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VICTOR LEONI, OR THE VENETIAN CAPTIVE.

DURING the famous siege of Candia, the Turks were much annoyed by frequent attacks made by light-armed Venetian vessels on their fleet.— Chiefly commanded by young men of enterprising spirit, they performed deeds which filled Europe with admiration, and covered their enemies with confusion. Victor Leoni was the captain whose flag carried the greatest terror; whose person was most obnoxious to the Captain Pacha, whose ship he always singled out for his fiery attacks.

Ishmael, infuriated at the audacity of the young Venetian, offered a considerable reward for his capture.— The nautical skill of Leoni, however, was equal to his valour; and he continued for many months to harass and baffle the whole of the opposing naval force. At length, by the fatal accident of his own powder-magazine exploding at the very moment of his heading the boarding party, he was left singly on the deck of the Captain Pacha's vessel. His lion-like defence availed him nothing, and his intention of dying sword-in-hand was frustrated by Ishmael's peremptory order that he should be taken alive. This was not affected till his desperate resistance had cost several of his assailants their lives, and a blow on the head with a handspike had stretched him senseless at the Pacha's feet.

"Why did I not perish with my brave crew?" was his exclamation, when with returning life he became conscious of his situation. "Because," returned Ishmael, "thou

wast destined to endure a heavier punishment than death in battle."

During the remainder of the siege, he was doomed to remain an inactive spectator, heavily ironed, and exposed to the bitter insults of his enemies, at every fresh success obtained by them over the gallant defenders of Candia. At length the Venetian lion fell, and the crescent rose in its place over the long-battered walls, or rather ruins, of Candia.

The object of the Turks thus effected, Ishmael returned to his house on the banks of the Bosphorus, taking with him the unfortunate Victor Leoni, having refused, with savage pleasure, the immense ransom which had been offered for him by his distracted parent, the Conte Leoni, a brave Venetian admiral, grown grey in the service of the republic.

Loaded with chains, he was now employed, with other slaves, in carrying blocks of marble from the quarries, for the erection of a magnificent pavilion in the Pacha's garden. His burdens were disproportioned to his strength—for Leoni's figure was more remarkable for grace and elegance, than for muscular powers: his constitution, too, naturally delicate, had been impaired by his wounds, long confinement, and the hardships which he had suffered; and it was with extreme difficulty that he from day to day performed the rigorous task imposed on him. His weakness, and the nobleness of his demeanour, ill according with his servile employment, attracted the attention of the Pacha's son and daughter, as they