

passed them, and endeavoured to rally his exhausted strength, that the increasing difficulty with which he performed his task might not appear like an appeal to their compassion.

For a few minutes his haughty spirit triumphed over sinking nature; but ere he reached the building, his knees smote each other, his ears rang with indistinct murmurs, and a thick mist overspread his sight: he staggered forward to deposit his burden on the pile of blocks near him—but before he could gain the spot it fell from his grasp, and he sank down in a swoon.

The recollection of having heard a female shriek at the moment of his fall, was the first idea which recurred to him, when the sense of acute pain in his arm and shoulder recalled him to life and suffering. He perceived that he was in an alcove by the side of the river, supported in the arms of Selim, and surrounded by the slaves of the haram, who were chafing his temples, and dressing the contusions he had received by striking his arm and shoulder violently against the marble as he fell. When he encountered the tearful glances of the lovely Rosalla, who was kneeling by his side, and gazing on his countenance with intense interest, the bright vermilion suffused his cheeks, and mounted to his very temples; then, as if jealous of his emotion being observed, he closed his glistening eyes, and concealed his face in Selim's bosom.

At that moment a messenger arrived from the Pacha, to inform Selim that he had been suddenly ordered by the Sultan to take the command of the fleet then putting to sea, and expected to be employed in hostilities against the Russians.

The certainty of his absence for some months was far from being unpleasing to his children at this crisis. Selim, just turned of sixteen, and the only son of the Pacha, had been accustomed to receive the most unbounded indulgence from his father; but well did the young Moslem know,

that even his parental fondness would have been as dust in the balance, when weighed against his revenge.

Attended by Selim, and daily visited and soothed by the lovely Rosalla, Victor Leoni rapidly recovered, became once more attached to life, and, unconsciously, even reconciled to slavery. How, indeed, could his captivity deserve so harsh a term, when his fetters were brightened by the friendship of the generous Selim, and gilded by the smiles of the charming daughter of his tyrant?

The return of health and happiness restored to the young Conte all the beauty and manly grace which sickness and sorrow had impaired, and he moved and spoke with his wonted vivacity and spirit. Rosalla, who had been accustomed to gaze on him, in his stern majesty and proud despair, with feelings of trembling admiration, would now fondly and delightedly murmur to herself, "He is my own!" for Venice and glory were alike forgotten by Leoni in the enchantment of a first love, conducted under such circumstances of such interest.

"You shall teach me your own sweet language," said Rosalla to him one day, when they had been conversing in the dialect used between the Turks and Venetians in the intercourse which the contiguity of their possessions rendered at times indispensable. "I have heard," continued she, smiling, and looking downwards, "that it is the language of love."

"Of love and of liberty! and therefore unfit to be profaned by the lips of a slave," exclaimed Leoni, starting from the ground where he had been sitting at her feet; breaking, as he arose, from the bands of roses she had playfully twined round him, and which she was in the act of fastening to the strings of pearls that confined her robe. "Oh, Venice, my country! how hast thou been forgotten!" he continued. "The chains which my enemy and thine heaped on my body were honourable to me, for