

mandate of his prophet. Formerly, all the space within the court was a garden ; but it was discovered that the water with which it was irrigated, was gradually undermining the foundations, and the plants have been all removed and a tiled pavement is being substituted.

The constant intercourse with the Christians modified in many respects the manners of the Mahommedans, and the lions are not the only violation here of the law prohibiting the representation of living things. Off the corridor at the eastern end, are three apartments very highly finished, but now neglected, the ceilings of which are ornamented with paintings, the colours still fresh and brilliant. The centre one is painted on a golden ground, and represents a divan with ten Moors seated in judgment ; whence the room is called the Sala del Tribunal. Those on each side pourtray various romantic incidents ; combats, ladies in the power of magicians, and other subjects of the age of chivalry. Ascribed by some to native, by others to Christian artists, they bear evident signs of having been executed in the infancy of art ; and the knights on horseback, as tall as the towers of the Alhambra itself, exhibit about the same correct ideas of perspective, as are to be found in the old pictures in Froissart's Chronicles and the illuminations of the earlier manuscripts.

Standing in the Court of the Lions, the spectator is astonished at the fragile appearance of the structure around him. The slightest shock would seem sufficient to destroy it ; and yet nearly five hundred years have passed since those slender columns and those delicate traceries were first exposed to the vicissitudes of time. It is, however, now fast decaying, and the numerous iron bars, which have lately been clumsily inserted across from arch to arch, though they may retard the

ruin, sadly impair the charm of effect. The Alhambra might still be preserved in almost its pristine beauty, if adequate skill and a spirit of liberality were brought to bear upon a work, the success of which would redound so much to the honour of the Spanish people ; but the restorations, instead of being entrusted to first-rate artisans, are more economically done by convicts, who destroy more than they preserve, and the clanking of whose chains by no means enhances the enjoyment of the scene.

On the side of the court, opposite to the Hall of the Two Sisters, a few steps lead up to the beautiful Sala de los Abencerrages, whose dreadful massacre is supposed to have taken place at the fountain which occupies the centre of the room. With implicit faith does the guide show the traveller the small side door, out of which they came, one by one, to receive the fatal stroke, and points to the blood-stained mark which still attests the tragedy. It would be a labour equally vain and thankless for criticism to pronounce such tales fictitious, and prove that the horrors of the fountain, and the tender legend of the Cypress of the Generalife, existed only in the romantic pages of Hyta. We cherish errors which amuse or fascinate ; and who would be undeceived in such a scene ? Of nearly similar proportions and design to the opposite Sala, it is unnecessary to refer to its details. The pendulous groinings of its sparkling dome, the lace-like walls, the arched alcoves, all are of equal finish and of equal beauty. Returning into the Court of the Lions, you issue out under the western pavilion, and find yourself again in the Court of Myrtles, opposite to the gate by which you entered, having thus completed the circuit of the Moorish palace.

Beautiful at all hours of the day, it is still more

lovely when seen by moonlight. When all is still and silent, when no sound disturbs the almost overpowering tranquillity of the scene, the imagination may indulge its fancies unrestrained, and people these courts once more with their former inmates. When the bright moonlight glances on the fairy columns, the ravages of time, the barbarous alterations of the Christian sovereigns, the modern changes which impair what still survives, all merge in the deep dark shadows which conceal the sad realities that dispel the visions of the past. Nothing is seen but the beautiful outline of the whole, appearing rather the work of genii than of men, and looking as if the slightest breath would make it vanish. This is the time, when memory unbidden recalls the old ballads, and conjures up visions of the actors and the scenes of Moorish story.

Then, too, is the moment to enjoy the view, looking down from the windows of the Tower of Comares upon the tranquil city, with its countless lights glittering in the darkness ; a lower sky, shining as it were, in rivalry of the one above—the “ cielo bajo,” as the Spaniards call it. We may gaze upon it in its mysterious shadows until, forgetful of the present, we expect to hear the gentle murmur sounding from minaret to minaret, “ There is but one God, and Mahommed is his Prophet.” But our dream is soon dispelled, the bells from numerous churches break on the stilness of the night, and the loud watch-cry of “ Ave Maria Purissima,” recalls the struggles of the Catholic against the enemy of his faith ; and although the imagination is deprived of so rich a source of poetry and romance, still in our hearts we rejoice in the triumph of the Christian arms, and sympathise with those who endured so much to plant the Standard of the Cross on the towers of the unbeliever.

Having now seen the interior of the Moorish palace, we may wander through the remainder of the vast enclosure which stands within the walls. Returning to the Plaza de los Algibes, we cross the square to the Alcazaba, which occupies the extremity of the terrace and overhangs the town. Through a wall of great height and thickness, guarded by three massive towers, now almost in ruin, we enter by an old mouldering gateway into an extensive courtyard, filled with weeds and rubbish. To the right are two small inner yards and towers, which are still kept in habitable repair, and serve as prisons for convicts, who crowd the place, and are employed in any works which may be going on within the walls. In front, lofty and conspicuous, rises the Torre de la Vela, the principal tower of the Alhambra, on the summit of which the Conde de Tendilla first waved the banner of Castile, when he took possession of Granada in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, the 2nd of January, 1492. Above the long inscription which records the event, a large bell is suspended, which rings at stated intervals during the night, giving notice to the husbandmen in the Vega of the hours as they pass, and when in turn they may open the sluices for the irrigation of their fields.

The view from this tower is one of the finest in Granada. Looking eastward, in the foreground are the red crumbling walls of the Alcazaba; beyond, the various structures of the Alhambra, backed by the rich foliage and white colonnades of the Generalife, above which rises the brown crest of the Silla del Moro, now deserted and uncultivated, though formerly covered with palaces and gardens. Below the Silla del Moro, on the opposite side of the ravine through which flows the Darro, are seen, embowered in trees, the large buildings of the Monte Sacro, a college which still

preserves its possessions, notwithstanding the modern confiscations which have swept away all monastic property. The rounded barren hills, forming the other side of the valley, gradually descend towards the town, the church of San Miguel el Alto presenting a striking object on one of the summits immediately above the Albaycin, which rises opposite to the Alhambra, surmounted by the still frowning ruins of its rival fortress. In the distance, bounding the horizon, the eye wanders in succession over a vast amphitheatre ; the rocky height of Moclin overhanging its mountain-pass, the loftier summit of Parapanda, the Sierra of Monte Frio, and the gorge of Loja, where the Genil issues forth on its way to unite its waters with those of the Guadalquivir ; the long range connecting these with the Sierra Tejada, which rises 6000 feet behind Alhama ; the undulating hills which cluster round the spot where tradition tells that the last king of Granada bade farewell to the paradise he was leaving ; the mountains behind Padul, which gradually expand to the gigantic proportions of the Picacho de Veleta, whose snowy outline is relieved by the brown and rugged peaks of the lower hills, and these again by the luxuriant verdure of the valley of the Genil. Within this boundary of mountains lies the Vega, dotted over with villages and farm-houses ; covered thick with olive-yards and waving fields of corn and hemp ; while a marked streak of foliage stretching across it denotes the course of the Genil. Santa Fe, La Zubia, Alhendin, are all historic names ; each spot of ground has been bedewed with the blood of contending armies. In front of Parapanda, and standing out from the hills in the background, rise the bold volcanic peaks of the Sierra Elvira, the site of the ancient city of Illiberis, and the scene of many a hard-fought contest. A little beyond

is the bridge of Pinos, where Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, when, in disgust with the delays and disappointments he experienced from the wavering conduct of the cautious Ferdinand, he was proceeding to offer to some other monarch the glory and the profit of his inspired projects. And still further on, is the plain of Soto de Roma, the gift of the Spanish nation to Wellington. At your feet, on one side are the winding streets, and squares, and churches of Granada; on the other, the groves of the Alhambra, and beyond them the remains of the ruined convent of the Martires. Wherever the eye wanders, the scene is ever varying and ever beautiful. The ramparts beneath the Torre de la Vela have been laid out in gardens, and in them there are some magnificent old vines. Here also grows a tall cypress, which forms, from every direction around, a most conspicuous object, being visible high above the walls from every point from which the Alhambra can be viewed.

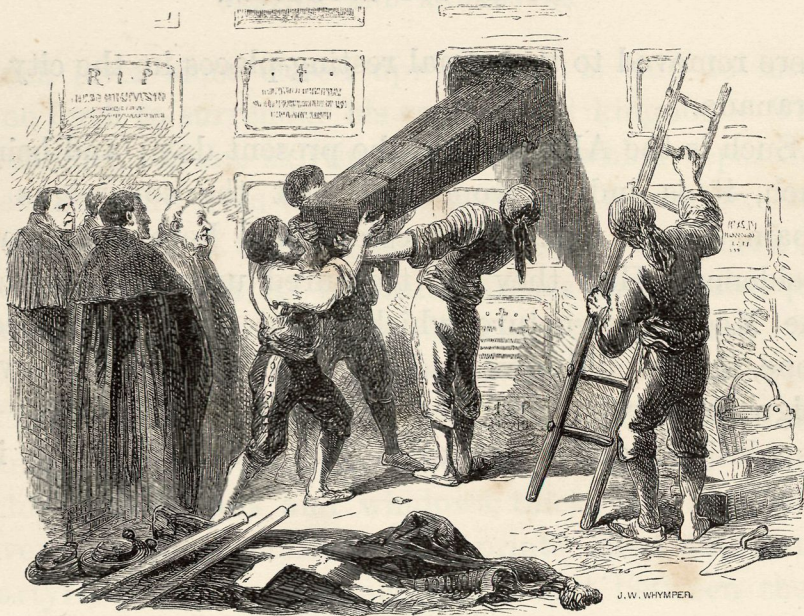
Leaving the Alcazaba, and proceeding along the side of the square by which you entered, you pass a hideous house, more nearly resembling a Methodist chapel than anything else, which has just been erected close to the Puerta del Vino on one of the finest sites in the place—an admirable specimen of modern Spanish taste. Passing by the southern front of Charles the Fifth's palace, and leaving on your right hand the gate which has been erected as a carriage entrance, you find yourself in a labyrinth of squalid wretched-looking houses, now occupying the locality where once stood the splendid residences of the officers and household of the Moorish sovereigns. From here, following the circle of the walls, you pass in succession the ruins of the towers which were blown up by the French in 1812. One of these is the so called Siete Suelos, through a gate in

which (ever since closed up) Boabdil is said to have gone forth to surrender his capital and kingdom. The remaining towers, skirting the ravine which separates the Alhambra from the gardens of the Generalife, still present traces of their former splendour. The Torre de las Infantas, with its beautiful arches and arabesque ornaments, is now blackened with smoke and the squalid habits of the poor families who have been allowed to live there ; so also, with the towers del Candil, de las Cautivas, and de los Picos, whose richly fretted walls and windows, thick with dust, and covered with wretched little prints of saints and martyrs, present a melancholy contrast between their past and present destiny. The paths too to these towers are in keeping with their condition ; the cactus and the aloe choke up the way, the vines twine their branches over the crumbling walls, along which the ivy creeps in wild luxuriance, and all around is ruin and desolation.

Before leaving the Alhambra through the *Puerta de Hierro*, a gate at the foot of the Torre del Pico, which leads down the ravine, if we return towards the Casa Real, we pass a house belonging to a family named Teruel, which bears many traces of Arabian architecture. The views from the windows overhanging the Darro are perfectly enchanting. In this quarter are several large gardens which occupy a considerable space within the walls ; and here also is a small Alameda, close to the Santa Maria de la Alhambra, an edifice still used as the parish church. The convent of San Francisco is now converted into a storehouse and magazine by the military authorities. It was built by Tendilla, the first governor of the Alhambra ; and here were laid the bodies of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Gonzalvo de Cordoba, before they

were removed to their final resting-places in the city of Granada.

Such is the Alhambra in the present day ; and being such, it is indeed wonderful that the sovereigns of Spain should never have established here a summer residence. Had they but treasured up and preserved the Moorish structure, which might easily have been done, they would have had a palace such as no sovereign in Europe possessed—alone in the originality of its design, and unequalled for the beauty of its situation.



SPANISH FUNERAL.

CHAPTER IV.

¡ Verdes plantas de Genil,
 Fresca y regalada Vega,
 Dulce recreacion de damas,
 De los hombres gloria immensa !
 ¡ Del cielo luciente estrella !
 ¡ Granada bella !

OLD BALLAD.

THE GENERALIFE—THE CEMETERY—FUNERALS—GARDENS—THE TOWN—VIRGEN DE LAS AUGUSTIAS—
 VALLEY OF THE GENIL—CUARTO REAL—ROYAL CHAPEL—THE CATHEDRAL—CANO—PAINTED
 SCULPTURE—THE BIBARAMBLA—FESTIVAL OF THE CORPUS—SAN GERONIMO—SAN JUAN DE DIOS
 —CARTUJA—SAN MIGUEL EL ALTO—GIPSY CAVES—VALLEY OF THE DARRO—GOLD DIGGERS
 —FESTIVAL DAYS—THE NARVAJA—AGUADORS—WATER—EPICURES.

ON leaving the Puerta de Hierro, you enter a pictu-
 resque ravine, where the towers just described form a
 perfect study for the painter. A road to the left
 descends precipitously into the valley of the Darro, and
 a small pathway opposite leads to a side entrance of the
 Generalife. The road, however, up the ravine is the
 most attractive : on one side are the old walls covered
 with ivy and wild fig-trees ; on the other, steep banks

clothed with flowers and foliage ; and at the extremity it is spanned by a fine old arch, serving as an aqueduct to carry into the Alhambra the waters of the Darro, which for this purpose were diverted from their original channel at a distance of several miles up the valley, and thence conducted along the sides of the hills by a succession of acequias or watercourses. Passing under the *Fuente Peña*, you find yourself at the extremity of the great central walk of the Alhambra, and a few paces further lead to the principal entrance to the Generalife. A long approach through richly cultivated orchards conducts to an avenue of cypresses, where the trailing vines climb from tree to tree, forming with their bright green leaves a beautiful contrast to the dark hue of the cypress.

The Generalife, as it now stands, is of limited extent, and the little that does remain has been so barbarously whitewashed, that it is difficult to distinguish the lace-like ornaments of the stucco, or the delicate inscriptions which cover the walls. A long gallery with open arches presents a most enchanting view of the country—the Alhambra itself forming the principal object in the foreground. Built as a place of recreation for the Mahomedan princes, it seems indeed the very abode of love and pleasure. The waters of the Darro rushing through the gardens, fountains sparkling amid shrubs and flowers, walks and bowers of the deepest shade, lofty miradors commanding on every side the loveliest prospects—all render it for a summer residence a perfect paradise. In the garden behind the modern rooms, rises the far-famed cypress already alluded to ; but however doubtful the authenticity of the tale attached to it, travellers will still continue to deprive it of its bark, and carry away their souvenirs of the noble Abencerrage and the frail sultana.

In one of the rooms are preserved some wretched pictures, one of which was for some time supposed to be that of the *Rey chico* (Boabdil), but an inscription proves it to be that of Aben Hut, one of the Kings of Granada, from whom is descended the Marquis of Campotejar-Gentili, the present owner of the Generalife. The family, however, does not reside here. Having become more Italian than Spanish, they live in Genoa, while their property is in the hands of an agent or administrador.

A mirador crowns the verdant slopes, and by a side door opens out on the Silla del Moro. The summit of this hill is a mass of ruins, the remains of the fortifications erected and afterwards blown up by the French. Barren and desolate, it now produces but a few ears of stunted corn, where once the skill and labour of the Moor made gardens bloom. Here were the summer Palace of Darlarocca, and the far-famed Alijares, alluded to in the well-known ballad in which John II. is described as seeking information of the beauties of Granada, when he lay encamped with his troops at the foot of Elvira. Several large stone reservoirs and excavations of vast depth attest how these hills were once irrigated, but they are now dried up, and all is waste ; for in this country, where water fails, the earth soon becomes a desert.

Proceeding along the side of the hill by a path skirting the orchards of the Generalife, you come in view of the Cemetery of Granada ; and mournful and desolate it appears with the wild Sierra rising around it. A large wall encloses a perfect wilderness of tombs, arranged in most admired disorder, without one single flower or shrub to evince some care or sympathy between the living and the last resting-place of the