

children have been enslaved at the same age? Let us ask him if he retains any remembrance of his family.— To this enquiry the slave replied, that he scarcely remembered his parents; that his name was Anthony; that his mother, sister and brother, had been captured with him, and that subsequently they were taught to pray daily before an image of the holy Virgin. He is my son, said Angelique, on learning this; his name was Anthony, he used to pray with you, my child, before the picture which I still have. It is he—I can no longer doubt it.

The transports of the mother and daughter, for a moment interrupted the reading of the note. Anne at length resumed, and it is easier to imagine than describe the eagerness with which Angelique listened to the continuation. Anthony said, that he and his younger brother had been bought from the person who captured them, by a corsair of Tripoli; that they had served him to the present year, in the course of which being once closely attacked by a Neapolitan vessel, his brother, with some others of the crew, were thrown in among the Christians: that both vessels having separated with mutual loss, that of the master directed its course to Algiers, where he, with all his fellow-captives, were sold, the corsair having abandoned his former course.

“Well,” said Angelique, “God renders me one of my sons, I am now certain he will restore me the other; but let us not yet tell Anthony who we are, lest excessive joy on his part might ruin all. Just at this time, the pious confraternity of Gonfalon, at Rome, sent to Algiers four fathers of the order of St. Francis for the redemption of captives; the Bishop of Ampurias, in Sardinia, accompanied them. Divine Pro-

vidence had so ordained it, that the first person whom they treated with on their arrival, was the Caito; and Angelique and Anne thus found the means of discovering their design to them. The bishop baptized the little girl, and gave her the name of Mary, by particular desire. Anne furnished him with money for Anthony’s ransom, and that of the two Neapolitans, and his Lordship promised to lend them all the aid he could. The day before they were to be redeemed, Anne gave the signal, and threw down a handkerchief from the window, enwrapping a letter and a quantity of gold and jewels. Anthony joyfully received them; but his transports were indescribable on reading the letter, which was written by Angelique, and on her shewing him from the window the picture of the blessed Virgin: “My son, we will no longer dissemble; we are not strangers—it is your mother and sister who procure your liberty, and in return require you to procure theirs, the bishop will inform you of all. We are now going with the Caito to his country seat about three miles hence. Leave your two companions in Algiers to give us notice of your return. This money will enable you to procure an Italian frigate to come to our succor. Hasten, my son, to render life to her from whom you have received it. May Jesus and Mary conduct you.”

The bishop now embarked, having concluded his charitable negotiation, and with him Anthony and the other fathers. They took Italy for their route, and the Neapolitans remained at Algiers, under pretence of waiting for a vessel from Naples. A few days after the Caito and his family went to his villa; he was taken so ill, that he died, leaving Anne an immense fortune. This involved them in a strange per-