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THE VENETIAN. A TALE.

[By Mrs. Hurrell.]

IN one of those memorable battles fought between the Turks and the Venetians, Doria Cenami, a young and noble Venetian, of singular bravery and conduct, was made prisoner:—He was confined by the Infidels in a loathsome dungeon, where he remained in hourly expectation of death; which his misfortunes rendered infinitely more desirable than life. Yet Doria bore all with a constancy of mind, which the instability of fortune (who, in distributing her favours, seldom discriminates merit) could not shake.

He had languished nearly two months in this gloomy retreat, when the son of the Ottoman commander arrived at the town where he was confined. Achmet had, in many battles, witnessed the heroic deeds of the noble Venetian: and that admiration, which, in baser minds, turns to envy, in Achmet's produced esteem and emulation;—He blushed not to own, that in the Christian hero he found an example worthy of imitation.

Inspired with these sentiments, Achmet felt an earnest desire to visit the noble captive; whom, in the high career of prosperity and success, he had so often contemplated with admiration.

Having signified his intention to the keeper of the prison, he was conducted to the dungeon where the Venetian was confined. Achmet was struck with horror on his entrance: by the pale glimmering of a lamp, he discovered the valiant Doria on some straw, and emaciated with disease, occasioned by the damp air of the prison, and the unwholesome provisions, which were, in scanty portions, brought him daily for sustenance: the lustre of his eyes was nearly extinguished, and the majesty and command which formerly sat

upon his brow, had given place to the sudden gloom of despair; yet, when he perceived Achmet, he exerted the little strength he had left to rise; and collected into his aspect that determined resolution which seemed to brave every torment his haughty conquerors could inflict.

Achmet stood some minutes to contemplate him; a powerful sympathy pervaded his heart, and tears involuntarily fell from his eyes. He remembered the instability of human greatness, and that the reverse of his own fortune might, haply, be near at hand. Advancing toward the noble captive, 'Valiant Doria,' said he, 'pardon an intrusion from one who already sufficiently knows to revere and admire, though in an enemy, that courage and virtue which fame has so justly recorded. I come not, noble Doria, as an insulting conqueror, to whom fortune, not merit, may have given the pre-eminence; but as a fellow soldier, whose fate may one day resemble yours, to sympathize, and, if it may be so, to alleviate your sufferings.'

Doria was much surprised at an address of this kind, when he expected nothing but austerity and insult. 'The Christians,' said he, 'are not used to hold converse with Infidels; but, as ingratitude is a vice we know not—Doria, generous Achmet, acknowledges himself thy debtor for proffered kindness.'

These words were pronounced with a dignity fully demonstrating his greatness of soul, and entirely charmed Achmet; who conversed with him some time, and departed, fully resolved to use his interest with the Ottoman chief to obtain his enlargement.