reached the court, of the female minstrel who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen dispatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Idefonso, where the court at that time resided.

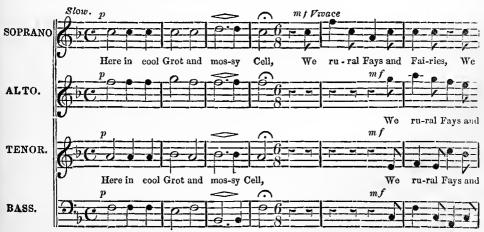
Within a few days, as the queen with her maids of honour was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues and terraecs and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the farfamed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetta gazed with surprise at the youthful and nnpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress, her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty, that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra." Jacinta followed the Queen with downcast eyes through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived at length at a great cham-ber hung with black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day: a number of yellow wax apers in silver sconces diffused a lugubrions light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and woe-begone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would be buried monarch.

The queen entered the chamber in silence, and pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence. At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aerial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody or By degrees the theme was the music of the spheres. varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollections of the Alhamhra, was associated the

story of her love. The funeral chamber resonnded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his eouch, his eye began to kindle—at length, leaping npon the floor, he called for sword and buckler.

The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete; the demon of melancholy was cast forth; and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrious chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress, but the lute had fallen from her hand, she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was elasped to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon.

The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour; but hold-I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect? O that was all owing to the opposition of a proud pragmatical old father: besides, young people, who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet. But how was the proud pragmatical old father reconciled to the match? O his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest hreast. And what became of the enchanted lute? O that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and earried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Farinelli, in pure jcalousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old cremona fiddle. The strings still retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, hut let it go no further-that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world-it is the fiddle of Paganini !-- The Alhambra, by Washington Irving.



HERE IN COOL GROT.



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MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY.



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