

awhile under the Lovers' Rock, by the side of the Guadalhorce, which rushes impetuously along its base. Although

is roofed with flags of immense length, resting in some points upon the upright side-stones, but in other places chiefly supported by masonry external to them; one of these is seventeen feet long and six broad. The general height of the passage, for about three-fourths of its length, is about six feet; but from the accumulation of earth towards the entrance, it is scarcely so much at present. It then rises suddenly, and again, within seventeen feet of the chamber, it rises so as to slope gradually into its roof; and the stones of which this portion is composed are of gigantic size, many of them eight and ten feet high. Its average breadth is about three feet; but some of the side-stones having fallen inwards, so as almost to touch, one requires to creep on all-fours to pass this point. Most of these side-stones are remarkably smooth, even on parts where the rubbing of a century and a half could not have produced this polish, and appear to have been long exposed to the action of water or the atmosphere. Some have smooth transverse indentations; and very many of the stones throughout this building, as well as others used for like purposes in the neighbourhood, have small sockets or mortices cut near, or in their edges, which appear to have been made for the insertion of wedges, either to split the stone, or to lift it.

“The passage leads to a large dome-roofed chamber. As all is perfect darkness within this cavern, it is necessary to illuminate it in order to form any just idea of its figure or extent. When about half lighted up, and we begin to perceive the size and character of this great hive-shaped dome, and its surrounding crypts, formed of stones of such immense size, half revealed to us by the uncertain light of our tapers, an air of mystery steals over the senses—a religious awe pervades the place; and while we do not put any faith in the wild fancies of those antiquarians of the last century, who made the world believe that this was a great Druid temple, an *Antrum Mythræ*, in which the sacred rites of paganism, with its human sacrifices, were enacted, we wonder less at the flight which their imaginations have taken. This cavern is nearly circular, with three offsets, or recesses, from it—one opposite the entrance to the north, and one on each side, east and west, so that the ground plan, including the passage, accurately represents the figure of a cross. The right or eastern recess is eight feet deep, nine high, and seven broad; it is slightly narrowed at the entrance.

“The basement of the great chamber, to about the height of ten feet, is formed of a circle of eleven upright stones, partially sunk in the ground, placed on edge, with their flat surfaces facing inwards, and forming the sides of the cavern. From this course springs the dome, formed by stones somewhat less

there are no tales of the supernatural connected with this remarkable peak, it has its story attached to it; a story,

in size, placed horizontally on the flat, with the edges presented towards the interior; and by each layer projecting slightly within that placed beneath, they thus, by decreasing the circle, form a dome without an arch, and the whole is closed at top by one large slab: the stability of the mass is preserved by the pressure of the surrounding material.

“This form of roofing, which evidently preceded a knowledge of the principles of the arch, is to be found in many of our early buildings—generally pagan, and chiefly sepulchral, in this country—in the interiors of some of the inns or raths, and in very early Christian oratories; and not only in Ireland, but in Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor, in one of the pyramids of Sackara, as well as in the remains of a temple at Telmessus. Pocoeke had observed a similar structure in the Pyramid of Dashour, called by the Arab name of Elkebere-el-Barieh; and all the visitors to the Cyclopean-walled Mycenæ are well acquainted with the appearance of the great cavern, known by tradition as the tomb of Agamemnon, and believed by some antiquaries to have been the treasury of Atreus, between which and New Grange comparisons have often been made; their resemblance, however, consists in the *principle* on which the dome is constructed. That remnant of the early Hellenic people was formed by an excavation scooped out of the side of a natural hill; the gallery which leads to it does not appear ever to have been covered in; the sides of the dome spring directly from the foundation, like that at Clady, and not from a row or circle of upright pillars. The interior is perfectly smooth, and was originally covered over with plates of brass: some of the nails which fasten them even yet remain; but these latter circumstances merely show a greater perfection in art among the early Greeks—the architectural principle is perhaps the same in both. The ground plan of the great Boyne monument also finds its analogue in the Orient; at Tyre and at Alexandria we find tombs carved out of the solid rock, of precisely the same cruciform shape, having three minor excavations projecting from the several chambers. But while we thus allow ourselves to draw upon our recollection of other lands, we fear, our readers, and the visitors of New Grange, for whose use in particular we write, may require some further information as to the measurements, construction, and hieroglyphics of this remarkable monument. The top of the dome is nineteen feet six inches from the floor, which is now covered with loose stones and rubbish. From the entrance, to the wall of the chamber opposite, measures eighteen feet; and between the extremities of the right and left crypts twenty-two feet. Each of the side chambers is nearly square, their sides being formed of large oblong blocks of stone; but they are not all of the

of course, of unheard-of devotion of a Christian captive for a Moorish damsel, ending in the death of both the hero

same size; that on the right of the entrance, the eastern, is very much larger than either of the others, and is also the most enriched with those rude carvings, volutes, lozenges, zig-zags, and spiral lines, cut into the stones, and in some instances standing out in relief, to which we alluded in describing the passage.

“Having conducted our readers thus far over the details, we think they are anxious to know what is our opinion as to the purpose for which New Grange was constructed. We believe, with most modern investigators into such subjects, that it was a tomb, or great sepulchral pyramid, similar, in every respect, to those now standing by the banks of the Nile, from Dashour to Gaza; each consisting of a great central chamber, containing one or more sarcophagi, entered by a long stone-covered passage. The external aperture was concealed, and the whole covered with a great mound of stones or earth in a conical form. The early Egyptians, and the Mexicans also, possessing greater art and better tools than the primitive Irish, carved, smoothed, and cemented their great pyramids; but the type and purpose in all is the same. From a careful examination of the authorities which refer to the accidental opening of New Grange at the end of the seventeenth century, we feel convinced that this monument had been examined long prior to that date; and therefore we derive little information from modern writings as to what its original condition was. That the Danes were well aware that these tumuli contained caverns, and probably knowing that gold and treasure was to be found within them, rifled several of those ancient sepulchres, we have undoubted authority. How far anterior to the Christian era their date should be placed, would be a matter of speculation; it may be of an age coeval, or even anterior, to their brethren on the Nile.

“Were we to strip the chamber and passage of New Grange of the surrounding mound, to remove the domed portion of the cave, and to replace the outer circle, at those parts where it is deficient, we should have presented to us a monument not unlike Stonehenge.

“Not only in the surrounding plain, but even on the hill of New Grange itself, do we meet small sepulchral caves and mounds. The whole is one vast cemetery. On the western side of the natural hill sloping from this mound, we some years ago were present at the opening of a small “kistraen,” reached by a narrow stone passage—a sort of miniature New Grange; in it were a quantity of human bones, and those of some other animals; some burned, and some not bearing any marks of fire; but the most remarkable circumstance about it was, that the bottom of this little chamber was lined

and the heroine, who were determined to share each other's fate in the very eyes of the lady's implacable

with stones, the upper surfaces of which bore evident marks of fire—in fact were vitrified—showing that the victim, or the dead body, was burnt within the grave.

“Within view of New Grange, and about a mile distant, seated on one of the higher slopes upon the Boyne's banks, the third great cone of the group attracts our attention—Dubhadh, or Dowth.

“A desire having long existed to explore some of these monuments, the Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy obtained permission from the trustees of the Netterville Charity, the present proprietors of the Dowth estate, to examine the interior; and although the examination has not been attended with the expected success, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to have afforded the most valuable results. A catacomb, or series of chambers, not unlike those found beneath the great central chamber in the largest pyramid of the Sackara range, has been fully explored and rendered accessible to the curious, and these we shall presently detail.

“Having made an open cutting into the western side of the mound, in following out these passages, it was certainly the most advisable as well as the cheapest plan, to follow in the same course till the centre was reached. The upper portion above the lintel is modern, the stones being replaced by the workmen. Following this exposed gallery, which runs eastward, and is formed of huge stones, set on end, and slightly inclined at top, nine on the right, and eleven on the left, sunk in the ground, and roofed with large flags, similar to that of New Grange—we were led into a chamber of a cruciform shape, and formed, with slight exceptions, upon the type of that already described in the great pyramid of New Grange. This passage is twenty-seven feet long, and some of its stones are carved with circles, curved and zig-zag lines. Both in this passage, and at the entrance of several of the minor crypts and recesses which branch from the chamber, we find sills, formed by large flags, projecting above the surface, placed there apparently for the purpose of preventing the external pressure driving in the side walls. The large central chamber is an irregular oval, nine feet four by seven feet, and the blocks of stone which form its upright pillars, are fully as large as those found at New Grange, and several of them are carved like those which we have already described in that place.

“In the centre of the chamber stands a shallow stone basin, or rude sarcophagus, of an ovoid shape, much larger than any of those at New Grange, measuring five feet in its longer diameter. There are no basins in the three adjoining recesses. These recesses have narrow entrances, and are less open

father, and accordingly dashed themselves down from its giddy heights. Such is the story told by Mariana ; but in Antequera they have yet another more romantic still.

It appears that a Moslem knight had long loved in secret the daughter of a noble of Antequera, when that city was still under the dominion of the Crescent. To save her from becoming the wife of another they eloped ; and when they reached the Lovers' Rock, they rested to refresh themselves by the waters of the Guadalhorce, and asked some neighbouring shepherds for a cup of water. This was granted ; but the shepherds, who had evidently never been lectured into the propriety of minding their own business, and not troubling themselves about their neighbours' affairs, imagining the damsel was an unwilling victim, determined to attack her lover, which they accordingly did ; and when the Moor fell, pierced with wounds, his bride seized a dagger, and stabbing herself, fell a lifeless corpse by his side. They were buried where they died, at the foot of the Peña de los Enamorados ; and

than those of New Grange ; that upon the right, and the one opposite the entrance, are each five feet deep ; the southern recess is six feet nine in length ; and, at its western angle, leads into a passage, which opens by a narrow entrance into another series of chambers and passages, the most extensive of which runs nearly southward. The roof of the right-hand chamber is nine feet seven inches from the floor. Creeping through these dark passages, and over the high projecting sills, which we have already described, we come to two small chambers, one within another, running nearly south-west, and measuring about two feet six each in breadth. Following, however, the long southern gallery, we find its floor formed by a single stone, ten feet six long ; and in the centre of this flag, we found a shallow oval excavation, capable of holding about one gallon of fluid, and apparently rubbed down with some rude tool. Beyond this flag, and separated from it by a projecting sill, we find a terminal chamber, with a sloping roof, and capable of holding a man in the sitting posture. The examination of this great catacomb, and the recent excavations at Dowth, have done good service to the cause of antiquarian research in this country."

their grave, we are informed by an historian of Antequera, is still eagerly sought for by the country people, as tradition says her jewels were buried with her. But although this rock has evidently taken its name from some origin like the foregoing, it is singular why every mountainous country should have a Lovers' Rock and a Devil's Bridge.

By the way, it is a curious thing there are not any ghosts in Spain; no tales of horrible apparitions that come either with good or evil intent to haunt certain families, and terrify strong-minded people. The miraculous tales of images and visions of their protecting saints seem to have supplanted the sort of legendary lore in which northern nations revel; all their superstitions have a religious cast about them, but of ghosts and fairies you never hear a syllable. It is singular that it should be so, for one might well imagine they would have possessed some lingering souvenir of the former possessors of the land; some trace might still be found of a people whose favourite pastime was hearing tales of the Arabian Nights. If they had them, they have been effectually driven out by the crowd of marvellous legends attached to the images of favourite saints.

A pleasant ride of a few leagues brought us to Archidona, a wretched little town, situated on the southern slope of a peculiarly shaped hill. Its three bare peaks rise upon the summit, with a depression between them, looking like the crater of an extinct volcano. The ascent through the town is precipitous; the layers of solid rock, bare and exposed, forming the pavement. Remains of the ancient walls still girdle its inaccessible heights, and it was formerly one of the strongest fortresses the Moors possessed. It fell into the power of the Christians, in 1462.

After passing Archidona, we entered once more upon a wooded country, and halted, in the middle of the day, in a most sylvan scene, beneath the shade of the evergreen

oak. A grassy plot, surrounded by wild roses and hawthorn, the white flowers of the convolvulus (*Convolvulus lineatus*) covering the ground. A very scene for a gipsy encampment, so sweet and rural, and so far away from any human dwelling-place. Wild and lovely are these Sierras, and between Archidona and Loja it appears to have been deserted by man. Traces of his existence, however, are evident in the vast fields of wheat which appear here and there in the forest glades; but whence come the hands that cultivate them? They must have a weary walk when preparing the ground to receive its crop, and again when the harvest calls them to reap the fruits of their toil. Lovely, but desolate, was our ride this day; the wide extent of forest ground, hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, which glowed with fire when the light of the setting sun bathed them in the tints.

We never met a soul the whole way save the bearer of Her Catholic Majesty's mails; the vast correspondence which was on its way to Archidona and Antequera; the boy to whom they were entrusted, mounted on a sorry steed, jingling with bells and decked with gaudy trappings. His letter-bags were slung behind him, nor did they appear a very great encumbrance. Soon afterwards we struck in upon the road, which we had traversed before, when riding from Granada to Seville; and night had long set in before we took up our old quarters at the posada in Loja.

The same well-known road was traversed the next day on our way to Granada, and the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada warned us once more of our proximity to this most enchanting of cities. The road seemed long and weary, and the night was far advanced before we arrived at the end of our peregrinations. The moon was shining in all her beauty as each well-remembered scene again broke upon our view; and the next morning found

us once more settled in Granada, where we were to pass the burning summer months amid its gushing waters and shady groves. Once more our footsteps lingered amid the fairy halls of its Moorish palace; and well did I feel the truth of Dumas' remark, that although one of the greatest pleasures in life may be the first view of Granada, there is one greater still—that of visiting it a second time.



A BARBER'S SHOP.

CHAPTER XI.

“It was night before our travellers got to the middle and most desert part of the mountain; where Sancho advised his master to remain some days, at least as long as their provision lasted; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks: but fortune directed Gines de Passamonte, that master-rogue, to this very part of the mountain.”—DON QUIXOTE.

“The curate and the barber of the village, both of them Don Quixote’s intimate acquaintances, happened to be there at that juncture.”—IB.

EXCURSION TO THE SIERRA—NIGHT ON THE PICACHO—PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE—ROBBERS OR NO ROBBERS—LUCKY ESCAPE—CHATO—FAREWELL VISITS—A SPANISH DILIGENCE—MENGIBAR—BAYLEN—CASTANOS—LA MANCHA—DON QUIXOTE—THE BARBER AND THE CURATE—ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

WE were once more established at Granada, and the summer months passed away as rapidly as possible. Again we revelled in the enjoyment of its lovely views,





NIGHT ON THE PICACHO.

Dickinson Engr. Lith.

and wandered about its green vega, visiting each favourite spot with renewed pleasure. Days went by as evenly as days generally do in this half oriental land, where time glides away so imperceptibly.

At last we were tempted to ascend the Picacho a second time, and do the honours of the Sierra Nevada to some fresh arrivals, who were most anxious to explore the grand mountain scenery around. We were so much enchanted with our previous visit, that it required but little persuasion to induce us to undertake a second expedition; and one fine morning, at three o'clock, we started. Our ascent was all "couleur de rose," and we found the Choza as hospitable a refuge as we did on the first occasion; but remembering our previous adventure, descending in the dark, we determined this time to wait until the morning, and reach the summit in time to see the sun rise. This arrangement enabled us to ramble about the rocky scenery of the Choza, and revisit several interesting spots. The sunset was splendid; for at an altitude of more than eight thousand feet we were sufficiently elevated to see the summits of the range of mountains below us crimsoned with its parting hues. When the dark shades of night succeeded the soft grey twilight, which at this elevation was remarkably clear, we were glad to form a sort of gipsy party round a bright-blazing fire, which, diffusing its genial warmth around, rendered us utterly regardless of cold; in fact we spent a very merry evening, talking and chatting, and our guides related many an amusing anecdote. When in the middle of a wonderful bandit story, we were joined by two poor country peasants, seeking that medicinal herb, manzanilla, so much recommended, so generally used by the medical faculty of Spain. The poor men were glad enough to take a seat near the fire, and we commenced preparations for our airy couch;