

thority over me. I ceased to pray. I was sinking into a state of apathy, almost of idiocy, when I was accosted one day by the renegade, through whose means I had hoped to regain my liberty. He told me that he feared the letter he had entrusted to a fellow slave had miscarried, and advised me to write another. The sound of my own language, for he spoke to me in very broken French, roused me from the stupor of despair into which I had sunk. I wept, I acknowledged my ingratitude in forgetting that God, who still cared for me, and thanking my fellow slave, resolved to write to the consul that very day. No opportunity occurred till the family of the sheik were buried in repose. I usually slept on a mat near Fatmè's bed, and the rest of the shiek's progeny occupied the same apartment; a thin partition divided us from that occupied by my master and the ever-watchful Gulbeyaz, attentive to the least murmur uttered by her young.

“At midnight, I crept from my mat, and taking out my writing materials, aided by the light of the moon, commenced my task. The narrative of my misfortunes took some considerable time to indite. I had not been used to letter writing, and actually took more pains to make my hand look neat, than the necessities of the case required, so that it took