

moved to a distance from this place, from thence become sacred: and the poor Otourou, availing himself of their religious terror, descended from the tree; crossed the little plain; and the following day threw himself into our arms.

Extreme was our joy. We overwhelmed him with embraces. We did but release him to confound him with questions. 'Where have you been? Why did you go? What have you done? What has happened?' Otourou was himself in a kind of delirium. He laughed, wept, vaulted into the air, embraced us a moment; then again laughed, wept, and embraced us. 'My friends,' said he at length, 'I have been on the point of losing you; but, thank God, you behold me safe; and I have returned happier than ever. I wished to serve my friends; and heaven to recompense me for this design, has procured me the happiness of saving my country.' Our attention redoubled; and we heard with avidity the recital of his adventures. My father begged his indulgence for requesting that he would, notwithstanding his fatigue, accompany him to the court of Siratik.

As a reward for his fidelity, Siratik decorated Otourou with a chain of gold. A council was summoned, to deliberate on the means of repelling the attack. Couriers were dispatched that night into the villages, to order all the negroes capable of service to assemble with speed on the frontiers, by which it was imagined Darnel would penetrate into our territory.—In the interim, six thousand men (who formed nearly the whole guard of Siratik) and all the youth of the city, received orders to march the next day to oppose the first efforts of the enemy. Siratik, prevented by infirmities from heading the army, conferred the command on my father, who prepared to depart with the advanced guard.

My father, in the conversations which he held with Dumont, perceived how much the Europeans excelled us in the art of war: and he prevailed on Dumont to follow him. With respect to force, Dumont could not be of much service, having none of those murderous arms, which have subjected all the people of the universe to the Europeans; but he hoped that his natural sagacity would supply what art refused him.

In this general commotion, Otourou and I did not wish to remain inactive. We prepared to follow my father and Dumont. Easily will be conceived the sorrowful situation of Amelia and her mother. The latter saw an adored husband flying to the combat, induced rather by generosity than

duty: and the motive, which armed him for the defence of a people whom she had rendered dear to him, redoubled in her the fear of losing him. The heart of the young Amelia was divided between a father and a lover. The preservation of either of them would be no consolation to her, for the loss of the other: and she must see them return together, or forever renounce the consolations of love and of nature.

I will not dwell on the picture of our separation. Behold Dumont struggling to disengage himself from the embraces of his wife and daughter, and to conceal his sighs. I at the feet of Amelia, my voice suffocated with sobs—my forehead bathed with her tender tears. Tears I at once dear and cruel to my heart. Otourou, a silent spectator of this mournful scene. Rending situation! which could not long be endured. Dumont, more resolute than I, tore himself from the arms of his wife. 'My wife! my child?' said he, 'never forget the God whom I have made known to you. See the wishes of a father, of a lover!' Again he looks upon them—throws himself into their arms—again disengages himself, and escapes from their sight. Otourou seizes me (still on my knees), drags me along with him, and soon are we far from places so endearing to my tenderness—places! which I must never more behold.

Was it some voice within that warned me of the evils in which I was about to plunge? Often had I wished for the very day which now was present with me. Often had the wounds of our old men inflamed my courage. I had marked the the honours with which they loaded their declining days. I had felt a burning desire to merit such honours. Even the idea of Amelia gave a new value to them. My vows, my wishes had been bent to this moment. Now all were fled. Honour, glory, courage, none of them flattered me more. I seemed to march to the torture. Nothing could enter my mind but the loss of Amelia. I cried aloud, 'Never shall I see her more.' Otourou blamed me. I blamed myself. I own it; the fear of shame alone chained me to the ranks of our warriors.

A march of two days brought us to the frontiers of our country; that is to say, within a league of the plain where Otourou met with the enemy. Dumont had never served in his own country; and his knowledge of tactics was only such as he had gathered from his reading in his youth. It would have been nothing in Europe: with us it was considerable. Some days were necessary to assemble the army: and in the mean time, to check the efforts of the enemy.