

entertained by Mahomet, we embarked for Algiers, and on the third day landed at that city. I was instantly conducted to the Consul's house, still wearing, at the request of the good Fathers, the garments of captivity. Monsieur Dusault himself received me at the court of his habitation, which was crowded with Christians, Jews, Armenians, Moors, and even Turks, whom the story of my misfortunes and high rank had attracted there. The Consul took me by the hand, and led me into the chapel, where I prostrated myself before the altar, and publicly returned thanks for my redemption from slavery. Mass was then said, and a *Te Deum* sung on this felicitous occasion. Mingled tears of joy and sorrow flowed from my eyes; at this moment, thoughts of home were blended with the recollections of the dead. My mother and brother rose before my mental eye: I was about to return to my native country, while they had found a grave in a strange land; but when, as with one voice, the congregation raised the lofty hymn of thanksgiving to the 'Lord God of Sabaoth' for my deliverance, every feeling that partook of the bitterness of this world was lost in unbounded rapture.

"How sweet, in the ears of Christian slaves, sounded the praises of the Almighty! how often