

mountain, or the wide extended plain that bounded Toledo.

"See'st thou nothing," demanded the king impatiently. "Diego Velasquez," he added "promised me, on his faith, ere the sun was two hours high, to advise me, whether victorious or defeated, of the result."

"There is something like a speck at the extremity of the plain," observed Ferdinand, "which I saw not before."

A few anxious moments elapsed, when the object was declared to be a horseman, approaching at the top of his speed.

"The attempt has failed," said the king, sorrowfully to himself; "I was but a silly old man to trust to the arms of monks and priests, in my greatest need; besides, they were but a thousand, while the Moors and Africans counted ten times that number.—Make you out," he hastily added, turning to his page "the cognizance of the horseman?"

"It is Diego Velasquez," said Ferdinand, after a few moments' pause, "the leader of the convent forces."

"Why tarries his lagging steed?" again demanded the king.

"The knight has halted, and is about to display his pennon—by St. Jago!" shouted the page, regardless of the royal presence, "it is no pennon, but the standard of the Moors, that Diego waves in triumph."

An exclamation of deep gratitude to Heaven burst from the relieved heart of the monarch, and he hastened to feast his eye on the interesting spectacle. The vision of the page had not deceived him. The crescent gleamed palely, amid the fluttering folds of the embroidered ensign, but while the royal gaze was still rivetted in mute admiration, upon the symbol of Moslem victory and power, it suddenly disappeared, and the next moment was trailing in the dust. The shout from the walls that hailed this most welcome exhibition, seemed to shake the firm foundations of the city, and pierce the very heavens. The praises of those who had wrought the high deliverance, resounded throughout Arragon, and in the struggle which ensued for centuries after, against Moorish dominion and conquest, no hands were readier with lance and blade, and no hearts glowed with more zeal, than the hands and hearts of the cloistered KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA.

## THE BUCCANEER.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,  
As glad to waft him from his native home;  
As fast the white rocks faded from his view.—*Heroides.*

Whilst our country was yet in its infancy, and but a short time previous to the commencement of that ever memorable struggle which terminated in the political separation of the colonies from the mother country, there cruised off the shore of the West India Islands, a Rover, known by the name of the Black Buccaneer, a name given to him from the colour of his vessel, whose exterior was painted black, the better to be screened from observation when the Government cruisers obliged him to seek shelter and concealment amongst the creeks and inlets of the islands.

Rumor had widely disseminated the daring exploits of this notorious Buccaneer, whose illicit proceedings were principally, if not exclusive directed against the flag of Great Britain; but his enmity to that nation not only proved detrimental to their commerce, but also acted suppressively to ours, as we, at that time, acknowledged allegiance to the country, from whose oppressive enthrallment our illustrious forefathers subsequently emancipated themselves and their posterity.

Unparalleled success had hitherto invariably attended the most desperate actions of this man, and his numerous captures at length called the attention of the British Governor, who fitted out a vessel for the express purpose of freeing the ocean of one who proved so great a scourge to the commercial interest of G. Britain and its dependencies. The command of this vessel was entrusted to an experienced officer, and we sailed from the United States Colonies with orders to let nothing with our time and duty, until we had accomplished the object of our expedition.

At sunrise, on the fifth morning subsequent to our departure, we discovered a vessel to leeward. Orders were instantly given to bear down, when after an hour's sail, we discovered her to be a foretopsail schooner, lying low in the water, and shaping her course south-westerly. While she perceived it was our intention to hail, she wore round and lay to, awaiting our approach.

As we drew near I had an opportunity of examining her more minutely, and every one on board asserted that she was the most beautiful craft they had ever be-