

Barb them for game ; when foe appears,
To fix the deadlier shell.*

He showed them all our fathers knew,
And when he swam away,
O'er ocean other lands to strew,
He bid his lubras stay.

But two young girls would not be bid,
And dashed into the main
To follow, but their heads, soon hid,
Were never seen again.

Ooroondool rose up Kukakun, †
And waited on a rock ;
His wives' two bodies floated soon,
Their husband's word to mock.

He changed them into isles, that stand
Still in the ancient spot ;
We plainly see them from the land,
And mourn their hapless lot.

Then he went on his cheerless way,
Towards the setting sun ;
Though old, he lives unto this day—
His life is scarce begun.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DAY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

Bright be thy marriage morn—
Bright as thine own bright eyes ;
And gaily on the joyous day
May the sunny beams arise,
To light thee to a life of joy—
Of sympathies united ;
Of love, so fondly crowned to-day,
Affection new required !

R. McN****.

* "Deadlier shell." The spears used in fighting are armed with pieces of sharp shell, quartz, or (since Europeans have come amongst them) bottle-glass, which are fixed with cement in a groove on each side the point, so as to form a jagged, sharp, and very fatal sort of barb. Those with so many barbs are intended for hunting kangaroo, &c., and for striking large fish.

† "Kukakun." The native name for Kangaroo Island.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND, BY THE LATE
EDMUND MORTON, ESQ.*

WHEN Boabdil,⁽¹⁾ the last king of Grenada,⁽²⁾ was obliged to abandon the kingdom of his father, he stopped on the summit of Mount Padual. From this elevated spot was descried the sea upon which the unfortunate monarch was about to embark for Africa; Grenada likewise met the view, the Viga and the Xemil, on the banks of which rose the tents of Ferdinand and Isabella.⁽³⁾ At the sight of this beautiful country, and of the cypress trees which still here and there marked the tombs of the Mussulmen, Boabdil began to weep. The Sultana Aisca, his mother, who accompanied him, together with the nobility which formerly composed his court, said to him, "Weep now like a woman, for the kingdom thou couldst not defend like a man."⁽⁴⁾ They descended from the mountain, and Grenada vanished from their sight for ever.

* The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this beautiful translation of a very delightful little romance, was the younger son of a large landed proprietor in the county Cavan; he received a most liberal education, and was for some time in the service of the Hon. East India Company. In the winter of 1838, he went (under medical advice, after a severe illness) into the south of Devon; where he became acquainted with a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of a general in the army. He had already determined to settle in this Colony, and he influenced her, with the very reluctant consent of her parents, to accompany him. They sailed a fortnight after their marriage in the "Anna Robertson;" and the writer of this notice was their fellow-passenger. The rest of their short lives presents a very tragic history. Mrs Morton dined only once at table; on the second day she suffered from sea-sickness, and could not leave her cabin. Unlike the other ladies on board, her malady continued, and she lingered until we passed the Cape; when we committed to the deep what was left of a girl so blooming at the first—hardly so much a corpse as a skeleton. From this time, Morton was completely changed; he became singularly eccentric and excitable. We landed; and Morton (never fitted for managing pecuniary concerns, especially in new settlements, where many are ready to entrap the unwary) was shortly stripped of all he possessed. By the help of friends he obtained a flock of sheep at Portland Bay, where his unfortunate life was soon brought to a melancholy and characteristic end. In the pride of youth and strength, he was murdered, with his servant, by the natives. The latter was put to death in a manner not unlike crucifixion, and his carcase was savagely mutilated; but the remains of the gallant and accomplished Morton, were at least spared these indignities, his only wound having been a fatal gash in the head. Of his feeling and his taste we will say nothing; these, his own soft and silvery language will attest. Of his true worth and goodness of heart, his most attached and intimate friend may be deemed a partial judge; they will be correctly estimated hereafter by those whose happy lot it may be to meet in another world the reunited spirits of those, whose bodies Heaven decreed to be so sadly separated here—the one to afford a scanty meal to the sharks of the Southern Ocean, the other to rot in the wilderness beneath the rays of an Australian sun.

The Moors of Spain, who shared the lot of their king, dispersed themselves into Africa. The tribes of the Zégris and of the Gomeles established themselves in the kingdom of Fez, from which they took their origin. The Vanegas and the Alibes halted on the coast, and occupied it from Oran to Alger; lastly, they settled in the environs of Tunis, and formed, within view of the ruins of Carthage, a colony, which, even to this day, is distinguished from the Moors of Africa, by the elegance of its manners and lenity of its laws.

These families carried into their new dwellings the remembrance of their ancient country; the paradise of Grenada always lived in their memory. Mothers repeated its name to the babes that hung at their breasts; they lulled them to sleep with the romances of the Zégris and of the Abencerages. Every fifth day they prayed at the mosque, turned towards Grenada, and called on Allah to restore to his elect that land of delight. In vain the country of the Lotophagi presented to the exiles its fruits, its streams, its verdure, its brilliant sun; remote from the "red towers," there was neither agreeable fruit, nor limpid fountain, nor sun worthy of being regarded. If the plains of Belgrada were pointed out to one of the banished, he would shake his head and utter with a sigh, "Grenada."

The Abencerages, above all, retained the most tender and faithful recollection of their country. They had quitted with mortal regret the theatre of their glory, and the banks which they had so often made to resound with their war-cry, "Honour and Love." No longer able to lift the lance in deserts, or wear the helmet in a colony of labourers, they gave themselves up to the study of simples—a profession which, among the Arabians, is held in equal esteem with that of arms. Thus this race of warriors, who formerly inflicted wounds, were now busy in curing them. In this they retained something of their former genius; for knights of old often staunched with their own hands the wounds of the enemy whom they had overthrown.

The cottage of this family, who formerly occupied palaces, was not situated in the hamlet of the other exiles, at the foot of the mountain of Maméliffe; it was built in the very midst of the ruins of Carthage, in the place in which St Lewis died on a bed of ashes, and where to this day is seen a Mahomedan hermitage. Against the walls of this cottage were bucklers of lion-skin, which bore, in a field of azure, the figures of two savages smashing a city with a club, with this motto, "'Tis little," the arms and device of the Abencerages.

Lances, ornamented with white and blue pennons, alburnos, and doublets of slashed satin, were arranged beside the bucklers, and shone in the midst of cimeters and poignards. Here and there were suspended gauntlets, bridles ornamented with precious stones, long swords whose scabbards had been embroidered by the hands of princesses, and golden spurs which the Guntas, the Genievas, and the Orianas of yore buckled to the heels of noble knights.

On tables, beneath these trophies of glory, lay emblems of a pacific life. These were plants gathered on the top of Mount Atlas, in the desert of Zaara; many also had been brought from the plain of Grenada. There were some calculated to heal the diseases of the body; others that could extend their power even over the maladies of the soul. The Abencerages particularly valued those which served to calm vain regrets, dissipate false illusions, and those hopes of happiness which continually bud forth, always to be blighted. Unfortunately these simples had opposite virtues, and often the perfume of a flower from their own country was a kind of poison to the illustrious exiles.

Twenty-four years had now elapsed since the taking of Grenada. During this short period, fourteen Abencerages had perished; some had been carried off by the influence of a new climate, some by the mischances incident to a wandering life, but more than all by grief, which noiselessly undermines the strength of man. Upon a single scion were hung the entire hopes of this renowned family. Aben Hamet bore the name of that Abencerage who was accused by the Zégris of having seduced the Sultana Alfarina.⁽⁶⁾ In him were united the beauty, the valour, the courtesy, the generosity of his ancestors, with that mild lustre and slight expression of sorrow which speaks of misfortune nobly supported. He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father; and he then resolved to make a pilgrimage to the country of his ancestors, that he might satisfy the cravings of his heart, and accomplish a design which he carefully concealed from his mother. He embarks at the quay of Tunis, a favourable wind conducts him to Carthagen, he lands, and takes the road to Grenada, announcing himself as an Arabian physician, who came to seek for plants among the rocks of the Sierra Nevado.

A quiet mule carried him slowly through the country over which the Abencerages formerly flew upon warlike horses. A guide went before, conducting two other mules ornamented with bells and tufts of wool of various colours. Aben Hamet

traversed the vast commons of heath and woods of palm-trees in the country of Murcia; from the age of these palm-trees, he judged that they must have been planted by his fathers, and his heart was penetrated with regret; there rose a tower on which the sentinel kept watch during the wars of the Moors and Christians; here a ruin, whose architecture announced its Moorish origin, presented another subject of grief to the Abencerage. He dismounted, and, under pretence of seeking for some plants, he concealed himself a moment in this ruin, to give free vent to his tears. He then resumed his journey, musing to the jingling of the bells of the caravan, and the monotonous chaunt of his guide, who only interrupted his long ballad to encourage his mules with the appellations of "brave" or "beautiful," or chide them with those of "lazy" or "stubborn."

Some flocks of sheep which a swain conducted like an army over the yellow and uncultivated plains, and a few solitary travellers, far from spreading life over the road, only served to make it appear more melancholy and deserted. These travellers all wore swords at the girdle; they were wrapt up in mantles, and large slouched hats covered half their faces. In passing, they saluted Aben Hamet, who only distinguished the words, "God," "Sir," or "Knight." At evening, in the venta, the Abencerage took his place among the strangers without being troubled by indiscreet curiosity; no one spoke to him—no one questioned him—nor did his turban, his robe, or his arms, excite the least astonishment. Since Allah had willed that the Moors of Spain should lose their beautiful country, Aben Hamet could not help esteeming their grave conquerors.

Emotions still more lively awaited the Abencerage at the end of his journey. Grenada is built at the foot of the Sierra Neuvado, on two hills separated by a deep valley; houses situated on the declivity of the hills, and on the bottom of the valley, give the town the form and appearance of a pomegranate half open, from which it derives its name. Two rivers, the Xemil and the Douro—one of which rolls over gold sand, the other silver—bathe the foot of the hills, and, uniting, meander through the midst of a charming plain called the Véga. This plain is covered with vines, pomegranate, fig, mulberry, and orange-trees. It is surrounded by mountains of a beautiful form and colour. An enchanted sky, a pure and delicious air, breathe into the soul a secret languor, from which the traveller who merely passes by has even difficulty to preserve himself. One cannot help feeling

in this country that the tender passions would have speedily extinguished the heroical, if love, to be love indeed, had not always need of glory for its companion. When Aben Hamet came in view of the pinnacles of the first buildings of Grenada, his heart beat with such violence that he was obliged to stop his mule; he crossed his arms upon his breast, and remained fixed and speechless, with his eyes riveted on the holy city. The guide stopped in his turn, and, as all elevated feelings are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared touched, and conjectured that the Moor was again beholding his ancient country. The Abencerage at length broke silence. "Guide," said he, "be happy! conceal not the truth from me, for on the day of thy birth a calm reigned upon the waters, and the moon entered her crescent; what are those towers that shine like stars above a green forest?" "It is the Alhambra," answered the guide. "And that other castle upon the hill opposite?" said Aben Hamet. "It is the Generalife," replied the Spaniard. "In this castle there is a garden planted with myrtles, in which the Abencerage was surprised with the Sultana Afaima. More distant, you see the Albaizin; nearer, the Red Towers."

Each word of the guide went to the heart of the Abencerage. How painful is it to have recourse to strangers to learn to know the monuments of one's fathers, and to make the history of one's family and friends to be recounted by the indifferent! The guide, putting an end to the reflections of Aben Hamet, said, "Let us proceed, sir Moor, it was the will of God, take courage. Is not Francis the First^(?) this very day prisoner in our Madrid? It was the will of God." He then took off his hat, made a large sign of the cross, and beat his mules. Aben Hamet, in his turn, urging his own forward, said, "It was written," and they descended towards Grenada.

They passed by a great ash-tree, famous for the duel between Muca and the Grand Master of Calatrava, in the reign of the last King of Grenada. They went round the promenade Almaid, and entered the city by the gate of Evira. They reascended the Rambla, and soon arrived in a square surrounded on all sides by houses of Moorish architecture. Here there was a kan opened for the Moors of Africa, who were attracted in crowds to Grenada, by the commerce of the silks of the Véga. To this place did the guide conduct Aben Hamet:

The Abencerage was too much agitated to enjoy any repose in his new lodging. The idea of his country tormen-

ted him ; not able to resist the sentiments which troubled his heart, he went out in the middle of the night to wander about the streets of Grenada. He tried to recognize with his hands or his eyes some of the monuments which the old men had so often described to him. Perhaps this high edifice, whose walls he faintly distinguished through the darkness, was the ancient mansion of the Abencerages ! Perhaps on this solitary spot those fêtes were given which raised the glory of Grenada to the skies ! There passed the troops of horse superbly attired in brocade ; there advanced the galleys laden with flowers and arms ; the dragons which vomited forth flames, and which concealed within them illustrious warriors—ingenious inventions of pleasure and gallantry !

But, alas ! instead of the sound of merriment—instead of the voice of trumpets and songs of love, a profound silence reigned around Aben Hamet. This mute city had changed its inhabitants, and the conquerors were now reposing on the couches of the vanquished. “ These haughty Spaniards sleep,” then cried the young Moor in indignation, “ under those roofs from which they have exiled my ancestors, while I, an Abencerage, watch unknown, solitary and fatigued, at the gate of the palace of my fathers.”

Aben Hamet then reflected upon the destinies of mankind, upon the vicissitudes of fortune, upon the fall of empires, particularly upon this Grenada, surprised by its enemies in the midst of pleasures, and suddenly changing its garlands of flowers for chains ; he pictured to himself its citizens abandoning their hearths in festive dresses, like guests who, in the disorder of their attire, are suddenly chased from the banquet-hall by fire.

All these images—all these thoughts passed on the heart of Aben Hamet ; full of regret, he was turning over in his mind the execution of the project which had brought him to Grenada—dawn surprised him. The Abencerage had strayed ; he found himself far from the kan, in a distant suburb of the city. All was asleep, no noise broke on the silence of the streets ; the doors and windows of the houses were closed. The voice of the cock alone was proclaiming in the habitations of the poor the return of pain and toil.

After having wandered a long time without being able to discover his way, Aben Hamet heard a door open ; he perceived a young lady go out of it, dressed nearly as those Gothic queens carved on the monuments of our ancient abbeys. A black bodice, ornamented with sparkling jet,

IRREGULAR PAGING

embraced her elegant figure. Her petticoat, short, tight, and without plaits, discovered a finely-turned leg and a charming foot. Over her head was thrown a mantle, also black, which she held in her left hand, crossed and closed like a wimple under her chin; so that, of all her countenance, one could only see her large blue eyes and rosy mouth. A duenna accompanied her steps, and a page carried before her a book for church. Two valets, dressed in her livery, followed at some distance the beautiful unknown. She was going to matin-prayer, which the ringing of a bell announced in a monastery hard by.

Aben Hamet thought he saw the angel Israfil, or the most beautiful of the houries. The Spanish lady, with not less surprise, regarded the Abencerage, whose turban, robe, and arms, embellished still more his noble figure. Having recovered from her first surprise, she beckoned to the stranger to approach, with a grace and freedom peculiar to women of this country. "Sir Moor," said she, "you appear lately arrived in Grenada; perhaps you have lost your way?"

"Sultana of flowers," answered Aben Hamet, "delight of the eyes of men; O Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast rightly divined. I am a stranger in this city, lost in the midst of its palaces; I have been unable to find again the kan of the Moors. May Mahomed touch thy heart and recompense thy hospitality."

"The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the Spanish lady, with the sweetest smile, "but I am not sultana of flowers, nor a slave, neither do I wish to be commended to Mahomed. Follow me, Sir Knight, I will conduct you to the kan of the Moors."

She walked lightly before the Abencerage, led him to the door of the kan, pointed it out to him with her hand, glided behind a palace, and disappeared.

On what, then, depends the tranquility of life? The idea of the country no longer solely and entirely occupies the soul of Aben Hamet; Grenada ceased to be to him deserted, abandoned, widowed, solitary—it is dearer than ever to his heart; but it is a new illusion which embellishes its ruins—with the recollection of his ancestors, now is mingled another charm. Aben Hamet has discovered the cemetery where the ashes of the Abencerages repose. But while he prays, while he prostrates himself, while he sheds filial tears, he dreams that the young lady has sometimes passed over these tombs, and he no longer thinks his ancestors so unfortunate.

It is in vain that he wishes to occupy himself only with his pilgrimage to the land of his fathers; in vain that he wanders over the hills of the Douro and the Xemil, there to cull plants at the dawn of morning; the flower that he seeks now is the beautiful Christian. How many useless efforts has he made to find the palace of his enchantress; how often has he tried to pass once more the same way his divine guide conducted him; how often did he think he recognised the sound of the bell, or the crowing of the cock, which he heard near the dwelling of the Spanish lady. Deceived by similar sounds, he immediately runs to the place from which they proceed, but the magic palace does not present itself to his eyes. Often, too, did the uniform dress of the women in Granada give him a moment of hope; at a distance, all the Christian ladies resembled the mistress of his heart, but not one had her beauty or grace. Aben Hamet had at last gone through churches to discover the unknown; he had penetrated as far as the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, and this was the greatest sacrifice he had hitherto made to love.

NOTES.

(1) *Abencerage*. In Spanish romance, this is a name given to a most illustrious family in Granada. It is probably a corruption of Zeragh; for, in the early part of the fifteenth century, we find Jusef Aben Zeragh, who signally distinguished himself.

(2) *Boabdil*. This name also belongs to romance only. The last king of Granada was Aben Abdallah; and the little that is here related of him is tolerably correct. The Spanish monarch had offered him a part of his former kingdom, but he had taken a grant of money in preference.

(3) *Granada*. In history called Granada.

(4) *Ferdinand and Isabella*. King of Aragon and Queen of Castile. The conquest of Granada, the only portion of Spain not already governed by these sovereigns, united under them all Spain, which has since become one kingdom. The Spaniards took possession of Granada in January, 1492.

(5) *Weep now, &c.* This remark was actually made to Aben Abdallah by his mother. Her real name was Zoraya.

(6) *Alfaima*. The story of the infidelity of a Sultana of Granada appears purely romantic. Her husband is said to have put to death many of the family of the Abencerages; one of whom is represented as having led her astray. This fable may, perhaps, take rise from a king of Granada, nearly a century previous to the date at which this tale commences, having, for political reasons, procured the assassination of the greater part of the family of Zeragh; about forty of which only escaped.

(7) *Francis the First*, King of France, was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia by Charles the Fifth; he was a prisoner at Madrid from the early part of 1525 to March, 1526. Within this period we may, therefore, fix the date of the commencement of Aben Hamet's adventures in Spain. We may observe, that the author of the romance has shown the usual looseness of his brethren with regard to date; for he speaks of this period as twenty-four years after the conquest of Granada. In truth, it was full thirty-two or thirty-three years.

HORACE.

BOOK III.—ODE IX.

HORACE.

Lydia, as long as thou wert only mine,
 And while no other lover, young and gay,
 His arms about thy snowy neck might twine,
 Or, wanton, with thy flowing ringlets play,
 More loved by thee ;
 The monarch of the sunny land divine,
 Whose palaces an hundred slaves enshrine,
 All canopied from sight of glaring day,
 Might well have envied me.

LYDIA.

And dearly, Horace, did I prize thy love,
 When all thy young affections were mine own,
 Before bright Chloe was preferred above
 Poor Lydia, who was then beloved alone.
 In thy fond heart
 Not Ilia, mother of all Rome, could prove
 Her name so glorious, if for fame she strove,
 As Lydia's, then to all the world was known,
 'Ere forced from thee to part.

HORACE.

Chloe of Thressa rules me now—
 Skilled in the lyre, and sweet of voice—
 For whose dear sake, with fearless brow,
 In death itself I would rejoice.
 Might Chloe, my surviving soul, be spared,
 Blooming in health, and beauty unimpaired.

LYDIA.

Nor dream I, Horace, now of thee ;
 My heart the Thurian has fired
 With love, as his has been to me ;
 And gladly, were my life required,
 Death would I twice endure, for him, with joy
 Exulting that I saved my much-loved boy.

HORACE.

But what, if the love we knew in our youth
 Return in the fulness of power and truth
 To bind us, now parted, together again,
 Confirming our union with adamant chain ?
 If golden-haired Chloe were spurred from the door
 Which should never be closed upon Lydia more ?

LYDIA.

Though the gallant young Thurian boy is more bright
 Than the star-spangled Heaven of Italy's night—
 Though thou art more light than a cork, and dost rave
 In thy wrath, with more bluster than Adria's wave—
 Yet with thee, and thee only, believe me that I
 Delighted would live, and would cheerfully die.

E. W. A.

THE MONTHLY RECORD, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1843.

THE NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.
The Legislative Council was opened on the 10th October. The names of the gentlemen of whom it is composed were given in our last; Mr Williams, however, has resigned his seat, and is succeeded by Mr Hagen. The Council continued to sit almost daily until the 14th November, when it adjourned *sine die*. Several important acts were passed, and a Committee, appointed to inquire into the causes and probable remedies for the disease called "scab" in sheep, collected very full evidence. The public are admitted to the Council-room by tickets, which are readily obtainable, and the whole of the proceedings are reported in the newspapers.

All Council papers, marked "Council Papers only" on the wrapper, are to be sent home free of charge, by direction of his Excellency the Governor.

SHIPPING RETURNS.

According to the return laid on the table of the Council, the vessels inwards from the 1st of January to the 30th September, 1843, have been 38 in number, with an aggregate amount of 5,210 tons, and bringing 130 male adults, 52 female adults, and 30 children; and the vessels outwards 41 in number, with an aggregate amount of 6,130 tons, and taking 104 male adults, 83 female adults, and 76 children.

AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.

The following is the Government return of the land under cultivation in the province of South Australia for the year 1843.—

Acres of Wheat	23,000
" Barley	3,330
" Oats	790
" Maize	290
" Potatoes	470
" Garden ground	140
Total	28,690

AMATEUR CONCERT.

Nov. 7.—A Concert was given by several gentlemen for the benefit of the Trinity Church Schools. The attendance was very large, including the Governor and his lady, and most of the leading Colonists. The net proceeds were nearly forty pounds.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.**BIRTHS.**

October 3rd.—Mrs Charles Fenn, of a son.

October 6th.—Mrs Edward Andrews, of a daughter.

October 29th.—Mrs William Smith, of a daughter.

October 30th.—Mrs G. S. Kingston, of a daughter.

October 31st.—Mrs W. R. S. Cooke, of a daughter.

November 3rd.—Mrs Howard, of a son (still-born).

November 4th.—Mrs F. Bayne, of a daughter.

November 6th.—Mrs James Frew, of a son.

November 14th.—Mrs Mason, of a daughter.

November 19th.—Mrs W. Kyffin Thomas, of a daughter.

November 23rd.—Mrs Conigrave, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

November 22nd.—Mr Edwin Hunt to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr William Thorpe Dallwood.

November 16th.—Richard Smith to Susannah Dawson, eldest daughter of Mr Dawson, Brownhill Creek.

November 30th.—George Tinline, Esq., to Helen, eldest daughter of John Madder, Esq., Jedburgh, Scotland.

DEATHS.

October 26th.—At Greenfield, near Gawler, after a short illness, Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Wilson.

November 16th.—At Encounter Bay, the son of Mr Meyers, aged five months.

R. 9/5/12
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