

Doria, having broken the ranks of the enemy, and thrown them into confusion, in the heat of conquest pressed forward, with less prudence than courage, and aimed a stroke at the Ottoman chief, which must inevitably have left him among the slain, had not his son, the generous Achmet, who fought at his side, arrested the arm of Savelli, by plunging a dagger into his breast.

Savelli, feeling that he was mortally wounded, suffered himself to be borne from the field of action to his tent; where a surgeon, having examined his wound, pronounced that he had but a few hours to live.

When Doria retired from the field, he hastened with all speed to the tent of his sire; and, with heart felt anguish, was made acquainted with the fatal catastrophe. Overwhelmed with grief, he threw himself on the ground, and fervently intreated heaven to spare so valuable a life; then seizing Savelli's hand in an agony of despair, he bathed it with tears.

'My son,' said the expiring warrior, having caused every one else to leave the tent, 'moderate your affliction; as my life has been glorious, so is my death also; for I have received it in the act of vindicating the rights of my country and religion. One assurance alone is wanting, and I die fully satisfied with my fate:—Swear, my Doria, that the death of thy father shall not go unrevenged.'

Doria was not backward in binding himself by an oath to perform that to which the poignancy of his present feelings readily prompted him; for, in Savelli, he beheld himself deprived at once of a tender parent and an able commander.

When Savelli rejoined, 'Swear that thy vindictive sword shall be dyed in the blood of Achmet,' Doria started; he remembered the league that was between him and the generous Turk, and shuddered at the thought of raising his arm against his preserver.

'Trust not,' continued Savelli, 'for thy revenge, to the chance of war; no, my son, by specious arts ensnare the hated infidel! the strippling! who, in an ill-fated moment, wrested life and glory from the hand of thy father; and, when safe within thy power, let not Savelli's blood rise up in vain for vengeance.'

'My father,' said Doria, 'let not thy son descend to arts which thou hast thyself disdained; no, let me meet Achmet in the field, and let this arm openly avenge thy untimely death.'

'Valour, my son,' replied Savelli, 'is often foiled by fortune; therefore regard my words, and trust not that to chance

which may be accomplished by more certain means.' Savelli could say no more; a convulsion deprived him of utterance, and he expired within two hours afterwards.

Doria wept over his father many days; and, with unfeigned affection, followed his corps to a stately tomb, wherein it was deposited. The first transports of his grief having subsided, he called to mind the oath he had taken to revenge his death. Hard, indeed, was the task, when he remembered the victim he had promised to sacrifice was Achmet, his friend! his preserver! his deliverer! to whom alone he was indebted for life and liberty! Could he in honour,—could he in justice, treacherously conspire against the life of one by whom his own had been preserved? His soul revolted at the idea.

Achmet had, it is true, slain his sire; but it was in defence of one, whom, by every tie of nature and religion, he was bound to defend and preserve; the blow had been fatal to Savelli, but Achmet meant it not, for the sake of Doria, to have touched his life. These generous reflections were succeeded by others; Achmet had, in truth, bathed his sword in the blood of Savelli; his hand it was that deprived Doria of a father, and the Venetians of an experienced and valiant officer.

Duty, and filial love, together with the solemn oath he had taken, strongly urged him to avenge the deed, and over-ruled the arguments reason urged in behalf of Achmet.

The last injunction of Savelli was, that his son should revenge his fall by treachery and assassination; but Doria shrunk with horror from this idea. After much deliberation, he dispatched a billet, containing the following words, to the young Mahometan.

#### DORIA TO ACHMET.

'IF Doria still continues to hold a place in the remembrance of Achmet, and he is still actuated by that valour which has so often distinguished him in the field, tomorrow, at the ninth hour, he will not hesitate to cross the river which separates the Ottoman from the Christian camp, to measure swords with a Christian champion.'

Achmet had too much courage to refuse this challenge; and knew too well the honour of Doria, to fear treachery. At the hour appointed, he embarked in a boat, attended only by two of his men, on whose fidelity he could depend. On landing, he was received by Doria, who having led him to a retired spot, at some distance from the camp, professed himself the champion