

service of my grandfather, vigorously, though vainly, defended their lady and her family. Never shall I forget the noise, the cries of triumph, or of execration, carried on in various dialects, the terrific sound of the fire-arms, the groans of the wounded and dying, which then stunned our affrighted ears. My mother, always pious, passed these dreadful moments in prayer; I repeated the words she uttered, without having any distinct idea of their meaning, so bewildered were my faculties with terror. A momentary silence ensued, and then a wild barbarous shout announced our captivity. Another instant and the combat was renewed at the door of the cabin, which was burst open with violence, and the bodies of two of our defenders rolled in, the steward rushing in at the same moment with the captain of the Algerine rover, with matchless fidelity stood between his lady and the infuriated barbarian, resolved to defend her and her children to the last drop of his blood.

“This scene, my dear children, is the subject of the first picture of the series you have just been contemplating. Jaques M——, was the faithful steward represented in the painting, my preserver and guardian in my painful captivity.

“In the wreck of all her hopes, in the midst of