

ar all over Spain and Portugal, and which, we become identified with their national character.

After a reign of thirty years of glory, of luxury, gallantry, and refined pleasures, Abdame died, leaving by his different wives forty-five sons, and forty-one daughters, which large family kept Spain in constant troubles and disputes for sixty years, during which time the Christians gained strength and both Toledo and Saragossa had Kings.

The Caliphate was then filled by Abdame the third; the Abdame who ascended the throne in 912. His reign was marked by a series of brilliant events unparalleled in the history of those times.

He was a warrior and a statesman; a poet, profound politician, a man of capacious mind, great energy, and was termed by the Moors the Prince of true believers. He conquered the Kings of Leon and the Counts of Castile, destroyed the various factions throughout Spain, built and equipped a fleet and captured Ceuta in Africa and brought the kingdom to the highest pinnacle of wealth, enterprise and glory. It may be well to give here, a brief outline of the luxurious and magnificent reign of Abdame as tending to show the immense wealth and resources of that kingdom which would be incredible unless fortified by the concurrent testimony of such historians as Bernier, Sir Thomas Roe, Marco Paulo, Duhalde, Cardonne, Carmenar, Swinburne and others.

The Mussulman religion is the true religion for luxury, indolence and extravagance; ease, elegance and taste, and all kinds of temporal felicities.

The Arabs, originally, were simple and frugal. Abonbe-kre, the father-in-law of Mahomet, only permitted himself to receive out of the immense booty captured from the enemy, an allowance equal to 2s. 6d. per day, for his expenses, and the great Omar, the most magnificent of the kings of Asia, entered Jerusalem, which he had conquered, on a camel, laden with a sack of barley and rice, a skin filled with water and a vessel to drink from, thus practically illustrating the importance of frugality among rulers.

The Moors in Spain, however, with the mere exception of abstaining from intoxicating drinks forgot entirely the early lessons of humility and prudence they had received from the founder of the faith.

Abdame, although as customary among Mussulmen deciding all cases as sole judge, commanding his armies in person, superin-

tending the Academies, making treaties and alliances with foreign nations, occupied, we would suppose, at all hours, was still desperately and deeply in love with one of his slaves and with one solely, which love he never could conquer during his long reign. She was a Moorish girl of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, whom Abdame gallantly called Zehra—meaning an Arabic, the flower of the universe. As Othello says, she was one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Within an hour's walk of Cordova, at the foot of a range of mountains, where the water gushed from a thousand limpid streams, and the air was pure and balsamic, he built a city called Zehra, entirely of palaces, with groves of orange and citron trees, which gave to it the appearance of a fair grotto, and was the summer residence of all the nobility and principle persons of Cordova.

All the beauties of this city, every way more magnificent than the Escorial near Madrid, were eclipsed and thrown into the shade by the palace erected specially for his favorite slave, by Abdame. He sent to Greece for the most skilful architects, and gave direction that neither money nor time should prevent the erection of an edifice of incomparable richness and beauty. This palace, built in the Moorish style, with a court-yard in the centre, and a terrace, was supported by 1200 pillars of the most beautiful marble, exclusive of 140 of granite. It was finished throughout in the most costly manner; but the pavilion for the favorite slave was intended to excel everything in oriental magnificence that history had described. It was to be her pavilion for the evening, and so arranged that the orange groves could throw their perfumes through the lattices, while the gush of numerous fountains murmured through the stilly night. The walls of the pavilion were covered with the richest ornaments in solid gold, and the ceiling was studded alternately with layers of gold and polished steel, intermixed with precious stones. In the centre of the room, which was inlaid with beautiful mosaic, stood a fountain or basin of alabaster, supported by crouching animals, wrought in pure and solid gold, and from the centre of which shot up a stream or sheaf of living quicksilver, and when a hundred chrystal lustres were filled with lights, the brilliancy was so great that the eye could scarcely rest upon it.

I could see nothing of Zehra—no vestige of the Palace, nor the city, but mouldering ruins and broken columns. The mountains and ri-