

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

B. AUSTIN & C. P. FISHER,  
Editors and Proprietors.

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## Miscellaneous.

From Drake's Tales of the Queen City.

### PUTTING A BLACK-LEG ON SHORE.

A numerous and peculiar race of modern gentlemen, may be found in the valley of the Mississippi. A naturalist would probably describe them, as a genus of bipeds, gregarious, amphibious, and migratory. They seldom travel "solitary and alone," are equally at home on land or water; and like certain vultures, spend most of their winters in Mississippi and Louisiana; their summers in the high latitudes of Kentucky and Ohio. They dress with taste and elegance; carry gold chronometers in their pockets; and swear with the most genteel precision. They are supposed to entertain an especial abhorrence of the prevailing temperance fanaticism; and as a matter of conscience, enter a daily protest against it by slipping "mint juleps" before breakfast, "hail storms" at dinner, and old "Monongahela" at night. These gentlemen, moreover, are strong advocates of the race-path and the cock pit; and with a benevolence which they hold to be truly commendable, patronize modest merit, by playing *clapnet* to those wealthy young men, who set out on the pilgrimage of life, before they have been fully initiated in its pleasures. Every where throughout the valley, this mischievous entry are called by the original, if not altogether classic, cognomen of "Black-legs." The history of this euphonious epithet, or the reason of its application to so distinguished a variety of humanity, is unknown. The subject is one of considerable interest, and worthy the early attention of the Historical Society, to which it is respectfully commended.

It was the fortune of the Steamboat *Sea Serpent*, on her return from New Orleans in the spring of 1837, to number among her cabin passengers several, highly respectable individuals. One of them, Major Marshall Montgomery, a native of the Old Dominion, belonged to the "Paul Gilford" school; and indeed, had, for some years past, borne testimony, to the merit of Bolwer's romances, by making the hero of one of them, his great prototype. In stature the Major was over six feet, muscular and finely proportioned. His attire in dress, was only surpassed by the courtliness of his manners, and the ready flow of his conversation. In what campaign he had won his laurels, that gave him his military title, is unknown. It has been conjectured that the warlike exploits in his name, may have resulted from the fervent brace of black whiskeys, which garnished his table.

On a certain day after dinner, the ladies having retired to their cabin for a nap, the gentleman usual sat down to cards, and a brisk campaign "The best had just finished," and yet some breathing the current of the river at the rate of eight knots an hour. Captain Snook, having nothing else to do, was fain to join in a rubber of whist; and it so happened that he and the Major were seated at the same table. This game at the suggestion of Major Montgomery, was soon changed to "loaf," and played with varying success until at length a noon of considerable magnitude had accumulated. At length the game was terminated. The fields goddess disclosed her preference for the Major, by permitting him to win the "pool" amounting to near three hundred dollars. His success produced no outward sign of joy; he seemed, indeed, almost sorry to be compelled to take the money of his friends; and with much composure of manner, proposed to continue the play; making at the same time a very polite tender of his purse, to any gentleman at the table who might need a temporary loan.

In the group of spectators, there was a tall spindle-legged looking fellow, from the Western Reserve in Ohio, who had been to the South with a lot of chesses, for the manufacture of which, that happy New England colony is becoming quite famous. This chess-monger had been watching the game from the beginning, and at last fixing his eyes upon the winning Major, said in a low tone of voice, raised to a more frequent subject, "Well, now, that's right down slick any how."

The Major, looking up, found the eyes of the company turned upon him. Knitting his brows, he said sternly, to reply,

"Let's have no more of your Yankee upstarts' pieces."

"Now, Mister," continued Jonathan, in his drawing tone, and with provoking coolness of manner, "you had'n't ought to let them there in de speckled pants-bards play high and go seek in your coat sleeve."

This remark, accompanied with a knowing wink of the speaker's eye, instantly transfixed the Major into a young earthquake. Springing upon his feet, as if bent on blood and strategy, he leaped out at the top of his voice.

"Do you mean to insinuate, you Yankee pedlar; your infernal wooden machine, that I have cheated?"

The young chess merchant, leisurely rolling a huge end of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and looking the Major steadily in the eye, replied with imperturbable composure,

"Why, your the blasted snake's eye and who insinuated that you cheated? L-d-d-n, I know; but if you don't believe a white customer, I conclude I'll tell you as how I can't you slip a card under your sleeve, when you see that speckling by your coat of money."

"You are a liar," thundered the Major, in a perfect whirlwind, at the same time attempting to grasp his bamboo in contact with the shoulder of

his antagonist; but Jonathan caught the descending cane in his left hand; and in turn planted his better fist with considerable impulse on the lower end of the Major's breast, thus remarking,

"I say Mister, make yourself scarce there, or you'll get against the end of my arm."

Unfortunately for the reputation of Major Montgomery, at this moment a card fell from his coat sleeve; and with it, fell his courage, for he turned suddenly round on the table to secure the spoils of victory. The Captain, however, had saved him this trouble, having himself taken up the money for the purpose of returning it to those to whom it rightfully belonged. The Major finding that his winnings and his reputation were both departing, became more highly excited, and uttered diabolical anathemas against those who might dare to question his honor.

It is, perhaps, generally known to the reader, that the captain of a steamboat on the western waters is of necessity almost as despotic as the Grand Turk. The safety of his boat, and the comfort of his passengers, in performing a long and perilous trip, require indeed, that such should be the case. Between port and port, he is sometimes called to act in the triple capacity of legislator, judge and executioner. It is rumored, perhaps without any foundation that in cases of great emergency, more than one of these commanders, have seriously threatened a resort to the salutary influence of the "second section." Be this as it may, travellers on our western boats will consult their comfort and safety, by deporting themselves according to the gentlemanly principles. We throw out this hint for the public generally; and in the fulness of our benevolence, commend it to the especial notice of tourists from the "fast anchored Isle."

Captain Snook made no reply to the imprecations of the Major, having far too much respect for his official station, to permit himself to be drawn into a personal conflict with one of his passengers. Stepping to the cabin door, his clear shrill voice was heard above the din of the Major's volcanic burst of passion, and the loud whizz of the *Sea Serpent*. Instantly the tinkle of the pilot's bell, responded to the order of his commander, and the boat lay to near the lee-shore. Again the captain's voice was heard,

"Jack! man the yawl; Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The Major looked around in utter astonishment. The Captain again called out—

"Steward! put Major Montgomery's trunk in the yawl; he wishes to go on shore!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The Major turned towards the Captain with a face indicating a mingled feeling of anger and dismay. He had seen too much of life in the West, not to understand the fate that awaited him. Before he could make up his mind as to the best mode of warding off the impending catastrophe, Jack bawled out "the yawl is ready, sir," and the steward cried, "the trunk is on board, sir."

Captain Snook bowed formally, and with a courteous, but singularly emphatic manner, said—

"Major Montgomery, the yawl waits."

The Major, however, retained his position near the cabin door, and began to remonstrate against such very exceptional treatment of a Virginia gentleman, whose character had never been questioned. He concluded by a broad intimation, that on the arrival at Cincinnati, he should hold the Captain personally responsible under the laws of his country. In reply, the Captain of the *Sea Serpent* bowed again most profoundly, and turning towards the steward, said, calmly,

"Steward, call the fireman to assist Major Montgomery into the yawl; he wishes to go on shore."

The reliable Major in the vain hope that the passengers would sustain the contest, now threw himself on his reserved rights, ran up the flag of militification, and ferociously brandished his Bowie knife; at this moment the fireman made his appearance. He was a full grown Kentuckian, born on the cedar knobs of the Blue Licks, and raised on sulphur water, pone and 'possum fat. Like many of his countrymen he was an aspiring fellow, for he stood six feet four, in his moccasins, and exhibited corresponding development of bone and muscle. Hatless and coatless, with armed arms, and a face blackened with smoke and ashes, he might have passed for one of old Valcan's journey-men, who had been forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, in some *regio infernalis*. He stalked carelessly up to the bellicose Major, and before the latter was aware of it, seized the hand that held the upraised knife, and wrenched it from him. The next instant the Major found himself fairly in the grasp of his antagonist. He struggled stoutly to extricate his elegant person from such an embrace, but in vain. The fireman, displeased with the restless disposition of his captive, gave him one of those warm fraternal hugs, which an old bear is wont to bestow upon an unmanly dog, that may venture to annoy his retreat from a farmer's hog pen.

This loving squeeze so completely mollified the rebellious feeling of the Major, that he suffered himself to be passively led into the yawl. The Captain's shrill voice was again heard,

"Pull away, my boys, Major Montgomery wishes to go on shore."

The oars dipped into the water, and the yawl glided quickly to the beach. The afternoon was cloudy and dark; a drizzling rain was falling; the cotton wool trees wore a funeral aspect; an estate of a human habitation could be seen upon either shore, and the rippled waters of the Mississippi were in tumbling onwards, as if to escape from such a gloomy place.

Many of the passengers supposed that after the Major had been disgraced by being set on shore, he would be suffered to return; but those who entertained this opinion, knew very little of the character of Captain Snook. That Major Montgomery should be a black-leg, was in his estimation no very heinous affair; for he held that in this republican country, and this democratic age, every man has a natural and unalienable right to choose his own occupation. But after having been permitted to play "loaf" with the Captain of the fast running *Sea Serpent*, that the Major should slip a card, and then, solemnly casual, be caught at it—this was too bad—absolutely unpardonable! There was something so vulgar, so very unprofessional in such conduct, that it was not to be tolerated.

The yawl touched the shore and was hastily disembarked of its trunk. The Major, however, af-

ter rising on his feet, looked steadily back upon the *Sea Serpent*, and manifested an disposition to take refuge in the canebrake; whereupon, the captain becoming impatient, cried out,

"Fireman, lend a hand to assist Major Montgomery on shore."

The huge Kentuckian now began to approach the Major, who, having no particular relish for another fraternal hug, sprang to the beach, and sank to his knees in mud. Thinking forbearance no longer a virtue, he poured out on the Captain a torrent of abuse; and with wrathful oaths, threatened to punish him, and his ugly snail creeping steamer, from Orleans Point to the alligator swamps of the Balize. The Captain made no reply, but the fireman, roused by hearing the opprobrious terms applied to his beloved *Sea Serpent*, called out in a voice, that was echoed from shore to shore.

"I say, Mr. Jack-of-knives, it looks rather wofully in these parts."

"Shut your mouth, you scoundrel," retorted the Major, boiling over with rage.

"I say, stranger," continued the fireman with provoking good humor, "would you swap them buffalo robes on your cheeks for a pair of 'coon skins'?"

The Major stooped down for a stone to hurl at his annoying foe, but alas, he stood in a bed of mortar, and had no resource but that of firing another volley of curses.

"Hallo! my hearty," rejoined the fireman, "when you want to be rowed up 'salt river' again, just tip me the wink; and remember, Mr. King-of-Clubs, don't holler till you get out of the woods, or you'll frighten all the varmints."

During the colloquy, the young chess-merchant stood on the guards of the boat a silent spectator, but at length, as if suddenly shocked by the dreadful profanity of the Major, he raised his voice and bawled out,

"I say, Mister, if you was away down west, I guess squire Daggett would fine you ever so much for swearing so wicked—that's how."

The pilot's bell tinkled, the wheels resumed their gyrations, and again the majestic *Sea Serpent* "walked the waters like a thing of life."

Jonathan, with a look in which the solemn and comic were curiously blended, turned his eyes first towards the captain, then upon the Major, and exclaimed,

"Well now, the way these ere steam captains do things, is nothing to nobody, no how."

And thus terminated one of those little episodes in the drama of life, not uncommon on the western waters.

### THE BLACK BUCCANEER.

While our country was yet in her infancy and but a short time previous to the commencement of that ever memorable struggle which terminated in the political separation of the colonies from the mother country, there cruised off the West India Island, a rover by the name of the Black Buccaneer; the name gave him from the color of his vessel, whose exterior was painted black, the better to be screened from observation, when the Government cruisers obliged him to seek shelter among the creeks and inlets of the Islands.

Rumor had widely disseminated the daring exploits of the notorious Buccaneer, whose illicit proceedings were principally, if not exclusively directed, against the flag of Great Britain. Unparalleled success had hitherto attended the most desperate actions of this man, and his numerous captures at length called the attention of the British Government, who fitted out a vessel for the express purpose of freeing the ocean of one who proved so great a scourge to the interest of Great Britain and its dependencies. The command of this vessel was intrusted to an experienced officer, and we sailed for the United States colonies with orders to let nothing interfere with our time or duty, until the object of our expedition was accomplished.

At sunrise on the fifth morning subsequent to our departure, we discovered a vessel to the leeward. Orders were instantly given to bear down, when about an hour's sail we discovered her to be a schooner low in the water, and shaping her course south westerly. When she perceived it was our intention to haul, she wore and lay to, as if waiting our approach.

As we drew near I had an opportunity of examining her minutely, and every one on board asserted that she was the most beautiful craft they had ever beheld. Her tall spars had a graceful, though no more than ordinary make, and the delicacy of their temper was only equalled by the proportionate tracery of the cordage that enshrouded them. The bows were exceeding sharp, and bespoke the utmost fleetness, and the cut-water rose with a graceful curve, gampered clear by the bow-sprit. But one feature deteriorated from her extreme beauty, and that was the dark color of her hull, which was slightly though imperceptibly relieved by a streak of red that marked the lower chambers of her channels. Even the masts and yards were of a dingy color as the hull, and the only trait that broke the gloom of the head gear, was the snow white canvas that fluttered aloft. Yet, amidst all this beauty, there was something suspicious in her appearance probably imparted by the tenebrosity of her line, or perhaps engendered by the recollection of our errand.

As we neared her, five or six forms were observed scanning us with apparent interest. Yet still she lay in the wind's eye, her topsail thrown back, and resting as motionless as a gull sleeping on the ocean. We are dashing aside the spray, and every moment obtaining a new interval.

When we had arrived within hail, our vessel wore round and hoisted the cross of St. George, and fired a gun, that the strange vessel might satisfy us of her nation, by showing her colors. Scarcely had the echo of our gun died upon the breeze, when a great black banner, bearing no device, unfolded itself from the stern of the stranger, and was instantly run to the extremity of the gaff.

"The Black Buccaneer," shouted fifty voices simultaneously; and the echo of their words succeeded by a burst, though brief silence. When the moment of surprise was over every man in accordance with the orders of her commander, prepared for action; the guns were loaded and run out of their respective ports, the magazine illuminated, the logg-rhodes lighted, the decks cleared and every thing prepared for the work of death.

"We must board," said our commander, after a quarter of an hour's cannonading to which no sig-

nal advantage was gained by either party.

"Fill away men, and stand by to leave your grapples." The mandate was obeyed, and we fought yard arm to yard arm, with the formidable freeboarder that ploughed the ocean.

The pirates were first to board, headed by their notorious chief; they sprang upon our deck and fiercely assaulted our sea-men; for a long time the victory remained undecided, but the buccaneers began to falter, still they fought hand to hand, and with the infuriated frenzy of men who had experienced an opposition they did not anticipate; but still the tars of old England met them with all the coolness experience had taught, so essential to victory. By this time one half the assailants lay dead upon the deck. Their cheering shouts were heard, though faint and almost drowned by the clash of arms, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Again they faltered and retired apace, but then the voice of their commander was heard above the ruthless din urging to another effort; again they formed and rushed madly upon our sea-men, but they met the same pertinacious opposition as before, and they broke once more and retreated. At this critical moment, when the pirates were retreating step by step from our quarter deck, their chief ran forward, and cutting a passage through with his sword, sprang down the hatchway, and rushing into the light room seized a burning lamp; then snatching it from the portion of glass that separated it from the magazine, he entered. Those upon deck beheld the strange movement with wonder that can be better imagined than described, and both parties dropped their weapons to learn the issue of so strange an adventure.

Our commander, accompanied by a few officers, descended, and the sight that met their agonizing gaze was truly terrifying; the buccaneer was standing among the powder with a lighted lamp in his tightly clenched fist, his face was blackened, a stream of blood rushed down his cheek from a scorch cut in his forehead; with knit brows and resolution stamped in his countenance, he stood regarding those who began to crowd to the light room.

"Stand back," shouted he, "if you regard your own safety stand back, for by my soul, he who first advances—meets the fate of all on-board."

There was something so resolute in the tones and gestures of the pirate that those around recoiled apace, still continued to gaze with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs upon the daring form of the determined buccaneer.

"Listen! Years have I cruised in these seas but never have assaulted a vessel, but those that wore the detested ensign of tyranny that now floats from your gaff; fortune has hitherto favored me, and I have been a scourge to your hated kingdom; to-day fate has declared it otherwise; but though defeated I have still the means of purchasing my freedom. Now Britain, it remains with you to grant my release, or suffer the death your refusal must certainly bring."

"Our orders were especially to capture you," returned the commander evasively, and you are now in my power.

"Am I?" said the buccaneer, glancing with a significance, that could not be mistaken, upon the deadly material that lay open before him.

"Will your own safety prove no barrier to the execution of your hell scheme?"

"I would ask you, sir, resumed the buccaneer, "is it more to be preferred to be hanged amidst the scoffs and gibes of unfeeling victors, or to end one's existence by his own hands, and purchase with his death the destruction of his victorious enemies? Believe me, sir, there is a discrepancy between self-destruction here and perishing ignominiously at the extremity of the yard arm."

"Your life may yet be saved," said the commander.

"Were the prospects ever so flattering, I would not submit to the order. But it is useless to parley, will you suffer me and my crew, who have survived this conflict, to proceed on our course?"

"On condition that —"

"No conditions will I accept," interrupted the buccaneer, "it is I who have power to name conditions; not you, sir, Britain! you rest in my power—the lives of all on board are at my will—what is to prevent my firing the magazine and revenge myself by destroying my captors? I've seen the day when my own life would prove no obstacle in accomplishing my revenge, did such an opportunity as this offer, no more than the smallest particle of sand against the ironrod of the dashing wave.—But do you yield to my purpose?"

"There is no alternative," said the commander, after a pause. "Your desperation has baffled us even when we exulted in victory—you are free, sir."

"And crew and vessel?"

"As subject as ever to your command."

"Have I the honor of a British officer to that effect?"

"You have," said the commander.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the buccaneer and wincing, he gained his own vessel, and was soon lost sight of in the distance of the wide expanded billows.

Years have flown by, and the memory of the buccaneer had long ceased to occupy my mind.—Our country had nobly asserted her independence at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and a splendid naval victory had been achieved in the British channel by the renowned Paul Jones, who was then on the coast, and hourly expected in port.

The report of a gun burst upon the breeze, and a lofty ship was seen to enter the harbor. The citizens flocked by thousands to the beach to welcome the hero who had so nobly displayed the prowess of America on the very coast of Great Britain. A boat was sent pulling from the frigate—an officer was seen seated in the stern, a lively murmur passed through those that crowded the wharves—the boat stranded, and Paul Jones leaped on shore, but what was my astonishment in beholding in the abandonment of the commander of the *Ben-Hur* Richard, the stern, though not unpleasing look of the Black Buccaneer.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SEVEN-FOOT.

During a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the Public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the

Alhambra—near the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted roose. Here it was that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were treacherously assassinated to appease the jealousy or avenge the fears of a tyrant. The fountain which now throws up its sparkling jets, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the blood of Granada, and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out by the guides of the pile as a sanguinary record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same determined faith with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rialto's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I think no one so endeavoring to enlighten my credulity on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing a poor traveler of its historical illusions, and what a more flag you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes as much as possible to every thing that called me back to every day life; and if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain; where the old magnificent, barbaric spirit still combats against the utilitarianism of modern civilization.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra, surrounded with the insignificance of a wall, and the still vivid though dilapidated traces of oriental voluptuousness, I was in the strong-hold of Moorish story, and every thing spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Granada, when under the dominion of the crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Alhambra, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proud days of Muslim domination, the Alhambra was the soul of every thing noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the Royal Council, were the foremost to devote those heroic enterprises which carried dismay into the territories of the Christian; and what the ages of the family desired, the young men of the name were foremost to execute. In all services of hazard—in all adventurous forays and hair-breadth escapades, the Alhambra was ever one to win the brightest laurels. In those noble recreations, too, which bore so close an affinity to war—in the tilt and tourney, the riding at the ring, and the daring ball-toss, still the Alhambra carried off the palm. None could equal them for the splendor of their array, the gallantry of the devices—for their noble bearing and glorious horsemanship. Their open-handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their lofty magnanimity and perfect faith gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to deny the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidings of a friend; and the word of an Alhambra was a guaranty that never admitted of a doubt.

And their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the claim of her charms established until she had an Alhambra for a lover; and never did an Alhambra prove recalcitrant to his vows. Lovely Granada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favors of thy dames more proudly on their cheeks, or abandoned them more gallantly in the chivalrous tilt of the Viverranda? Or who ever made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades!

I speak with enthusiasm on this theme; for it is connected with the recollection of one of the loveliest evenings and sweetest scenes that ever I enjoyed so happy. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spaniards is to sit down to the beautiful summer evenings, and listen to traditional ballads, and tales about the wars of the Moors and Christians, and the "bunias andanzas" and "grandes hechos," the "good fortunes" and "great exploits" of the heroic warriors of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances, as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love, of the Moorish cavaliers, once their most formidable and hated foes. But centuries have elapsed to extinguish the glory of the zeal; and the once destined warriors of Granada are now held up by Spanish poets as the mirrors of chivalric virtue.

Such was the amusement of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the hall of the Alhambra, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings. She was young and beautiful, and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the fanciful Andalusian dress; touched the guitar, with speaking eloquence; improvised with wonderful facility; and, as she became excited by her theme, or by the rapt attention of her auditors, would pour forth, in the richest and melodious strains, a succession of couplets, full of striking description or stirring narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of those were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Granada, and the prowess of her cavaliers. The Alhambra were her favorite heroes; she fit a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy and high-souled honor; and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that generous but devoted man chanted in this fatal hall of their calamity by the lips of Spanish beauty.

Among the subjects of which she treated, were tales of Moors' honor, and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy, which made a strong impression on me. She declaimed all merit of invention, however, and said she had merely dilated into verse a popular tradition; and, indeed, I have since found the main facts inserted at the end of Cande's History of the Dominion of the Arabs, and the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the *Diana* of Montemayor. From these sources I have drawn it forth, and endeavored to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chaunt, and held every eye rapt in breathless admiration! Should this more trivial of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye, in her stately abode at Granada, may it meet with that indulgence which belongs to her benign nature. Happy should I be if it could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner, for whose gratification she did not think it