

no fruits seemed agreeable, no waters limpid, nor appeared the verdure fresh, nor the sun worthy of regard.

If you pointed out to one of them the plains of Bagrada, he would shake his head, sadly crying "Granada." More than all the others did the Abencerrages retain the tender and faithful remembrance of their country. They had left with great sorrow the theatre of their glory, and those banks which they had made resound so often with their battle-cry "Honor and Love." No longer being able to level the lance in the desert nor to wear the casque in a colony of laborers, they consecrated themselves to the study of herbs, a profession much esteemed amongst the Arabs, even as much as that of arms. Thus this race of warriors who formerly used to inflict wounds, were now occupied in the art of curing them. In that art had retained something of its first genius, for the warriors oftentimes dressed the wounds of those whom they had just routed. The cabin of this family, a family which once had palaces, was not placed in the village with the other exiles at the foot of the mountain; it was built amongst the very ruins of Carthage, upon the border of the sea.

To the cabin walls were attached shields made of lion skins, which bore, imprinted on an azure field, two figures of savages destroying a city with an immense club. Around this device was written "It is but little matter;"—this, the arms and device of the Abencerrages.

Lances adorned with blue and white pennons and helmets inlaid with white satin, were arranged above the shields. Suspended here and there were seen saddles, richly jewelled, golden stirrups, and long swords with sheaths embroidered by the hands of princesses. Upon the tables at the foot of these trophies of glory, were placed trophies of a pacific life, plants gathered upon the summit of Mount Atlas, and in the deserts of Sahara, a few even that had been brought from the plains of Granada.

Twenty-four years had fled since the taking of Granada. In this short space of time, fourteen Abencerrages had perished; a few by the influence of a new climate, others by the accidents of a wandering life, but the greater number perished by regret, which slowly undermines the forces of man. One scion alone was the hope of this famous house. Aben-Hamet bore the name of that Abencerrage who was accused by the Zegri of having seduced the Sultana Alfaima; in him were combined the beauty, valor, courtesy