

Achmet was, however, disappointed in this hope: his father would not listen to any arguments on the subject; his hatred against the Christians being implacable, and more especially against Doria, by whose conquering sword numbers of the Turkish host had fallen. He would not, therefore, be prevailed upon to soften the captivity of the Venetian.

Achmet, finding he could urge nothing further in behalf of Doria, without being suspected of favouring too much the cause of the enemy, was silent: yet the sufferings of the noble youth remained strongly impressed on his mind; and, at length, he suborned the keeper of the prison, by liberal presents, to favour his design of alleviating his sufferings; so that, through his means, Doria experienced indulgences to which he was before a stranger, and which served greatly to lighten the horrors of his captivity.

Once, every day, he was permitted to take the air in a large space of ground adjoining to the prison, which contributed greatly to the restoration of his health, as before observed, much impaired. He was also accommodated with a bed and other conveniences; and had no reason to complain of the inferior quality, or scantiness of his food. What greatly added to his consolation was, the frequent visits he received from the generous Achmet; the sprightliness of whose conversation suffered him not to feel the want of society; the total deprivation of which is, perhaps of all others, the most insupportable misfortune.

A friendship, the natural result of reciprocal virtues, and superior to the mere dependence on local opinions and trifling jealousies, cemented their souls; and, on the part of Doria, was increased by the most lively gratitude. In this generous intercourse of mutual esteem, time seemed to pass with a less weary step; yet the active soul of the Venetian, ever panting for glory, could, at times, but impatiently brook the fetters that restrained him. He longed, as he was used, to meet danger in the field, and to pour forth destruction on the insulting foe.

As he one night lay on his bed, reflecting on the cruelty of his situation, the door of the prison unlocked. Doria started, thinking it might be a warrant for his execution, it being the dead of night, a time when the keeper seldom visited him, but on extraordinary occasions; to his great joy, he found it to be Achmet:—'Haste, my friend,' said the youth; 'if you would embrace life and liberty, lose not a moment in following me.'

Doria readily prepared to obey; and

arrayed himself, with all speed, in a Turkish habit which Achmet had purposely brought with him.

'To-morrow,' said Achmet, in a low voice, 'your life, my friend, with other of the Christian prisoners taken in the last engagement, will be sacrificed, to avenge those of the Mussulmen who have been slain in battle. But see,' said he, 'Selima, the beautiful daughter of Orchanes, (the name of the keeper of the prison) by whom the happy Achmet is beloved, has procured and resigned to me the keys of thy prison; therefore haste, and lose not a moment.'

They both passed, with the utmost speed, through several long avenues, and folding doors, till at length they found themselves without the prison gates; from thence Achmet, without speaking, led the Venetian through many bye streets and private ways, till they arrived at the summit of a hill, at a considerable distance from the town; there, taking a ring of great value from his finger, he put it upon that of Doria. 'Wear this,' said he, 'in remembrance of our friendship; and, should the fate of a captive Mussulman, at a future period, depend on your voice, look on it, and remember that Achmet was a Mahometan.'

Doria, overcome with the generosity and kindness of Achmet, fell upon his neck, and restrained not the tears which already suffused his eyes: he acknowledged the kindness and generosity of the young Turk in the warmest terms; and declared that, for the sake of Achmet, as far as was consistent with the honour of a Christian soldier, the interest of the Turks should be dear to him. After this affecting interview they parted; Achmet retired toward the city, and Doria to the Venetian camp, where he was received with universal acclamations of joy; all unanimously joining in the opinion that he had fallen a victim long since to the hatred of the Turks.

The war continuing between the Turks and Christians, Achmet and Doria often met in the field; but, though duty obliged them to encounter as enemies, their hearts were still united; they loved and esteemed each other with all the warmth of disinterested friendship, and earnestly sighed for that happy period, when peace being once more established between those two powers, should render the intercourse of their friendship no longer a crime; but war still raged with unabated fury; several battles were won and lost, both on the side of the Venetians and Turks.

In one of these, the valliant Savelli Cenami, an officer of distinguished rank in the Venetian army, and the father of Doria,