after

leaving Bobadilla, the beautiful snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada came into view, and the scenery became grand. The railroad wound its way through the hills, sometimes crossing deep gorges and curving around mountain slopes; and as sunset was tinting the mountains with the deep purple of the heart's-ease and pouring a flood of red gold upon the snow-white summits on the horizon line, we drew up at Loja, a prosperous town in a narrow valley, through which the Xenil runs, and where it is joined by the dashing waters of the Manzanil. The abundant waters which rise in and flow through this green vale produce an exuberant fertility. Everything grows here in abundance, from fruits to the silk-worms, which feed upon the mulberry and yield a fine fibre.

Eight miles further on is the railway station for the estates of the Duke of Wellington. It seems strange to an Amerian traveller to find in Spain such a permanent memorial to the prowess of a foreign warrior. But here, among other properties belonging to the estate, is one vast field of four thousand acres, where eight hundred laborers are employed in raising grain; another estate consists of five thousand acres, which contain two of the finest olive plantations in Spain, producing twenty thousand gallons of oil yearly, while the two vineyards on the same estate yield more than this number of gallons of wine per annum. The property was worth about fifteen thousand dollars a year when it was given to the Duke of Wellington in 1814. For years it was neglected, but since 1864 it has been

cultivated and improved, and its income is now more than fifty thousand dollars a year.

Ford says that the vast corn-field called "Soto de Roma," was an appanage of the kings of Granada, and was granted May 23, 1492, by Ferdinand to his lieutenant at that siege, the uncle of the celebrated Señor de Alarcon, to whom were committed as prisoners both François I. and Clement VII. The Soto, on the failure of the Alarcon family, was resumed by the Crown, and henceforth given to court favorites. Charles III. gave it to an Irish gentleman, Richard Wall, who occupied the Casa Real in 1776, after having put it in perfect order. When he died, the minion Godoy received it from Charles IV.; then came the French invasion, and Joseph Bonaparte appropriated the property. The victory of Salamanca ousted Joseph, and the Cortes granted the estate to the Iron Duke. He never allowed anything to slip from his firm grasp, and though Ferdinand VII. was loath to confirm the grants of the Cortes, he could not annul this one, which was held by the right of possession as well as of legislative decree, in fee simple and unentailed.

As the twilight came on, we pushed up the valley of the Xenil, past Atarfe, near the ancient city of Illiberis, where a great council was held by Spanish bishops in A.D. 303, and where five thousand Moors, in 1319, defeated the Infantes Pedro and Juan, who advanced with armies whose living "numbers covered the earth." Alas, for their boasting! these armies were put to rout, and the earth was not only covered, but filled with the dead bodies of more than

fifty thousand slain, while the prince Pedro was skinned and stuffed, and put over the city gate as a warning to mouthing warriors.

Santa Fé was the last town before we reached Granada. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and hence, also, Columbus started to discover the New World. Ford is very sarcastic in his remarks upon Santa Fé. "The deed of capitulation was dated at this town of *sacred faith* as if in mockery of the Punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken," and Columbus "found, when success had rewarded his toils, every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded."

We reached Granada at nine in the evening, and were turned out into the worst crowd that I remember to have seen in Spain. It was impossible to advance or recede, to hear or to make oneself heard. The numerous runners for various hotels seemed each to have half a hundred drummers and followers and satellites, and all were determined to secure the unlucky travellers as their prey. At last, by the aid of a stout umbrella and a piece of baggage that could not be "surrounded," I gained a melancholy vehicle with barred windows, and very much "down in front," the forward wheels being very small, and the hind wheels very large. A few other victorious comrades climbed into this prison on wheels, and the villainous-looking driver began to swear at the four mules which were hitched to the bowsprit of the curious ark. Blows followed oaths, and in due time the team was in full gallop, the driver, assisted now

by a lieutenant, swearing and beating and yelling, the clumsy vehicle plunging and swaying and clattering through narrow streets and around sharp corners, till suddenly the noise ceased as we passed through a gateway and struck a smooth avenue beneath tall and branching trees, where dashing waters only broke the stillness. A few moments of this restful driving up the hill beneath the trees brought us to the open place where the two hotels, "Los Siete Suelos" and "Washington Irving," offered us hospitality in the most romantic place in the world — the Alhambra of the Moors in Spain.

XXII

MORNING IN THE ALHAMBRA

ROMANCE AND PRACTICAL LIFE — SIGHTS AND SOUNDS — THE ENTRANCE TO THE ALHAMBRA — THE RED CITY — GATE OF JUDGMENT — BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION — PALACES AND HOUSES

OUR coming to the Alhambra had been telephoned from the railway station, and rooms were ready for us. We dined and went to bed. Tired by travelling, we slept soundly, and awoke in a scene of beauty. The guide-book speaks of the song of the nightingale, and there are a plenty of them in the groves, but the notes of chanticleer, and the melodious braying of an ass stabled near the Hotel Siete Suelos were prominent among morning sounds. As to the musical gypsies mentioned in an attractive paragraph in the same veracious authority, there were two male wretches in barbarous costume, who performed a sort of "tum-tum" on a discordant mandolin beneath our windows, and two dirty and disreputable females, who screeched now and then to the accompaniment, and importuned the visitor to buy flowers in the intervals. The aroma of frying fish quite overpowered the fragrance of the orange-blossoms, and the chatter of a party of Spaniards on the terrace, like a flock of parrots, prevented the romantic senti-

ments which might otherwise have controlled us in such a place. The dense foliage of the groves planted here by Wellington, the multitude of flowers, the cool airs, and the superb views tend to lift one above mundane trials in the gardens and courts of the Alhambra; yet he must cultivate the romantic and poetic spirit, in order to ignore the blind beggars, the obscene gypsies, the lazy boys and dirty men, the restorations of things which never existed, and the endless repetition of fable and nonsense which is obtruded upon the ear in the midst of things ancient and modern.

Painters swarm in the Alhambra, and photographers, professional and amateur, crowd each other. Nothing, however, can depreciate the serene atmosphere, the brilliant sunlight, the crystal glory of the Sierra Nevada, and the wealth of white waters that pour their rich treasures everywhere, in courts and gardens and fields, and rise in columns to fall in filmy spray from a hundred fountains. Birds sing in retired places, and would make a delicious concert, were it not for the dissonant braying of the omnipresent donkey and the harsh voices of the people. Nature is lovely, and the palace becomes interesting in proportion as it is studied, though there is an ever present feeling of regret that much that was once very beautiful, and so delicate in its beauty, should now be ruinous and decayed.

The city of Granada lies in the valleys of the Xenil and the Darro. These rivers, fed by the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada, irrigate and fertilize expanding vegas, or plains, among which the city is

built. The succession of crops never ceases, and the country teems with sugar-cane, hemp, wine, oil, silk, grain, and fruits of all sorts. The city is built upon four hills, and extends in an amphitheatre from the river, covering the gradual ascent of the hills, which are crowned by the Alhambra and old lines of fortresses. The vega stretches to the base of the distant mountains, and as we looked down upon it from the towers of the Alhambra, or the gardens of the Generalife, seemed like a green ocean dotted with sails, the white walls of many villas rising out of its verdurous depths.

At the extreme north of the town rises a long ridge called El Cerro del Sol, which is cleft in twain by a wooded ravine, bordered on either side by precipitous terraces, which were formerly girded by walls and towers and connected by walled lanes. Within this fortified circuit stood the palaces and villas of the caliphs of Granada, as well as the principal fortresses. It was a city by itself, and was called the Medinàh Alhámra, "the red city." The road from Granada enters by the gate of Charles V., and is planted thickly with English elms and lofty cherry-trees, while waters from many fountains run in paved channels on either side. We pass up this shaded avenue, and just before reaching the two hotels, which are close to the walls of the Alhambra, a sharp turn to the left leads to the "gate of judgment," which is the principal entrance to the grounds and buildings to which the name of "The Alhambra" is now generally applied.

This gate, which is familiar from the many pictures

and photographs which have been made of it, is in a square tower forty-seven feet wide and sixty-two feet high. There is a horseshoe arch rising half-way up the tower, and over the arch is sculptured an open hand with the fingers pointing upwards, which has been considered by some as symbolical of the five tenets of the Mohammedan creed, of hospitality, or of power and providence, and by others as a protection against the evil eye. Marble sculptured pillars are on either side of the gate bearing the inscription, "There is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the prophet of Allah; there is no power or strength but in Allah." The huge two-leaved door turns on a vertical pivot in the centre and leads to the place where the caliph sat to give judgment. Over the second arch is a sculptured key, which has been the occasion of many guesses, and of the legend that the Moors boasted that this gate would never be opened by Christians till the hand over the outer arch took the key over the inner one. Here also is the inscription, "May Allah make this a protecting bulwark!" The passages between the gates are winding and contrived for obstinate defence. Beyond this gateway, passing by an altar placed in the wall and a tablet recording the conquest at Granada, we come out upon a large plaza, called the "Place of the Cisterns." These large and deep tanks receive the waters of the Darro and supply the Alhambra, and from hence water is carried on donkeys and the shoulders of men in summer to the town and sold to the thirsty people.

We are now upon a long and narrow plateau, sur-

rounded by walls of red stone, thirty feet high and six feet thick, with frequent towers built by the various tribes and nationalities which have in turn held this magnificent stronghold. Roman and Carthaginian, Moor and Spaniard, French and English have ruled here, and each have left the traces of their residence and power. Each palace and tower has its history and its legends. On the left of the plaza is the citadel with its yellow towers, which command a superb view of the town of Granada, a vast expanse of whitewashed houses, churches, and towers, with the great Cathedral in the midst. Beyond this are the river valleys, the green vega, and the rugged mountains with their snowy crown. On the right is the unfinished palace of Charles V., an immense quadrangular edifice without, while within it is a vast circular courtyard, with a superb double colonnade. Much of the Moorish palace was destroyed to make room for this modern building, which stands with unglazed windows and incomplete sculptures, a monument to the pride and folly of royalty. Beyond the palace are gardens and orchards, a mosque and a church, a little town with a few shops for the sale of photographs and mementos, all within the walls of the Alhambra.

To this plaza, natives and tourists delight to come, and sit in the shadow of the buildings or beneath the trees, and gaze for hours upon the landscape. The view towards the villa of the Moorish sovereigns, called the Generalife, is in striking contrast to the view of Granada. Its white walls rise among groves and gardens, and venerable cypresses lift their

solemn spires from the palace courts as if it were the mausoleum of a race of kings. Above this are hills covered with prickly pear, among which, in caves and earth burrows, live a gypsy population. Then come rugged hills, from one of which the unfortunate Boabdil, last ruler of his race, gazed for the last time upon the kingdom which he had lost and the palaces and towers, once the pride and glory of the Moor, which were henceforth to be trodden by the infidel and to fall into ruin and decay amidst his unchristian wars. In the far distance rise the purple mountains and the Sierra Nevada pearly white beneath the noonday sun, or bathed in rose and crimson as the reflection of sunset falls over its snowy ranges. The scene is vividly portrayed in the "Spanish Gypsy": —

> "The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
> Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
> Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
> Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
> Of cactus green and blue sworded aloes;
> The cypress soaring black above the lines
> Of white court-walls; the pointed sugar-canes,
> Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
> In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
> Utters itself in firm unshimmering lines."

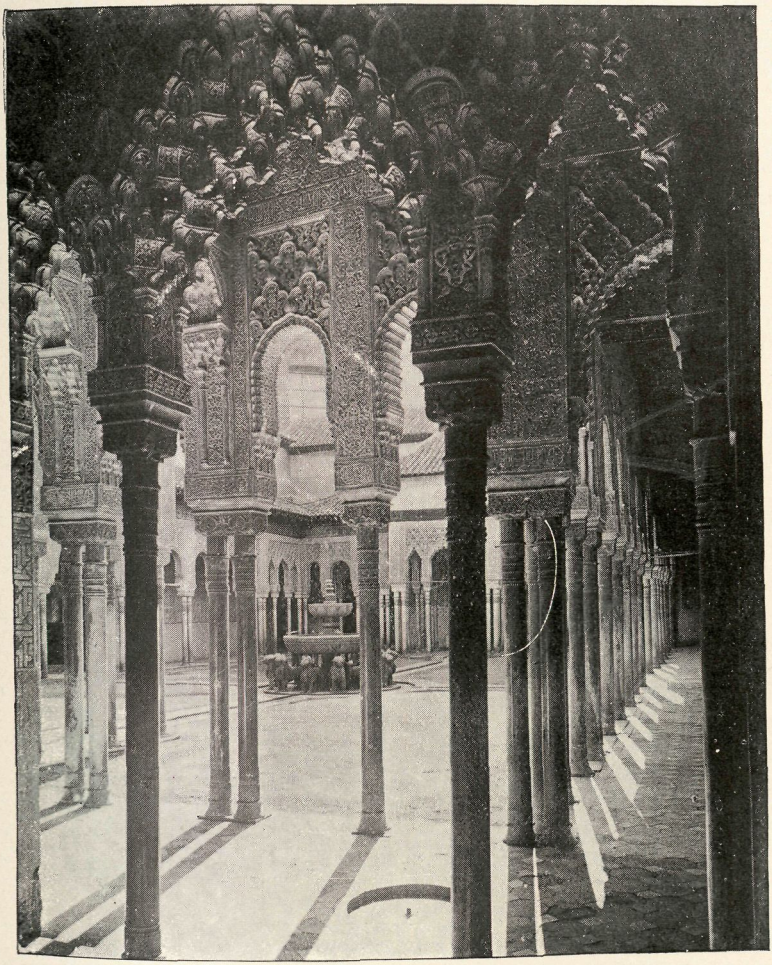
We entered the Alhambra only to look out from it upon the beauties of its environment. There are treasures of beauty within, which must wait for another chapter.

XXIII

THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA

IRVING'S AUTOGRAPH — SENTENCES FROM THE KORAN — THE COURTS AND HALLS — ROMANCE AND REALITY

THE Alhambra is full of surprises, and the entrance to the palace is one of the greatest of them. The huge, unfinished, modern palace of Charles V. is an unexpected feature in the midst of Moorish architecture and surroundings; but the Alhambra palace is so concealed behind it that the traveller would hardly suspect its existence. This palace formerly occupied a much larger space than at present and had two suites of apartments, for winter and summer respectively. It had then four courts; the winter portion was where the palace of Charles V. stands, the summer palace was on the north, along the heights above the Darro and in full view of the snowy mountains. The present entrance is by a narrow lane to some low-roofed buildings, and then through a small, insignificant doorway. The stranger pauses in the hall within, where the guardian of the palace receives his fee, and offers for inspection and record the album of the place. We spent a few moments in looking at the autographs of distinguished men, and when we had found that of Washington



THE ALHAMBRA—THE COURT OF LIONS.