

dead. It looks cold and heartless, suiting well with a peculiar shade in the character of a people, who seem to have less feeling of affection and respect for the remains of the dead than any other nation perhaps in the world. Having passed many hours drawing on the road to the Cemetery, I had many opportunities of seeing their funeral processions, and I must confess that the manner in which they are generally conducted inspired me with sentiments of disgust and horror. The clergy, as well as the friends and relatives, seldom accompany the remains beyond the precincts of the town. The funeral mass and service having been performed in the church, they generally separate, and a few common or hired men with torches in their hands convey the body to its destination. It is borne along with the face uncovered. Round the heads of young girls, wreaths of flowers are twined, and children under seven years of age have bunches of Everlastings, or as they call them here "the Flower of Death" (*Flor de la Muerte*), placed in their hands. After death they are laid out in great state, and in their best and richest dresses, in a room, on the ground floor, which is all hung with black: a temporary altar is arranged, and numbers of lights are placed around the body: the windows are thrown open, and every one may look in through the *reja* as he passes. How strangely the Spaniards view those things the following anecdote will show, which was related to me by one who was present at the scene. A young lady, who was dying of decline, received, according to the usual custom, a visit from all her friends, that they might take leave of her; and the conversation turned upon the dress she was to wear, when her body was to lie in state. Amongst other things, she said, she did not like the idea of being laid out in a room on the ground floor, it was so damp in



winter. "Never mind"—said her father, with the most serious face imaginable—"we will put a brasero in the room, and it will be well aired." Formerly both men and women used to be dressed in the habit of some religious order, whichever they preferred when dying, but since the suppression of the monastic orders this custom is no longer in practice. The body, duly arranged, is placed in an open shell, and carried to the cemetery: the ghastly burden often knocking to and fro with the unseemly haste with which it is borne; while the jest and laughter and unceasing conversation of those accompanying it show with how little feeling of religious awe the presence of the dead inspires them. Sometimes they will even place it on the ground to rest, and having lighted their cigars take it up again and continue their pilgrimage. Before the grave is closed, whether the bodies be placed in niches in the walls or in the ground, quicklime is always thrown over those even of the wealthiest, and when, some years afterwards, those places are again opened for a similar purpose, a few calcined bones alone are found remaining of their former occupants.

Although the remains of the dead are not treated here with that respect and solemnity to which we are accustomed, the Andalusians are very particular in all the etiquette and outward forms of mourning. After the death of a relative, they receive, for nine days, the condoling visits of their friends. Dressed in deep mourning, it was usual for the family to sit and discourse on the virtues of the deceased, and give to their visitors, as they entered, the details of the melancholy event: but this custom, like many old Spanish habits, is gradually going out. The nearest relatives are giving up receiving at these *duelos*, being represented by some friend or distant relative; and



now, it is the etiquette neither to look very wretched nor introduce painful topics of conversation ; so those meetings have become rather a lively reunion for the discussion of the news and gossip of the day. On the anniversary of the death of any wealthy person, they celebrate what are called the *Honras*. A catafalque is erected in the centre of the church, all hung with black and magnificently lighted, and a long service is performed, to which all the friends and relatives are invited.

Returning to the *Paseos* or walks of the Alhambra, a road to the left leads to the southern terrace, called the *Campo de los Martires*, the grounds of which were formerly in the possession of the Carmelite monks. Here a small hermitage was erected to commemorate the spot where the keys of the city were delivered to the Conde de Tendilla ; and afterwards, a monastery was built upon the site. The buildings have all been destroyed, and the lands now belong to a lay proprietor. A handsome aqueduct on arches, conveying the water for irrigation, runs through the grounds, which boast of a most singular and beautiful tree, a species of Cypress, said to be the only one of the kind in Europe. The slopes of this hill are covered with *carmenes*, surrounded by gardens.

The word "gardens," as spoken of here, must not convey to the reader's mind those ideas of beauty and cultivation, such as they might be supposed in an almost tropical climate to possess, filled with varieties of exquisite shrubs and flowers. They are badly cultivated and badly kept, and have flowers only of the most common description, such as would hardly obtain admission into an English cottage garden. Their own natural fruit-trees, the vine, the fig, and pomegranate, lend to them their chief attraction ; and although they



often bloom with a profusion of roses, yet it is rather from the superabundant richness of the soil, than from any care or culture bestowed on them. It is true that a showy flower is always highly prized as an ornament for the hair, and there is no lack of flower-pots in the balconies, where the carnation, the cactus, and their favourite *Flor del Moro* (as the Granadinos call a beautiful scarlet mesembryanthemum, which in the sunlight is perfectly dazzling) receive a due supply of water ; but as a people, they have no idea of floriculture, nor taste, nor interest about it, nor the slightest appreciation for the beauties of Nature, as that expression is generally understood. Shut up in their towns, they have never lived in, and never yet learned to enjoy the charms of the country. As to any enthusiasm about beautiful views, or undergoing any fatigue or trouble in their pursuit, such nonsensical things are classed among the other eccentric fancies of the very mad English. A person drawing for the mere love of art is hardly considered in his senses. I have often been asked, for how much I would sell my drawings, and when I replied they were merely done for amusement, a smile of mingled incredulity and pity convinced me I was esteemed not over wise or candid : and upon one occasion in the Court of the Lions, while copying the arabesques, some inquisitive visitors came to the conclusion that I was painting new patterns for fans ! Beneath such a sun, and with the abundance of water which here there is always at command, a gardener of skill and taste might convert the grounds around these villas into an earthly paradise. They are seldom occupied by their owners, who only pay them an occasional visit, merely to spend the evening ; and are generally let to persons who make a handsome profit by selling the strawberries and other fruit. The



occupants are extremely civil and obliging, and whenever I have gone into a carmen to ask leave to draw, I have been always received with the greatest warmth and courtesy.

The Andalucians are a light-hearted, happy people ; nor can they well be otherwise in a climate where poverty is divested of half its horrors. Compared with the position of many of our own peasantry, how different is the life of the poorest here—how trifling his sufferings ! Content with bread and fruit, an abundant supply of which a few hours' labour will secure, with a glass of water and a paper cigar, he bids defiance to care ; and even though he may not have a roof to cover him, it is no great hardship to sleep beneath the sky of Andalucia.

The city of Granada is in many places very picturesque. None of the streets are wide, while the majority are mere lanes, barely sufficient to allow two people to pass. The lower windows, as in all Spanish towns, are guarded by rejas ; and the many-coloured awnings over the balconies give them a very gay appearance. Many of the houses are painted on the outside ; but the generality have as yet escaped that fatal mania for whitewash which has become the great leveller of all architectural beauty in the south of Spain. The most picturesque portion of the town is along the course of the Darro, the sides of which abound in all sorts of quaint-looking buildings overhanging the river. Flowing down through a romantic ravine, it runs under the precipitous hill upon which the Alhambra stands, having on the other side the steep streets and gardens of the Albaycin, and seems to have forced with difficulty its torn channel through the various structures piled upon its banks. All down the valley are scattered carmenes most charmingly



situated, from which—especially from one surrounded by trelliced vine-walks—may be seen one of the finest views of the Alhambra, the crimson towers crowning the verdant heights above. Down through the narrow pass runs the river amid quaint old houses and churches—here the remains of a Moorish arch, there an old bridge or two still entire, all perfect studies for the painter.

Following the stream, the space begins to widen; there, on the right hand, stands the *Chancilleria*, or law courts, a very handsome building commenced in 1584. A flight of steps leads into a magnificent patio, whence a marble staircase conducts to a lofty corridor, out of which the several courts open. The staircase is said to have been erected under the following circumstance:—a descendant of Fernan de Pulgar happening to enter the court while a cause was proceeding, and having a right, as a Grandee, to remain covered in the presence of the sovereign, he refused to take off his hat in the presence of the judges. For such disrespect the indignant functionaries inflicted on him a heavy fine, which he declined to pay, and appealed to the king. Philip II., delighted, doubtless, at an opportunity of humbling the overweening pride of the nobility, decided, that although in his own presence a Grandee had such a privilege, no man had a right to remain covered in the presence of justice, represented in the person of his judges. He ordered the full fine to be paid, and handed over for the completion of the staircase of the *Chancilleria*. Here, the Darro disappears under the Plaza Nueva, which is arched beneath for that purpose. Nothing, in its own peculiar style, can be more picturesque than this square. At night, when its numerous stalls are lighted up, and the aguadors are plying about, and crowds of people stand





CARMEN, GRANADA.

Dickinson, Bro's 114, New Bond Street.







chattering in groups, it presents a most animated and characteristic appearance. From this square three principal streets diverge—the Calle de Gomeles leads up to the Alhambra ; to the right a long street runs to the Puerta de Elvira ; and in front is the Zacatin, the Bond Street of Granada. The river here becomes visible again ; the old houses, forming one side of the Zacatin, hang over its bed, and present a succession of views that become more picturesque as you proceed ; until, after passing the ruined convent of Carmel, it turns to the left, and flowing through the Carrera del Darro, it mingles its waters with those of the Genil at the southern entrance of the town. The Darro, generally speaking, is a mere brook, its waters having been carried off, far up the valley, for the purpose of irrigation ; but at times, after a great fall of rain in the mountains, it rushes down, a raging torrent, threatening to overflow its banks, and inundate the town. It is apprehended that, on some such occasion, it may burst up through the Plaza Nueva, and do considerable mischief, making a temporary channel along the Zacatin.

The Theatre stands in an open square on the Carrera of the Darro. In the plaza in front of it, is an unfinished monument to commemorate the unhappy fate of Mariana de Pineda. The history of this unfortunate lady is one of those many tragic episodes with which the revolutions in Spain have so abounded. Residing in Granada, the widow of a respectable proprietor of Huescar, she was suspected of maintaining a secret correspondence with the refugees at Gibraltar, by the assistance of one of her servants, who had formerly served under Riego. The charge was never brought home to her, and suspicion died away ; but she was again implicated in the escape of one of the



political prisoners, D. Fernando Sotomayor, who left his prison disguised as a Capuchin friar. The discovery in her house of a revolutionary flag, which was said to have been embroidered by her orders, afforded sufficient pretext for her being thrown into prison. She was soon after condemned to death ; and, on the 26th of May, 1831, was executed in the Triunfo, outside the Puerta de Elvira. Like Torrijos, she was afterwards esteemed a martyr to the Constitutional cause ; and a monument erected to her memory. It is unfinished ; for the pedestal is there, but not the statue which was intended to adorn it—possibly, from want of funds, but more probably from some new change in the political atmosphere.

From the Darro, in front of the theatre, a broad street, lined with double rows of trees, leads to the Alameda of the Genil. Here stands the Church of the Patron Saint of Granada, the "*Virgen de las Angustias*," conspicuous with its two lofty towers. It contains an image of the Virgin, with a dead Christ on her lap, dressed out in all the magnificence which Spanish piety loves to lavish on the special object of its veneration. On Easter Monday, it was carried to the Cathedral in grand procession. The scene was exceedingly gay and animated. The ladies all wore white mantillas ; crowds of peasantry thronged the Carrera in their *majo* dresses ; and gipsy girls from the caves sported their tawdry finery and endless flounces. The procession was a long time forming ; but when at length the image emerged from the Church, it was greeted with loud cheering and ringing of bells. It was borne along by members of the first families in Granada, and followed by a long train of people carrying lighted torches in their hands ; but there seemed a very scanty attendance of either the clergy or the military. At night, the effect was very