

ber. I open the door. Ferdinand, astonished, follows me in silence. 'Rise Captain,' said I, entering the room. 'I must speak with you,' 'What is the matter? what does he want?' said Urban, looking at his son. 'I do not know,' replied Ferdinand. 'You shall know,' said I: 'rise.' He hurries on his clothes; and I place myself between the father and son. 'See this gold!' said I to Urban. 'Hear what your son would do!' I then ran through the conversation of Ferdinand. 'At present,' continued I, 'tell me how shall I requite this benefactor?' 'What are you doing?' cried Ferdinand. 'He is mad,' said Urban. 'a fine employ for money!' 'No exclamations, Captain, but answer me.' My eyes, my air, my tone astonished him. 'Well,' said he, with embarrassment, 'he is your benefactor, love him.' 'Is that all?' 'What more can be done?' answered he. 'You will never be rich enough to return his money, which would be much better.' 'Return! is this the extent of European gratitude?' 'Is not that enough,' said the Captain. 'Not for a negro. Ferdinand, your virtue merits another price. You have saved my life; you would restore my liberty. Well, I shall repay you. Behold your father. I return him to you. I save his life.' 'Heavens!' cried they both.

'See, Urban,' continued I, 'the place in which we are. It was here that you received me; here that I implored your pity; that I poured out my secrets and my sorrows into your bosom. If this insensible furniture could speak; it would all attest my candour, my confidence: but you—it would reproach you with perfidy, with barbarity. If to such crimes, you add the horrible passion of revenge, imagine the pleasure which I must taste in punishing the author of my torments; feel the sacrifice I now make to gratitude. In some hours you were doomed to die. You, your soldiers, your sailors, your son—all would have perished! I did not conceive this design; my heart was incapable of it. But, from the moment it was communicated to me, it filled me with joy. I then owed only my life to Ferdinand: that was little. Now he would procure me liberty: this is every thing to me. Such a benefaction cannot be paid but by a great effort. My wrongs, my vengeance, are all forgotten; and my debt is discharged. Ferdinand there is your gold; I return it: and you Urban, if your heart be capable of feeling what you owe to me, swear to you both an eternal friendship.' Imagine, if possible the astonishment, joy, the transports of Urban and Ferdinand. They folded me in their arms;

our tears were mingled: the delightful names of father, son, friend, deliverer, were confounded together. 'He saved you, my father! cried Ferdinand. O heaven! recompense his virtue!' 'Ah rather,' said I, 'may heaven recompense your virtue, without which I had been criminal.' 'Bless you both, added Urban,' pressing us to his bosom. Alas! it was not repentance, which forced this exclamation from him. It was the joy of a man escaped from the extremity of danger. Such was Urban; such did he remain to his death. No wonder; when man suffers himself to be subdued by a despicable passion, he becomes at length so corrupted, that the examples of virtue do but pass slightly over his heart.

They soon pressed me to unfold the particulars of the plot, and I relieved their anxiety. Urban, who listened only to his ferocious feeling spoke of nothing but tortures. 'Whom would you punish?' said I, 'Negroes? recollect that you owe your life to the sacrifice of the just resentment of a negro. Think of what they were—what they now experience—and the fate which awaits them. Do not forget that they are men like yourself; then, if you dare speak of punishment!' 'My dear Itanoko,' cried Urban, 'if we do not terrify them by an example of severity, we may still tremble for our lives.' 'Away! I know them better than you,' answered I. 'If you will employ rigour, destroy the last of them, or I will not answer for your safety. Yet leave it to me to finish my work. Only order these negroes on deck.' 'How! so early?' said Urban. 'What does the hour signify,' answered I, 'when the cause is urgent?'

Immediately the orders were given. Urban, who had a soul which could not imagine the generosity of these oppressed negroes, armed his sailors; and ranged them along the deck. The hatchways are opened. The negroes, surprised at the hour in which they were called, ascend with astonishment. Soon they are all assembled. I take Ferdinand by the hand. 'Come my friend,' said I to him: fear nothing. We advance into the midst of them, They fix their alarmed look, upon me. I raise my voice: I recount my flight from *Damel*—my confidence in Urban—his perfidy—the tenderness of Ferdinand—his last instance of generosity—finally, the scene of the last night. Then I continued with vehemence: "Oh negroes which of you would have courage to plunge the dagger into the bosom of his benefactor? Which of you, charged as I was with the horrid secret, would not have fallen with remorse at the feet of his deliverer?"