

t, unless he got out of the reach should have to make peace-of in the kalender. He determin- up his remaining wealth, beat night, and make off to another

he bought a stout mule for the it in a gloomy vault underneath en Floors; the very place from or goblin horse without a head, at midnight, and to scour the rsued by a pack of hell-hounds. le faith in the story, but availed occasioned by it, knowing that ly to pry into the subterranean n steed. He sent off his family ay, with orders to wait for him f the Vega. As the night ad- his treasure to the vault under ing loaded his mule, he led it descended the dusky avenue.

taken his measures with the ut- ing them to no one but the faith- n. By some miraculous revela- became known to Fray Simon. eheld these infidel treasures on for ever out of his grasp, and de- more dash at them for the be- and San Francisco. Accordingly, rung for animas, and all the Al- he stole out of his convent, and, the Gate of Justice, concealed him- ets of roses and laurels that border

Here he remained, counting the s they were sounded on the bell, and listening to the dreary howl- e distant barking of dogs from the

rd the tramp of hoofs, and, through overshadowing trees, imperfectly cending the avenue. The sturdy e idea of the knowing turn he was est Lope.

skirts of his habit, and wriggling a mouse, he waited until his prey e him, when darting forth from his putting one hand on the shoulder he crupper, he made a vault the sgraced the most experienced mas- and alighted well-forked astride " said the sturdy friar, "we shal- understands the game." He ha- words when the mule began d plunge, and then set off full spee- the friar attempted to check him e ded from rock to rock, and friar's habit was torn to ribbons and his shaven poll received ma- in the branches of the trees, and from the brambles. To add to

terror and distress, he found a pack of seven hounds in full cry at his heels, and perceived too late, that he was actually mounted upon the terrible Belludo!

Away then they went, according to the ancient phrase, "pull devil, pull friar," down the great avenue, across the Plaza Nueva, along the Zacatin, around the Vivarrambla—never did huntsman and hound make a more furious run, or more infernal uproar. In vain did the friar invoke every saint in the kalender, and the Holy Virgin into the bargain; every time he mentioned a name of the kind, it was like a fresh application of the spur, and made the Belludo bound as high as a house. Through the remainder of the night was the unlucky Fray Simon carried hither and thither, and whither he would not, until every bone in his body ached, and he suffered a loss of leather too grievous to be mentioned. At length the crowing of a cock gave the signal of returning day. At the sound the goblin steed wheeled about, and galloped back for his tower. Again he scoured the Vivarrambla, the Zacatin, the Plaza Nueva, and the avenue of fountains, the seven dogs yelling, and barking, and leaping up, and snapping at the heels of the terrified friar. The first streak of day had just appeared as they reached the tower; here the goblin steed kicked up his heels, sent the friar a somerset through the air, plunged into the dark vault, followed by the infernal pack, and a profound silence succeeded to the late deafening clamour.

Was ever so diabolical a trick played off upon a holy friar? A peasant going to his labours at early dawn found the unfortunate Fray Simon lying under a fig-tree at the foot of the tower, but so bruised and bedevilled that he could neither speak nor move. He was conveyed with all care and tenderness to his cell, and the story went that he had been waiked and maltreated by robbers. A day or two elapsed before he recovered the use of his limbs; he consoled himself, in the mean time, with the thought that though the mule with the treasure had escaped him, he had previously had some rare pickings at the infidel spoils. His first care on being able to use his limbs, was to search beneath his pallet, where he had secreted the myrtle wreath and the leathern pouches of gold extracted from the piety of dame Sanchez. What was his dismay at finding the wreath, in effect, but a withered branch of myrtle, and the leathern pouches filled with sand and gravel?

Fray Simon, with all his chagrin, had the discretion to hold his tongue, for to betray the secret might draw on him the ridicule of the public, and the punishment of his superior: it was not until many years afterwards, on his death-bed, that he revealed to his confessor his nocturnal ride on the Belludo.

Nothing was heard of Lope Sanchez for a long time after his disappearance from the Alhambra. His memory was always cherished as that of a merry companion, though it was faded, from the care and melancholy observed in his conduct shortly before his mysterious departure, that poverty and distress had

driven him to some extremity. Some years afterwards one of his old companions, an invalid soldier, being at Malaga, was knocked down and nearly run over by a coach and six. The carriage stopped; an old gentleman magnificently dressed, with a bag wig and sword, stepped out to assist the poor invalid. What was the astonishment of the latter to behold in this grand cavalier his old friend Lope Sanchez, who was actually celebrating the marriage of his daughter Sanchica with one of the first grandees in the land!

The carriage contained the bridal party. There was dame Sanchez, now grown as round as a barrel, and dressed out with feathers and jewels, and necklaces of pearls and necklaces of diamonds, and rings on every finger, and altogether a finery of apparel that had not been seen since the days of the Queen of Sheba. The little Sanchica had now grown to be a woman, and for grace and beauty might have been mistaken for a duchess, if not a princess outright. The bridegroom sat beside her—rather a withered, spindle-shanked little man, but this only proved him to be of the true blue blood; a legitimate Spanish grandee being rarely above three cubits in stature. The match had been of the mother's making.

Riches had not spoiled the heart of honest Lope. He kept his old comrade with him for several days; feasted him like a king, took him to plays and bull-fights, and at length sent him away rejoicing, with a big bag of money for himself, and another to be distributed among his ancient messmates of the Alhambra.

Lope always gave out that a rich brother had died in America and left him heir to a copper mine; but the shrewd gossips of the Alhambra insist that his wealth was all derived from his having discovered the secret guarded by the two marble Nymphs of the Alhambra. It is remarked, that these very discreet statues continue, even unto the present day, with their eyes fixed most significantly on the same part of the wall; which leads many to suppose there is still some hidden treasure remaining there well worthy the attention of the enterprising traveller. Though others, and particularly all female visitors, regard them with great complacency, as lasting monuments of the fact that women can keep a secret.

MUHAMMED ABU ALAHMAR,

THE

FOUNDER OF THE ALHAMBRA.

HAVING dealt so freely in the marvellous legends of the Alhambra, I feel as if bound to give the reader a few facts concerning its sober history, or rather the history of those magnificent princes, its founder and finisher, to whom the world is indebted for so beautiful and romantic an Oriental monument. To obtain