

of the Moslems to encounter a third time their formidable adversaries, and was about spurring his charger to the scene, when the Prince of Cordova presented himself. His green turban, (for he boasted his descent from the Prophet,) was torn and soiled, his armour of the same colour, was dyed a deep crimson, and his right arm hung bleeding and powerless by his side. "By Allah! I have seen a strange sight," was the angry salutation of the Moorish leader, unheeding the distressed appearance of his officer; "thy thousand warriors recoiled from an equal number of infidels, like the gazelle from the savage leopard. Is it the first time they have been engaged with the dogs of the Temple?"

"Yonder array," was the faint reply of the Prince of Cordova, "consists not of the red-cross soldiers, nor did they in the most desperate conflict, ever exhibit such valour and stubbornness, as those whom we have just encountered!"

"By the turban of Mahomet!" said Abdallah fiercely, "I could have excused thy failure, were thy opponents the stern warriors led by De Longueville; but cowardice or treachery has brought this dishonour upon the crescent, and it shall be strictly looked into."

The brow of the unfortunate prince, vied in colour with the deep hue of his armour, at the imputation, and his left hand sought the hilt of his scymetar; but ere he could raise the weapon, strength and life failed him, and he fell stiff, and heavily to the earth. The bosom of Abdallah glowed with the most intense passion, yet his voice and manner was calm, as he ordered the whole army to advance. But the soldiers had scarce moved from their stations, when for the first time, the thrilling war-shout of "God and St. Jago for Spain!" uprose from the ranks of the Christians, and the hitherto motionless body rushed boldly and impetuously against the advancing squadron. The fiery fanaticism of the Moors, the chief source of all their victories, was opposed by the stern enthusiasm of their adversaries, and, after the lapse of an hour, the victory remained undecided. While the combat still raged with undiminished fierceness, the emotion of those not immediately engaged in its sanguinary labours, were of the most intense and interesting character. The Lady Zara and her attendants had retired on the first alarm, to the

centre of the extensive encampment, and every moment she expected to hear the shouts of Moorish triumph. But the wild tumult of the midnight strife continued unabated, and while the animating tecbir pealed widely, the swelling war-cry of the foe ran as sharply, ever and anon blended with the portentous echoes of the appalling trumpet.

"That dreadful sound," exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, as a louder and nearer blast fell startling upon her ears, "and, holy Prophet! it seemeth to proceed from the camp itself."

Ere her attendants could reply, the form of a warrior, was seen to advance slowly and with exertion, to the station they occupied.

"How goes the battle, Almanzor?" said the Lady Zara, as she recognized the chieftain; "we have been more than an hour in a fearful state of suspense."

"It is all over," was the faint reply; "the misbelievers are storming the camp."

A shriek of dismay followed this announcement while the wounded chieftain proceeded—"The Syrian was right—the lance of the leader of yon host is stained with my heart's blood—and I die within sight of Calatrava."

"My father!" exclaimed Zara, in a voice scarce audible.

"Is in Paradise, and I go to join him."

As he said this, the descendant of the Prophet breathed his last, and, at the same moment, the daughter of Abdallah, overwhelmed with the dreadful tidings, sank fainting to the earth.

The king of Arragon had passed a restless and anxious night, for the following day would disclose the fate of Calatrava and his metropolis. Few eyes indeed were closed in the hours of darkness—preparations for flight or resistance were made in their fears expecting to behold the Moorish javelins glitter in the early rays of the sun.

"Take thy station at the window, Ferdinand," said Don Sancho, as he arose from his uneasy couch, and sought the presence chamber, "and tell me, for thy sight is quick, if aught appears coming from the direction of the ill-fated fortress."

The page obeyed; but more than an hour passed away, ere his eye rested on any object, save the blue peaks of the far-off