

moment of madness, she rushed from her apartment, in spite of the feeble efforts of these around her, and buried herself deep amid the dark windings of the forest around the castle. She was immediately pursued; but the darkness of the night rendered abortive every effort to recover or trace her steps, except when now and then her piercing cries only served to lead them deeper amid the intricacies of the forest, and they returned weary and dejected towards the castle. One only, continued the pursuit with unabated ardour. Eben Amir had long been the friend and confidant of Almanzor, and had fought and bled under his banners, till age had converted him into a talkative old man; beloved by his Lord, and respected by his equals. It certainly required no ordinary firmness of mind to support the wilderness and solitude, the fearless Moor had now to encounter. The wind sighed deep and mournful amid the lofty elms, and its moanings were fearfully answered by the solitary signal of the midnight gun that was heard, at times, booming from the lofty battlements of Moorish Granada, and the camp of Ferdinand; and their peals sank deep into his soul: for he trembled for the race of Aboulrahman and Cordova's throne. Though his bravery was undoubted, and the command of his Lord to rush on certain death, would have been obeyed without murmur or a moment's delay; still his mind was strongly influenced with the superstitions of the age, and the sound of the breeze, as it rustled among the rustling leaves, often started the blood to his manly cheek, tinged under the scorching suns of many a clime. The moon, which now began to shew her silvery face in the heavens, suddenly became darkened by a heavy black cloud which extended itself along the clear concave, and nature was again wrapt in a deep and lonely gloom. The spirit of the blast awoke from "the caves of his slumbers," and roaring wildly among the venerable trees of

the forest, which bent creaking before its terrors, seemed determined to lay their leafy honours in the dust. The broad flashes of red lightning spread in wide and extended volumes from behind the gray edges of the dark clouds, whose cumbrous weight was scarcely supported in air; and the thunder burst in awful and deafening peals across the rocking and convulsed vault of heaven. The rain descended in torrents till each small rill rushed, river-like, along its pebbled bed. The rose and jessamine, which, a few short moments ago had budded and bloomed in beauty upon these bowers of love, which pride and effeminacy had planted far from the view of vulgar eye, now lay blasted and withering beneath the storm— [sad emblem of maiden innocence betrayed and spurned]. The nightingale, whose melting melody had so lately rung amid the roses, now sat cowering beneath the leaves of myrtle, and the strongest trees were rent from their firm foundations, and tumbled to the ground. The storm subsided as quickly as it commenced, and nature again smiled in her native sweetness. When it commenced, Eben Amir sought a shelter in the hollow trunk of an old oak, and now emerging from his retreat, endeavoured to retrace his steps homewards. After traversing the forest for some time, he reached an open and pleasant lawn, in which the mouldering remains of an old castle still frowned sullen amid the gloom. Its turrets had fallen from their lofty situation, and its once splendid halls now scarcely afforded a retreat to the birds of the air. The wolf formed his lair upon the chequered pavement; and his brood drank from the pure water of the marble bason, where the prophet had listened with pleasure to the prayers of the faithful: and its gardens, though nature now spread her hand over their once gay and cultivated parterres, still shed a faint, though pleasing odour around. He started back at the sight, and his strained eye-balls were wildly fixed upon the