

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF THE VINE.

I.

WHOEVER has dreamed the journey to Spain before making it, as Mr. Henley says of Borrow, knows that the best and quickest route is along that «northwest passage of romance» which leads to the fair-spice country of Nowhere. For the Fortunate Isles may be passed by the way, and Avilion, and the garden paradise of Morgan le Fay; and Don Quixote is ever at hand to play the guide, or any one of the long-haired, red-waist-coated poets of the «Cénacle,» or a hundred others as inconsequent and picturesque. And in the land where the traveler is set ashore all life's a dance to the strumming of guitars and the click of castanets.

The journey conducted by Bradshaw and Murray requires more serious thought and careful preparation. Perhaps that was why, even after we had actually started for Andalusia, our plans were still vague. We had de-

termined upon nothing, though we hoped, once we were there, to follow the gray roads and stony tracks that go beckoning and winding through «vistas of change and adventure»; on mules, perhaps, or on bicycles, or in a diligence, or on foot, or in any fashion that did not mean dependence upon the railroad and other approved carriages of the Cook's tour.

II.

It was July, and we had arrived at Malaga from Marseilles by water. The town lay white and shining under a barren amphitheater of mountains. Between it and the *Vinuesa* was a great stretch of hot, hazy, shimmering, sun-lit water, over which little boats, each with white awning up, pulled out to meet us. We had read in Mr. Hare's «Wanderings in Spain» of the extortion and shocking manners of Malaga's boatmen; the same story was in Murray, with an added warning to keep our temper. But we had no trouble.

Once we had landed, and on the open quay J. had unstrapped and unlocked all our bags for a customs officer, who was too lazy to look into them; and at the Hotel Victoria the landlord had given us a large, clean, airy, brick-floored bedroom, for which he asked less than the guide-book told us to beat him down to; we were free, without further delay or bother, to make our plans and be off on the road at any moment we chose.

But first of all we went out to have a look at Malaga. Who was it said that sight-seeing is the art of disappointment? Surely we had not come all this way to the town of Hamet el Zegri, to walk through brand-new, wide streets, lined with big modern shops and clubs and cafés. The huge interior of the cathedral was unimpressive. The broken walls of the old Moorish fortress stood on the top of far too high a hill to be climbed in the staring sunshine of a July day. And even Murray could direct us to nothing else but a plain, bare church, where the banner of St. Ferdinand is said to hang, which we found fast shut; and an old Moorish arch, now neatly restored; and a river, dried up by the blazing sun of a tropical summer, with a railway track

running down the middle of its bed, between groups of wooden shanties. We met women in black lace mantillas, or else in long, pointed shawls, a gay flower stuck in their hair, and men with clean-shaven faces, in low, broad-brimmed hats and wide red belts. We saw plenty of donkeys in bright, gaudy trappings, but this was all the costume. We ought to have known better than to expect more. Still, somehow, its absence added to the grayness of our first impression.

Altogether, Malaga was so hot and dull that it seemed a capital place to start from. But how? That was what we had now to decide, and it was far too hot to think. The one sensible, because the easiest, plan, we felt would be to take the first train the next day for Granada, and to wait until we were in the Sierra Nevada, cool under their "eternal snows," to begin our journey into the land of adventure.

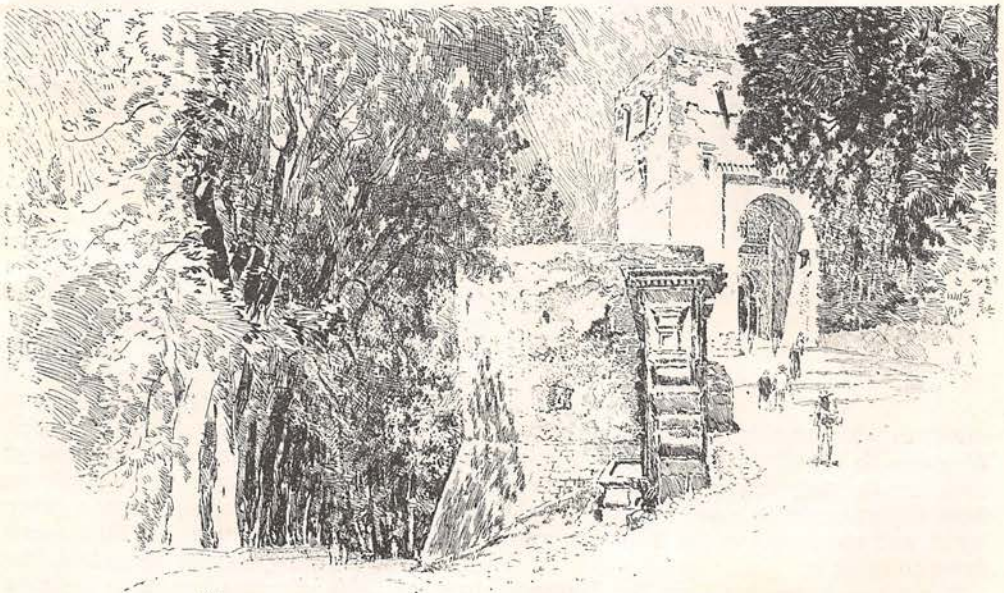
We had come to this conclusion by the time we sat down to the hotel table d'hôte with a large company of men, mostly fanning themselves with little paper fans, and a few women, as pale as De Musset's Andalouse. For dinner we had *puchero*, the national mess of boiled beef and sausage, and those big peas, *garbanzos*, that try to be beans and succeed only too well, and *gaspacho*, the floating salad which you eat with a spoon from a soup-plate, and red wine of Valdepeñas, with its classical but abominable flavor of pigskin.

And the waiters, when they had a minute, smoked cigarettes, and so did the landlord as he passed between the tables; and there was more genuine character in that one dinner than in all the rest of Malaga put together.

Afterward not a single open-air café in the stifling town was to be found, and when we sat inside the airiest, as near the window as we could get, beggars tapped us on the shoulder and pulled us by the sleeve. In the Alameda, when we came to it, a crowd was gathering under trees already withered and burned up in the scorching heat. As we watched them walking up and down, up and down the long dusty place under the fast-dying foliage, their amusement seemed vastly innocent and harmless. But we had no word evil enough for it after we had gone to bed. For our hotel stood at one end of the Alameda, and there, all the night through, under our windows, men and women chattered and laughed, while we tossed and tumbled as we tried in vain to sleep. Their noise only made us long the more to be off and away to the wayside inn, standing alone and silent in the starlight, where so many of our coming nights were to be spent.

III.

THE Spanish train usually starts either in the middle of the night or somewhere about day-break. Malaga was just going to sleep in the dawn as we got up, and when we bumped to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ROAD UP TO THE ALHAMBRA.

the station in the hotel coach, a yellow diligence, drawn by eight jingling mules, dashed past us in a whirlwind of dust. That was the way to be traveling in Spain!

Our train first dawdled across a green plain full of fig-trees and palms and strange tropical shrubs and trees, the horizon shut in by a belt of rugged hills. But at the other end of a tunnel we came right into the mountains, by the side of the great cañon of the Alpujarras, grim, bare, terrible.

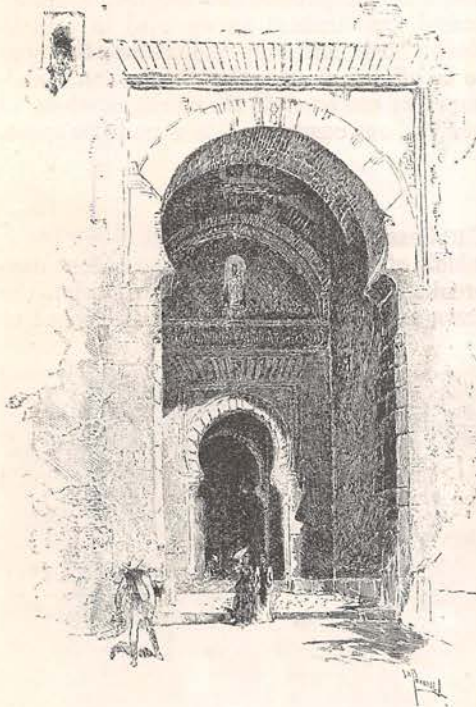
It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla, where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back, panting, fanning

as they were spluttered by the dust-choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with olive groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada.

On the platform we were stopped, first by hotel touts, who told us in bad French that we must go with them; and then by interpreters, who said that they could speak German, which was of no possible use to us, or English, which we could hear was no more fluent than our Spanish; and porters, who fought to carry our bags; and customs officers, who wanted to look into them; and of course the most hideous of beggars. J. got rid of the customs officer, and we went outside to find a hotel coach for ourselves. As we did so there mounted to its front seat the most odious of the interpreters, sweet and smiling, and no doubt later at the Roma he claimed a fee for having captured us.

The station stood in what seemed the town's shabbiest outskirts. The coach jolted over a rough, dusty, dirty, stony, sandy track, and through filthy, twisting alleyways. We held on with all our might, and the driver drove with all his. Then we were jolted up a steep hill. But at the top we drove under a massive stone gateway, and at once we were in a cool, dim, greenwood. The tall trees met overhead, making a roof against the sun. There was a lovely fountain, with beggars and cripples out of Murillo and Goya grouped about it. Water-carriers were trudging up and down, with their bottles slung on their own backs or in the panniers of neat-stepping donkeys. The road wound between trees, widening once into a circular green space, where there was also a fountain and stone seats, and beyond turning, so that we looked down over a hillside of white houses to the plain; then, with another turn, it brought us to two hotels that faced each other under the green



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

ourselves with our hats and our guide-books. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of «Water! water!» from the women who made a living by selling it, and the people in the train who were dying to drink it.

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent,

roof, and behind the Roma we caught a glimpse of the Alhambra's red walls.

Here, at last, was the paradise we had come so far to see.

IV.

ON the morning after our arrival, instead of getting out maps, instead of looking up mules or a diligence, our first care was to consult the hotel manager about *pension* by the week. And it was not long before we were making arrangements to rival Washington Irving as adopted children of the Alhambra. For when, after a five minutes' walk from the hotel, we had passed under the Gate of Justice, and were wandering in a maze of old palaces and walls, towers and archways, gardens and shops, and streets of houses, with here a church with grass-grown steps, and there a deserted monastery still raising its belfry, and everywhere the flame of oleander, we chanced upon a house, somewhat apart, that hung out the sign, "«To Let. À Louer.»" It was an absurdly international notice to find within the walls of Yusuf; but, no matter how many foreigners had been before us, we liked the idea of living inside the old Moorish precincts. What was more important, we liked the rooms to let when we were taken into them; and the landlady, who wore a flower in her hair, and who put her arm around my waist and gave me friendly little hugs while we bargained; and her barefooted husband, who showed us the fruit-trees and the tank in his garden, which was sweet with jasmine. They could not speak any English, less even than their sign; but we knew the word «peseta,» and the first foundation sentence of Meisterschaft, and the fingers of one hand did the rest. It all seemed enchanting in its primitiveness. Here would be quite as much local color, and it would be quite as entertaining, as by the open roadside. Nothing could be more foolish than to hope to see the real world from its big hotels. But when we went back to the Roma there were bags to be repacked and a bill to be paid. We simply could not leave. It was too hot, and, besides, we were extremely comfortable.

We did not even try to find an excuse. To



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THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

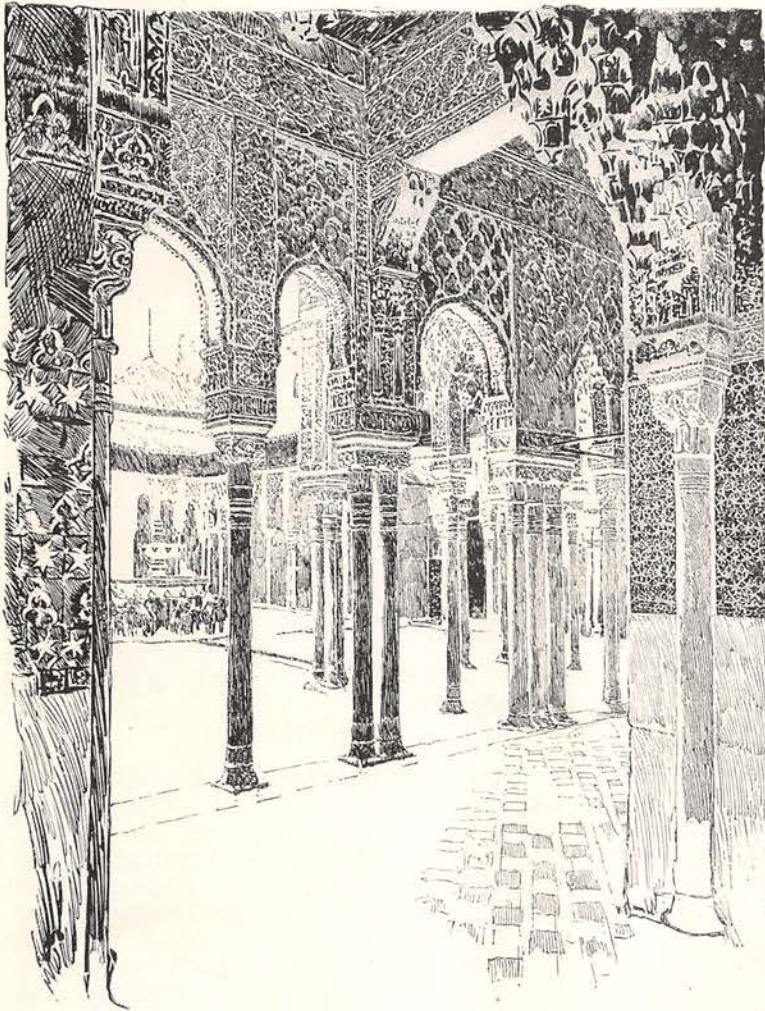
regret the little house and its garden, or the sudden collapse of plans of long years, would have been too great an effort. If we did exert ourselves to pretend that we meant, by staying, to see a great deal of Granada itself, it was the feeblest, puniest little pretense possible. In the evening we would say, «To-morrow we will walk down to the town, and visit its cathedral, and climb the Albaycin, and do everything expected of the tourist.» But when the next day came we never got farther than through the Gate of Justice, astir with water-carriers and their donkeys, to the Alhambra's door, or along the cypress avenue, ablaze with oleanders, to the gardens of the Generalife.

After all, when we had these two beautiful places—this paradise—to do nothing in, why should we have gone from them? I know the happy time has passed when the stranger is offered an apartment in the palace; probably Washington Irving himself nowadays would

have to put up in the hotel of his own name, instead of the rooms of the fair Elizabeth of Parma; Gautier I do not believe would have a chance to wrap himself in his blanket, and sleep a single night in the open Court of Lions or the Hall of the Two Sisters, dreaming of the harem and its beauties, who had

ways at our heels to assure us that he had been Fortuny's model and Regnault's. I, for my part, bought from the guides the book which Señor Contreras has written about the Alhambra, and I carried Gautier and Irving with me wherever I went. But, for all this parade, our most serious study during the first days

was to adapt courts and gardens to the passing hours. And why not? More than half a century ago was not Washington Irving afraid that the place had been already too well described to stand still another description? Has not its every story been told, its every ballad sung? Has it not been sketched and painted and «taken,» until the guide will tell you glibly how Fortuny used this for background, and Regnault that, down to the choice of the last stray amateur to come with his irrepressible kodak? Besides, ours really was the true way to study the Alhambra, to get to understand its loveliness. It is no better than a museum, and a very empty one, as melancholy a show place as the Roman Forum, when you follow the guide, stopping, as he bids you, to whisper for



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THE COURT OF LIONS.

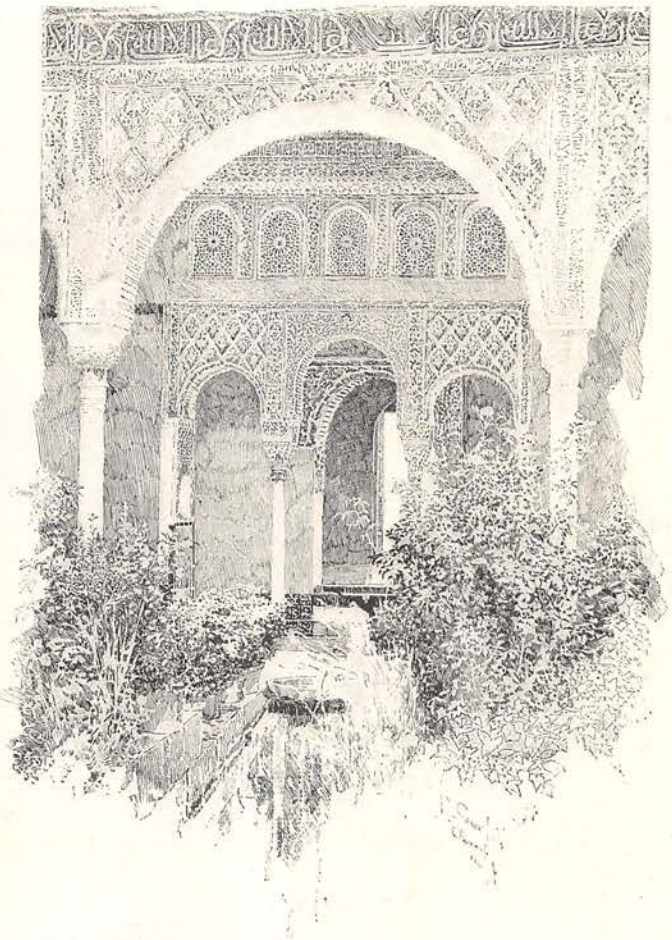
slept there so many ages before him. But by day, at least, we too can boast that in our castle of memory once our home was the Alhambra. It was easily managed. We had but to ask, and we got a ticket. This was supposed to enable us to pursue our studies, and, in proof of our claim to it, J. would start out in the morning with such an imposing assortment of sketch-blocks, stools, and ink-bottles that the ever-advertised Gipsy King was al-

an echo, or to receive a sprig of myrtle, or to see on the pavement the freshly rubbed in blood of the Abencerrages. Ah! what secrets I could tell of the Alhambra to archæologist or architect, busy deciphering inscriptions and measuring arches! It is no better than a labeled specimen. Its real beauty is not felt until you come to know just how each room, each arcade, each wall-space, looks when drenched with sunlight, just

how its effects change when the shadows fall upon it, just at what moment a latticed window opens upon the coolest prospect, or a lofty hall is most soothing refuge from the heat.

These were the facts we mastered as the days went by. We learned in the early morning to go to the queen's high *tocador*, with the white town far below, and to the right, above a confusion of fig-trees and aloes, the walls and cypresses of the Generalife, the same lovely picture sultanas had gazed upon from their toilet. We learned that when courts were red-hot, and balconies and *tocador* overlooked a gasping *vega*, it was more sensible to take a hint from the califs, and retire to the baths, to stretch ourselves out luxuriously in the tiled alcoves. For there was no facing the sunlight at midday. One might as well try to paint Spain's sun itself as the town or country that lies blazing beneath it. Velasquez and the old men, in their wisdom, never made the attempt; Fortuny and Rico substituted a convention of their own—a very beautiful convention, it is true, but no more like the real thing than the prancing steed that bears Velasquez's Philip on its back is like a Muybridge horse. And again we learned that it was not only possible, but a delight, to leave the baths in time to see the shadows lengthening in the Court of Lions, or from the Hall of Ambassadors to watch, as the child Boabdil, in his prison below in the same tower of Comares, must have watched, the sun sinking lower and lower toward the purple mountains of Alhama, until, for us, the great door opening at the far end of the Court of Myrtles was the signal that the day in the Alhambra was at an end. Our «*Buenas tardes*» was said as the chief guide's wife, happier than we, brought her chair close to the goldfish pond among the myrtles. She was fat, and wore a thick purple merino gown; and somehow her hot, substantial person discouraged our first desire to clothe her in romance, and see in her the child of Irving's little Dolores.

Often I wondered why the Moor, who made the bliss of stupidity an article of faith, should

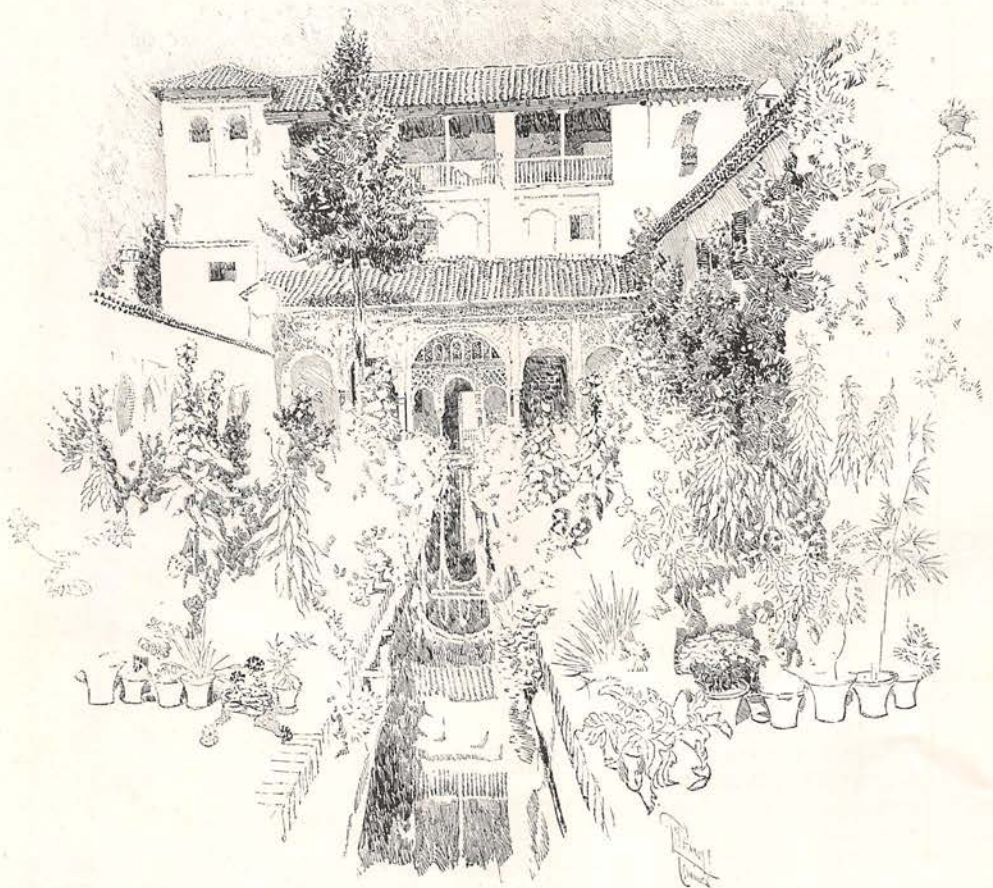


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE.

have left the Alhambra to fight and conquer and be brave. Boabdil, the indolent, was the only one of Granada's kings who was worthy of its palace. Why, even the Spaniard, who is not half so fine a creature, shows to-day far greater wisdom. Nobody did anything on our hilltop except the water-carriers, who were always coming and going through the grove, or passing to and fro in the open sunshine of the Plaza de los Albiges, the place of their cisterns.

In the Alhambra it was sleep and silence all day long. Painters, mostly natives of Granada, sometimes set up their easels laden with canvases and paint-boxes that made J.'s most elaborate outfit dwindle into insignificance; but the only man who ever used his brushes for more than five minutes at a time was an elderly English artist, dressed in flannels, as if for the Thames, who, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, toiled away at exactly the same spot, sturdily indifferent to



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«THE FIRST COURT'S COOL CANAL»—THE GENERALIFE.

the shifting light and the changing play of sunshine and shadow, in a month covering about six inches of his paper, so that Mr. Ruskin, no doubt, would have applauded his sincerity. The guides sat near the door, somnolent and idle, nodding over their cigarettes. It was but rarely that they were disturbed, now and then by peasants, all smoking hard as they went the official round, though it is only five years since the place was almost burned down from just such a cause; or by priests who, for us, had lost all attraction when they gave up the wonderful boat-shaped hat which they wear so jauntily in many an old picture and drawing; or by newly married lovers, with clasped hands and languid eyes, flaunting their little love of a day through courts where the passion of a Zorayda, a

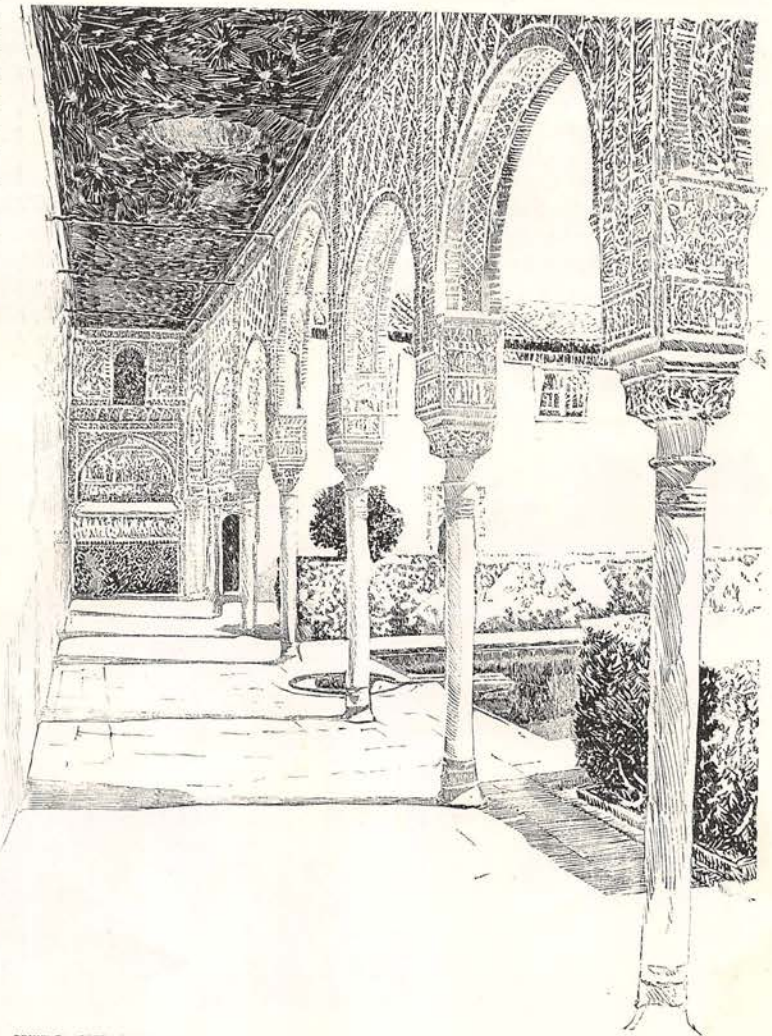
Lindaraxa, an Amina, has outlived the centuries. But July and August, fortunately, were not tourist months. The stranger intruded only at long, long intervals; then the lazy silence was usually broken by the familiar voices of our countrywomen. When they came it was another thing. The native might let the drowsy guide lead the way like one in his sleep, but not they who had crossed the Atlantic to see and to know, though, as a rule, they already knew more than the guide himself, to say nothing of Washington Irving and all the Spanish chroniclers.

Some of our days were spent in the Generalife, where one first understands why the Moslem made his paradise a garden. And I think it can never be quite as enchanting as at midsummer, when the oleanders bend

low with the weight of blazing blossoms all along the cypress avenue, as old as Zorayda the frail, and hollyhocks spring, tall and crimson, among the roses and below the orange-trees, on each side of the first court's cool canal, and the air is heavy with the scent of jasmine. It is then, too, that the sun-swept house and its arcades are most dazzling in their whiteness, that shadows fall blackest and sharpest on those great blank wall-spaces, whose value in architecture the Moor knew how to use to such good purpose; then that the stillness is most musical with the sound of running waters—*le jet d'eau toujours en pleurs*—in Zorayda's beautiful court, with the vine-draped loggia at one end, and at the other stately steps to the terraces above, where, from under trees trimmed in fantastic fashion, and over flower-pots ranged on the high wall, we could look across the ravine to the Red Palace on the opposite hill. Here we were interrupted still more seldom. Even the sad-eyed guardian was hardly ever to be seen. The bare-legged little gardener rolled and smoked his cigarettes in quiet among the flowers. If children lived in rooms opening upon the hollyhocks, their voices were faint and low and distant, and could not drown the fountain's song. And the proprietor, a barbarian surely, was far away, somewhere in Italy, so that his garden was entirely ours for the time.

The desire to go into Granada grew less with the days. Where was the need? From the plain, white-washed rooms, hung with portraits of kings and the family of the Generalife's present owners, as from the deeply recessed windows in the

Hall of Ambassadors, or the queen's high *tocador*, we looked right down upon the town below. On the other side of the Darro's narrow valley we could see the white houses spreading out to meet the vega, and straggling up the Albaycin, the gipsy caves riddling the high, terraced hillside. All day long we could have spied into courts and gardens, like Irving, and made a story for each. All day long we could look on at whatever life there was in the little Alameda on the Darro's bank, though its only spectacle was an occasional funeral, which passed, with pale flickering of candles, to the high-arched bridge over the river, where candles were put out and procession dispersed; for priest and mourners were as unwilling to come up as we were to go down, and the coffin was left with



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THE COURT OF MYRTLES.

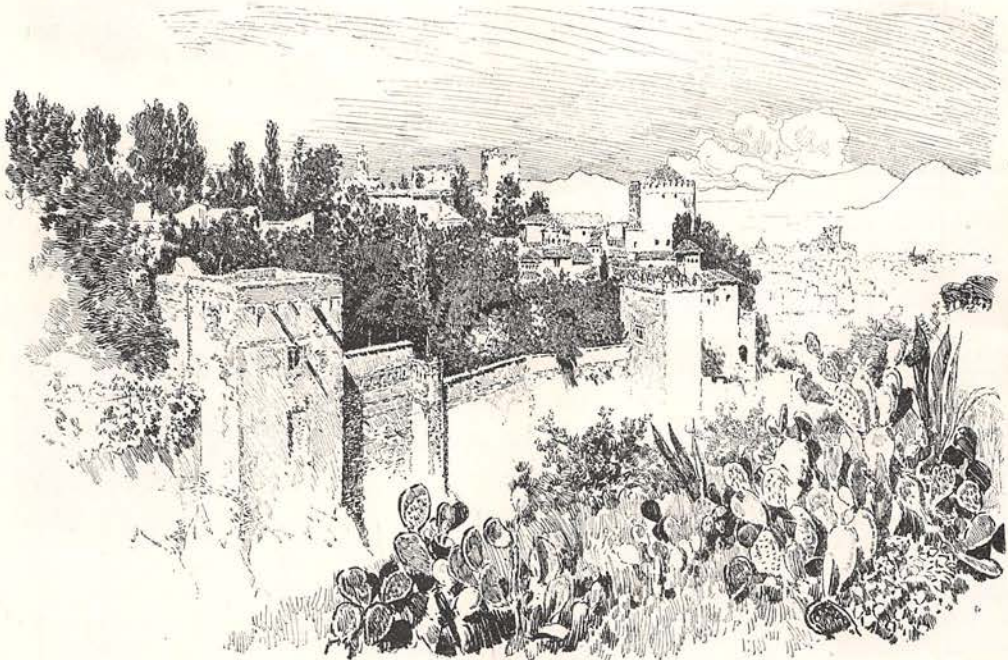
the men who were to bear it along the steep, stony street of the dead, which makes its abrupt ascent between the Alhambra's outer walls and the orchards of the Generalife.

And it was not only the town our high windows and balconies commanded. From them we could also look far and wide over the vega, so that, had armies still met and marched upon it, we could have watched their every manœuvre, much as Aben Habus kept guard upon his magic chess-board. Indeed, with the battle-ground lying like a map before me, I used to think that the siege of Granada, so fierce and stirring in history, could have been little more than an exciting game, a sort of tournament on an elaborate scale. For the illimitable plain of the chronicles seemed, in fact, so small and open a field, that soldiers, not understanding the rules, must have made quick end to those gallant sallies straight into the waiting ambush, to those brave raids, always promptly raided in their turn—in a word, to all those gay advances and panic-stricken retreats through the pass of Elvira. It was funny to read, in the new light thus thrown upon the old story, of the Englishman at the siege of Loxa, who, not knowing how to play the game of war in the Spanish way, really fought, and so upset completely the tactics, not only of the Moors, but of the Spaniards, who were his allies.

Now there was nothing to see in the vega but the great dust clouds that would rise in a column and wander across it, and turn to flame in the sudden dark and cool following fast upon sunset—for all the world like the pillar of smoke by day, and of fire by night, that led the children of Israel through the desert. I never knew what these flames were, but they emphasized the scriptural, or Oriental, character of a land that is Western only in name. It was when there was a moon that, from the ramparts of the Plaza de los Algibes, Granada presented to us the most beautiful picture—a nocturne in soft, silvery grays and deep, dusky blues, with here a solitary touch of gold from the stray lamp in a court, and there tiny lines of light that gave the modeling of the gipsy's hill. It lay like a dream city in a trance of silence. Shadowy mountains shut in the vega, Elvira, in solitary abruptness, standing somewhat in advance, Granada's majestic sentinel.

V.

HAD there been no Alhambra, no Generalife, I think we should still have been happy in the hotel under the elms. Perhaps I had better explain at once that, as it was, we could never at any hour quite forget the palace, whose red walls were always showing through



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE GENERALIFE—THE RED PALACE ON THE OPPOSITE HEIGHT.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

APPROACH TO GRANADA FROM NEAR ELVIRA.

the trees, whose huge tower of the Siete Suelos was little more than an arm's length from our bedroom windows, whose associations tinged the simplest sights and sounds with romance. If a lonely owl hooted we thought at once of Prince Ahmed and his messenger; in every water-carrier we saw the little bandy-legged Peregil; while not a Spanish woman would venture alone after dark through the grove for fear of spirits and spooks, every one of whom had come out of Washington Irving. In the beginning I could have wished the Alhambra easier to forget, and its ghosts less bold. The trouble was we slept too near that haunted tower, where, in the lowest of its Seven Floors, a chest of pearls and gold is shut up with two enchanted Moors, and the alcaid, alguacil, and barber who tried to carry it off by as mean a trick as was ever played by villains in quest of treasure.

There was no excitement at the Roma. From the time we got up until we went to bed nothing happened. Both hotels dozed under their elms as peacefully as the Alhambra and its gardens. At times waiters, clerks, and boarders sat rocking themselves to sleep on each side of the shady road. As often there was no one in sight but a lounging beggar, or the woman who, in the road beyond, dreamed over her stall and its nice new antiquities, which no one came to buy.

In the early morning there might be a moment's confusion when the tall man who seemed to be manager, steward, and porter in

one started with his donkey for the market, and the bull-dog that went with them lingered to hunt the cats in the garden. In the late evening there might be a sudden bustle when the coach from the station, with loud slashing of whips and jingling of bells, drove up to one of the rival hotels, and was met by so many managers, clerks, porters, waiters, and chambermaids, that from the other side of the road it seemed as if a dozen people had come, though one was much the more likely number. But the only important event of the day was dinner in the garden dining-room. Nothing could have been more delightful. Under the cool arch of the trees lights glimmered gaily from the white table, laden with fruit and the red wine of Valdepeñas; and when parties came up from Granada, as they did now and then, one little white-draped table beyond another stretched to the far end of the terrace. All about was darkness, the branches of the elms, as they swayed in the soft breeze, now showing, now hiding, the starlit sky. And we ate to the music of running waters, and, on certain rare occasions, to the mandolins of blind musicians. Nor did daylight mar the beauty of the place. Even at noontide few were the sunbeams that penetrated the garden's leafy roof; on one side of our breakfast-table were the rose-red walls of the Alhambra; the other looked down upon a cool road through the wood; the beggar's wail or the bray of a distant donkey but marked the silence.

The breakfast hour, however, varied ac-

cording to each one's fancy. It was only at dinner that all the boarders sat down together. Generally we were not more than six or eight to gather round the lamp-lit table, and J. and I were the only foreigners. The others were natives of Granada who had left its heated streets for the cool grove, or else Andalusians from near towns taking a short holiday. They were, if anything, too friendly; for, though our conversation with many was limited to «*Buenas dias*» and «*Buenas tardes*,» this and a bow were expected every time we met. To us, of a less polite race, it became something of a nuisance. With a few friendliness went further, especially with an amiable and pious family from Cadiz, who were our neighbors at table for a fortnight. The mother and two daughters were always veiled in their mantillas, if by chance we saw them in the morning on their way to or from mass. But they were never without smiles for us, and the father spoke some English. He was so extremely civil at all times that we were the more surprised one evening when he lost his temper outright.

«I like everything in your country except your wine,» J. told him, in answer to a leading question; for we never could get used to the vile flavor of pigskin.

He turned upon us in a fury. «What! not like my wine? But it is good—the best. I send it almost all to England.»

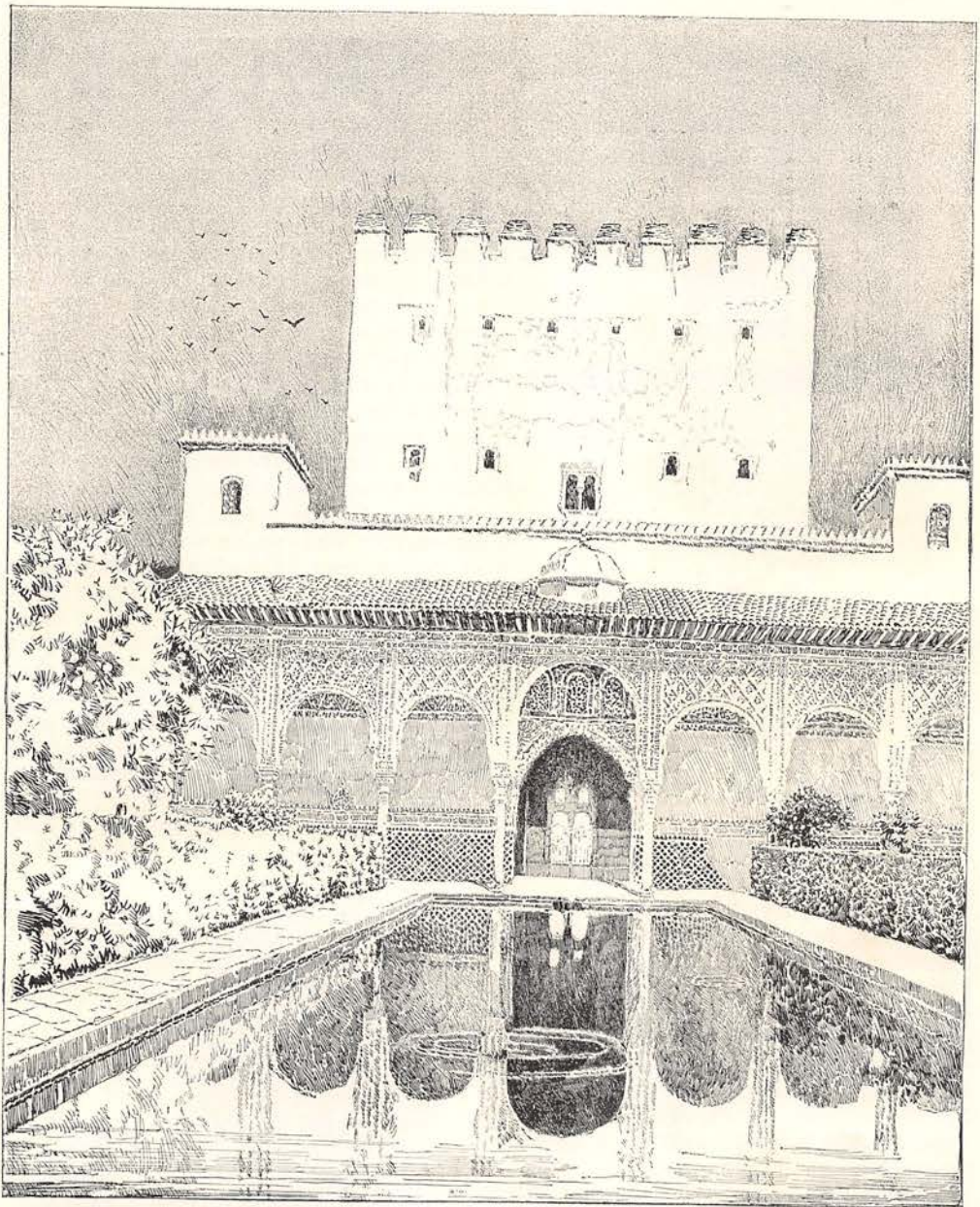
The trouble was, he was a wine merchant, and he could not be convinced that J. meant nothing personal until we had kept awake the long evening with him over a bottle of his sherry.

Then we had a bride and groom from Malaga, and the groom also spoke English. He told us they had come that they might, during their honeymoon, hear little birds sing, and wander under green trees, which we thought a pretty sentiment until it had been repeated to every man, woman, and child in the hotel. From the beginning of dinner to the end one of the little girls from Cadiz would keep up a ceaseless guttural prattle. Those occasional mandolins would rouse the bride into a flutter of excitement: it was a song of Malaga they were playing, she would then lean over to explain. But their tranquil gaiety never jarred; it seemed as much a part of the summer silence as the chanting of the crickets in the grove.

The arrival of the Marchioness was the first shock that shook us out of our slumbers. She lived in Granada; two of her children had whooping-cough, and she had chosen the hotel as a pleasant hospital for them. I never knew any one to pervade a place as she did. If we

went to sit in the rocking-chairs in front, there she was with her whooping babies; if we hurried back into the hall she was at our heels; and we could not retreat into the dull, gloomy, uninviting sitting-room that she and her nursery, whooping and yelling, did not follow. This was bad enough, but what mattered more was that she turned our peaceful garden into a sick-room, and our dinner into a public reception. By the second course one child or the other always began to whoop, and had to be carried away, purple and choking; by the third there was a great clattering of horse-hoofs in the road below the terrace, and the Marquis would pull up his horse, and the Marchioness would rush to lean over the balustrade and give him her harsh, voluble report; he was afraid, it seemed, of the contagion which he had passed on to us so cheerfully. By the fourth a party of friends would troop into the garden, and young ladies and priests and expansive dowagers would make a circle round the table, and watch us as we ate. I suppose it would have been a dreadful breach of Spanish etiquette had they been asked to dine, or, if asked, had they accepted! It was detestable. The whole atmosphere, the whole feeling, of the hotel and its garden was changed. But the other Spaniards did not like it a bit better. Everybody grumbled, everybody complained, and with heroic effort the manager got up enough energy to tell the Marchioness she must go, and we all dozed back into our accustomed habits.

If more ephemeral travelers came and went in the garden we scarce noticed their passage. Once, as we sat down to dinner, we started to hear the rich, humorous accent of Glasgow close to our ear; once it was the familiar twang of our own Pennsylvania that greeted us, and another time we saw a fat, thick-necked French commercial installed, eating hard and looking at nobody. However, one after the other, Spaniards and strangers alike departed, and still we stayed on. I do not believe that any one, not even Washington Irving, ever remained so long on the Alhambra's hill. The manager grew so used to us that he gave up providing the French dishes prepared for the tourist; now the waiters brought only their own extraordinary messes, golden with saffron, scarlet with pepper, soft with oil, fragrant with garlic, most of which had hitherto been reserved for the family dinner in the office. We were even made to abstain on Friday, and very flamboyant was our abstinence. In fact, for those who like the rococo in cookery, the Spanish kitchen is unrivaled.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

COURT OF THE FISH-POND.

The very beggars and guides who hung about the grove and the hotel got to know us so well that they gave up hoping to make anything out of us. At the end—but after many weeks—even the Gipsy King ceased asking us to buy his photograph, and it was only a strange hand that was stretched out to us, only a strange voice that hissed «Mossou! Madama!» into our ears, as we passed the tree at the corner of the road under the garden dining-room, which was the beggars' head-

quarters. There they were at all hours—the diseased, the deformed, and the maimed, gipsies and dogs. Each new guest at the hotel coming down for early coffee, if unwary enough to go near the edge of the terrace, would be welcomed by a hideous chorus from under the tree, «Sst, sssst, mossou, madama; señora, sst, señora, sst, señor, sssst,» mingled with the loud yelping of half-starved mongrels. Or else they all had a way of disappearing, no one knew where, only to set a



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

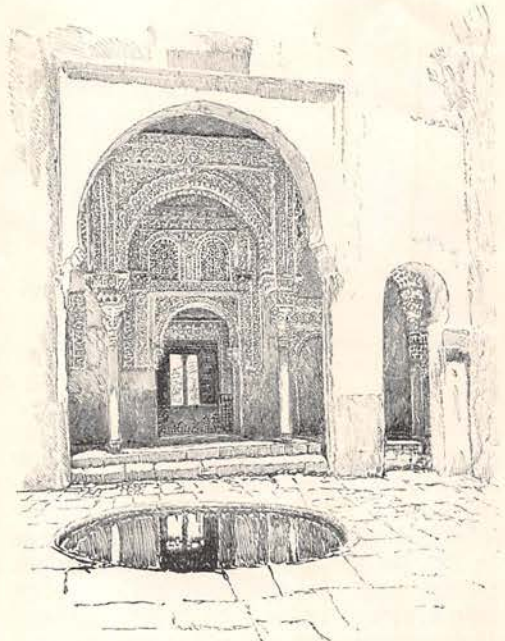
THE FISH-POND IN THE ALHAMBRA.

worse snare for the unsuspecting. I saw a Frenchman, his first morning at the Roma, lean over the garden's balustrade and carelessly drop a penny to a small ragged boy, the only creature in sight. In a second the road swarmed with gipsies, babies, cripples, all struggling and fighting and screaming. It was the only time I ever knew the Gipsy King to unbend from his dignity, but then he groveled. The Spanish beggar was altogether too much of a bully to move me to sentiment or sympathy, and for the first time in my life my love for the gipsy weakened. I have more than once in my day wandered far and wide on the track of the Romany; but, now that he was here close at hand, he begged too impudently for me to want to hail him as brother, or to visit him on his hillside. Nor had any of the others that elegance and urbanity of manner of which one reads in books. None ever called J. «caballero»; they were far more apt to swear like troopers when we left them empty-handed.

The guides were as bad. It was an evil day for posterity when Washington Irving let him-

self be imposed upon by Mateo Ximenes. We might have been left in peace, but the evening coach had only to bring to the Roma a stray traveler for them all to reappear—in the hall, on the steps, in the garden—as inevitably as the beggars under the tree. Then we were sure to see the white flannels and red sash of Mariano, as unprincipled a young wretch as ever lived, knowing nothing but what he had far better not have known, though his pockets bulged with cards of approval from gushing young ladies, mostly American. Then, at every turn we stumbled upon the new Mateos, not in picturesque rags, but in very correct clothes and broad-brimmed hats, as likely as not reading Murray over their victims' shoulders, cramming for the coming walk. And then, too, there was no escape from a perfect pest of a small boy, who apparently had been too much for the temper of tourists of all nations; for, dancing his war-dance in front of the foreigner, he would shriek like a little fiend, «*Allez-vous en! Get out! Go away! Via! Get out!*»

At such times the bric-à-brac dealer was seen in the hotel. Usually he kept to his shop in the Calle de los Gomerés, where there was little to buy at a price that would be the envy of Wardour street. The guides probably could best have explained how it was that he always had prompt hint of a possible bargain. In these emergencies he was really great. I have

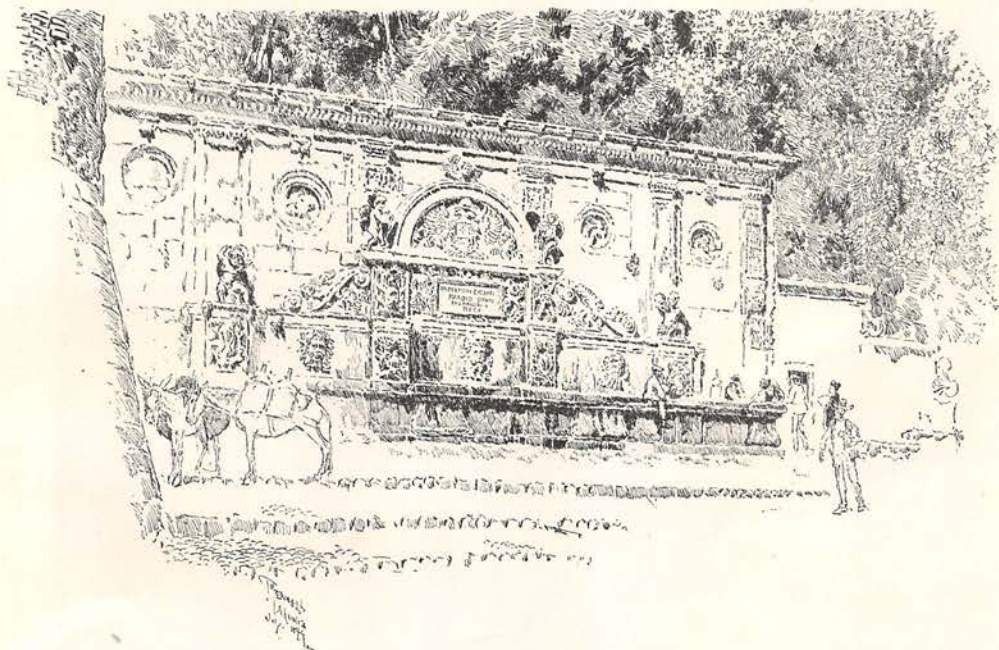


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

«FORTUNY'S BACKGROUND»—COURT OF THE MOSQUE.

known him, with only two days' warning, to produce a special piece of tapestry of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, decorated with the arms of the Marquis of Cadiz, and even with that brave soldier's name woven in the borders, unquestionably by the fair hands of the Catholic Isabella, though in the plain lettering of the modern manufacturer's favorite alphabet!

Another time we went down to a fête in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor-general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus; it might be the little affair of the egg, the discovery of America, or his own death, or any-



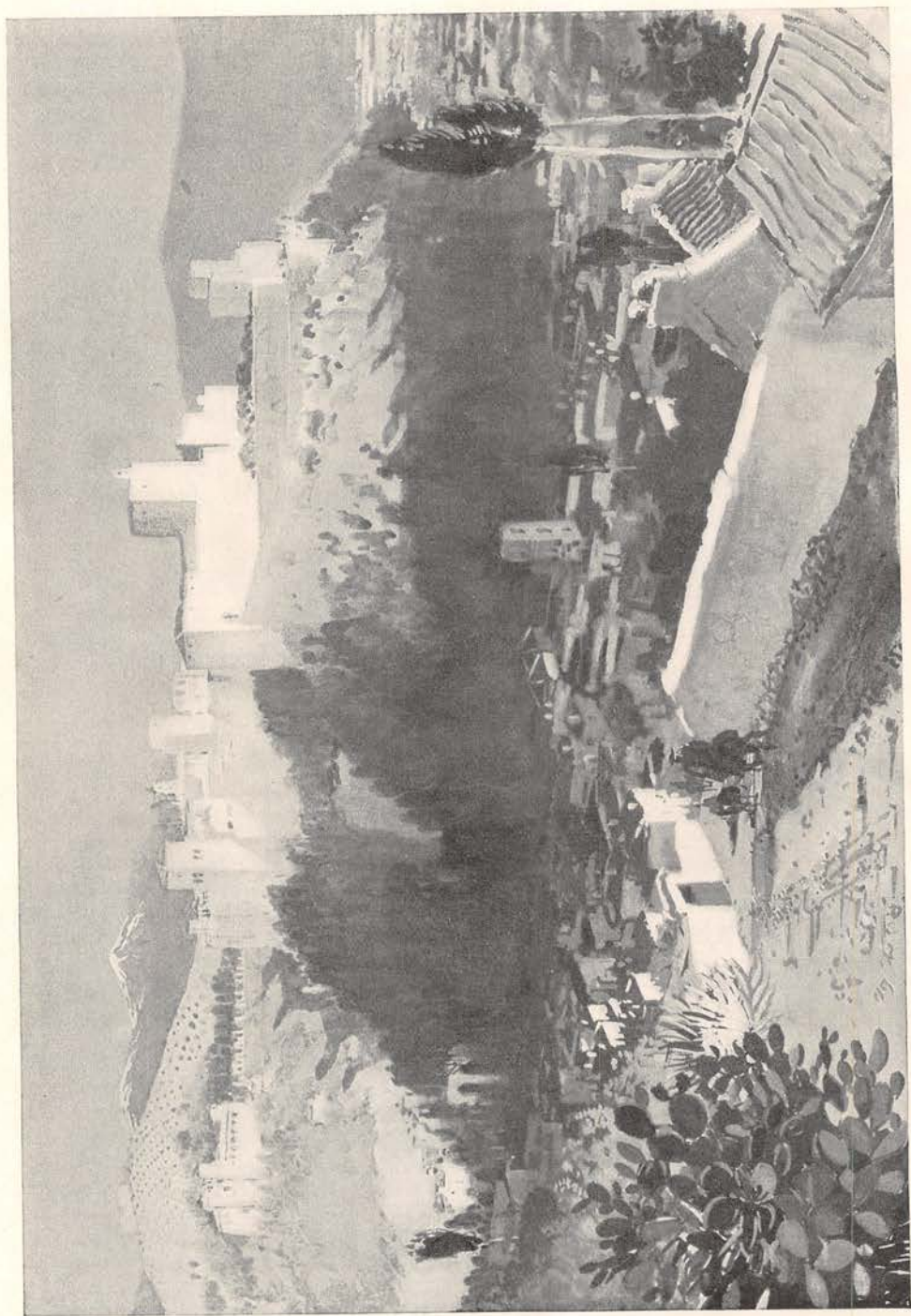
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FOUNTAIN OF CHARLES V.

VI.

OF course a time came when we did go down into the town. For one thing, we had to visit our bankers; that paid for the walk down the hill and the dreadful pull up again in the broiling sun, with not the faintest whiff of the cool breeze that, in fiction, always is blowing from the Sierra. For then we were sure to return with more money than we had expected. I do not pretend to explain these things, but for every hundred dollars we drew on our letter of credit we were given what seemed to us a hundred and twenty, or thirty, in pesetas, so that the exchange alone kept us going for a week. J. was so pleased that he had a wonderful scheme for turning every dollar he might earn into pesetas until he blossomed forth a millionaire. The afternoon the idea occurred to him was quite the most animated of the summer. His ardor cooled, however, when he realized that he would be a poor man when he left Spain.

thing else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water-carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous beating and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivar-rambla. That was all, so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious. But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when, at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing, as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE ALBAYCIN.

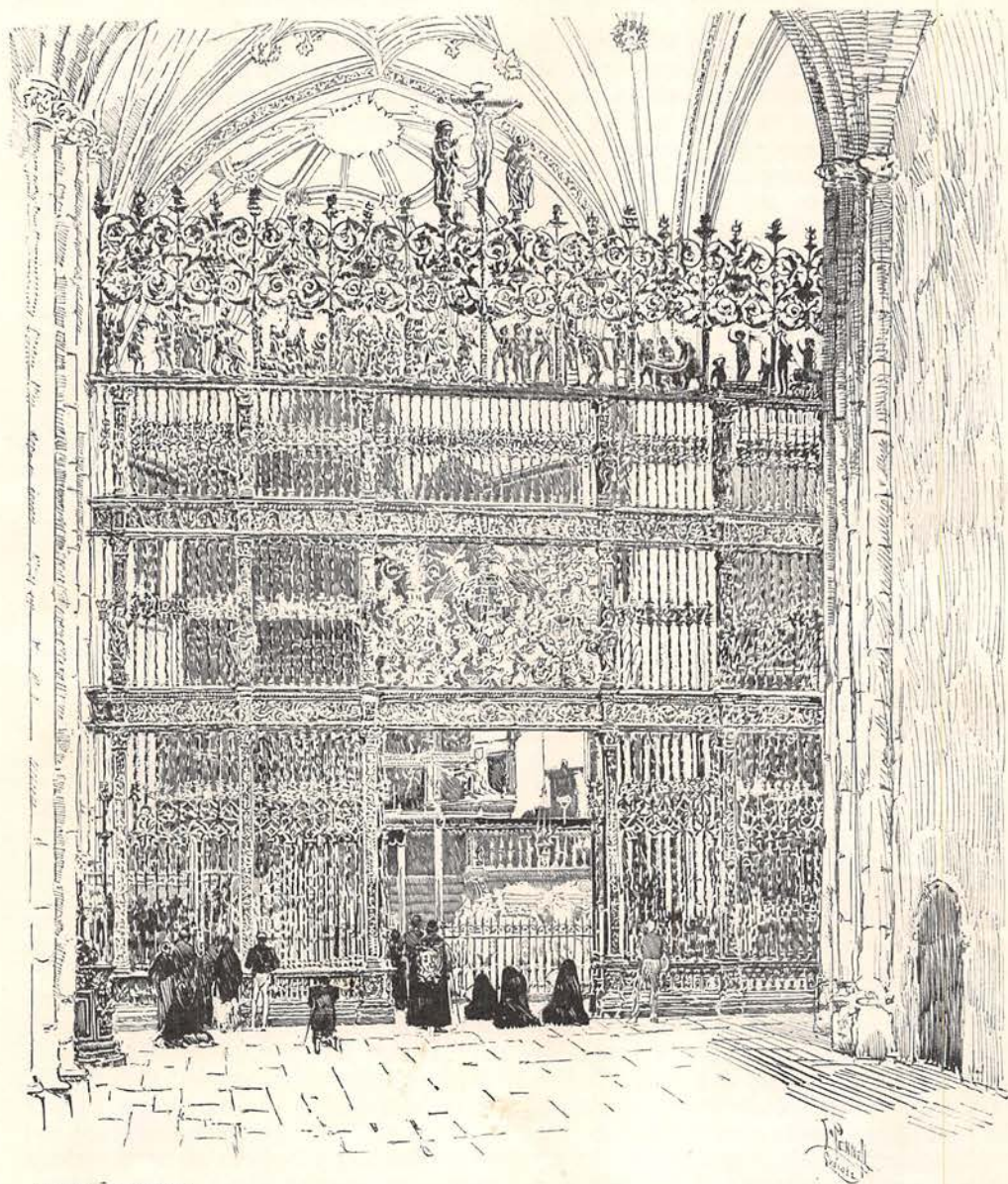
promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantic than a man with an accordion, and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gipsies somewhere on the Albaycin; it is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay in pesetas. But never once in Granada's open streets and courts, or in those of any other Andalusian town, did we hear the castanets and guitars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. «Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdy-gurdies?» Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet strumming and mad fandango all the long Southern night under the stars.

These first excursions into Granada led to others, when we learned that the town was not all shabby suburbs and dirty streets, as it had seemed on the afternoon of our arrival. I have said there was no music; there was a little costume, while the house making exhibition of its patio for the benefit of travel-writer was in modest minority. It was trying, too, to find the Zacatin restored; the Moors' Vivarrambla the most commonplace of the town's sunny squares; the Genil and Darro, that flow so gaily through ballad and story, tiny rivulets lost in wide, dry river-beds. But Granada had beauties less advertised in guide-books, less conspicuous in history. To dive into its narrow streets, to brave the glare of its open places, was to come face to face, now with enchanting little houses decked with gay balconies of flowers, now with a stately doorway ennobling the plainest façade; and again with convents, the delicious white bareness of their walls relieved by grille and loggia; or a monastery transformed into a prison, with prisoners chattering behind the bars of wide windows looking immediately upon the street; or high gardens full of palms and oleanders; or a palatial old poorhouse, its loveliness as small help to the aged and infirm grouped listlessly at its entrance, waiting for death, as is the greatness of Spain's Moorish past to its hopeless and decrepit present; or a chance open door showing a tumble-down Moorish patio and room hung with brasses; or an ancient courtyard become a mere public stable,

horses and mules rubbing up against bits of delicate tracery, straw and hay piled high on balconies which retain their elegance even in decay. Under the cathedral's shadow there was always a market, all life and color and pots and flowers and beggars; up the steep streets of the Albaycin, and of the hill of the Vermilion Towers, there were always donkeys, and men in broad-brimmed hats, and women in long shawls, shading face and flower-decked hair with their fans; in front of the big inns below there were sometimes yellow coaches, with theatrical driver and mules; and always and everywhere were the water-carriers, their bottles swathed in cool green branches, their cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» sounding high above the noises of the street. Nor was there a walk that did not reward with lovely glimpse of vega or one of Granada's palace-crowned, house-laden hillsides; while to mount to the lonely church and grass-grown square on the Albaycin's top was to see, as in a picture, the Red Palace on the opposite height. As a view it savored perhaps too much of the panorama; but it explained, as nothing else could, how the great red walls and towers rise up from their tree-covered base at the very edge of the precipice; how a deep cleft separates the Alhambra from the Generalife, white amid its cypresses and oranges, backed by an olive-grown hillside; how beyond both stretches the great range of the Sierra Nevada, bare and brown in the midsummer sunshine.

And then, seeing, we realized that no one can describe the beauty of the place; no one has; no one ever will.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun-steeped streets were left, the leather curtain was lifted, and we were suddenly in darkness as of night, a great altar looming dimly in far shadows, vague, motionless figures prostrate before it. Their silent fervor in the strange, scented dusk gave a clue to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter-of-fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery has its price, solemnity its tawdriness. In cathedral and *capilla real*, if we ventured to look at the royal tombs, at the grille, — which even in Spain is without equal, — at the *retablos*, with their wealth of ornament, one sacristan after another kept close at our heels, impudently expectant. If in unknown little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness, it was that they might be offended with Virgins



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

«THE GRILLE WHICH EVEN IN SPAIN IS WITHOUT EQUAL»—CAPILLA REAL, GRANADA.

gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christs clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja, it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meal that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last, in self-defense, we went. The Cartuja's architecture struck

us as elaborate, its decoration as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gaiety of Bohemia's rococo, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded café or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.

But when all is said, in the end as in the beginning, for us the great charm of Granada was in the grove, with its cool shade, its soft green light, its incomparable outlook. Here was perpetual twilight when all the land beyond lay grilling in the sun. The chant of locusts was loud in the gardens of the Alhambra, loud the water-carrier's ceaseless cry of «Agua! agua fresca!» White-hot, the sky met the now snowless heights of the Sierra Nevada; as from an oven came the air that blew over the vega, burned and scorched the town's white houses, climbed its triple hill. Yet under the elms planted by the conquering Englishman there was always rest from blinding light and pitiless heat.

I think we never felt this more keenly than on the August evening which was to be our last. We were oppressed with the prospect of the return to the oven of the plains, and there was now no time for the tramp through the hills. We sat on a bench in an open space,

on the way to the Vermilion Towers, where, toward sunset, we could best watch the play of light and cloud on the Sierra Nevada, or look over the cactus and palms of the English consul's garden to the vega. It was somewhere down there that Boabdil gave his last sigh as he turned from Granada forever. We could have taken him by the hand, and sighed with him, partly for the sorrow, partly for the effort, of leaving so fair and well-shaded a hilltop. We had done none of the things we had planned; we had not even been to Alhama or San Fernando or Santa Fe, or any of the places with familiar and romantic names that are within such easy distance of Granada; but we would not have had it otherwise. We had come to know the Alhambra and its grove as no one can who has not slept there peacefully the long summer, while a world without still goes on toiling and troubling, busy about foolish things.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

MR. KEEGAN'S ELOPEMENT.

WITH PICTURES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

I.



THE northeast wind was very fresh that morning, and drove the seas before it briskly; but the *Denver* went at each of them in her bulldog fashion, and buried her white nose in them, and showered the crests of those which were specially boisterous in glistening spray over her forecastle. In the east the October sun was just beginning to peep over the sea-line, while to the northward lay the great mountain island of Madeira, already changing, by the magic touch of the light, from a phantom gray to that living green so dear to the eyes of a seaman. Soon signs of life began to appear; a village could be made out nestling in each of the valleys which furrowed the mountain-side, while yellow villas dotted its wooded slopes. In a bight at the south base, white in the morning sunlight, lay the town of Funchal, in front of which, like a huge sentinel, knee-deep, stood a towering rock crowned with a fort, reminding one of a castle on a chess-board.

Mr. Keegan, the chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, and his friend, Jimmy Legs,¹ the master-at-arms, sat on the weather side of the

¹ The name always given to the master-at-arms aboard ship.

forecastle, under the forward eight-inch turret, with the collars of their pea-coats turned well up over their ears, taking a morning smoke. Mr. Keegan had a keen eye for the beautiful, and it was his wont on such occasions to sit in silence for as much as an hour at a time. The master-at-arms, being a 'tween-decks man, delighted in watching the seas break over the bows, although this amusement not infrequently cost him a wetting and a pipeful of tobacco.

Mr. Keegan was a young man with reddish hair and small, expressionless blue eyes, and his Christian name was Dennis. He had a round, full face, abnormally so on one side because of the large piece of navy plug which invariably distended it. I have said that he was chief boatswain's mate of the *Denver*, for the reason that he was so known at the department, and drew his pay as such. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Keegan's status, and the scope of his influence on board that ship, would be as hard to define as the duties of the captain set forth in the new regulations. His friend the master-at-arms consulted him on all matters of importance; the junior officers of the ship never interfered with anything he might be doing; and the seniors showed unwonted deference to his opinions.

As the *Denver* drew more and more under the