

Oran. Near that town was camped the caravan which every three years leaves Morocco, crosses Africa, arrives in Egypt, and joins in Yemen the caravan of Mecca. Aben Hamet joined himself to the number of the pilgrims.

Bianca whose life was at first menaced, recovered slowly; Lantrie, faithful to the promise which he had given to the Abencerrage, departed, and never did a word of his love or grief trouble the melancholy of the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. Each year Bianca went to wander o'er the mountains of Malaga at the period at which her lover had been accustomed to return from Africa. Seated on the rocks she watched the sea and the distant vessels, and then returned to Grenada, where she passed the remainder of her days in the Alhambra.

She neither complained nor wept, neither did she ever speak of Aben Hamet, and a stranger might have fancied her happy. She remained the only one of her family. Her father died of chagrin, and Don Carlos was killed in a duel in which Lantrie served him as second. None ever knew the fate of Aben Hamet.

On going out of the gates of Tunis by the road which leads to the ruins of Carthage there is a cemetery. Under a palm tree in a corner of that cemetery I was shown a tomb which is called "The Grave of the Last Abencerrage." There is nothing remarkable about it. The sepulchral slab is solid, only according to a custom of the Moors a slight hollow has been scooped out of the middle of this stone with a chisel. The rain water drains into the bottom of this funeral cup, and serves in a burning clime to quench the thirst of the birds of heaven.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The foregoing beautiful tale of Chateaubriand has been rendered in English expressly for the Anglo-American Magazine
M. E. R.

Toronto, July 1st, 1853.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave.
Whither all footsteps end, whence none depart,
Awe'd for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave.

TOM MOOREIANA.

No. II.

HOW TO PAY A COACH FINE.

Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

NON SEQUITURS.

In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c.

BYRON'S ESTIMATE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

A letter from Lord Byron to day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they
carry."

QUIZZING A BORE.

Sir A. C.—once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-Chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-Chows?" "Oh, very much among them; they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know anything of the Trotteroddy bow-wows?" "This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first time, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him.

THE CRESCENT IN ROME.

Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's!