

were observing the progress of the building.

"Why is that young Christian loaded with a burden so much beyond his strength?" demanded Selim Bey rather angrily of the superintendent of the slaves.

"It is the will of the Pacha, your father," returned the man, with an inclination of profound respect.

"But my father sees not the pale cheek and emaciated form of this individual," said Selim, compassionately regarding Leoni—on whose brow the sickly dews of fatigue stood in large drops; "surely, if he knew how unequal his corporeal powers are to such exertions, he would not suffer them to be exacted."

"You are mistaken, my lord Selim," returned he; "the Pacha is perfectly aware of the sufferings of this Venetian, and, so far from wishing his toils to be lightened, he would cause them to be increased on him tenfold, did he not know that in so doing he would bring them an early termination."

"And who is this unfortunate christian? and what is the crime that has drawn on him my father's hatred, to a degree so deadly?"

"Shall I answer for myself, young man?" said Victor Leoni, casting the burden from his shoulder, and proudly erecting his form to its full height—the indignant blood flushing his faded cheek with all its former beauty, and his large dark eyes flashing as he spoke, with almost unearthly brightness, on the children of his oppressor. "I am the son of a Venetian nobleman, and, while commanding a vessel employed in the defence of Candia, in the successful performance of my duty, twice fired the Captain Pacha's ship in the very heart of the Turkish fleet, which daring so stirred his heroic spirit, that, contrary to the laws of nations, he meanly set a price on my single person; and when the chance, not of war but of fortune, threw me into his hands, he abused his power as you see."

"Alas!" said the fair Rosalla, who had hitherto remained a silent spectatress of the scene, "and is it my father who can treat the unfortunate brave in a manner so unworthy of himself?"

"Such is the custom of your country, lady," returned Leoni, haughtily resuming his burden, and preparing to take his place among his fellow slaves.

"No," said Selim, gently detaining him, "rest to-day in the shade of these orange-trees, and recruit your wearied frame. My father is now absent, to-morrow I expect his return, and will then intercede so strongly with him, that you shall no more be treated in a manner so unbecoming your rank and valour."

"No!" returned Victor, proudly; "I will accept neither favours nor consideration from the base tyrant, who detains me in his fetters, far from my country and suffering parent; and, regardless of the honourable fellowship which should subsist between the brave of all countries, can glut his unmanly revenge by employing an officer and a nobleman in drudgery like this!" Victor slowly and sternly rejoined the other slaves, and resumed his labours.

"Would," said Rosalla timidly, as he re-passed them on his way to the quarry—"would that my intreaties could prevail on my father to restore you to your country and kindred!"

"Cease, lady," returned he, "cease to interest yourself in one, who would rather endure his sufferings unpitied, than excite a sympathy which, in despite of his efforts to the contrary, melts the firmness with which he has armed himself to bear the wrongs of his oppressor." He turned hastily away as he concluded, for the tears that stood in the beautiful eyes of Rosalla, had brought an infectious softness to his own.

The heat of the day was intense, yet the children of the Pacha lingered in the garden till his return from the quarries with a fresh block of marble. He coloured slightly as he