The place where the above interesting conversation took place was at Missolonghi, in Greece. The time was that when the Greeks, smarting under the Turkish misrule, had resolved to throw off the yoke, and had risen in revolution. Kalsandoni, the father of Euphrosyne, was a merchant, and a man of considerable distinction among his countrymen. While returning home in one of his vessels from a smuggling expedition in which he had been engaged, his brig had been chased by a Turkish caravella, and captured after a hard fight. Kalsandoni had escaped to the shore by swimming, aided by a young Italian nobleman, Carlo Visconti, who was a passenger on board his vessel. Carlo had gone home with the grateful Kalsandoni, and there met his lovely daughter, Euphrosyne.

The Italian was smitten at once, and Euphrosyne, even in the simplicity of seventeen, found out, before supper was done, that she had a lover. The sensation was new, and its novelty kept her awake. Like another Juliet, she wooed the moon that night, and like her, in the rustling of the vine branches, heard more than the breathings of the wind. A sigh, a fragment of a song, a verse of Ariosto, and a few words of wonder, were all that she could collect of her audience with the young Italian. But slight as it was, it was enough to keep her pillow unvisited by sleep until Aurora came dropping dew and carnations over earth and heaven.

Carlo had remained with Kalsandoni up to the time at which this story opens, and some short time previously had sought and obtained her father's consent to her marriage with him. The marriage was to be celebrated on the 9th of August, 1823,—that is, in a few days. The bride was shut up for a week before, whilst preparations for the wedding were going on. Carlo was daily and nightly under the window of his lady-love. But for some nights he had been gloomy and disturbed to a degree that alarmed Euphrosyne. She became jealous as he became enigmatical, and the riddle which he left for her contemplation on the night on which our story began, drew many a tear down her feverish cheek. She spent the night thinking of the mysterious bride.

There was a terrible cause for the lover's gloom. Mustapha Pasha, a man of blood, was marching, with fourteen thousand picked troops, down on Acarnania. To meet the ravager the Greeks could muster but two thousand. His passage on the hills on the frontier must sweep the land with fire and sword. In this dreadful emergency, Marco Bozzaris, a hero worthy of the days of Leonidas, offered to lead a corps of kindred heroes to die for their country. Carlo had taken service with the Greeks; but as Bozzaris, himself an Albanian, had selected none but Albanians for the enterprise, he might have remained behind. Within two days of marriage, his whole soul engrossed by the charms of his bride, the thought of delay was bitterness, and he had at length flung aside his musket. But as he was ascending the hill, he saw Kalsandoni coming to join the Sacred Band, and his knowledge of the destitution into which his loss must throw his wife and child decided the lover at once. He returned to Bozzaris that evening, and by an arrangement which that generous soldier easily comprehended, contrived to have Kalsandoni appointed to another duty, and his own name substituted in the Albanian roll.

At midnight those brave men mustered on the ramparts of Missolonghi and set out on their march. Moving with extraordinary rapidity, by daybreak they reached Carpovisa, at the foot of the mountains. The pasha's army were seen pitching their tents after descending from the defiles; and now nothing but the most vigorous determination could save the whole of the lowlands from ruin. During the day Bozzaris concealed his force behind some of the ragged projections of the hills, and continued watching the movements of the enemy, whom his sagacity discovered to be making preparations to march by daybreak. Calling together his Albanians, he declared his intention of anticipating them by a night attack. The attempt was tremendous; and all were conscious that, whatever the result, none could hope to return with life.