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THE ALHAMBRA

—BY—

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# THE ALHAMBRA.

*SELECTED FROM AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION.*

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.



With Introduction and Explanatory Notes

BY J. W. ABERNETHY, PH.D.

NEW YORK:

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## INTRODUCTION.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York, April 3, 1783, the year in which the British troops withdrew from the city. A few months after, General Washington marched in with the Continental army, and the patriotic mother said : " Washington's work is now ended, and the child shall be named after him." When Washington was again in New York as first President, the child's enthusiastic Scotch nurse followed the hero into a shop one day and presented his young namesake. " Please, your honor," said Lizzie, " here's a bairn was named after you." The great man gently touched the boy's head and bestowed a blessing upon his future biographer.

Irving's early education was unsystematic and limited, being guided mainly by his own inclinations, which were opposed to the rigors of regular study and instruction. He read widely, especially books of travel and adventure, and amused himself with the composition of juvenile poems and plays. At sixteen his school-days were over and he entered a law office, but he had no taste for the profession and his reading was more in books of poetry and romance than in books of law. His most congenial occupations during these years were converse with good literature and good society, day-dreaming, and wandering along the banks of the Hudson, gathering its legendary lore, by which he was soon to make this region classic ground. With what interest and admiration he read Addison's " Spectator " is shown by his first venture as an author, when nineteen years old, a series of critical and humorous letters in his brother's paper, the " Morning Chronicle," signed " Jonathan Oldstyle." In 1804, for the benefit of his health, which had always been delicate, he was sent abroad. He spent some time in France, learned the language, visited Sicily, enjoying an adventure with pirates on the way, and remained several weeks in Rome, drinking in the wonderful influences of music and painting, arts that were kindred to his nature and tastes. While here he became acquainted with the painter Wash-

ington Allston, who nearly persuaded him to abandon law and letters and become an artist.

On his return to America he was admitted to the bar, but to be a "champion at the tea-parties" was more agreeable to him than to be a pleader of causes in a dirty court-room. A graceful manner, a refined taste, and a ready humor made him everywhere a favorite in society. His choice of literature as a profession was practically determined when, in 1806, he published, in conjunction with his brother and his friend Paulding, the "Salmagundi" papers, brilliant and successful periodical essays in the manner of the "Spectator" and Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." Three years later appeared his first permanent work, that masterpiece of delicious and perennial humor, "Knickerbocker's History of New York." The book was remarkably successful, both at home and abroad. Sir Walter Scott wrote: "I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing." While engaged upon this book he suffered a crushing bereavement in the death of Miss Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was soon to be married. The anguish of this event colored his whole subsequent life and writing. It "seemed," he once said, "to give a turn to my whole character and throw some clouds into my disposition which have ever since hung about it."

In 1815 Irving again went to Europe, intending only a brief visit in the interests of his brother's business, but the visit was prolonged to seventeen years. Several years were spent in England, where he was associated with the most distinguished people in literature and society. The poets Southey, Moore, Campbell, and Rogers were his friends; to the happy days spent in the family of Sir Walter Scott we owe the charming "Recollections of Abbotsford;" and in the Red Horse Inn at Stratford are still preserved the mementos of his pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakspeare, with which the whole world is now familiar through his delightful descriptions. In England he wrote the "Sketch Book," the first number of which was published in New York in 1819, introducing to the world the immortal "Rip Van Winkle." It was soon republished in London, and made him famous in two

continents. "Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day," said the painter Leslie. "His Crayon—I know it by heart," said Lord Byron; "his writings are my delight." Even the great reviewers of the time, who did not credit America with the ability to produce a work of genius, were loud in his praise. The "Sketch Book" was the first link in the bond of literary sympathy that was to reunite England and America. It was followed by "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler," in the same general style.

After a brief sojourn in Germany and France, Irving went, in 1826, to Spain, where he remained three years, working upon his "Life of Columbus." The labor resulted also in three other books of imperishable beauty and interest, "The Alhambra," the "Conquest of Granada," and the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." While there he received unexpectedly the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the court of St. James, and in 1830 he resumed his residence in England. His "Columbus" had just appeared from the press, and honors of every kind now poured in upon him. From the Royal Society of Literature he received the gold medal of King George, and from the University of Oxford the degree of D.C.L., which title, however, his modesty never permitted him to use. Two years later he returned to America, and met with an overwhelming reception from his admiring countrymen.

He now purchased a home in the midst of his old haunts on the banks of the Hudson. Here in the pretty cottage called "Sunnyside"—soon overrun with English ivy, from a slip from Melrose Abbey—he gathered about him his family of brothers, nephews, and nieces, who, owing to business disaster, were largely dependent upon him for support. Ten happy years were here spent in literary labor, resulting in the "Tour on the Prairies," a book that is still one of the best records of adventure in the wild West, "Astoria," "Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," "Captain Bonneville," "Wolfert's Roost," "Life of Goldsmith," and "Mahomet and his Successors." He was already engaged upon his great work, the "Life of Washington," when, on the recommendation of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, he was appointed Minister to Spain, an appointment eminently fitting, and acceptable to both nations. But the life of courts and palaces had lost

its charms for him. In 1845 he writes : " I long to be once more back at dear little Sunnyside, while I have yet strength and good spirits to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country, and to rally a happy family group once more about me. I grudge every year of absence that rolls by. To-morrow is my birthday. I shall then be sixty-two years old. The evening of life is fast drawing over me ; still I hope to get back among my friends while there is a little sunshine left." The following year " the impatient longing of his heart was gratified," says his biographer, " and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him." In these last years he enjoyed in full measure " that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." His life's work was fittingly rounded with the publication of his " Washington." He lived to see the last volume issue from the press and to hear the voice of universal praise. Death came at the close of a beautiful Indian-summer day, November 28, 1859, and he was buried near Sleepy Hollow, amid the scenes loved by him through life and made memorable forever by his magic pen.

The personality of Irving is one of the most lovable in all our literature, and this personality is embodied with remarkable fullness in his writings. The grace of language, the chaste and noble thought, the touches of idealism and romance, the chivalrous regard for pure womanhood, the genial humor, the tenderness, sympathy, and pathos that characterize all his books, were qualities of his daily life. Says William Cullen Bryant : " He was ever ready to do kind offices ; tender of the feelings of others ; carefully just, but ever leaning toward the merciful side of justice ; averse to strife ; and so modest that the world never ceased to wonder how it should have happened that one so much praised should have gained so little assurance." The presence of this gracious personality in his books is always a refining and beneficent influence ; no one reads them without being made happier and better.

His mind was not philosophical or profound, and he did not discuss in his works the deeper problems of human life and destiny. Happiness, truth, nobility, and faith were the fundamental principles of his philosophy. The ideal and spiritual simplicity of his works presents a wholesome protest against the

feverish unrest and sordid materialism of the literature of the present day. His thoughts turned naturally to the past ; his imagination dwelt most contentedly in the fields of history, tradition, and romance. The air of enchantment in Moorish Spain was an inspiration to him. Mellow England, grown old in history and song, was always dear to him. But there was a past in American history that he loved equally well. He did for his native land what Scott did for Scotland, investing the region of the Hudson with an atmosphere of romance and poetry as distinct and national as that which rests upon the Tweed and the banks and braes of Yarrow.

While studying the following selections, pupils should be permitted to read some historical account of the Moorish occupation of Spain, such as Stanley Lane-Poole's "Story of the Moors in Spain" (Story of the Nations Series), or Charlotte M. Yonge's "Christians and Moors of Spain." Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" should be at hand, and especially the author's "Conquest of Granada." Also the legends and tales contained in the complete edition of the "Alhambra" should be read, if possible, in connection with these descriptive sketches. In the class-room reading the Spanish quotations may be omitted ; the pronunciation of Spanish names offering any difficulty is given in the notes. An effort should be made to bring before the class good engravings and photographs of the Alhambra.

For further biographical material, consult Charles Dudley Warner's "Life of Washington Irving" (American Men of Letters Series), or the more extended biography by Irving's nephew, Pierre Irving. Curtis's "Homes of American Authors" will add interesting information, as also Bryant's oration upon Irving, in a volume entitled "Orations and Addresses."

These selections are given without mutilation or abridgment of the text, and, by the courteous permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, they are reprinted from the last edition revised by the author.



## IRVING'S STYLE.

“The Goldsmith of our age.”—*Thackeray*.

“His external English style was fairly entitled to be called Addisonian, and he easily surpassed Charles Lamb in evenness of execution.”—*Richardson's American Literature*.

“His style is one of the most agreeable in the whole range of our literature. It is transparent as the light, sweetly modulated, unaffected, the native expression of a fertile fancy, a benignant temper, and a mind which, delighting in the noble and the beautiful, turned involuntarily away from their opposites. His peculiar humor was, in a great measure, the offspring of this constitution of his mind. This ‘fanciful playing with common things,’ as Mr. Dana calls it, is never coarse, never tainted with grossness, and always in harmony with our better sympathies.”—*William Cullen Bryant*.

“That he thoroughly mastered such literature as he fancied, there is abundant evidence; that his style was influenced by the purest English models is also apparent. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctively his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity, as any in the English tongue. This is saying a great deal, though it is not claiming for him the compactness, nor the robust vigor, nor the depth of thought, of many other masters in it. It is sometimes praised for its simplicity. It is certainly lucid, but its simplicity is not that of Benjamin Franklin's style; it is often ornate, not seldom diffuse, and always exceedingly melodious. It is noticeable for its metaphorical felicity. But it was not in the sympathetic nature of the author to come sharply to the point. It is much to have merited the eulogy of Campbell that he had ‘added clarity to the English tongue.’” —*Charles Dudley Warner*.



## PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

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To the traveler imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical, so inseparably intertwined in the annals of romantic Spain, the Alhambra is as much an object of devotion as is the Caaba to all true Moslems. How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous,—how many songs and ballads, Arabian and Spanish, of love and war and chivalry, are associated with this Oriental pile! It was the royal abode of the Moorish kings, where, surrounded with the splendors and refinements of Asiatic luxury, they held dominion over what they vaunted as a terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The royal palace forms but a part of a fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a hill, a spur of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountains, and overlook the city; externally it is a rude congregation of towers and battlements, with

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3. **Alhambra** (al-ham'brah): This word signifies, in Arabic, "the red house," so called from the red brick of which its external walls are constructed.

4. **Caaba** (kah'bah): The most sacred shrine of the Mohammedans, in the temple at Mecca, in Arabia, containing the sacred black stone, believed to have been presented to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel. All Mohammedans turn toward this point during their devotions.

4. **Moslem** (mos'lem): A Mussulman, or believer in the Mohammedan faith, called *Islam*.

7. The palace was erected chiefly between 1248 and 1354. Immediately upon the expulsion of the Moors in 1492, the Spaniards began to deface its beauties, filling up the open-work with whitewash, and destroying the painting and rich gilding. Restorations have been attempted in recent years, and it is now carefully preserved.

13. **Sierra Nevada** (se-er'rah na-vah'dah): The word *sierra* means a *saw*, hence a range of mountains resembling saw-teeth, and *nevada* means a *heavy fall of snow*.

no regularity of plan nor grace of architecture, and giving little promise of the grace and beauty which prevail within.

In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing within its outward precincts an army of forty thousand men, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued to be a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The emperor Charles V. commenced a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful queen, Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. Great preparations were made for their reception. The palace and gardens were placed in a state of repair, and a new suite of apartments erected, and decorated by artists brought from Italy. The sojourn of the sovereigns was transient, and after their departure the palace once more became desolate. Still the place was maintained with some military state. The governor held it immediately from the crown; its jurisdiction extended down into the suburbs of the city, and was independent of the captain-general of Granada. A considerable garrison was kept up; the governor had his apartments in the front of the old Moorish palace, and never descended into Granada without some military parade. The fortress, in fact, was a little town of itself, having several streets of houses within its walls, together with a Franciscan convent and a parochial church.

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8. **Demesne** (de-meen'): An old French word, originally signifying the land and manor-house or castle held by a lord for his own use, as distinguished from the land distributed among his tenants.

9. **Charles V.**: The grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, Archduke of Austria, King of Spain, the Netherlands, and the two Sicilies, and Emperor of Germany. What important events in Germany during his reign? Who were his great rivals on the thrones of Europe?

12. **Philip V.**: Grandson of Louis XIV. of France. Archduke Charles of Austria contested his title to the throne, and brought on the War of the Spanish Succession in 1702. What nations were involved in this war?

27. **Franciscan**: The Franciscans were an order of monks or mendicant friars, founded by St. Francis of Assisi, Italy. The "Gray Friars" and "Barefooted Friars" were of this order. Ferdinand and Isabella were buried in this monastery, but the remains were finally removed to the stately mausoleum erected by Charles V. in the neighboring cathedral of Granada.

The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled with a loose and lawless population, *contrabandistas*, who 5 availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge whence they might depredate upon Granada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government at length interfered; the whole community 10 was thoroughly sifted; none were suffered to remain but such as were of honest character, and had legitimate right to a residence; the greater part of the houses were demolished and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when 15 Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever distinguished the French nation in their conquests, this monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur 20 was rescued from the absolute ruin and desolation that were overwhelming it. The roofs were repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, the water-courses restored, the fountains once more made to throw up their sparkling showers; and Spain may thank her 25 invaders for having preserved to her the most beautiful and interesting of her historical monuments.

On the departure of the French they blew up several towers of the outer wall, and left the fortifications scarcely tenable. Since that time the military importance of the post is at an 30 end. The garrison is a handful of invalid soldiers, whose principal duty is to guard some of the outer towers, which serve occasionally as a prison of state; and the governor,

5. *Contrabandistas*: Spanish for *contrabandists*, smugglers. From *L. contra*, against, and *bandum*, a proclamation, ban, or law.

18. After the French Revolution, Napoleon invaded Spain, deposed the king, and placed his brother upon the throne; but the Spaniards, aided by England, expelled the French in 1814.

abandoning the lofty hill of the Alhambra, resides in the center of Granada, for the more convenient dispatch of his official duties. I cannot conclude this brief notice of the state of the fortress without bearing testimony to the honorable exertions of its present commander, Don Francisco de Serna, who is tasking all the limited resources at his command to put the palace in a state of repair, and by his judicious precautions has for some time arrested its too certain decay. Had his predecessors discharged the duties of their station with equal fidelity, the Alhambra might yet have remained in almost its pristine beauty; were government to second him with means equal to his zeal, this relic of it might still be preserved for many generations to adorn the land, and attract the curious and enlightened of every clime.

Our first object of course, on the morning after our arrival, was a visit to this time-honored edifice; it has been so often, however, and so minutely described by travelers, that I shall not undertake to give a comprehensive and elaborate account of it, but merely occasional sketches of parts, with the incidents and associations connected with them.

Leaving our posada, and traversing the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place, we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what, in the time of the Moors, was the Great Bazaar, and where small shops and narrow alleys still retain the Oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended

15. Irving begins the introductory sketch entitled "The Journey" with this explanation: "In the spring of 1829, the author of this work, whom curiosity had brought into Spain, made a rambling expedition from Seville to Granada in company with a friend, a member of the Russian embassy at Madrid."

17. Some of the recent descriptions that will be especially interesting are to be found in Hare's "Wanderings in Spain," Charles A. Stoddard's "Spanish Cities," De Amicis' "Spain and the Spaniards," Henry T. Finck's "Spain and Morocco." Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" will also add interest, and Mrs. Hemans' poem, "The Alhambra," and Longfellow's charming "Castles in Spain." Those who are near large libraries should see the splendid illustrations of the Alhambra in Murphy's "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," and Gowry and Jones's "Plans, Elevations, and Details of the Alhambra."

21. **Posada** (po-sah'dah): An inn or resting-place.

a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the Calle, or street of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to the Puerta de las Granadas, a massive gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles 5 V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

At the gate were two or three ragged superannuated soldiers, dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages; while a tall, meagre varlet, whose rusty-brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged 10 state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. He joined us as we entered the gate, and offered his services to show us the fortress.

I have a traveler's dislike to officious ciceroni, and did not 15 altogether like the garb of the applicant.

"You are well acquainted with the place, I presume?"

"Ninguno mas; pues señor, soy hijo de la Alhambra."—  
(Nobody better; in fact, sir, I am a son of the Alhambra!)

The common Spaniards have certainly a most poetical way 20 of expressing themselves. "A son of the Alhambra!" the appellation caught me at once; the very tattered garb of my new acquaintance assumed a dignity in my eyes. It was emblematic of the fortunes of the place, and befitted the progeny of a ruin.

I put some further questions to him, and found that his title was legitimate. His family had lived in the fortress from generation to generation ever since the time of the Conquest.

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2. **Calle** (cal'lya): Spanish for *street*.

4. **Puerta de las Granadas** (poo-er'tah da lahs grah-nah'das): Literally the *Gate of the Pomegranates*. The word *granada* means *pomegranate*; so when Ferdinand determined to begin his crusade by capturing the smaller fortresses of Granada before attempting the capital, he said, "I will pick out the seeds, one by one, of this pomegranate."

8. **Zegrís, Abencerrages** (a-ben'ser-ra-jes): Two noble families of Granada, between whom there was a mortal feud, which gave rise to many romantic stories.

15. **Ciceroni** (sis-e-ro'ne): The plural of *cicerone* (sis-e-ro'ne), a guide; so called from the great Roman orator Cicero, on account of the loquacity of guides.

28. **The Conquest**: That is, since the conquest of Granada in 1492.

His name was Mateo Ximenes. "Then, perhaps," said I, "you may be a descendant from the great Cardinal Ximenes?"—"Dios Sabe! God knows, Señor! It may be so. We are the oldest family in the Alhambra,—*Christianos Viejos*, old  
 5 Christians, without any taint of Moor or Jew. I know we belong to some great family or other, but I forget whom. My father knows all about it: he has the coat of arms hanging up in his cottage, up in the fortress." There is not any Spaniard, however poor, but has some claim to high pedigree. The first  
 10 title of this ragged worthy, however, had completely captivated me; so I gladly accepted the services of the "son of the Alhambra."

We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various foot-  
 15 paths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the  
 20 Torres Vermejos, or vermilion towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra: some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we  
 25 arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone

2. **Ximenes** (ze-mee'neez): This celebrated churchman and statesman was Isabella's confessor, Ferdinand's chief counselor, and at the death of Ferdinand was made regent of the kingdom.

17. **Beetling**: To *beetle* is to *jut out, overhang*; so a person with bushy, prominent eyebrows is called "beetle-browed." Horatio warns Hamlet that the Ghost may tempt him:

"toward the flood,  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea."

26. **Barbican**: The barbican was an outwork for defending the main approach to a castle, often the gate-house or gateway-tower.



benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes: a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures. “Judges and officers shalt thou make thee *in all thy gates*, and they shall judge the people with just judgment.”

The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch <sup>10</sup> is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mohammedan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, the five fingers designating the five principal commandments of <sup>15</sup> the creed of Islam, fasting, pilgrimage, alms-giving, ablution, and war against infidels. The key, say they, is the emblem of the faith or of power; the key of Daoud, or David, transmitted to the prophet. “And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut, <sup>20</sup> and he shall shut, and none shall open.” (Isaiah xxii. 22.) The key, we are told, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross, when they subdued Spain or Andalusia. It betokened the conquering power invested in the prophet. “He that hath <sup>25</sup> the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth.” (Rev. iii. 7.)

A different explanation of these emblems, however, was given by the legitimate son of the Alhambra, and one more in unison with the notions of the common people, who attach <sup>30</sup> something of mystery and magic to everything Moorish, and have all kinds of superstitions connected with this old Moslem fortress. According to Mateo, it was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, and which he had from his father

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6. Deuteronomy xvi. 18.

16. **Islam** (is'lam). An Arabic word meaning *submission, obedience to God*; the name usually used to designate the religion of Mahomet.

and grandfather, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress <sup>5</sup> under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach <sup>10</sup> down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.

Notwithstanding this ominous prediction, we ventured to pass through the spell-bound gateway, feeling some little <sup>15</sup> assurance against magic art in the protection of the Virgin, a statue of whom we observed above the portal.

After passing through the barbican, we ascended a narrow lane, winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of <sup>20</sup> the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors to receive the water brought by conduits from the Darro, for the supply of the fortress. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water,—another monument of the delicate taste of <sup>25</sup> the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., and intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moorish kings. Much of the Oriental edifice intended <sup>30</sup> for the winter season was demolished to make way for this massive pile. The grand entrance was blocked up; so that the present entrance to the Moorish palace is through a simple and almost humble portal in a corner. With all the massive grandeur and architectural merit of the palace of Charles V.,

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18. **Esplanade** (es-pla-nade'): In a mediæval town, the open level space between the citadel and the first houses of the town. Here, the high level portion of the outer court.



we regarded it as an arrogant intruder, and passing by it with a feeling almost of scorn, rang at the Moslem portal.

While waiting for admittance, our self-imposed cicerone, Mateo Ximenes, informed us that the royal palace was intrusted to the care of a worthy old maiden dame called Doña 5 Antonia-Molina, but who, according to Spanish custom, went by the more neighborly appellation of Tia Antonia (Aunt Antonia), who maintained the Moorish halls and gardens in order and showed them to strangers. While we were talking, the door was opened by a plump little black-eyed Andalusian damsel, 10 whom Mateo addressed as Dolores, but who from her bright looks and cheerful disposition evidently merited a merrier name. Mateo informed me in a whisper that she was the niece of Tia Antonia, and I found she was the good fairy who was to conduct us through the enchanted palace. Under her guidance 15 we crossed the threshold, and were at once transported, as if by magic wand, into other times and an Oriental realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the unpromising exterior of the pile with the scene now before us. We found ourselves in a vast 20 patio or court, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and upward of eighty feet in breadth, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles, one of which supported an elegant gallery of fretted architecture. Along the moldings of the cornices and on various parts of 25 the walls were escutcheons and ciphers, and cufic and Arabic

2. This monument of Charles V.'s folly is two hundred and forty feet square, and stands a mere shell, without a roof. It is in the Italian style of architecture and splendidly ornamented with rich carvings and bas-reliefs. The money with which it was built was extracted from the Moors.

11. **Dolores** (do-lor'es): "The doleful;" from the Latin *dolor*, pain, sorrow. The Virgin is sometimes called "Our Lady of Dolors."

21. **Patio** (pah'te-o): Spanish for *open space* or *court*. The Romans said *patens* of anything lying open, and we say *patent* of a thing that is clear or evident to all. Trace the connection still further in *letters patent* and *patent right*.

23. **Peristyles** (per'î-stiles): Rows of columns, usually surrounding some part of a building. From the Greek *περι*, round, and *στυλος*, a column.

26. **Escutcheon**: An old French word belonging to heraldry, from Latin *scutum*, a shield; the shield shaped surface upon which a person's armorial bearings are depicted or *emblazoned*.

26. **Ciphers**: Monograms, devices formed by the interweaving of initial letters.

26. **Cufic** (ku'fik): A name applied to the characters of the Arabic alpha-

characters in high relief, repeating the pious mottoes of the Moslem monarchs, the builders of the Alhambra, or extolling their grandeur and munificence. Along the centre of the court extended an immense basin or tank (*estanque*), a hundred and twenty-four feet in length, twenty-seven in breadth, and five in depth, receiving its water from two marble vases. Hence it is called the Court of the Alberca (from *al Beerkah*, the Arabic for a pond or tank). Great numbers of gold-fish were to be seen gleaming through the waters of the basin, and it was bordered by hedges of roses.

Passing from the Court of the Alberca under a Moorish archway, we entered the renowned Court of Lions. No part of the edifice gives a more complete idea of its original beauty than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; the twelve lions which support them, and give the court its name, still cast forth crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The lions, however, are unworthy of their fame, being of miserable sculpture, the work probably of some Christian captive. The court is laid out in flower-beds, instead of its ancient and appropriate pavement of tiles or marble; the alteration, an instance of bad taste, was made by the French when in possession of Granada. Round the four sides of the court are light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble, which it is supposed were originally gilded. The architecture, like that in most parts of the interior of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy traces of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so

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bet as used in the Koran, from the city Cufa, an early capital of the caliphs, where were the most skillful copyists of the Koran.

1. Some of these mottoes may be thus translated: "There is no conqueror but God;" "The glory of the Empire belongs to God;" "God is our refuge;" "Perpetual salvation;" "There are no gifts among you but those of God," etc.

19. **Boabdil** (bo-ab-deel'): The last Moorish King of Granada.

much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful, pilferings of the tasteful traveler: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm. 5

On one side of the court a rich portal opens into the Hall of the Abencerrages: so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole story, but our humble cicerone Mateo pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which 10 they were introduced one by one into the Court of Lions, and the white marble fountain in the center of the hall beside which they were beheaded. He showed us also certain broad ruddy stains on the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. 15

Finding we listened to him apparently with easy faith, he added that there was often heard at night, in the Court of Lions, a low confused sound, resembling the murmuring of a multitude, and now and then a faint tinkling, like the distant clank of chains. These sounds were made by the spirits of 20 the murdered Abencerrages; who nightly haunt the scene of their suffering and invoke the vengeance of Heaven on their destroyer.

The sounds in question had no doubt been produced, as I had afterward an opportunity of ascertaining, by the bubbling 25 currents and tinkling falls of water conducted under the pavement through pipes and channels to supply the fountains; but I was too considerate to intimate such an idea to the humble chronieler of the Alhambra.

Encouraged by my easy credulity, Mateo gave me the fol- 30 lowing as an undoubted fact, which he had from his grandfather:—

There was once an invalid soldier, who had charge of the Alhambra to show it to strangers; as he was one evening, about twilight, passing through the court of Lions, he heard 35

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10. **Wicket:** A small gate or doorway, forming a part of a larger gate or "portal."

footsteps on the Hall of the Abencerrages ; supposing some strangers to be lingering there, he advanced to attend upon them, when to his astonishment he beheld four Moors richly dressed, with gilded cuirasses and cimeters, and poniards 5 glittering with precious stones. They were walking to and fro, with solemn pace ; but paused and beckoned to him. The old soldier, however, took to flight, and could never afterward be prevailed upon to enter the Alhambra. Thus it is that men sometimes turn their backs upon fortune ; for it is the 10 firm opinion of Mateo that the Moors intended to reveal the place where their treasures lay buried. A successor to the invalid soldier was more knowing; he came to the Alhambra poor, but at the end of a year went off to Malaga, bought houses, set up a carriage, and still lives there, one of the rich- 15 est as well as oldest men of the place; all which, Mateo sagely surmised, was in consequence of his finding out the golden secret of these phantom Moors.

I now perceived I had made an invaluable acquaintance in this son of the Alhambra, one who knew all the apocryphal 20 history of the place, and firmly believed in it, and whose memory was stuffed with a kind of knowledge for which I have a lurking fancy, but which is too apt to be considered rubbish by less indulgent philosophers. I determined to cultivate the acquaintance of this learned Theban.

25 Immediately opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages, a portal, richly adorned, leads into a hall of less tragical associations. It is light and lofty, exquisitely graceful in its architecture, paved with white marble, and bears the suggestive name of the Hall of the Two Sisters. Some destroy the romance of the 30 name by attributing it to two enormous slabs of alabaster which lie side by side and form a great part of the pavement: an opinion strongly supported by Mateo Ximenes. Others are disposed to give the name a more poetical significance, as the vague memorial of Moorish beauties who once graced this hall,

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24. **Learned Theban :** Lear says, in the scene with Edgar (*King Lear*, III. 4), "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban." According to Grecian legend, Œdipus, King of Thebes, guessed the riddle propounded by the Sphinx, which had before baffled the wisdom of all men.

which was evidently a part of the royal harem. This opinion I was happy to find entertained by our little bright-eyed guide, Dolores, who pointed to a balcony over an inner porch, which gallery, she had been told, belonged to the women's apartment. "You see, señor," said she, "it is all grated and 5 latticed, like the gallery in a convent chapel where the nuns hear mass; for the Moorish kings," added she, indignantly, "shut up their wives just like nuns."

The latticed "jalousies," in fact, still remain, whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the 10 zambras and other dances and entertainments of the hall below.

On each side of this hall are recesses or alcoves for ottomans and couches, on which the voluptuous lords of the Alhambra indulged in that dreamy repose so dear to the Orientalists. A 15 cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above and a free circulation of air; while on one side is heard the refreshing sound of waters from the fountain of the lions, and on the other side the soft plash from the basin in the garden of Lindaraxa.

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It is impossible to contemplate this scene, so perfectly Oriental, without feeling the early associations of Arabian romance, and almost expecting to see the white arm of some mysterious princess beckoning from the gallery, or some dark 25 eye sparkling through the lattice. The abode of beauty is here as if it had been inhabited but yesterday; but where are the two sisters, where the Zoraydas and Lindaraxas!

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its 30 halls or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements.

9. **Jalousies** : The French *jalousie*, jealousy, denotes also a lattice or window-blind; hence a gallery or veranda inclosed with lattice-work or slatted frames.

11. **Zambras** : The *zambra* (Sp. *tham'brah*) was a Moorish festival, with music and dancing.

27. **Zoraydas** : Zorayda was one of the three beautiful princesses imprisoned, according to legend, in the Tower of the Princesses. Irving tells the story later in the volume. The story of Lindaraxa is given on page 43.

When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and parterres, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and  
5 beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra.

Those only who have sojourned in the ardent climates of the South can appreciate the delights of an abode combining the breezy coolness of the mountain with the freshness and verdure of the valley. While the city below pants with the  
10 noontide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through these lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Everything invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from  
15 shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves and the murmur of running streams.

I forbear for the present, however, to describe the other delightful apartments of the palace. My object is merely to  
20 give the reader a general introduction into an abode where, if so disposed, he may linger and loiter with me day by day until we gradually become familiar with all its localities.

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10. **Vega** (va'gah): An open plain near the city, which in the days of the Alhambra's glory was "a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil." "Celebrated," says Prescott, "as the arena, for more than two centuries, of Moorish and Christian chivalry, every inch of whose soil may be said to have been fertilized with human blood."



**Important Negotiations.—The Author Succeeds to the  
Throne of Boabdil.**

THE day was nearly spent before we could tear ourselves from this region of poetry and romance to descend to the city and return to the forlorn realities of a Spanish posada. In a visit of ceremony to the Governor of the Alhambra, to whom we had brought letters, we dwelt with enthusiasm on the scenes 5 we had witnessed, and could not but express surprise that he should reside in the city when he had such a paradise at his command. He pleaded the inconvenience of a residence in the palace from its situation on the crest of a hill, distant from the seat of business and the resorts of social intercourse. 10 It did very well for monarchs, who often had need of castle walls to defend them from their own subjects. "But, señors," added he, smiling, "if you think a residence there so desirable, my apartments in the Alhambra are at your service."

It is a common and almost indispensable point of polite- 15 ness in a Spaniard, to tell you his house is yours.—"Esta casa es siempre à la disposicion de Vm."—"This house is always at the command of your Grace." In fact, anything of his which you admire, is immediately offered to you. It is equally a mark of good breeding in you not to accept it; so we merely 20 bowed our acknowledgments of the courtesy of the Governor in offering us a royal palace. We were mistaken, however. The Governor was in earnest. "You will find a rambling set of empty, unfurnished rooms," said he; "but Tia Antonia, who has charge of the palace, may be able to put them in 25 some kind of order, and to take care of you while you are there. If you can make any arrangement with her for your accommodation, and are content with scanty fare in a royal abode, the palace of King Chico is at your service."

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29. **King Chico** (che'ko): King Boabdil, called *el Chico*, the younger, to distinguish him from a usurping uncle,

We took the Governor at his word, and hastened up the steep Calle de los Gomeres, and through the great Gate of Justice, to negotiate with Dame Antonia,—doubting at times if this were not a dream, and fearing at times that the sage  
 5 Dueña of the fortress might be slow to capitulate. We knew we had one friend at least in the garrison, who would be in our favor, the bright-eyed little Dolores, whose good graces we had propitiated on our first visit; and who hailed our return to the palace with her brightest looks.

10 All, however, went smoothly. The good Tia Antonia had a little furniture to put in the rooms, but it was of the commonest kind. We assured her we could bivouac on the floor. She could supply our table, but only in her own simple way;—we wanted nothing better. Her niece, Dolores, would wait  
 15 upon us; and at the word we threw up our hats and the bargain was complete.

The very next day we took up our abode in the palace, and never did sovereigns share a divided throne with more perfect harmony. Several days passed by like a dream, when my  
 20 worthy associate, being summoned to Madrid on diplomatic duties, was compelled to abdicate, leaving me sole monarch of this shadowy realm. For myself, being in a manner a haphazard loiterer about the world, and prone to linger in its pleasant places, here have I been suffering day by day to steal  
 25 away unheeded, spell-bound, for aught I know, in this old enchanted pile. Having always a companionable feeling for my reader, and being prone to live with him on confidential terms, I shall make it a point to communicate to him my reveries and researches during this state of delicious thralldom. If they have the power of imparting to his imagination any  
 30 of the witching charms of the place, he will not repine at lingering with me for a season in the legendary halls of the Alhambra.

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5. *Dueña* (doo-a'nyah): Formerly the chief lady in waiting on the queen in Spain, and finally an elderly woman employed as a governess or chaperon. The same as *duenna* or *doña*, mistress, lady; corresponding to the masculine *don*, master, sir: Latin *domina*, mistress; masc. *dominus*, master. What familiar English words from this root?



And first it is proper to give him some idea of my domestic arrangements: they are rather of a simple kind for the occupant of a regal palace; but I trust they will be less liable to disastrous reverses than those of my royal predecessors.

My quarters are at one end of the Governor's apartment, a 5 suite of empty chambers, in front of the palace, looking out upon the great esplanade called *la plaza de los algibes* (the place of the cisterns); the apartment is modern, but the end opposite to my sleeping-room communicates with a cluster of little chambers, partly Moorish, partly Spanish, allotted to the 10 *châtelaine* Doña Antonia and her family. In consideration of keeping the palace in order, the good dame is allowed all the perquisites received from visitors, and all the produce of the gardens; excepting that she is expected to pay an occasional 15 tribute of fruits and flowers to the Governor. Her family consists of a nephew and niece, the children of two different brothers. The nephew, Manuel Molina, is a young man of sterling worth and Spanish gravity. He had served in the army, both in Spain and the West Indies, but is now studying medicine in the hope of one day or other becoming physician 20 to the fortress, a post worth at least one hundred and forty dollars a year. The niece is the plump little black-eyed Dolores already mentioned; and who, it is said, will one day inherit all her aunt's possessions, consisting of certain petty tenements in the fortress, in a somewhat ruinous condition it 25 is true, but which, I am privately assured by Mateo Ximenes, yield a revenue of nearly one hundred and fifty dollars; so that she is quite an heiress in the eyes of the ragged son of the Alhambra. I am also informed by the same observant and authentic personage, that a quiet courtship is going on 30 between the discreet Manuel and his bright-eyed cousin, and that nothing is wanting to enable them to join their hands and expectations but his doctor's diploma, and a dispensation from the Pope on account of their consanguinity.

The good Dame Antonia fulfils faithfully her contract in 35

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11. *Châtelaine* (shat'e-lane): The lady of the *castle* or *chateau*, who carried the keys of the castle suspended from the girdle by a chain.

regard to my board and lodging; and as I am easily pleased, I find my fare excellent, while the merry-hearted little Dolores keeps my apartment in order, and officiates as hand-maid at meal-times. I have also at my command a tall, 5 stuttering, yellow-haired lad, named Pépe, who works in the gardens, and would fain have acted as valet; but in this he was forestalled by Mateo Ximenes, "the son of the Alhambra." This alert and officious wight has managed, somehow or other, to stick by me ever since I first encountered him at 10 the outer gate of the fortress, and to weave himself into all my plans, until he has fairly appointed and installed himself my valet, cicerone, guide, guard, and historiographic squire; and I have been obliged to improve the state of his wardrobe, that he may not disgrace his various functions; so that he 15 has cast his old brown mantle as a snake does his skin, and now appears about the fortress with a smart Andalusian hat and jacket, to his infinite satisfaction, and the great astonishment of his comrades. The chief fault of honest Mateo is an over-anxiety to be useful. Conscious of having foisted him- 20 self into my employ, and that my simple and quiet habits render his situation a sinecure, he is at his wit's ends to devise modes of making himself important to my welfare. I am in a manner the victim of his officiousness; I cannot put my foot over the threshold of the palace, to stroll about the 25 fortress, but he is at my elbow, to explain everything I see; and if I venture to ramble among the surrounding hills, he insists upon attending me as a guard, though I vehemently suspect he would be more apt to trust to the length of his legs than the strength of his arms, in case of attack. After all, 30 however, the poor fellow is at times an amusing companion; he is simple-minded and of infinite good humor, with the loquacity and gossip of a village barber, and knows all the small-talk of the place and its environs; but what he chiefly values himself on is his stock of local information, having the

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12. **Historiographic squire:** A *squire* was originally an attendant upon a knight, and the *historiographer* was an official historian appointed by the crown.

most marvellous stories to relate of every tower, and vault, and gateway of the fortress, in all of which he places the most implicit faith.

Most of these he has derived, according to his own account, from his grandfather, a little legendary tailor, who 5 lived to the age of nearly a hundred years, during which he made but two migrations beyond the precincts of the fortress. His shop, for the greater part of a century, was the resort of a knot of venerable gossips, where they would pass half the night talking about old times, and the wonderful events and 10 hidden secrets of the place. The whole living, moving, thinking, and acting of this historical little tailor had thus been bounded by the walls of the Alhambra; within them he had been born, within them he lived, breathed, and had his being; within them he died and was buried. Fortunately for 15 posterity his traditionary lore died not with him. The authentic Mateo, when an urchin, used to be an attentive listener to the narratives of his grandfather, and of the gossiping group assembled round the shop-board, and is thus possessed of a stock of valuable knowledge concerning the 20 Alhambra, not to be found in books, and well worthy the attention of every curious traveler.

Such are the personages that constitute my regal household; and I question whether any of the potentates, Moslem or Christian, who have preceded me in the palace, have been 25 waited upon with greater fidelity, or enjoyed a serener sway.

When I rise in the morning, Pépe, the stuttering lad from the gardens, brings me a tribute of fresh-culled flowers, which are afterward arranged in vases by the skillful hand of Dolores, who takes a feminine pride in the decoration of my 30 chambers. My meals are made wherever caprice dictates; sometimes in one of the Moorish halls, sometimes under the arcades of the Court of Lions, surrounded by flowers and fountains: and when I walk out, I am conducted by the assiduous Mateo to the most romantic retreats of the mountains, 35 and delicious haunts of the adjacent valleys, not one of which but is the scene of some wonderful tale.

Though fond of passing the greater part of my day alone, yet I occasionally repair in the evenings to the little domestic circle of Doña Antonia. This is generally held in an old Moorish chamber, which serves the good dame for parlor, 5 kitchen, and hall of audience, and which must have boasted of some splendor in the time of the Moors, if we may judge from the traces yet remaining; but a rude fireplace has been made in modern times in one corner, the smoke from which has discolored the walls, and almost obliterated the ancient 10 arabesques. A window, with a balcony overhanging the valley of the Darro, lets in the cool evening breeze; and here I take my frugal supper of fruit and milk, and mingle with the conversation of the family. There is a natural talent or mother-wit, as it is called, about the Spaniards, which renders 15 them intellectual and agreeable companions, whatever may be their condition in life, or however imperfect may have been their education: add to this, they are never vulgar; nature has endowed them with an inherent dignity of spirit. The good Tia Antonia is a woman of strong and intelligent, though 20 uncultivated mind; and the bright-eyed Dolores, though she has read but three or four books in the whole course of her life, has an engaging mixture of naïveté and good sense, and often surprises me by the pungency of her artless sallies. Sometimes the nephew entertains us by reading some old 25 comedy of Calderon or Lope de Vega, to which he is evidently prompted by a desire to improve as well as amuse his cousin Dolores; though, to his great mortification, the little damsel generally falls asleep before the first act is completed. Sometimes Tia Antonia has a little levee of humble 30 friends and dependents, the inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet, or the wives of the invalid soldiers. These look up to her with great deference, as the custodian of the palace, and pay their court to her by bringing the news of the place, or the rumors that may have straggled up from Granada. In listen-

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25 **Calderon** (kal'de-ron), **Lope de Vega** (lo'pa da va'gah): Celebrated Spanish dramatic authors. Lope is said to have written over two thousand dramas.

ing to these evening gossipings I have picked up many curious facts illustrative of the manners of the people and the peculiarities of the neighborhood.

These are simple details of simple pleasure; it is the nature of the place alone that gives them interest and importance. 5 I tread haunted ground, and am surrounded by romantic associations. From earliest boyhood, when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the pages of old Gines Perez de Hytas's apocryphal but chivalresque history of the civil wars of Granada, and the feuds of its gallant cavaliers, the Zegris 10 and Abencerrages, that city has ever been a subject of my waking dreams; and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra. Behold for once a day-dream realized; yet I can scarce credit my senses, or believe that I do indeed inhabit the palace of Boabdil, and look down from its 15 balconies upon chivalric Granada. As I loiter through these Oriental chambers, and hear the murmur of fountains and the song of the nightingale; as I inhale the odor of the rose, and feel the influence of the balmy climate, I am almost tempted to fancy myself in the paradise of Mahomet, and that the 20 plump little Dolores is one of the bright-eyed houris, destined to administer to the happiness of true believers.

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21. **Houris** (how'riz): Nymphs of paradise, who, according to the Koran, will attend the faithful.

### Inhabitants of the Alhambra.

I HAVE often observed that the more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are its inhabitants in the day of its decline, and that the palace of a king commonly ends in being the nestling-place of a beggar.

- 5 The Alhambra is in a rapid state of similar transition. Whenever a tower falls to decay, it is seized upon by some tatterdemalion family, who become joint-tenants, with the bats and owls, of its gilded halls; and hang their rags, those standards of poverty, out of its windows and loop-holes.
- 10 I have amused myself with remarking some of the motley characters that have thus usurped the ancient abode of royalty, and who seem as if placed here to give a farcical termination to the drama of human pride. One of these even bears the mockery of a regal title. It is a little old woman named
- 15 Maria Antonia Sabonea, but who goes by the appellation of la Reyna Coquina, or the Cockle-queen. She is small enough to be a fairy; and a fairy she may be for aught I can find out, for no one seems to know her origin. Her habitation is in a kind of closet under the outer staircase of the palace, and
- 20 she sits in the cool stone corridor, plying her needle and singing from morning till night, with a ready joke for every one that passes; for though one of the poorest, she is one of the merriest little women breathing. Her great merit is a gift for story-telling, having, I verily believe, as many stories at her
- 25 command as the inexhaustible Scheherezade of the Thousand and One Nights. Some of these I have heard her relate in the evening tertulias of Dame Antonia, at which she is occasionally a humble attendant.

That there must be some fairy gift about this mysterious

25. **Scheherezade** (she-he're zade): The daughter of the grand vizier of the Indies, who relates the tales of the "Arabian Nights" to the sultan Schahriah.

27. **Tertulia** (ter-too'le-ah): A club or evening party.



little old woman, would appear from her extraordinary luck, since, notwithstanding her being very little, very ugly, and very poor, she has had, according to her own account, five husbands and a half, reckoning as a half one a young dragoon, who died during courtship. A rival personage to this little 5 fairy queen is a portly old fellow with a bottle-nose, who goes about in a rusty garb, with a cocked hat of oil-skin and a red cockade. He is one of the legitimate sons of the Alhambra, and has lived here all his life, filling various offices, such as deputy alguazil, sexton of the parochial church, and marker 10 of a fives-court established at the foot of one of the towers. He is as poor as a rat, but as proud as he is ragged, boasting of his descent from the illustrious house of Aguilar, from which sprang Gonzalvo of Cordova, the grand captain. Nay, he actually bears the name of Alonzo de Aguilar, so renowned 15 in the history of the Conquest, though the graceless wags of the fortress have given him the title of *el padre santo*, or the holy father, the usual appellation of the Pope, which I had thought too sacred in the eyes of true Catholics to be thus ludicrously applied. It is a whimsical caprice of fortune to 20 present, in the grotesque person of this tatterdemalion, a namesake and descendant of the proud Alonzo de Aguilar, the mirror of Andalusian chivalry, leading an almost mendicant existence about this once haughty fortress, which his ancestor aided to reduce; yet such might have been the lot of the de- 25 scendants of Agamemnon and Achilles, had they lingered about the ruins of Troy!

Of this motley community, I find the family of my gossiping squire, Mateo Ximenes, to form, from their numbers at

10. **Alguazil** (al-gwah-zeel'): A constable.

11. **Marker of a fives-court**: One who keeps the score at the game of fives or hand-tennis.

14. **Gonzalvo**: For the deeds of this great hero, see Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." He was the Sir Walter Raleigh of Spanish chivalry. "His splendid military successes have made the name of Gonzalvo as familiar to his countrymen as that of Cid, which, floating down the stream of popular melody, has been treasured up as a part of the national history." The romantic death of his brother, Alonzo de Aguilar (ah-ghe-lar'), is celebrated in the ballad, "Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar" (Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads").

26. **Agamemnon, Achilles** (ag-a-mem'non, a-kil'leez): The heroes of Homer's "Iliad," leaders of the Greeks in the war against Troy.

least, a very important part. His boast of being a son of the Alhambra is not unfounded. His family has inhabited the fortress ever since the time of the Conquest, handing down an hereditary poverty from father to son; not one of them having  
 5 ever been known to be worth a maravedi. His father, by trade a ribbon-weaver, and who succeeded the historical tailor as the head of the family, is now near seventy years of age, and lives in a hovel of reeds and plaster, built by his own hands, just above the iron gate. The furniture consists of a  
 10 crazy bed, a table, and two or three chairs; a wooden chest containing, besides his scanty clothing, the "archives of the family." These are nothing more nor less than the papers of various lawsuits sustained by different generations; by which it would seem that, with all their apparent carelessness and  
 15 good humor, they are a litigious brood. Most of the suits have been brought against gossiping neighbors for questioning the purity of their blood, and denying their being *Christianos viejos*, i.e., old Christians, without Jewish or Moorish taint. In fact, I doubt whether this jealousy about their blood has  
 20 not kept them so poor in purse: spending all their earnings on escribanos and alguazils. The pride of the hovel is an escutcheon suspended against the wall, in which are emblazoned quarterings of the arms of the Marquis of Caiedo, and of various other noble houses, with which this poverty-  
 25 stricken brood claim affinity.

As to Mateo himself, who is now about thirty-five years of age, he has done his utmost to perpetuate his line and continue the poverty of the family, having a wife and a numerous progeny, who inhabit an almost dismantled hovel in the  
 30 hamlet. How they manage to subsist, He only who sees into all mysteries can tell; the subsistence of a Spanish family of the kind is always a riddle to me; yet they do subsist, and

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5. **Maravedi** (mar-a-va'di): A Spanish coin worth about one quarter of a cent.

21. **Escribano** (es-kre-bah'no): A notary public.

23. **Quarterings**: When a family was entitled by inheritance to more than one coat-of-arms, the escutcheon or shield was divided usually into four parts, *quarterings*, and each family device placed in a separate compartment.



what is more, appear to enjoy their existence. The wife takes her holiday stroll on the Paseo of Granada, with a child in her arms and half a dozen at her heels; and the eldest daughter, now verging into womanhood, dresses her hair with flowers, and dances gayly to the castanets. 5

There are two classes of people to whom life seems one long holiday,—the very rich and the very poor; one, because they need do nothing; the other, because they have nothing to do; but there are none who understand the art of doing nothing and living upon nothing better than the poor classes of Spain. 10 Climate does one half, and temperament the rest. Give a Spaniard the shade in summer and the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil, and garbances, an old brown cloak and a guitar, and let the world roll on as it pleases. Talk of poverty! with him it has no disgrace. It sits upon him with a gran- 15 diose style, like his ragged cloak. He is a hidalgo, even when in rags.

The “sons of the Alhambra” are an eminent illustration of this practical philosophy. As the Moors imagined that the celestial paradise hung over this favored spot, so I am inclined 20 at times to fancy that a gleam of the golden age still lingers about this ragged community. They possess nothing, they do nothing, they care for nothing. Yet, though apparently idle all the week, they are as observant of all holy days and saints’ days as the most laborious artisan. They attend all fêtes and 25 dancings in Granada and its vicinity, light bonfires on the hills on St. John’s eve, and dance away the moonlight nights

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2. **Paseo** (pah-sa’o): A public walk.

5. **Castanets** (cas’ta-nets): Little instruments held in the hands and clapped with the fingers, much used by the Moors and Spaniards in their dances. The word means *chestnut*, which they resemble in shape. See illustration in dictionary.

13. **Garbances**: Chick-peas; a kind of pulse, much used as food in Spain

16. **Hidalgo** (hĩ-dal’go): A Spanish gentleman by birth, who has the right to be called *Don*. The word is from the L. *filius italicus*, Italian son, *i.e.*, one upon whom the right of Roman citizenship has been conferred.

27. **St. John’s eve**: “A night frequently alluded to in the old Spanish stories and ballads, as one devoted, both by Moors and Christians, to gayer superstitions and adventures more various than belonged to any other of the old national holidays” (Ticknor’s “History of Spanish Literature”). This holiday was June 24, celebrating the birth of John the Baptist. See, in Lockhart, “Song for the morning of the day of St. John,” and “The Admiral Guarinos.”

on the harvest-home of a small [field within the precincts of the fortress, which yields a few bushels of wheat.

Before concluding these remarks, I must mention one of the amusements of the place, which has particularly struck me. I had repeatedly observed a long lean fellow perched on the top of one of the towers, maneuvering two or three fishing-rods, as though he were angling for the stars. I was for some time perplexed by the evolutions of this aerial fisherman, and my perplexity increased on observing others employed in like manner on different parts of the battlements and bastions; it was not until I consulted Mateo Ximenes that I solved the mystery.

It seems that the pure and airy situation of this fortress has rendered it, like the castle of Macbeth, a prolific breeding-place for swallows and martlets, who sport about its towers in myriads, with the holiday glee of urchins just let loose from school. To entrap these birds in their giddy circlings, with hooks baited with flies, is one of the favorite amusements of the ragged "sons of the Alhambra," who, with the good-for-nothing ingenuity of arrant idlers, have thus invented the art of angling in the sky.

1. **Harvest-home:** The harvesting, or bringing home of the harvest. The festival at the conclusion of the harvesting, formerly so much enjoyed by the peasantry, was called *harvest-home*.

14. Banquo says to Duncan, as they are about to enter Macbeth's castle :

" This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells woingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate."

### The Hall of Ambassadors.

IN one of my visits to the old Moorish chamber where the good Tia Antonia cooks her dinner and receives her company, I observed a mysterious door in one corner, leading apparently into the ancient part of the edifice. My curiosity being aroused, I opened it, and found myself in a narrow, blind 5 corridor, groping along which I came to the head of a dark, winding staircase, leading down an angle of the Tower of Comares. Down this staircase I descended darkling, guiding myself by the wall until I came to a small door at the bottom, throwing which open, I was suddenly dazzled by emerging 10 into the brilliant antechamber of the Hall of Ambassadors, with the fountain of the court of the Alberca sparkling before me. The antechamber is separated from the court by an elegant gallery, supported by slender columns with spandrels of open-work in the Morisco style. At each end of the antechamber 15 are alcoves, and its ceiling is richly stuccoed and painted. Passing through a magnificent portal, I found myself in the far-famed Hall of Ambassadors, the audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs. It is said to be thirty-seven feet square and sixty feet high; occupies the whole interior of the Tower 20 of Comares; and still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are beautifully stuccoed and decorated with Morisco fancifulness; the lofty ceiling was originally of the same favorite material, with the usual frost-work and pensile ornaments or stalactites; which, with the embellishments of vivid 25 coloring and gilding, must have been gorgeous in the extreme.

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8. **Darkling:** *Adv.*, in the dark, blindly.

14. **Spandrels:** The triangular spaces between the outer curves of adjoining arches and the horizontal line or string-course above them.

15. **Morisco** (mo-ris'ko): Moorish or Moresque style. How do Moorish columns and arches differ from the Grecian and the Gothic?

24. **Pensile** (pen'sil): Hanging, pendent. From *L. pendere*, to hang, *pp. pensus*. What other words from this root?

26. Says Irving in a note: "To an unpracticed eye the light rilievs and fanciful arabesques which cover the walls of the Alhambra appear to have been sculptured by the hand, with a minute and patient labor, an inexhaust-

Unfortunately it gave way during an earthquake, and brought down with it an immense arch which traversed the hall. It was replaced by the present vault or dome of larch or cedar, with intersecting ribs, the whole curiously wrought and richly colored; still Oriental in its character, reminding one of "those ceilings of cedar and vermilion that we read of in the Prophets and the Arabian Nights."

From the great height of the vault above the windows, the upper part of the hall is almost lost in obscurity; yet there is a magnificence as well as solemnity in the gloom, as through it we have gleams of rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Moorish pencil.

The royal throne was placed opposite the entrance in a recess, which still bears an inscription intimating that Yusef I. (the monarch who completed the Alhambra) made this the throne of his empire. Everything in this noble hall seems to have been calculated to surround the throne with impressive dignity and splendor; there was none of the elegant voluptuousness which reigns in other parts of the palace. The tower is of massive strength, domineering over the whole edifice and overhanging the steep hill-side. On three sides of the Hall of Ambassadors are windows cut through the immense thickness of the walls, and commanding extensive prospects. The balcony of the central window especially looks down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, with its walks, its groves and gardens. To the left it enjoys a distant prospect of the Vega; while directly in front rises the rival height of the Albaycin, with its medley of streets, and terraces, and gardens, and once crowned by a fortress that vied in power with the Alham-

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ible variety of detail, yet a general uniformity and harmony of design truly astonishing; and this may especially be said of the vaults and cupolas, which are wrought like honeycombs, or frost-work, with stalactites and pendants which confound the beholder with the seeming intricacy of their patterns. The astonishment ceases, however, when it is discovered that this is all stucco-work; plates of plaster of Paris, cast in molds and skillfully joined so as to form patterns of every size and form. . . . Much gilding was used in the stucco-work, especially of the cupolas and the interstices were delicately penciled with brilliant colors, such as vermilion and lapis lazuli, laid on with the whites of eggs."

7. From Urquhart's "Pillars of Hercules."

27. **Albaycin** (al-bay'sin): A suburb of Granada.

bra. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this!" exclaimed Charles V., as he looked forth from this window upon the enchanting scenery it commands.

The balcony of the window where this royal exclamation was made, has of late become one of my favorite resorts. I have just been seated there, enjoying the close of a long brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the purple mountains of Alhama, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra; while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting rays, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then rose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power; and, like the evening sun beaming on these moldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past.

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As I sat watching the effect of the declining daylight upon this Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant, and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike people who so long battled here for the mastery of the Peninsula. By degrees I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Morisco Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a nation without a legitimate country or name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, cast upon the shores of Europe, they seem to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their career of conquest, from the

rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the East, and the Crescent at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and London.

Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa, that formed this great irruption, gave up the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them as they supposed by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements which marked the Arabian empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of Oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe.

The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans, to instruct themselves in the useful arts. The universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada were sought by the pale student from other lands to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs and the treasured lore of antiquity; the lovers of the gay science resorted to Cordova

3. **Tours (toor):** The Moors, under the leaders Musa and Taric, entered Spain in 711 and advanced triumphantly into France as far as Tours, where they were totally defeated in 732, by the French king, Charles Martel.

5. **Crescent:** The figure of the new moon, used as the symbol or emblem of the Turkish power and of Mohammedanism, as the cross is the symbol of Christianity. Why is the new moon called *crescent*?

14. **Allah:** The Arabic name of the Supreme Being.

30. **Gay science:** The Troubadours of France called their art of poetry the "gay science." Their beautiful songs are still studied and imitated by our best poets.



and Granada to imbibe the poetry and music of the East; and the steel-clad warriors of the North hastened thither to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry.

If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada, still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century, passed away, and still they maintained possession 10 of the land. A period elapsed longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror, and the descendants of Musa and Taric might as little anticipate being driven into exile across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of 15 Rollo and William, and their veteran peers, may dream of being driven back to the shores of Normandy.

With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotie, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbors in the West by 20 impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the East, the Morisco-Spaniards were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged, though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foothold in a usurped land.

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They were the outposts and frontiers of Islamism. The Peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothic con-

5. **Mosque** (mosk): A Mohammedan church. The Mosque of Cordova is one of the most beautiful specimens of Moorish architecture in Europe, with its wonderful labyrinth of pillars, porphyry and jasper and marble of many a tint, originally twelve hundred in number. There were nineteen gateways of bronze, and four thousand and seven hundred lamps, fed with perfumed oil, shed light and fragrance through its brilliant aisles.

6. **Alcazar** (al-ka-zar'): A fortress, castle, or royal palace. The Alcazar of Seville, in beauty and interest, is exceeded only by the Alhambra.

13. **Musa, Taric** (moo'sah, tah'rik): Leaders of the Moors when they conquered Spain.

16. **Rollo**: The viking who with his Northmen (Normans), entered France in the year 912, and took possession of the part called after them *Normandy*.

16. **William**: Duke of Normandy, who conquered England in 1066 and ruled it as king.

27. These Gothic conquerors took possession of Spain in the first half of



querors of the North and the Moslem conquerors of the East met and strove for mastery; and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valor of the Goth.

5 Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not  
10 even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption, and of their occupation for ages, refuses to acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power  
15 and dominion, as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra;—a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people,  
20 who conquered, ruled, flourished, and passed away.

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the fifth century. The name of the principal tribe, the Vandals, is preserved in the beautiful word *Andalusia*. Origin and meaning of the word *vandalism*?

### The Mysterious Chambers.

As I was rambling one day about the Moorish halls, my attention was, for the first time, attracted to a door in a remote gallery, communicating apparently with some part of the Alhambra which I had not yet explored. I attempted to open it, but it was locked. I knocked, but no one answered, and 5 the sound seemed to reverberate through empty chambers. Here then was a mystery. Here was the haunted wing of the castle. How was I to get at the dark secrets here shut up from the public eye? Should I come privately at night with lamp and sword, according to the prying custom of heroes of 10 romance; or should I endeavor to draw the secret from Pépe the stuttering gardener; or the ingenuous Dolores, or the loquacious Mateo? Or should I go frankly and openly to Dame Antonia the chatelaine, and ask her all about it? I chose the latter course, as being the simplest though the least 15 romantic; and found, somewhat to my disappointment, that there was no mystery in the case. I was welcome to explore the apartment, and there was the key.

Thus provided, I returned forthwith to the door. It opened, as I had surmised, to a range of vacant chambers; but they 20 were quite different from the rest of the palace. The architecture, though rich and antiquated, was European. There was nothing Moorish about it. The first two rooms were lofty; the ceilings, broken in many places, were of cedar, deeply paneled and skillfully carved with fruits and flowers, inter- 25 mingled with grotesque masks or faces.

The walls had evidently in ancient times been hung with damask; but now were naked, and scrawled over by that class of aspiring travelers who defile noble monuments with their worthless names. The windows, dismantled and open to wind 30 and weather, looked out into a charming little secluded garden, where an alabaster fountain sparkled among roses and myrtles, and was surrounded by orange and citron trees, some

of which flung their branches into the chambers. Beyond these rooms were two saloons, longer but less lofty, looking also into the garden. In the compartments of the paneled ceilings were baskets of fruit and garlands of flowers, painted  
 5 by no mean hand, and in tolerable preservation. The walls also had been painted in fresco in the Italian style, but the paintings were nearly obliterated; the windows were in the same shattered state with those of the other chambers. This fanciful suite of rooms terminated in an open gallery with balus-  
 10 trades, running at right angles along another side of the garden. The whole apartment, so delicate and elegant in its decorations, so choice and sequestered in its situation along this retired little garden, and so different in architecture from the neighboring halls, awakened an interest in its history. I  
 15 found on inquiry that it was an apartment fitted up by Italian artists in the early part of the last century, at the time when Philip V. and his second wife, the beautiful Elizabetta of Farnese, daughter of the Duke of Parma, were expected at the Alhambra. It was destined for the queen and the ladies  
 20 of her train. One of the loftiest chambers had been her sleeping-room. A narrow staircase, now walled up, led up to a delightful belvidere, originally a mirador of the Moorish sultanas, communicating with the harem; but which was fitted up as a boudoir for the fair Elizabetta, and still retains the  
 25 name of *el tocador de la Reyna*, or the queen's toilette.

One window of the royal sleeping-room commanded a prospect of the Generalife and its embowered terraces; another looked out into the little secluded garden I have mentioned, which was decidedly Moorish in its character, and also had its  
 30 history. It was in fact the garden of Lindaraxa, so often

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22. **Belvidere** (bel-vī-deer'): A part of the upper story of a building, open to the air on one or more sides, affording a fine view and a means of enjoying the cool evening breezes. From *bel*, beautiful, and *vedere*, a view.

22. **Mirador** (mir-a-dore'): The same as belvidere. Any balcony affording an extensive view. Sp. *mirar*, behold; L. *mirari*, wonder at. How are the words *mirage*, *mirror*, *admire*, *miracle*, associated with this?

23. **Sultana** (sool-tah'nah): The wife of a sultan, a Moorish emperor or king.

27. **Generalife** (Sp. ha-ner-ah-lee'fa): This was a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months to enjoy a more breezy region than that of the Alhambra,

mentioned in descriptions of the Alhambra, but who this Lindaraxa was I had never heard explained. A little research gave me the few particulars known about her. She was a Moorish beauty who flourished in the court of Muhamed the Left-Handed, and was the daughter of his loyal adherent, the alcaide of Malaga, who sheltered him in his city when driven from the throne. On regaining his crown, the alcaide was rewarded for his fidelity. His daughter had her apartment in the Alhambra, and was given by the king in marriage to Nasar, a young Cetimerian prince descended from Aben Hud the Just. Their espousals were doubtless celebrated in the royal palace, and their honeymoon may have passed among these very bowers.

Four centuries had elapsed since the fair Lindaraxa passed away, yet how much of the fragile beauty of the scenes she inhabited remained! The garden still bloomed in which she delighted; the fountain still presented the crystal mirror in which her charms may once have been reflected; the alabaster, it is true, had lost its whiteness; the basin beneath, overrun with weeds, had become the lurking-place of the lizard, but there was something in the very decay that enhanced the interest of the scene, speaking as it did of that mutability, the irrevocable lot of man and all his works.

The desolation too of these chambers, once the abode of the proud and elegant Elizabetta, had a more touching charm for me than if I had beheld them in their pristine splendor, glittering with the pageantry of a court.

When I returned to my quarters, in the governor's apartment, everything seemed tame and commonplace after the poetic region I had left. The thought suggested itself: Why could I not change my quarters to these vacant chambers? that would indeed be living in the Alhambra, surrounded by its gardens and fountains, as in the time of the Moorish

7. **Alcaide** (al-kade') : In Spain, a commander of a fortress or fortified town.

13. One of the things in which the Moorish kings interfered was in the marriage of their nobles; hence it came that all the señors attached to the royal person were married in the palace; and there was always a chamber destined for the ceremony.—*Irving*.

sovereigns. I proposed the change to Dame Antonia and her family, and it occasioned vast surprise. They could not conceive any rational inducement for the choice of an apartment so forlorn, remote, and solitary. Dolores exclaimed at its  
 5 frightful loneliness ; nothing but bats and owls flitting about, —and then a fox and wildeat kept in the vaults of the neighboring baths, and roamed about at night. The good Tia had more reasonable objections. The neighborhood was infested by vagrants ; gypsies swarmed in the caverns of the adjacent  
 10 hills; the palace was ruinous and easy to be entered in many places; the rumor of a stranger quartered alone in one of the remote and ruined apartments, out of the hearing of the rest of the inhabitants, might tempt unwelcome visitors in the night, especially as foreigners were always supposed to be  
 15 well stocked with money. I was not to be diverted from my humor, however, and my will was law with these good people. So, calling in the assistance of a carpenter, and the ever officious Mateo Ximenes, the doors and windows were soon placed in a state of tolerable security, and the sleeping-room  
 20 of the stately Elizabetta prepared for my reception. Mateo kindly volunteered as a body-guard to sleep in my ante-chamber; but I did not think it worth while to put his valor to the proof.

With all the hardihood I had assumed and all the precautions I had taken, I must confess the first night passed in these quarters was inexpressibly dreary. I do not think it was so much the apprehension of dangers from without that affected me, as the character of the place itself, with all its  
 30 strange associations: the deeds of violence committed there; the tragical ends of many of those who had once reigned there in splendor. As I passed beneath the fated halls of the Tower of Comares on the way to my chamber, I called to mind a quotation, that used to thrill me in the days of boyhood:

“ Fate sits on these dark battlements and frowns;  
 And, as the portal opens to receive me,  
 A voice in sullen echoes through the courts  
 Tells of a nameless deed !”

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37. The motto on the title-page of Mrs. Radcliffe's romance. “The Mysteries of Udolpho.”

The whole family escorted me to my chamber, and took leave of me as of one engaged on a perilous enterprise; and when I heard their retreating steps die away along the waste antechambers and echoing galleries, and turned the key of my door, I was reminded of those hobgoblin stories, where the hero is left to accomplish the adventure of an enchanted house.

Even the thoughts of the fair Elizabetta and the beauties of her court, who had once graced these chambers, now, by a perversion of fancy, added to the gloom. Here was the scene of their transient gayety and loveliness; here were the very traces of their elegance and enjoyment; but what and where were they? Dust and ashes! tenants of the tomb! phantoms of the memory!

A vague and indescribable awe was creeping over me. I would fain have ascribed it to the thoughts of robbers awakened by the evening's conversation, but I felt it was something more unreal and absurd. The long-buried superstitions of the nursery were reviving, and asserting their power over my imagination. Everything began to be affected by the working of my mind. The whispering of the wind among the citron-trees beneath my window had something sinister. I cast my eyes into the garden of Lindaraxa; the groves presented a gulf of shadows; the thickets, indistinct and ghastly shapes. I was glad to close the window, but my chamber itself became infected. There was a slight rustling noise overhead; a bat suddenly emerged from a broken panel of the ceiling, flitting about the room and athwart my solitary lamp; and as the fateful bird almost flouted my face with his noiseless wing, the grotesque faces carved in high relief in the cedar ceiling, whence he had emerged, seemed to mope and mow at me.

Rousing myself, and half smiling at this temporary weakness, I resolved to brave it out in the true spirit of the hero of the enchanted house; so, taking lamp in hand, I sallied forth to make a tour of the palace. Notwithstanding every mental exertion the task was a severe one. I had to traverse



waste halls and mysterious galleries, where the rays of the lamp extended but a short distance around me. I walked, as it were, in a mere halo of light, walled in by impenetrable darkness. The vaulted corridors were as caverns; the ceilings of the halls were lost in gloom. I recalled all that had been said of the danger from interlopers in these remote and ruined apartments. Might not some vagrant foe be lurking before or behind me, in the outer darkness? My own shadow, cast upon the wall, began to disturb me. The echoes of my own footsteps along the corridors made me pause and look round. I was traversing scenes fraught with dismal recollections. One dark passage led down to the mosque where Yusef, the Moorish monarch, the finisher of the Alhambra, had been basely murdered. In another place I trod the gallery where another monarch had been struck down by the poniard of a relative whom he had thwarted in his love.

A low murmuring sound, as of stifled voices and clanking chains, now reached me. It seemed to come from the Hall of the Abencerrages. I knew it to be the rush of water through subterranean channels, but it sounded strangely in the night, and reminded me of the dismal stories to which it had given rise.

Soon, however, my ear was assailed by sounds too fearfully real to be the work of fancy. As I was crossing the Hall of Ambassadors, low moans and broken ejaculations rose, as it were, from beneath my feet. I paused and listened. They then appeared to be outside of the tower—then again within. Then broke forth howlings as of an animal—then stifled shrieks and inarticulate ravings. Heard in that dead hour and singular place, the effect was thrilling. I had no desire for further perambulation; but returned to my chamber with infinitely more alacrity than I had sallied forth, and drew my breath more freely when once more within its walls and the door bolted behind me. When I awoke in the morning, with the sun shining in at my window and lighting up every part of the building with his cheerful and truth-telling beams, I could scarcely recall the shadows and fancies conjured up by



the gloom of the preceding night; or believe that the scenes around me, so naked and apparent, could have been clothed with such imaginary horrors.

Still, the dismal howlings and ejaculations I had heard were not ideal; they were soon accounted for, however, by my 5 handmaid Dolores: being the ravings of a poor maniac, a brother of her aunt, who was subject to violent paroxysms, during which he was confined in a vaulted room beneath the Hall of Ambassadors.

In the course of a few evenings a thorough change took 10 place in the scene and its associations. The moon, which when I took possession of my new apartments was invisible, gradually gained each evening upon the darkness of the night, and at length rolled in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. 15 The garden beneath my window, before wrapped in gloom, was gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees were tipped with silver: the fountain sparkled in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose was faintly visible.

I now felt the poetic merit of the Arabic inscription on the 20 walls,—“How beauteous is this garden; where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven. What can compare with the vase of yon alabaster fountain filled with crystal water? nothing but the moon in her fullness, shining in the midst of an unclouded sky!”

25

On such heavenly nights I would sit for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered fortunes of those whose history was dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes, when all was quiet, and the clock from the distant cathedral of Granada 30 struck the midnight hour, I have sallied out on another tour and wandered over the whole building; but how different from my first tour! No longer dark and mysterious; no longer peopled with shadowy foes; no longer recalling scenes of violence and murder; all was open, spacious, beautiful; 35 everything called up pleasing and romantic fancies; Lindaraxa once more walked in her garden; the gay chivalry of Moslem

Granada once more glittered about the Court of Lions ! Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and such a place ? The temperature of a summer midnight in Andalusia is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; we feel a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, which render mere existence happiness. But when moonlight is added to all this, the effect is like enchantment. Under its plastic sway the Alhambra seems to regain its pristine glories. Every rent and chasm of time, every moldering tint and weather-stain is gone; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance,—we tread the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale !

What a delight, at such a time, to ascend to the little airy pavilion of the queen's toilet (*el tocador de la reyna*), which, like a bird-cage, overhangs the valley of the Darro, and gaze from its light arcades upon the moonlight prospect ! To the right, the swelling mountains of the Sierra Nevada, robbed of their ruggedness and softened into a fairy land, with their snowy summits gleaming like silver clouds against the deep blue sky. And then to lean over the parapet of the *Tocador* and gaze down upon Granada and the *Albaycin* spread out like a map below; all buried in deep repose; the white palaces and convents sleeping in the moonshine, and beyond all these the vapory *vega* fading away like a dreamland in the distance.

Sometimes the faint click of castanets rises from the *Alameda*, where some gay Andalusians are dancing away the summer night. Sometimes the dubious tones of a guitar and the notes of an amorous voice tell perchance the whereabouts of some moonstruck lover serenading his lady's window.

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28. **Alameda** (ah-lah-ma'dah): The general name for a public walk shaded with trees (literally, a poplar-grove). This Alameda is by the river *Xenil* and "enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful promenade in the world."

Such is a faint picture of the moonlight nights I have passed loitering about the courts and halls and balconies of this most suggestive pile ; “feeding my fancy with sugared suppositions,” and enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steals away existence in a southern climate ; so 5 that it has been almost morning before I have retired to bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

### Panorama from the Tower of Comares.

It is a serene and beautiful morning: the sun has not gained sufficient power to destroy the freshness of the night. What a morning to mount to the summit of the Tower of Comares, and take a bird's-eye view of Granada and its environs!

5 Come then, worthy reader and comrade, follow my steps into this vestibule, ornamented with rich tracery, which opens into the Hall of Ambassadors. We will not enter the hall, however, but turn to this small door opening into the wall. Have a care! here are steep winding steps and but scanty  
10 light; yet up this narrow, obscure, and spiral staircase, the proud monarchs of Granada and their queens have often ascended to the battlements to watch the approach of invading armies, or gaze with anxious hearts on the battles in the Vega.

15 At length we have reached the terraced roof, and may take breath for a moment, while we cast a general eye over the splendid panorama of city and country; of rocky mountain, verdant valley, and fertile plain; of castle, cathedral, Moorish towers, and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins, and blooming  
20 groves. Let us approach the battlements, and cast our eyes immediately below. See, on this side we have the whole plain of the Alhambra laid open to us, and can look down into its courts and gardens. At the foot of the tower is the Court of the Alberca, with its great tank or fishpool, bordered with  
25 flowers; and yonder is the Court of Lions, with its famous fountain, and its light Moorish arcades; and in the center of the pile is the little garden of Lindaraxa, buried in the heart of the building, with its roses and citrons and shrubbery of emerald green.

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24. **Court of the Alberca:** A portion of the wall of this court was destroyed by fire in 1890.

That belt of battlements, studded with square towers, straggling round the whole brow of the hill, is the outer boundary of the fortress. Some of the towers, you may perceive, are in ruins, and their massive fragments buried among vines, fig-trees, and aloes.

Let us look on this northern side of the tower. It is a giddy height; the very foundations of the tower rise above the groves of the steep hill-side. And see! a long fissure in the massive walls shows that the tower has been rent by some of the earthquakes which from time to time have thrown Granada into consternation; and which, sooner or later, must reduce this crumbling pile to a mere mass of ruin. The deep narrow glen below us, which gradually widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro; you see the little river winding its way under embowered terraces, and among orchards and flower-gardens. It is a stream famous in old times for yielding gold, and its sands are still sifted occasionally, in search of the precious ore. Some of these white pavilions, which here and there gleam from among groves and vineyards, were rustic retreats of the Moors, to enjoy the refreshment of their gardens. Well have they been compared by one of their poets to so many pearls set in a bed of emeralds.

The airy palace, with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalife, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. The naked summit of the height above it, where you behold some shapeless ruins, is the Silla del Moro, or seat of the Moor, so called from having been a retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil during the time of an insurrection, where he seated himself, and looked down mournfully upon his rebellious city.

A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill, nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond is the

Alameda, along the bank of the Darro, a favorite resort in evenings, and a rendezvous of lovers in the summer nights, when the guitar may be heard at a late hour from the benches along its walks. At present you see none but a few loitering  
5 monks there, and a group of water-carriers. The latter are burdened with water-jars of ancient Oriental construction, such as were used by the Moors. They have been filled at the cold and limpid spring called the fountain of Avellanos. Yon mountain path leads to the fountain, a favorite resort of  
10 Moslems as well as Christians; for this is said to be the Adinamar (Aynu-l-adamar), the "Fountain of Tears," mentioned by Ibn Batuta the traveler, and celebrated in the histories and romances of the Moors.

You start! 'tis nothing but a hawk that we have frightened  
15 from his nest. This old tower is a complete breeding-place for vagrant birds; the swallow and martlet abound in every chink and cranny, and circle about it the whole day long; while at night, when all other birds have gone to rest, the moping owl comes out of its lurking-place, and utters its  
20 boding cry from the battlements. See how the hawk we have dislodged sweeps away below us, skimming over the tops of the trees, and sailing up to the ruins above the Generalife!

I see you raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud in the blue sky.  
25 It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains which gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city,—the fresh  
30 vegetation and temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardor of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this ærial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge  
35 of the Alpuxarras, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys.

Those mountains may be well called the glory of Granada.

They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them, as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of delightful Granada, and chants, in low voice, some old romance about the Moors.

See to the south at the foot of those mountains a line of arid hills, down which a long train of mules is slowly moving. Here was the closing scene of Moslem domination. From the summit of one of those hills the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Granada, and gave vent to the agony of his soul. It is the spot famous in song and story, "The last sigh of the Moor."

Further this way these arid hills slope down into the luxurious Vega, from which he had just emerged: a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, and teeming orchard, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links, and feeding innumerable rills; which, conducted through ancient Moorish channels, maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure. Here were the beloved bowers and gardens, and rural pavilions, for which the unfortunate Moors fought with such desperate valor. The very hovels and rude granges, now inhabited by boors, show, by the remains of arabesques and other tasteful decoration, that they were elegant residences in the days of the Moslems. Behold, in the very center of this eventful plain, a place which in a manner links the history of the Old World with that of the New. Yon line of walls and towers gleaming in the morning sun is the city of Santa Fé, built by the Catholic sovereigns during the siege of Granada, after a conflagration had destroyed their camp. It was to these walls Columbus was called back by the heroic queen, and within

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13. The hill is called "The Hill of Tears." See Prescott's account of the departure of Boabdil, "Ferdinand and Isabella," Pt. I. ch. 15; also, "The Flight from Granada," in Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

32. The city was built in eighty days, and the name Santa Fé (Holy Faith) given to it by Queen Isabella, who was in the camp at the time. See Irving's "Conquest of Granada," II. 41.



them the treaty was concluded which led to the discovery of the Western World. Behind yon promontory to the west is the bridge of Pinos, renowned for many a bloody fight between Moors and Christians. At this bridge the messenger overtook  
5 Columbus when, despairing of success with the Spanish sovereigns, he was departing to carry his project of discovery to the court of France.

Above the bridge a range of mountains bounds the Vega to the west,—the ancient barrier between Granada and the  
10 Christian territories. Among their heights you may still discern warrior towns ; their gray walls and battlements seeming of a piece with the rocks on which they are built. Here and there a solitary atalaya, or watch-tower, perched on a mountain-peak, looks down as it were from the sky into the valley  
15 on either side. How often have these atalayas given notice, by fire at night or smoke by day, of an approaching foe ! It was down a cragged defile of these mountains, called the Pass of Lope, that the Christian armies descended into the Vega. Round the base of yon gray and naked mountain (the moun-  
20 tain of Elvira), stretching its bold rocky promontory into the bosom of the plain, the invading squadrons would come bursting into view, with flaunting banners and clangor of drum and trumpet.

Five hundred years have elapsed since Ismael ben Ferrag, a  
25 Moorish king of Granada, beheld from this very tower an invasion of the kind, and an insulting ravage of the Vega ; on which occasion he displayed an instance of chivalrous magnanimity, often witnessed in the Moslem princes ; “ whose history,” says an Arabian writer, “ abounds in generous actions  
30 and noble deeds that will last through all succeeding ages, and live forever in the memory of man.”—But let us sit down on this parapet, and I will relate the anecdote.

It was in the year of grace 1319 that Ismael ben Ferrag beheld from this tower a Christian camp whitening the skirts of  
35 yon mountain of Elvira. The royal princes, Don Juan and Don Pedro, regents of Castile during the minority of Alfonso XI., had already laid waste the country from Alcaudete to Alçalá la

Real, capturing the castle of Illora and setting fire to its suburbs, and they now carried their insulting ravages to the very gates of Granada, defying the king to sally forth and give them battle.

Ismael, though a young and intrepid prince, hesitated to accept the challenge. He had not sufficient force at hand, and awaited the arrival of troops summoned from the neighboring towns. The Christian princes, mistaking his motives, gave up all hope of drawing him forth, and having glutted themselves with ravage, struck their tents and began their homeward 10 march. Don Pedro led the van, and Don Juan brought up the rear, but their march was confused and irregular, the army being greatly encumbered by the spoils and captives they had taken.

By this time King Ismael had received his expected resources, 15 and putting them under the command of Osmyn, one of the bravest of his generals, sent them forth in hot pursuit of the enemy. The Christians were overtaken in the defiles of the mountains. A panic seized them ; they were completely routed, and driven with great slaughter across the borders. Both of 20 the princes lost their lives. The body of Don Pedro was carried off by his soldiers, but that of Don Juan was lost in the darkness of the night. His son wrote to the Moorish king, entreating that the body of his father might be sought and honorably treated. Ismael forgot in a moment that Don Juan 25 was an enemy, who had carried ravage and insult to the very gate of his capital ; he only thought of him as a gallant cavalier and a royal prince. By his command diligent search was made for the body. It was found in a barranco and brought to Granada. There Ismael caused it to be laid out in state on 30 a lofty bier surrounded by torches and tapers, in one of these halls of the Alhambra. Osmyn and other of the noblest cavaliers were appointed as a guard of honor, and the Christian captives were assembled to pray around it.

In the mean time, Ismael wrote to the son of Prince Juan to 35

send a convoy for the body, assuring him it should be faithfully delivered up. In due time, a band of Christian cavaliers arrived for the purpose. They were honorably received and entertained by Ismael, and, on their departure with the  
5 body, the guard of honor of Moslem cavaliers escorted the funeral train to the frontier.

But enough ;—the sun is high above the mountains, and pours his full fervor on our heads. Already the terraced roof is hot beneath our feet ; let us abandon it, and refresh our-  
10 selves under the arcades by the Fountain of the Lions.

### The Court of Lions.

THE peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are 5 most favorable to this phantasmagoria of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions, and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this 10 pile, and rent its rudest towers; yet see! not one of those slender columns has been displaced, not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade given way, and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, exist after the lapse of centuries, almost 15 as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist. I write in the midst of these mementos of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated Hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my 20 paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around! Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above, through the lantern of a dome 25 tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and, rising with a surge, darts away twittering over the roofs; the 30 busy bee toils humming among the flower-beds; and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport

with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem, loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He, however, who would behold this scene under an aspect  
5 more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls. Then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

10 At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here was performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonial of high mass, on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross  
15 is still to be seen upon the wall, where the altar was erected, and where officiated the Grand Cardinal of Spain, and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land. I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host, that mixture of mitred prelate and shaven monk, and  
20 steel-clad knight and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his  
25 modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar, and pouring forth thanks for their victory; while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned *Te Deum*.

30 The transient illusion is over,—the pageant melts from the fancy,—monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vault, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of  
35 Comares.

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29. *Te Deum*: An ancient hymn, used especially in services of thanksgiving. It begins with the words *Te Deum laudamus*, Thee, God, we praise.

Entering the Court of the Lions a few evenings since, I was almost startled at beholding a turbaned Moor quietly seated near the fountain. For a moment one of the fictions of the place seemed realized: an enchanted Moor had broken the spell of centuries, and become visible. He proved, however, 5 to be a mere ordinary mortal; a native of Tetuan in Barbary, who had a shop in the Zacatin of Granada, where he sold rhubarb, trinkets, and perfumes. As he spoke Spanish fluently, I was enabled to hold conversation with him, and found him shrewd and intelligent. He told me that he came up the hill 10 occasionally in the summer, to pass a part of the day in the Alhambra, which reminded him of the old palaces in Barbary, being built and adorned in similar style, though with more magnificence.

As we walked about the palace, he pointed out several of 15 the Arabic inscriptions, as possessing much poetic beauty.

"Ah, señor," said he, "when the Moors held Granada, they were a gayer people than they are nowadays. They thought only of love, music, and poetry. They made stanzas upon every occasion, and set them all to music. He who could 20 make the best verses, and she who had the most tuneful voice, might be sure of favor and preferment. In those days, if any one asked for bread, the reply was, make me a couplet; and the poorest beggar, if he begged in rhyme, would often be rewarded with a piece of gold."

25

"And is the popular feeling for poetry," said I, "entirely lost among you?"

"By no means, señor; the people of Barbary, even those of the lower classes, still make couplets, and good ones too, as in old times; but talent is not rewarded as it was then; the rich 30 prefer the jingle of their gold to the sound of poetry or music."

As he was talking, his eye caught one of the inscriptions which foretold perpetuity to the power and glory of the Moslem monarchs, the masters of this pile. He shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, as he interpreted it. "Such might 35 have been the case," said he; "the Moslems might still have been reigning in the Alhambra, had not Boabdil been a traitor,

and given up his capital to the Christians. The Spanish monarchs would never have been able to conquer it by open force."

I endeavored to vindicate the memory of the unlucky 5 Boabdil from this aspersion, and to show that the dissensions which led to the downfall of the Moorish throne originated in the cruelty of his tiger-hearted father; but the Moor would admit of no palliation.

"Muley Abul Hassan," said he, "might have been cruel; 10 but he was brave, vigilant, and patriotic. Had he been properly seconded, Granada would still have been ours; but his son Boabdil thwarted his plans, crippled his power, sowed treason in his palace, and dissension in his camp. May the curse of God light upon him for his treachery!" With these words the 15 Moor left the Alhambra.

The indignation of my turbaned companion agrees with an anecdote related by a friend, who, in the course of a tour in Barbary, had an interview with the Pacha of Tetuan. The Moorish governor was particular in his inquiries about Spain, 20 and especially concerning the favored region of Andalusia, the delights of Granada, and the remains of its royal palace. The replies awakened all those fond recollections, so deeply cherished by the Moors, of the power and splendor of their ancient empire in Spain. Turning to his Moslem attendants, the 25 Pacha stroked his beard, and broke forth in passionate lamentations, that such a scepter should have fallen from the sway of true believers. He consoled himself, however, with the persuasion that the power and prosperity of the Spanish nation were on the decline; that a time would come when the Moors 30 would conquer their rightful domains; and that the day was perhaps not far distant when Mohammedan worship would again be offered up in the Mosque of Cordova, and a Mohammedan prince sit on his throne in the Alhambra.

Such is the general aspiration and belief among the Moors of

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18. **Pacha** (pă-shah'), also spelled *Pasha*: A governor; strictly, a title of honor, among the Turks, placed after the name; sometimes conferred upon distinguished foreigners, as Emin *Pasha*.



Barbary; who consider Spain, or Andaluz, as it was anciently called, their rightful heritage, of which they have been despoiled by treachery and violence. These ideas are fostered and perpetuated by the descendants of the exiled Moors of Granada, scattered among the cities of Barbary. Several of 5 these reside in Tetuan, preserving their ancient names, such as Paez and Medina, and refraining from intermarriage with any families who cannot claim the same high origin. Their vaunted lineage is regarded with a degree of popular deference rarely shown in Mohammedan communities to any hereditary 10 distinction, excepting in the royal line.

These families, it is said, continue to sigh after the terrestrial paradise of their ancestors, and to put up prayers in their mosques on Fridays, imploring Allah to hasten the time when Granada shall be restored to the faithful: an event to which 15 they look forward as fondly and confidently as did the Christian crusaders to the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. Nay, it is added that some of them retain the ancient maps and deeds of the estates and gardens of their ancestors at Granada, and even the keys of the houses; holding them as evidences of their 20 hereditary claims, to be produced at the anticipated day of restoration.

My conversation with the Moors set me to musing on the fate of Boabdil. Never was surname more applicable than that bestowed upon him by his subjects of el Zogoybi, or the 25 Unlucky. His misfortunes began almost in his cradle, and ceased not even with his death. If ever he cherished the desire of leaving an honorable name on the historic page, how cruelly has he been defrauded of his hopes! Who is there that has turned the least attention to the romantic history of the 30 Moorish domination in Spain, without kindling with indignation at the alleged atrocities of Boabdil? Who has not been touched with the woes of his lovely and gentle queen, subjected by him to a trial of life and death, on a false charge of

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1. Andaluz (Sp. ahn-dah-looth'): The same as Andalusia.

infidelity? Who has not been shocked by his alleged murder of his sister and her two children, in a transport of passion? Who has not felt his blood boil at the inhuman massacre of the gallant Abencerrages, thirty-six of whom, it is affirmed, he  
 5 ordered to be beheaded in the Court of Lions? All these charges have been reiterated in various forms; they have passed into ballads, dramas, and romances, until they have taken too thorough possession of the public mind to be eradicated. There is not a foreigner of education that visits the  
 10 Alhambra, but asks for the fountain where the Abencerrages were beheaded; and gazes with horror at the grated gallery where the queen is said to have been confined; not a peasant of the Vega or the Sierra, but sings the story in rude couplets, to the accompaniment of his guitar, while his hearers learn to  
 15 execrate the very name of Boabdil.

Never, however, was name more foully and unjustly slandered. I have examined all the authentic chronicles and letters written by Spanish authors, contemporary with Boabdil; some of whom were in the confidence of the Catholic sovereigns, and actually present in the camp throughout the war.  
 20 I have examined all the Arabian authorities I could get access to, through the medium of translation, and have found nothing to justify these dark and hateful accusations. The most of these tales may be traced to a work commonly called "The  
 25 Civil Wars of Granada," containing a pretended history of the feuds of the Zegrís and Abencerrages, during the last struggle of the Moorish empire. The work appeared originally in Spanish, and professed to be translated from the Arabic by one Gines Perez de Hita, an inhabitant of Murcia. It has  
 30 since passed into various languages, and Florian has taken from it much of the fable of his Gonsalvo of Cordova: it has thus, in a great measure, usurped the authority of real history, and is currently believed by the people, and especially the

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30. **Florian:** A French novelist and poet, author of many popular romances. He translated "Don Quixote" into French.

peasantry of Granada. The whole of it, however, is a mass of fiction, mingled with a few disfigured truths, which give it an air of veracity. It bears internal evidence of its falsity; the manners and customs of the Moors being extravagantly misrepresented in it, and scenes depicted totally incompatible with 5 their habits and their faith, and which never could have been recorded by a Mohammedan writer.



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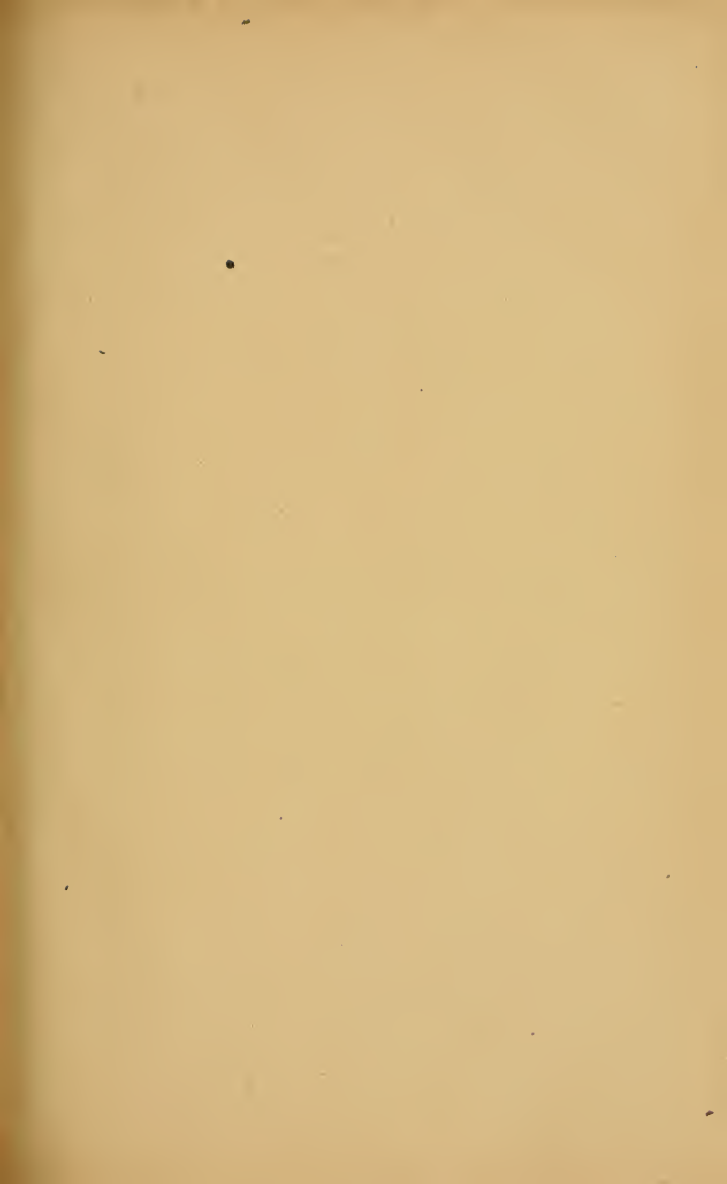
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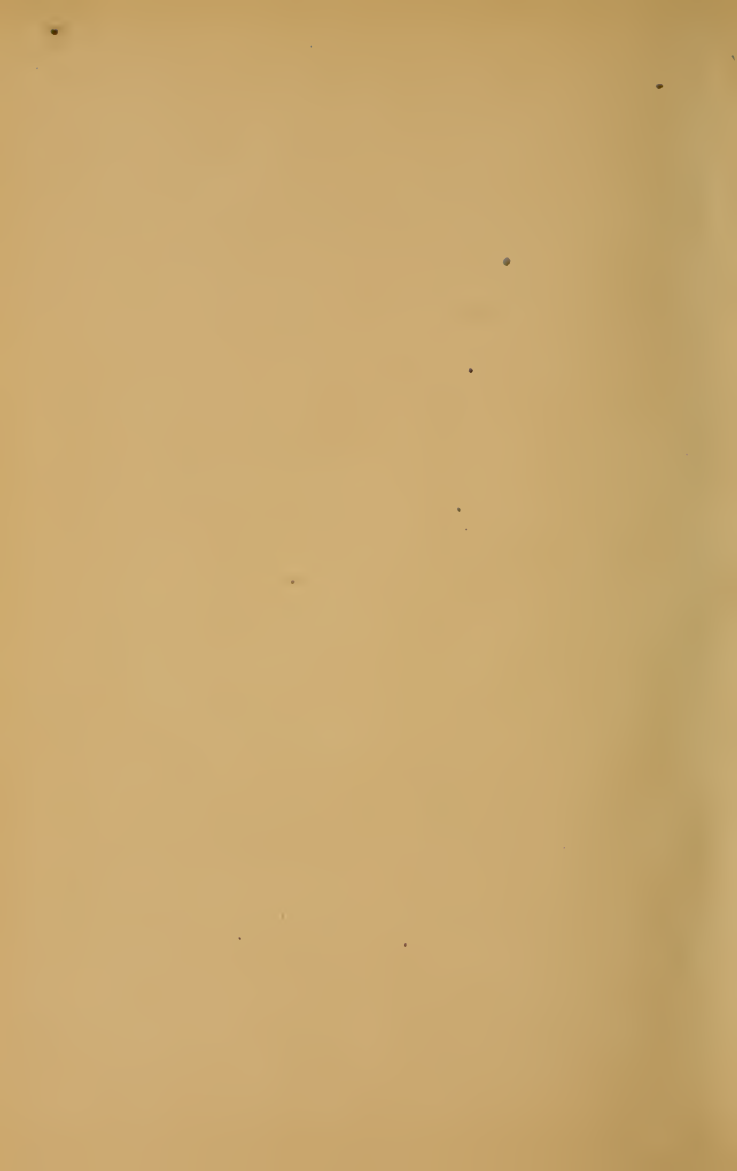
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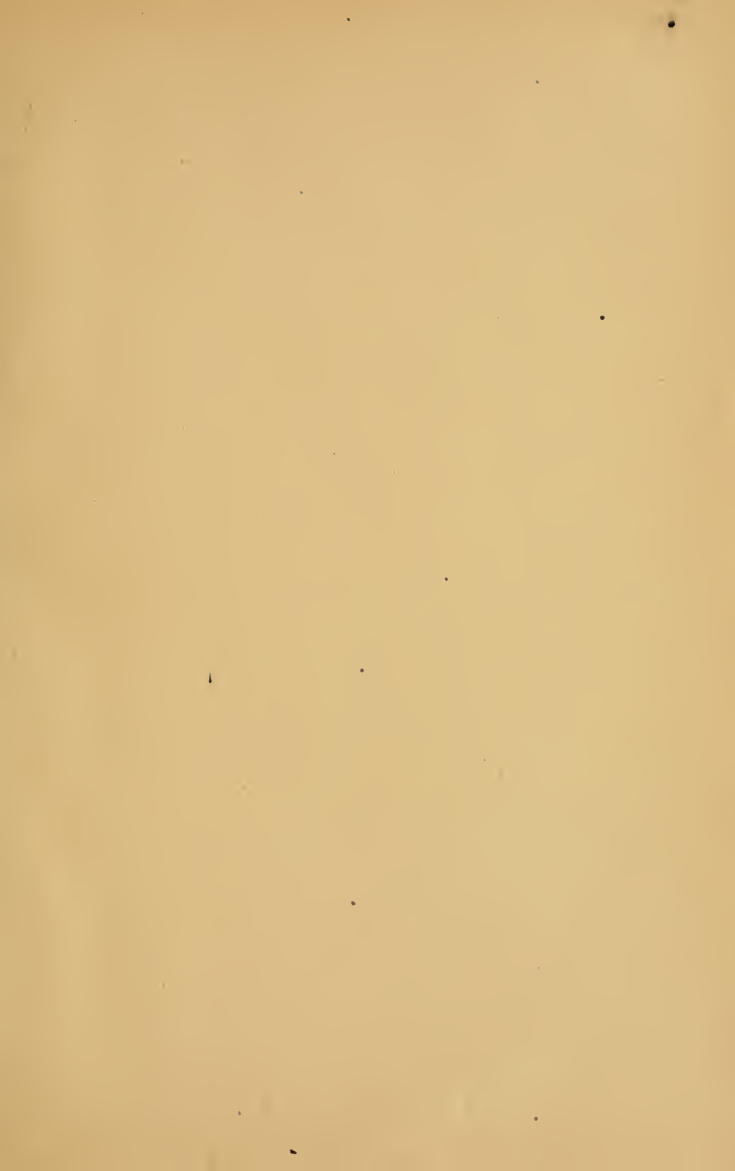
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