

and generosity of his ancestors, linked with that mild air and light expression of sadness which unhappiness, nobly supported, bestows upon our race.

He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father. He resolved then to make a pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors in order to satisfy the craving of his heart, and to accomplish a design that he carefully concealed from his mother. He embarked at the port of Tunis; a favorable wind took him to Carthage; he disembarked and soon took the route for Granada, announcing himself as an Arab doctor, who came to gather herbs amongst the rocks of the Sierra Nevada.

A quiet mule slowly bore him into that land in which in former times the Abencerrages were accustomed to travel upon fiery coursers; a guide marched ahead, conducting two other mules adorned with bells and woollen stuffs of various colours.

Aben-Hamet traversed the great plains and palmy woods of the kingdom of Marcia; by the age of the palms, he judged that they must have been planted by his fathers, and his heart was penetrated with sorrow. Here stood forth a tower in which watched the sentinel in the time of the Moorish and Christian wars, there was shown a ruin whose architecture declared a Moorish origin; another subject of grief for the Abencerrage. He dismounted and under pretence of looking for herbs, concealed himself a moment in these ruins in order to give full vent to his heavy sorrow.

Granada is built at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, upon two high hills, which are separated by a deep valley; two rivers, the Xenil and Darro, one of which rolls with golden spangles and the other with silver sands, lave the base of these hills, uniting and winding afterwards through the midst of a most luxuriant plain called "La Vega." This plain, which Granada overlooks, is covered with vines, figs, pomegranates and oranges, and is surrounded with mountains of a wonderful form and color. An enchanted sky, a pure and delicious air, carry to the soul a languor from which the traveller, desirous of journeying on, can hardly defend himself. One feels that in this country the tender passions would have quickly silenced the heroic ones, if love, to be real, had not always need of being accompanied by glory.

When Aben-Hamet first perceived the pinnacles of the chief edifices of Granada, his heart beat with so much violence that he was obliged to halt. He crossed his arms upon his chest, and

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