

shore, we all naturally concluded our voyage was nearly at an end. At this moment a second cry chilled our hearts with terror. 'A Corsair a-head! a Corsair a-head, bearing down upon us!'

"I clung to mamma; Adolphe was less alarmed; though little more than six years old, he was a bold little fellow. 'Come, leave off crying, Victoline, we will fight the ship. Marèchal Berwick gave me a sword, I will run and fetch it to defend you.' Mamma gently detained the brave child, and wiping the tears from my eyes, bade us 'be assured that, within sight of shore, no Algerine rovers dared attack us.' Jaques M——, the steward, told us the same thing, and I became more calm.

"The appearance of two armed Turkish row-boats destroyed our fancied security, they rapidly approached the vessel, leaving us no other alternative than death or slavery. I withdrew with mamma and my brother into the state cabin. Ah, how gladly would we now have exchanged all its magnificence for the poorest hut in Spain or our own beloved Provence!

"The contest was short, the navigators of our unfortunate vessel threw themselves flat upon the deck, to avoid the broadside poured in by the enemy. The domestics, mostly grown old in the