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ALMANZOR THE MOOR; OR THE FALL OF GRANADA.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

“Of brownies and of bogles full is this beuk.”

“Tis night, and the halls of Arazan are silent and dark,—the lamp of gladness is unlit, and the voice of mirth is unheard!” said the lovely Gonsala, as she rose with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and her head bent in lowly reverence, from paying the tribute of evening devotion to the powerful vicegerent of Alla! and seated herself upon the broad battlements of the castle, with her head leaning pensively upon her hand, and her large, dark and soul-melting eye, (the prominent and admired object of Circassian beauty,) sunk in thought to watch the departing beams of the setting sun, and the dark clouds, that were assembling in wild and majestic disorder along the blue vault of heaven. “Ah! how happy and contented are the lowly race of the children of labour around me, (said she glancing her wistful eye upon the humble cottages that were spread upon the verdant and myrtle-covered banks of the dark rolling Xenil,) the sun awakes them, with the bright burst of his glory, to the culture of the field, and the sweet notes of the evening songsters, from amid the odoury fragrance of their orange bowers, lulls them to repose, whilst the love of Almanzor thus sits in the loneliness of grief, and mourns for the absent in war!—Granada! lovely city of the children of the prophet! though thy lofty spires and pa-

laces are dim on my view, how the thundering peals of the engines of murder around thy lofty battlements, ring dismal upon my ear, and each seems to sound the death-knell of Almanzor!—again!—again!—christian of Arragon! may the curse of the all righteous Alla blast the efforts of thy demon rage!—When, Almanzor, wilt thou return, and thy smiles infuse gladness into my heart? Though thy arm is mighty in war, many and fierce are the warriors of Arragon, and thou mayest fall beneath a hated christian’s blade! far, far from the love of Gonsala!” Such were the ideas which occasioned the raven tresses of Gonsala to be steeped in tears; for the picture her imagination had drawn was too strong for her to bear in silence, and her deep sobs burst audibly upon the ears of the sentinels, as they stalked slowly and wearily past the elevated point where she was seated, concealed from vulgar view, amid the dark folds of the silken veil which completely enveloped her tall and slender form. The sombre shades of evening were fast enclaspings the earth in their sullen embrace, and the nightingale had commenced her song, slow and mournful, amid the grove of pomegranates behind the castle, whilst, at long intervals the loud burst of artillery would roll along the stillness of