

a small ship appeared making towards him, with its sails fluttering in the breeze, like the ocean-bird's wing. This proved to be an African-bound vessel, and was making for the coast of Algiers and Tunis. He made a signal to them, which they immediately saw and picked him up. Some of them were Turks and could talk broken English; the others were Moors. He learned that they had come from the coast of Italy, and were conveying a cargo of grain and fruits, to the port of the castle of the great Prince Algamba Astalpha, which they expected to reach that night.

Thus providentially was Roland rescued from a watery tomb, when all the rest of the crew were sunk in the deep. He could save nothing but his trunk of clothes and papers; and had not been long in the little ship before the breeze sprung up stronger, and he saw no more of the scene of death in the sea. If he had remained an hour longer on the wreck, he too would have slept in the dark bosom of the deep, and the swift dolphin would have gambolled over his body. Indulging in such thoughts as these, Roland fell upon his knees and worshipped his merciful Maker. He saw the hand of Providence evidently displayed in thus saving him so signally out of a crew of three hundred men who were in eternity.—The God of Enoch and Noah reigns forever in his power! That night the vessel reached its destined port, and thus we shall leave the tale until the morning dawns again. Roland did not quit the vessel, but being fatigued slept in her all night. The morning sun had risen in mellow redness above the tops of trees, and had lit up the black cliffs of the distant Atlas mount with golden hues, ere Mr. Upton arose to call to mind the horrors of the previous day. He made a fervent prayer to that Almighty Arm which had so triumphantly rescued him from an untimely fate. The dark waters of the Mediterranean were still and the crimson east threw its purple splendor over its breathless expanse. The melancholy sea bird screamed in the distance, or skinned with his white wings the water's tremulous level. Roland went upon land and ascended a neighboring hill, from which he had a fine view of the sea and verdant landscape. The city of Constantine between Algiers and Tunis appeared a few miles distant, with its mosques and palaces resplendent with golden light. One of these buildings was more conspicuous than the rest, from its situation on a hill and from its beautiful decoration of marble out works, gardens and stately trees, Roland's guide informed him that it was the castle of the Prince of Algamba Astalpha a banished Turkish nobleman and Governor of the place and Province, which, by his good government he had rendered prosperous and rich.

He recollected the name, and had no doubt but that this same man was the father of his

sweet smiling Almyra, from the description the old man, his guide, gave him. But how to make himself known or get acquainted with him, he knew not, for he was aware of the imperiousness and pride of these great Turks. However, he determined to visit his castle, and for this purpose returned to his vessel, dressed himself in the best manner, and did not forget to put on the beautifully flowered coat which his fair captive had given him. He then got the Captain of the vessel to introduce him to the Governor, which he promised to do that day about noon. Roland and the Captain, with some of the Governor's officers set out for the palace. As they approached this stately building, by the orders of the under Governor, they were conducted to the presence of the Prince by black soldiers, richly dressed in white gilt, with gold and silver, and with scarlet Turbans on their heads.— Roland thought to himself, surely I must be deceived; can the forlorn deserted nymph, Almyra, have such a father as the owner of these beautiful gardens and forest? The air was fragrant with a multiplicity of fruit trees, and all around was luxuriance of foliage.— The bees were humming among the lofty heads of the tamarind, the lime, the pomegranate, and the pine apple, whose wreathy clusters of yellow golden crimson, and snowy blossoms, were tossed gently in the aromatic breezes that blew from Spain over the sea.— Every thing had the appearance of Paradise. The most beautiful song birds, and others, with rainbow plumage, were sitting in rapidity among the woods and flowers. The hazel eyed gazell, and the tame antelopes, like lambs skipped and pranced about among the luxuriant shrubbery, and grass. Hundreds of splendidly accoutred servants and eunuchs were busy, or ranged in order for the first commands of their master. Such was the palace of the rich Prince Astalpha. All these things (although if any thing on earth could be so, they must have been) were in the thoughtful and christian heart of Roland, little admired or wondered at. He knew they were transitory & evanescent as the evening bow of the east. The better part of his soul was already in an incorruptible light; yea, even the eternal brightness of God. He was conducted into a fine lofty room, whose ornamented roof, rich carpets, silk hangings and windows of sparkling glass, were truly dazzling. On silk cushions the noble Astalpha sat, with some of his servants. His seat was raised above the floor, and every thing about him was grand and oriental, but not fantastical. In one hand he held an Arabic book; in the other a Turkish pipe, which he had a few minutes before, been using. As Roland approached him he bent his knee, and Astalpha in return raised his silken turban and wished him peace. Astalpha's appearance was very interesting; he