

by Ferdinand and Isabella. The royal standards at the altar, used at the conquest, the sword of the King, of fine-tempered steel, and solid gold handle, the guard turned down in a semi-circular shape, and a plain silver-gilt crown. The Queen's missal, with a heavy binding, with silver hasps, ornamented with pretty paintings: the Adoration of the Magi, and Christ entering into Jerusalem, are good; but the Crucifixion is the largest and the best, the figures looking up, and the decorations of flowers and arms are excellent. They also exhibit a small painting framed in silver, being the portable altar of the Catholic Kings, representing an adoration of the Kings, by Hemling, richly coloured, and beautifully drawn. In the Chapel Royal, there are other works of art worthy of attention, besides those connected with Ferdinand and Isabella. In a side chapel, St. John and the Lamb, by Juan de Sevilla, almost equal to a Ribalta. St. Joseph and the child Jesus, by the same, but not so good. In the sacristy, a Deposition from the Cross, by Alonso Cano; the figure of Mary above our Saviour is fine, but the painting is much injured, and colouring indifferent. There also they exhibit some priests' robes, partly worked, they say, by Isabella. In a gorgeously gilt chapel, beyond the reja, are two curious hard paintings, by Gallegos, who was born at Salamanca, and died there in 1550, the Deposition from the Cross, and the Crucifixion, the

last the best. There are apparently no services in this chapel and the people are excluded, and therefore there is nothing to disturb the solitude and silence, which enhance the effect of what is, in truth, a vast mausoleum. Pilgrims of every nation, and every rank, visit it with reverence. General Concha and his family were there at the same time I visited the chapel; and though Spaniards are vain of their country and its marvels to a fault, we can excuse their being proud of such monarchs as Ferdinand and Isabella, and the splendid monuments erected to their memory.

The Generalife is the next most interesting sight of Granada. Pedestrians should follow the centre walk of the Alhambra gardens, which leads to the farm-house, or the entrance of the grounds; but if any of the party are on mules or donkeys, the gardens must be left at the fountain, and the first turn taken to the left. The views of the towers and walls of the Alhambra, following the curves and dips of the hill, are very interesting, often picturesque, and still more beautiful, when combined with the town and Vega in the distance. The approach to the villa from the farm-house is neatly kept, and the road through the avenue of cypresses, with a hedge of roses on each side, is also in good order. There is really now no reason to find fault with Spain for the bad preservation of the Moorish remains, or the order and neatness of the gardens,

except that prisoners are employed of the worst class, and injuries sometimes committed. The Generalife is not quite as trim as a seat in the south of England, but it is surprising to see it so well kept, as the noble family it belongs to never resides there. This avenue of cypresses leads to the villa, where from the corridor there is a beautiful view of the Alhambra, and its walls and fortifications. The form is almost that of a myrtle leaf, and with the numerous houses upon it, the church, the palace of Charles V. in the centre, and the fortifications following the lines of the hills, it is very picturesque, though the exterior is extremely plain.

Beyond the Alhambra is the beautiful Vega, with Santa Fé in the distance, and round the base of the hill on which the palace stands is the immense town appearing from here, from the narrowness of the streets, one mass of houses; and far in the distance a picturesque range of hills. Passing along this corridor, we came to the remains of the ancient palace. The first gallery or portico is ornamented with a large circular arch, with a smaller one on each side, supported by white marble columns, with an alcove on the left, and a beautiful roof. Three arches, the centre one higher and wider than the side ones, and supported, as usual, by very thin columns (which, neither here nor in the Alhambra, ever appear too slight, so delicate is the work they support), lead into a gallery, where some

of the ornaments and the stalactite cornice, supporting the beautiful inlaid roof, are admirable. We then entered a delightful little room, ornamented with windows covered with lattices in stucco, of a very pretty pattern. Most of these windows are now closed, but when open, this must have been a deliciously cool retreat in summer, commanding charming views.

The villa is surrounded with gardens, through which the river Darro rushes like a torrent, and is truly delicious this hot weather.

There are some portraits which are curious, if one could give any credit to their being likenesses. El Rey Chico has not the least appearance of a Moor. Musa is rather better; Sidi Yahye certainly looks mean enough to change his religion, or, as Condé says of him, betray his country; Alonso, his son, is an improvement on the father; Ferdinand more like his character than the portraits I have seen elsewhere; Isabella dairy-maidenish; the Great Captain is the best of all the portraits. There were also some vile daubs of the Conquest of South America.

We then went to the cypress-trees. The celebrated one, under which the frail Zoraya is said to have been surprised with her lover, the Abencerrage, is five feet in diameter. The court is delightful, with its pond in the centre, surrounded with hedges of roses; and in a little island, behind an enclosure

of box, are coloured flower-pots, filled with choice plants. In the garden behind is a bower, consisting of a cane frame-work, Moorish in its shape, and covered with laurels, cypresses, and myrtles, some of the latter of an extraordinary size. The view from the garden, looking towards the gallery of the villa, is very pretty; but the one from the top of the summer-house is the finest, and little inferior to the celebrated view from the Silla del Moro above, the ascent to which, though short, is steep and fatiguing on a hot day. The Moors delighted to sit there, and enjoy one of the finest prospects in Spain; and well might the Andalusian poet exclaim: "Granada has not its like in the world; neither Cairo, Bagdad, nor Damascus, can compete with it. We can only give an idea of its great value, by comparing it to a beautiful bride, whose dower those countries should form part."\*

There you see the Vega, in all its extent and beauty, on one side; the Sierra Nevada, almost one mass of snow; the Alhambra, the plan of which is seen admirably from that point, Charles V.'s palace seeming nearly filled by the large circus or court in the centre; the Albaicin, the principal abode of the Moslems; the caves in the hills, chiefly inhabited by the gipsies and the poorest Spaniards; and the rivers of Granada, the Darro and the Xenil.

\* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. 1, p. 43.

The Silla consists of a small fragment of tapia-work, apparently of a square tower.

Descending, I observed the Torre del Pico, the only tower of the Alhambra which has battlements, and in all probability they were added after the Conquest, and then went to the Campo Santo, which contains no monuments of any taste, and is only worth seeing for the fine view of the Sierra Nevada, though some of the dark-grey marbles, of which many of the tombs are constructed, are pretty. We afterwards passed the convent of Los Martires, now a vast ruin, where the tower is worth observing; and then proceeded to the gipsy quarter, where we were soon beset by lively groups, begging and dancing in a style very like the almæ in Egypt. The hills where their caves are situated are covered with prickly pears, which increase their picturesque effect. I penetrated some of the habitations, which appeared to consist of only two little rooms, and are not to be compared to the spacious excavations at Purullena. If, however, these holes indicate extreme poverty, they have at least the enjoyment of the finest and richest view of the Vega.

Strong as the Government now is, the thievish propensities of the gipsies are greatly checked, though indeed such is their adroitness, they are seldom caught when guilty of theft. They live by tinkering, iron-work, horse-dealing, and other employments, requiring more wit than labour. Their features are

quite different from the Spaniards, and their complexion much darker.

El Cuarto Real, a Moorish royal palace, is well worth visiting. The shaded avenues of laurels, myrtles, cypresses, and beautiful bowers, are Moorish in their designs, and have probably not been changed in form since the time of the Conquest. "The cypress and the myrtle, like the lover and the beloved, grow side by side." When the sun is powerful, as it is to-day, they are delicious with their fountains.

The arches of the portico of the palace, at the end of the avenue, supported by double slender columns, are very pretty, and lead into a lofty room, ornamented with four exquisitely-decorated arches, above which are as many windows on each side, now filled up. Their decorations, and those also on the walls, are like the richest point-lace, and the roof is beautifully inlaid, like some in the Alhambra. The azulejos columns, and the green and white tiles, with gold scrolls, are charming, and the arched alcove, with its pretty window, looking over a portion of the town and Vega, is also very beautiful. When weary with sight-seeing, this is a delightful room to repose in, and enjoy the cool breezes and the murmuring of the fountains.

## CHAPTER XIV.

CATHEDRAL—CARTHUSIAN CONVENT—CONVENT OF SAN JERONIMO—SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES—CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO—MOORISH HOUSES—MARIA PINEDA—SPLENDID VIEWS—SANTA FÉ—PADUL—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR—ZUBIA—INNS AND GUIDES.

THERE is little to see in Granada beyond the Moorish remains. The exterior of the cathedral, built by Diego de Siloe, is detestable; and the interior, which is very large and lofty, and might easily have been admirable, is almost as bad. The five aisles are formed by clusters of four Corinthian columns, resting on frightful high pedestals, and having, on the capitals of the columns, heavy, clumsy attics, of the most outrageous description. The pavement, of dark-grey and white marble, is excellent; but it is easier to say what there is to praise in this church than what to censure.

In the chapel of San Miguel is some of the cele-



brated serpentine or green of Granada, and a *Mater Dolorosa*, by Alonso Cano, very good, but it does not exhibit much feeling. Close to this chapel is an inscription, stating, "No one can walk, talk with women, or be together in these naves, on pain of excommunication, and two ducats fine;" a regulation which English tourists never attend to, though the same liberty is not allowed during services in the churches of Spain, as in St. Peter's at Rome.

In the chapel of the Trinity is a charming Holy Family, by an excellent pupil of Cano's, Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, who was born at Granada, and died there in 1688, his death supposed to be hastened by his jealousy of cotemporary artists. There are two Riberas—a Joseph and Child, and the other, St. Francis, both good.

In the chapel of St. Francis are two very fine Riberas—one a St. Jerome, and the other a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, one of the best paintings of this master I have seen in Spain; the Saint is on the ground, before being bound to the tree, imploring Heaven for support. There are on the same altar-piece, some Alonso Canos. A Saviour and Virgin, very pretty painting, by that master; Christ bearing his Cross, in which the Magdalen is good; a St. Francis and a St. Augustin, the former tolerable; but none of these are first-rate Canos, and some of them very doubtful. The cimborio, or great dome, near the grand altar, two hundred

and twenty feet high, is very fine ; the arch supporting it, one hundred and ninety feet in height, is curious, as from behind it seems only half the width in the centre as at the spring of the arch. This part of the church is richly decorated with columns, ornaments, two galleries, and a double row of windows above, with rich stained glass. Near the high altar is a figure of Ferdinand kneeling on one side, and Isabella on the other ; and there are also two heads of Adam and Eve, in circular medallions, said to be by Alonso Cano, but so spoiled by repainting, that from an immense distance below they seem rather from a perfumer's window in the Burlington Arcade than the production of the wonderful chisel of Alonso. Above the first gallery are seven paintings by that artist, which are deserving of the highest praise, and which indeed must be considered as his chief works. They are too high to be fully appreciated from below, and being painted for that height, will not bear a close examination ; but they may be best seen from the gallery, looking across the cimborio, though even there the distance is rather too great. The Assumption is a charming painting, the Virgin exquisite, and the drapery admirable ; but I do not like so much the angels supporting her. The Virgin and Child, in the Purification, are very beautiful ; the Visitation looks extremely well from below ; the Annunciation is also an exquisite painting ; the expression of the Virgin

is meek, and full of religion and beauty. The other paintings, the Presentation at the Temple, the Birth of the Virgin, &c., are not so good; but there is a grandeur in the composition of all these paintings, and a pleasing richness and harmony of colouring, which certainly entitle Cano to be ranked among the very best of Spanish painters.

In the gallery are some St. Juan de Sevillas, who was born here in 1627, but of no great merit. In the sanctuary are a series of small paintings, which are said to be by Cano, and one bears his name. They are called *Las Obras di Misericordia*, and contain a great many figures, some of them well done; but they are not equal to his paintings in a more elevated style. His larger figure there of our Saviour is good. The gems of the cathedral, also in the sanctuary, are a beautiful little Conception, by Alonso Cano, about eighteen inches high, carved in wood, and coloured, the face very lovely, the hands large, but delicately executed, are clasped together; the Virgin is standing, and apparently in deep thought; her drapery consists of a pale-green robe, with a purple garment thrown over one shoulder, and crossing her body. There is there also, by the same artist, a beautiful Madonna and Child, with a sweet expression; the head of the Virgin particularly well executed. They exhibit also a little image of our Saviour, gorgeously attired, said to have been brought to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella; and some rich brocaded dresses, decorated

with birds and flowers, at which Isabella is said to have worked; but, from the freshness of the colours, they appear less ancient.

We then saw a painting of a Conception, by Alonso Cano; a pale and beautiful figure, the colouring of the flesh white, and the drapery light-blue, like Guido's, and an expression full of grace and beauty. There is also a Saviour, by the same master.

Returning into the cathedral, there are a few paintings worth observing. The Virgin feeding St. Bernard; the milk like a silver thread falling from a great height, by Torregiano, who is thought a great deal of here, more, I think, than he deserves; the drawing is not bad, but the picture is not pleasing. The best I observed by this master here is the Holy Family and St. Bernard, with six little angels.

In the chapel of the Virgin de la Antigua are two fine paintings of Ferdinand and Isabella on their knees; the King has a splendid mantle on, and is intelligent-looking; Isabella, with her hands clasped, and in a purple robe and blue cloak, seems all thought, gentleness and goodness. They are copies by Juan de Sevilla, from paintings by Rincon, and may therefore be considered the most authentic portraits of the conquerors of Granada. There is also a head of Christ, by Cano, under a glass.

The chapel of the Virgin of the Pillar is rich in marbles; the altar especially is very beautiful.

Over the principal entrance of the cathedral is a Virgin and Child, by Alonso Cano, but too high to see it well; and there is also a similar subject by St. Luke—believe it who will.

In this cathedral there is a large painting of St. James on horseback; and as I have often mentioned this subject, which so frequently occurs in the churches and galleries of Spain, it will only be respectful to the patron saint to give some account of him. The Virgin Mary, it seems, sent this apostle, with twelve disciples, into Spain, to build a church to her honour. When he arrived there, he raised an old Pagan prophet from the dead, who had been buried 600 years, and having baptized him by the name of Peter, consecrated him Archbishop of Barezza. One night, when St. James was at Cæsaria Augusta (now Zaragossa), the Virgin Mary came riding in the air on a jasper pillar, attended by thousands of angels singing Ave Marias, and ordered him to build a church on the spot, which he did. Then he returned to Jerusalem, where he was martyred. His twelve disciples carried his body to Joppa, and put it on board a marble ship, in which they sailed with it to Galicia, whence they travelled to a wood where the city of Compostella now stands, and buried it in a vault in a marble coffin. About eight hundred years afterwards the body was found by Don Theodomir, Bishop of Iria, and the King (Alonzo el Casto)

built a church over it, and endowed it with lands. St. James soon after rendered the most signal service to his devotees in a war with the Moors. The Spaniards were then tributaries to them, and the annual tribute was a hundred Christian virgins. Don Ramiro refused to pay. The Moors attacked him (at Clavijo). Ramiro raised forces and resisted; and St. James in full armour, riding on a stately white horse at the head of the troops, mowed down whole squadrons of Moors, and freed Spain from the tribute. Hence came the rich and numerous military order of St. James; hence he was made patron of Spain; hence that knight errantry which the author of "Don Quixote" endeavoured to subdue by ridicule.\*

The Carthusian Convent is worthy of a visit. A handsome staircase leads to the terrace before the chapel, where there is a delightful view of the richest part of the Vega and the gorge of Moclin. The *façade* of the chapel is extremely plain, but over the door there is a good marble statue of St. Bruno. In the corridor of the old convent there is a series of revolting but extraordinary paintings, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusians during the reign of Henry VIII. One friar has a spear through him, and is as calm as if it had passed under his elbow. In the first large painting, the

\* Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches, p. 178.

man with an axe on the point of striking the Carthusian is well drawn. The next to it is very good, especially the angels succouring the martyrs. The one that follows represents our Henry VIII. judging four Carthusians. The English King has more the appearance of having been dieted all his life on Spanish fare than on the roast beef of Old England, and certainly never was represented so thin, before or since ; but the heads of the Carthusians, with crowns of thorns, are excellent. Another painting represents St. Bruno bowing to the cross, and the cross in acknowledgment bowing to him. St. Bruno carrying a sack of flowers to some princes is the best coloured of the series. The Madonna in Glory is very good. One painting represents four Carthusians dragged to execution, and three hanging on a gibbet. Another, a Carthusian hanging with a weight at his feet. St. Bruno making the water to gush from the dry rock, like a second Moses, and other dreams and miracles of that saint. The dining-room of the convent is large and arched.

The door leading into the chapel is of tortoise-shell, ivory, and cedar-wood, and extremely beautiful ; also the screen, and two large paintings—one is the Baptism of Christ, said to be by Rincon, who was born at Guadalajara in 1446, and therefore one of the oldest of Spanish painters ; but from their style, and from what I

have heard, I think these and the other pictures in this church attributed to Rincon, are most probably painted by J. Sanchez Cotan, a Carthusian friar, who was born more than a century later. The other, by the same artist, is a Holy Family, the Madonna and Child sitting under a palm-tree, and St. Joseph helping himself to bread and cheese, and the angels playing above—well coloured. Above are other large paintings, said to be by the same master, Rincon—the Presentation the best.

The chapel is richly gilt, and consists of a single nave, with carved stalls all round, above which are plateresque ornaments; but this chapel is certainly one of the best specimens of that over-ornate style. There are many large paintings, said to be by Rincon, but most probably by Cotan. The Marriage of the Virgin appears to me one of the best. The Madonna is beautiful, with her white dress and blue mantle, and a very sweet expression. The painting is well drawn, nicely coloured, and the composition pleasing. There is also a charming Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano. The child is admirable, very natural, and the drapery excellent. The pale, clear tint of the brow of the Virgin is like Guido, and in the richer colouring of the boy one is reminded of Titian. There is also there a little Head of our Saviour, said to be by Murillo. The grand altar is very rich in marbles.

A beautiful door leads into the sanctuary, where



no expense was been spared. Such a profusion of valuable marbles and ornaments is rarely seen, but greater simplicity would have had a better effect. The cabinets of tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and cedar-wood are, however, superb.

The Convent of San Jeronimo is very interesting. It is now made a barracks, and horses were frisking in the handsome court, ornamented with elliptical arches. There is also another patio, with circular arches and marble pillars. The church contains the sepulchre of the Great Captain, but his bones were scattered by the mob when the convents were destroyed. The tomb is before the altar, covered with a mat, and consists of a plain slab, with this inscription :

GONZALI FERNANDEZ DE CORDOVA.

QUI PROPRIA VIRTUTE

MAGNI DUCIS NOMEN

PROPRIUM SIBI FECIT, OSSA

PERPETUÆ TANDEM

LUCI RESTITUENDA

HUIC INTEREA LOCULO CREDITA SUNT,

GLORIA MINIME CONSEPULTA.

The retablo of the grand altar of this church is rather fine, covered with tolerably executed saints and religious subjects. On one side of it kneels Gonzalo, and on the other his wife; and behind

him is a painting representing the Pope giving him a sword, which was represented by the one which was actually given to him. Many of the nails which fastened it are remaining, but the French appropriated the weapon. Such an indignity to the bravest of Spaniards looks as if they had not forgiven his victories over them in Italy.

San Juan de los Reyes is very curious and quite Moorish, with the arches of the tower supported by slender columns. The church contains no works of art; the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella by Rincon, mentioned by Mr. Ford, have vanished.

The Convent of Santo Domingo, which has a fine colonnade in the court is the Museum of Granada, and contains a vast quantity of poor paintings; a few only can be distinguished which are tolerable. Some San Juan de Sevillas. A Ferdinand and Isabella, the light is bad, but it seemed good. It has occurred to me since, that it is possible this may be Rincon's, from San Juan de los Reyes. A Virgin and Child of the school of Cano (38), and a fine Albert Duro. The figures of saints and apostles, carved on stalls by Berruguete, are very good. The Convent of Santa Catalina contains a painting of St. Catherine bearing a cross, but not I think by Cano, as it is said to be.

Granada is an interesting town, and many of the streets are very picturesque; every window having a gay-coloured awning over its balcony, which is fre-

quently ornamented with brass knobs, and sometimes the iron railing is enclosed with glass. The windows of the lower floors, and frequently the upper, are covered with lattices. The best streets, where there are no shops, look pretty and picturesque, but some, such as the Zacatin and the Alcaiseria, quite Oriental, have a still more striking appearance, and many beautiful bits of Moorish architecture will attract the traveller wandering in the narrow lanes and plazas. The latter are not remarkable for size or effect, though the Plaza de la Constitucion contains some few Moorish houses, with square windows and balconies, and some of the smaller plazas contain charming bits of architecture.

The Casa de los Tiros belongs to a family formerly Moors who changed their religion. It has square windows, in which the Moorish guns are still remaining. The Pescaderia is extremely picturesque; a long building extends on one side with shops partly enclosed with wood-work, and above them most picturesque wooden galleries projecting considerably. The groups crowded round the baskets of anchovies, for I did not see any other kind of fish, were very interesting. The Casa del Carbon is quite Moorish, and consists chiefly of a large arch with stalactite ornaments still preserving their colour. The ancient wood roof and decorations, as rich as point lace, are very beautiful. Under the arch are two little shops, where now they sell rabbit-

skins and other furs. Some of the streets in the Albaicin, the old Moorish town, are very narrow, scarcely more than a stride across, and picturesque corridors and galleries attract the attention in every direction. The modern fashion of painting the *façades* of the houses adds greatly to their pleasing appearance. Some of the new streets are a good width, and the balconies and gay verandahs look very pretty. The respectable families take great pride in their little gardens, and generally they are full of flowers, and orange and lemon-trees.

There is little art in Granada, the birth-place of the celebrated sculptor Montanes, and Cano. We visited many private houses to see their collections of paintings, but saw very few that were good. In some I found some tolerable Canos, and in one collection I stumbled upon eleven, by Morales, just imported from a convent in Estramadura by a gentleman who has property there. The Deposition from the Cross, admirable, but much injured, some of the faces quite destroyed. St. John Preaching, Christ at the Column, bearing his Cross, and in Limbo, were very fine, but many of them were already destroyed by restorers. I was struck with the neatness and cleanliness of every class of houses. A porch, generally paved very prettily with small stones in the form of flowers and arabesque patterns, leads into a small court ornamented with marble pillars, in which there is frequently a fountain surrounded with

shrubs and flowers. The furniture was much plainer than in the houses in Valencia, but always neat. The shops are pretty good, but I see few booksellers, and fewer good books, though this city is the birth-place of many distinguished authors.

Granada is an excellent place for purchasing *Majo* costume, and I got one for my boy in England. Few English travellers now adopt this dress, and they are right, as they never would be taken for Spaniards, and would gain nothing by being supposed to belong to any other nation. Let an Englishman, therefore, hoist his colours manfully, and when asked his country, which is not likely, as we are easily recognised, say, as Mr. Ford suggests: "Gracias à Dios son cabellero Ingles," and no one will think the worse of him, especially if, when travelling, he has a good double-barrelled gun at his side. In these days there is such a variety of cloaks, coats, and hats, our dress affords every advantage of the *Majo* costume except the ceinture; and I found a good belt under the vest, is as great a support in riding, and perhaps as useful a precaution against cholera, the disease of the country.

The promenades are pretty. The *Alameda del Triunfo* is for the people, and never visited by the nobles. In it is erected a tasteless monument to Maria Pineda, a lady of good family and great beauty, who in 1831 was strangled here for treason, though her innocence is now acknowledged (*Cosas d'Es-*

pañá) ; near it is a large hospital for insane people. Then there is a promenade for the red and a promenade for the blue blood, the most aristocratic, on the banks of the Xenil. I followed the river for a long way, and the views were sometimes pretty. The body of water is considerable, but it has a snowy or marly hue, like the streams in Switzerland, near the glaciers.

The views, after the Alhambra, form the great attraction in Granada. We made a delightful excursion to San Nicolas church, where there is a most charming prospect, I think the most beautiful of any. You have not only the Alhambra, but the Genera-life, the Silla del Mora, and the Sierra Nevada, and a magnificent view of the city and the Vega. We then went to San Miguel, a ruined convent, where the view is also splendid, but not equal, I think, to the one from San Nicolas. We afterwards went round the bleak hills to get on the other side of the defile, dividing San Miguel from the Sacra Monte, a picturesque convent where there is also an exquisite view, and from there descended to the Darro promenade and passed through another quarter of gipsies and poor Spaniards, living in caves surrounded with prickly pears, and here for the second time we find these people have chosen the most lovely spot near Granada for their abode. The pretty defile is clothed with foliage, and the Alhambra and its towers and