

The pause which succeeded the remark of the Moorish commander was interrupted by a note of distant music, borne on the awakening midnight breeze, that mingled with it, without overpowering the strains of the cymbal and lute, the soothing dash of the river, and the rustling of the silken folds of the standard. It arrested instant attention, and the party awaited in some suspense for a repetition.

"By the turban of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it was no Moorish horn or atabal; to me it sounded like the trump of the dogs of the Temple."

"The garrison of the fortress," answered Abdallah carelessly, "are coming to deliver us the keys; they have anticipated the appointed period by a few moments only."

He had scarce uttered these words, when a fierce and startling blast filled the air, and some moments elapsed ere its tremendous echoes ceased.

"* * * What a dismal—what a dreadful sound!" exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, while a faint scream burst from her affrighted attendants; "it seemed as if the trump of the angel of death rang in my ears."

But her last remark was unheeded in the rising tumult. The shrill notes of the atabal—the harsh tones of the Moorish horn—the stirring cries Allah acbar!—to arms!—and the quick tramp of the war steed, were all mingled in one common din, and the peaceful moonlit camp was, as if by magic, converted into a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Ere the hasty preparations for battle were completed, a dark body was seen to advance, slowly and steadily towards the encampment. A dazzling splendour—the gleam of a thousand lances, like the vivid streak of the portentous storm—cloud-edged the upper surface of the moving mass.

"By the scymetar of the Prophet," exclaimed the veteran Chebar, who made one of a small party, that, a little in advance, was engaged in observing the motions of the enemy, "the dogs of the Temple are again in the field."

"It is rather," said Abdallah, "the feeble endeavour of the old men and boys of Toledo, to frighten us from Calatrava, and preserve their famed metropolis. We shall achieve two victories at once."

Concluded in our next.

ANECDOTE.

It is with ridicule as with compassion—we do not like to be the solitary objects of either; and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight by dividing the load.—A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic, told me a humorous anecdote which may serve to illustrate the above position.

It will be remembered that the British government had despatched a rocket brigade to that action, and that Captain Boger, a deserving young officer, lost his life in the command of it. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there. A British private who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if that coin was current there, 'O yes,' replied he, 'you may have whatever the house affords for that money; it passes current here at present.' Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation, elicited from 'mine host of the garter' by such a tender can be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a most charitable wish to divide with his neighbor. Taking therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. 'Do you see,' said he, 'that large hotel opposite? That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five-franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise on the word of a soldier to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day.' Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord with the following speech, and a bow that did no discredit to Leipsic. "Sir, I deem myself bound to use my utmost endeavours to put