

not to be of Italian origin. She cast a languid glance across the square, and encountered the piercing gaze of the turbaned stranger. She started, clung with one hand to the rail for support, and passed the other over her brow—bent hastily forward, looked again, and again, and drawing her veil round her, disappeared. In another moment she made one of the crowd in the square of St. Mark's. Passing eagerly through the idle throng, she turned towards an illuminated portico which led to a ball-room, where the nobles of Venice had assembled for the midnight revel, and entered the festal palace. The Turk was no longer stationary: he followed the steps of the veiled lady, and they who parted on the banks of the Danube met in the saloons of Venice. With bosoms agitated by the remembrance of the past, isolated and apart from the gay groups, swimming with luxurious movement through the winding mazes of the dance to the voluptuous melody of lutes, or dallying with sportive conversation, or engaged in the soft intercourse of the soul, the Moslem warrior and the Christian maid sat in a quiet nook, recalling with tender melancholy scenes of tumult and of horror, which had made a deep and lasting impression upon both.

Apparently born to act a prominent part on the grand theatre of life, a mind fitted to engage in deeds of high enterprise, and thoughts of lofty daring, were stamped in legible characters on the manly countenance of the soldier; but the fair creature who bent like a drooping lily beside him, so fragile, so tender, so delicate, that she scarcely appeared like a daughter of earth, seemed to have been nursed in the lap of affluence and ease, and carefully secured from all contact with the rough tempests, the shocks and conflicts which are this world's inheritance. But it was not so: even this sweet flower had been exposed to the rude breath of the stormy wind, to keen encounters with dire and desperate enemies; and, whilst her outward form retained its surpassing loveliness, her heart was deeply scathed,

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