

lace of Toledo, either in the pale moonlight, or by the gorgeous blaze of the noon-tide sun. When I was at Cordova, I heard much of the grandeur and stern magnificence of the ancient metropolis."

"The Lady Zara will soon enjoy that pleasure," observed the chieftain Chebar; "ere many days, the crescent of the Prophet shall wave in proud defiance over the boasted city of the misbelievers."

"The knights of the Temple," said Zara, archly, "have retired from the contest, and your march will be probably unopposed."

"By the turban of Mahomet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordova, "it matters but little whether the dogs of the Temple are in the field or not. But they have acted wisely in not daring longer, to oppose our invincible host."

"When we regain possession," remarked another chieftain, playing with the gemmed hilt of his scymetar, "of the metropolis, formerly won by Moorish valour, the united force of all the misbelievers in Spain, though commanded by a second Pelago, shall not be able to expel us."

"By the might of Allah!" said the leader of the expedition, taking part in the conversation, "not only Toledo, but the remotest province shall be added to the dominions of the Caliph, and the north as well as the south resound with invocations to the Prophet of God. The hour is already at hand, when the surrender of Calatrava will usher in the commencement of a glorious series of successful achievements. Let the fleetest steed, Selim," he added, addressing one of the company, "be prepared to convey to the faithful at Cordova, the earliest tidings of the fall of the fortress of the infidel."

"Thou seemest sad, Almanzor," observed the Lady Zara, upon the departure of the officer, to a young chieftain who wore a green turban, and was otherwise richly apparelled; "does the splendour of the moonlit-scenery, or the anticipations of conquest to the Moslem arms, which swells with triumph every bosom, fill thine with dejection?"

"I have this evening," readily answered the chieftain, "been pondering on two circumstances, which, though happening at distant intervals, have reference to the same event. But it is useless to trouble the daugh-

ter of Abdallah and this company, with the recital."

"Nay," exclaimed the Lady Zara, "a story would add much to the enjoyment of this delightful hour, and it will not be less acceptable if it be tinged with the hue of romance or melancholy."

"As we were lazily crossing the desert," said the descendant of the Prophet, commencing his narrative, "an old man, who called himself a Syrain soothsayer, joined our train. His dress and general appearance were strange; and upon his offering to read me a page from the book of futurity, I ordered the caravan to halt; after many curious ceremonies and long pauses, he told me I should die in Spain near the Castle of Calatrava. I received the intelligence with indifference, and have seldom thought upon such a common adventure; but last night, I had a dream or vision, which forcibly recalled to my remembrance the prediction of the soothsayer, uttered long since. It seemed such a night as this; the moon gave distinctness to surrounding objects, that our camp was suddenly assailed by the bands of the misbelievers. I had scarcely mounted my steed, when a warrior having a white cross on his breast, attacked me, and in spite of my resistance, transfixed me with his lance."

"What should a soldier dream of but the battle-field?" exclaimed Abdallah, interrupting the narration: "I have, myself a thousand times, seen in my sleep the fierce conflict; nor, by the Prophet! does it become a soldier of the crescent, to be annoyed or disturbed by the idle caprices of the imagination."

"It moves me not," was the reply, "neither does it disturb me; but the vividness of the scene compels me to regard the occurrence as of singular character. The fortress of Calatrava, with its dark battlements and towers, appeared as now in the distance—the Guadiana rolled with its gentle murmur, its bright ripples—the camp exhibited the same stirring, animated appearance as at present, and I can readily point to the very spot where I was overthrown and slain by my fierce antagonist."

"We are governed by Destiny," observed the chieftain, Abdallah, "never can all the soothsayers, or astrologers in the world anticipate, or retard, its unerring decrees."