

through the water, why <[?]> their movement compared to ours, is like a [scirocco?] on a gallop. I have half a mind to chase this instant, if it were only to show him the difference between a boat that is built of the evergreen oak of America, and ↑one hewn from↓ his dwarf Ilex!"

"There would be no surer method of maintaining the honor of the hemisphere!" [observed?] Don Camillo, who saw that his object was gained. The youth laughed—appeared undecided—waved his hand in disgust when Jacopo again alluded to reward, and finally yielded. The mingled desire to serve a beauty, to <[harass?]> thwart the Senate, and to lower the pride of Stefano Milano was too much for his simple wish to rejoin the consort to which he alluded, and after a little further struggle with his habits of obedience he frankly avowed his determination to spend a few hours in [endeavoring?] to effect the rescue of the lady.

The <tiny> ↑little↓ schooner had no armament, but there was a numerous and hardy-looking crew on her decks which placed the result, in the event of their catching the fugitives out of all doubt.

"Trust me for that," observed the boyish commander, when Don Camillo raised a question on this point. "We shall not need ↑[added?]&↓ force, for we have here in the hold a quaker or two that have scarred an Infidel in their day! Draw away the head sheet, there, and stand by to set your canvass!"

The seamen <awoke from> who had been dumb auditors of all that passed awoke from their lethargy, and then commenced ↑a↓gain, the [rolling?] of blocks. The vessel, released from the pressure against the breeze, fell off a point or two, and the attentive Don Camillo, soon perceived that the domes of St Mark were seemingly gliding over that spot on the Lido, which held the persecuted dead.

Chapter XIX.

The <tiny> Eudora, as the boy<ish> mariner called his little schooner, was now seen stealing along the barrier of sand, which separates the Lagunes from the gulf, under a press of sail. For

hours she was busy in approaching every species of vessel that quitted the port, with a view to ascertain its character and distinction. <In this manner> As more than fifty <different> barks, of every <different> variety of rig and construction profited by the rising wind to depart, <did> the active young seaman <spoke> was occupied in speaking the <strangers> ↑chases↓ until the moon had sunk behind that massive ↑and magnificent↓ rampart of mountain which shelters the plains of Lombardy to the North and west, and a moment of darkness prevailed on the Adriatick, leaving the sea in that sort of doubtful obscurity which accompanies an eclipse. But all his inquiries proved useless. Some of the <[?]> ↑strangers↓ proved to be feluccas shaping their course towards the different havens at the head of the <sea> ↑gulf↓, [steering?] from the City of the hundred isles with swept holds, after discharging their cargoes of provisions into her granaries; others were rusticks steering athwart the narrow sea <[?]> for the dependencies of the Dalmatian coast, loaded with the merchandize that only found its way into the provinces, from the Metropolitan depot; this was a tall and [?] polacre, spreading its cotton sails to a breeze that promised a speedy run to the islands of the Archipeligo; that a low and picturesque [?] that <balanced> ↑[squared?]↓ its awkward yards to invite the gale for Africa, while <[?]> not a few were small and lateen-rigged coasters running for some of those <[?]> narrow creeks, <in?> ↑in↓ which the act of man, by means of <a> break-waters to protect the entrance ↑from the waves of the [scirrocco?]↓ had converted some torrent of the Appenines into an inconvenient and straitened port <of the Italian shore>, the Riminis and Fanios and Pesaros and Senyegalias of the Italian shore.

"These are mere dealers in common traffick, and they contain none entitled to the Senate's especial favors," said the youthful <[?]> seaman, as he caused his schooner to incline from the last of this class of vessels that his eye could now discover. "They are too lazy of movement for flight. My hour has now come to stretch more into the offing, for though I fear nothing that St Mark can

send from the Arsenal, in a breeze, the wind is apt to fall, at mid-day, so near in, and it would be awkward to receive a visit from a sea galley, when one has not ↑all↓ the [same?] regularity of papers that the republick asks."

"I had believed you protected, by the friendship of some in power?" returned the disappointed Camillo.

"In the manner of bye-play—But should I suffer myself to be brought within the lagunes, look you, Signior Duke, the very men among them who wear my laces, <or> ↑and↓ drink my Rhenish, would see me hanged ↑in↓ the first <[?]> or drowned in the last without remorse, before they would appear to acknowledge acquaintance with a smuggler. Our contract is bottomed on the principle of play or pay."

"Thou art young for this inquiet and hazardous calling."

"Yet am I too old for the council of Three!—No—if they would have a near view of the Eudora, it must be come by fairly—in a broad offing, and with a trial of speed. Besides, now, that the moon has left us, twenty of their feluccas might slip out of the different passages, and we be none of the wiser. So with your permission, Signior Monforte, we lay more off the land, that there may be elbow room should the Venitians now they have purchased my wares, find it in their conscientious hearts to send in quest of their money."

As the security of his own vessel was so obviously uppermost in the mind of the sailor, Don Camillo saw the uselessness of remonstrance. He was not without hope that chance might still favor their object, while sailing at a great distance from the land, for so much time had been lost, by his interview in the Lido, the bargain with [blank S.] and the subsequent search as to raise the appearance of a probability that some vessel might have got beyond their view before the chase commenced. Stating this opinion merely, he submitted himself to the control of his maritime chief with that sort of dependence which soon gets the ascendancy of landmen when float [*sic*], and which <generally> proceeds from an instinct that it is generally the safest to respect.

The boom of the schooner swung off, therefore, and it was evident by the manner <that> the bubbles shot past her in appearance, that they were rapidly quitting the Lido.

Within an hour, just as the obscurity which precedes the dawn lay <heaviest> ↑densest↓ on the sea, a noise, like that produced by the fall of some heavy or some hollow object was audible.

"That fall <something> ↑was↓ on a deck!" cried [blank S.] [*sic*]

"Ay, here <is a large sail> we are coming up fast with a large sail. The fellow has canvass enough up there in the clouds, but he moves like a drifting log."

A full rigged and heavily moulded ship, such as were then commonly employed in commerce, was, in truth, soon visible ↑<[even?]>↓ to the unpractised eye of <even> Don Camillo. The ponderous yards lay squared to the wind, but the labors necessary to a vessel of that description on quitting port had prevented her people from setting all those light sails which the breeze invited, and by the aid of which [?] her progress would not have been remarked.

"I know him!" cried the young captain, long before the dark mass exhibited any distinctive outlines to the senses of his companions. "'Tis the Englishman who sailed with the rising of the land breeze. The fellow is bound beyond the pillars of Hercules, and he makes snug stowage of his deck limber. He has a journey before him that is not to be made between sun and sun. He is not for our affair, <Signior> Don Camillo."

"Speak him that we may be sure."

"What will you have, Signior!—Shall I ask the master, who is in none of the best humour for being without his sleep, if he has a Venitian bride in his cargo! No—no—the honest mariner has no such brittle ware believe me, though he may have plenty of mirrors to <[?]> teach the English beauties their charms."

"I would that thou [shout?] or speak him, [mariner?]."

"Any thing to render the passage agreeable—I will soften his heart by his native speech, and for once you shall see an Englishman in a good humour, out of his own country."

The laughing [blank S.], thus took a trumpet and waiting until the two vessels were sufficiently near, he [hailed?] in the customary manner, and in perfectly good natural English. The sounds produced their anticipated effect, for, whatever might have been the disposition of the master of the ship to answer roughly, on account of the reasons named, his voice was <cheerful and even cordial> ↑cordial↓ in the reply. The usual questions and answers exchanged, the stranger expressed his surprise at finding a country man so far from home in so diminutive a craft.

"Ay!—we are not as big as the Alps, or the island of Malta, but still we manage to keep above water. To tell you the truth, for I would not deal with a countryman as I would deal with one of these Signiore, we are in the service of a private gentleman, and just now we seek a fair Venitian, whom we have reason to think is, at this moment, somewhere on the Adriatick within an hours run from this very spot."

"<[?]> "I begin to see into the offing, shipmate," answered the other, with a hearty nautical tone. "I wish, with all my heart I could help you to an observation!"

"Hast seen nothing quit the Lagunes to-night, that might seem chartered on female account?"

"Not a rope-yard—Ay! by St George, but I'm sorry. There <[went to sea?]> came through the passage with us, a Calabrian felucca on whose deck, my people tell me there was a farthingale. I saw nothing of her myself, for a woman, in my poor opinion, master, has little concern with a ship, unless as a figure-head, and then I was too busy with the channel to be thinking of trifles. These Venetian Pilots are no witches, countryman, and for that matter the French are [worse still?]
—I never feel easy until I get a Deal or a Dover man on my deck."

"Dost think the Bristol people so bad?"

"Why, they are better than any thing outlandish, but the river gives a polish <that> after all. More is to be learned, by backing and filling once through the Pool, than by sailing up and down

this bit of sea for a twelvemonth. Good cheer to thee, countryman, and fair winds!"

"But the farthingale? —"

"Ay, the farthingale was shipted as usual over a woman's [hips?]. 'Twas a felucca called the Isabella or Arabella some'at, — ay, the [master?] says <[the?]> <[her name?]> ↑she is called↓ is [*sic*] the Isabella Sorry-ting, or some such name, and that she is sailed by one Stephen Miller, no bad seaman for these waters. [*sic*]

"Art certain of this?"

"No doubt — no doubt — we lay in the [lair?] with the felucca ↑flow↓ a while, and you know we are no bad observers we Englishmen. It is by observing other people so sharply, <brother>, that we have come to understand ourselves so well. Brave cheer to thee —"

"Another word — Where away may that felucca lie, just now."

"By the course she steered, and her rate of sailing, she must be to the Southward, a little in-shore of us, distant some four leagues."

[blank S.] now wished his countryman a good voyage and laid aside the trumpet.

"Our sailing is now plain," he said to the attentive Don Camillo. [*sic*] The Isabella Sorry-ting, is the Bella Sorrentina of Jacopo, and the Stephen Miller, no other than Stefano Milano, her padrone. Though I might dispute my countryman's knowledge of your language, for he looks upon all tongues but English as barbarous dialects and only consents to use them <[?]> ↑in↓ pity to the ignorance of those who cannot understand his own <speech>, yet is ↑he↓ a ↑thorough↓ seaman, and one to be trusted as to the position of the felucca. My life on it, the runaway is not a quarter of an hour sail from the very spot he has named."

While Don Camillo urged the other to make every effort to [improve?] this [hint?], and dwelt on the extent of his gratitude in the event of success the light-hearted young sailor made his dispositions with great professional [readiness?], without hearing a word that was uttered. Sail was crowded on the schooner which shot past the heavy hull of the ship, as if the latter lay at its anchors. It

was not long before <the> ↑her↓ shadowy outlines <of the l> were confounded with the dark mass of the <dark> Alps, ↑[?] a [gleaming?] body of clouds which seemed to rest on their summits↓, which, ↑[together?]↓ although so distant formed the margin of the sensible horizon. From this moment the attention of all on board the Eudora was given to objects in the southern board. As the little vessel glided down the Adriatick, holding such a course as would be likely to bring ↑her↓ in the <track of the> ↑wake of↓ any vessel that had recently quitted the Lagunes, the regular watch was set, <and> ↑while↓ the quiet of a favorable breeze and night prevailed on board her. Don Camillo and his attendant were prevailed upon to go below, while the young mariner who guided their movements [stretched?] himself on the deck, as quick to slumber as he was ready to be afoot at the slightest variation from the [?] lulling sounds of the sea that was rippled by <the> cutwater of his vessel.

It was not only broad day, but the sun had long been up, when the Duke of St. Agatha reappeared on deck. He found the Eudora fairly at sea, if a vessel can be said to be ever so, in <the> that straitened <[waters?]> ↑gulf↓ of the Adriatick, still holding her way towards the Mediterranean. On their left lay the low coast of Lombardy, whose vast plains blended with the water, in a manner to give the trees and [towers?] of the strand the appearance of issuing from out [its bosom?], while the noble back-ground of the Appenines, began already to be visible, under the strong rays of the morning. The Alps had diminished, but they still bounded the Northern view [heavy?] ↑with snows↓, grand <and> by their magnitude, and beautiful in their forms.

[blank S.] pointed to several <sails> ↑vessels↓ that were now to be seen to the southward. This he affirmed to be a coaster edging in for Rimini, that was a lumbering Dane drifting down towards the headlands of Otranto on her way to the straights, but <[the?]> a third he believed to be the <felucca of [?]> ↑fugitive that they↓ sought. To the eye of a landsman there was no very apparent difference, in the <two> little pointed sails, which, resembling in form wings of doves, were thrown out on their long lateen yards

to catch the breeze by the two feluccas, but the skilful youth declared that to his vision there were signs of sufficient clearness not to leave him an instant [*sic*] doubt.

"Thou art young for one charged with a command!" observed Don Camillo, who had listened to his distinctions with secret admiration.

"The time has been Signior, when I was younger; and the time will come I trust when I shall get a bigger ship."

"The vessel and her master seem well proportioned as it is."

"For the body it may be so, but not for the spirit," said [blank S.] laughing. "In my mind I often handle the proudest ship of the ocean, as if it were a lady's fan. There is your Englishman," glancing an eye backward at the apex of <canvass> a pyramid of canvass that was just visible above the sea, [*sic*] <and> "Though a seaman in heart, and hand, yet <he> might ↑he↓ have shoved his hulk, further on her journey, were he but disposed to look more closely <into> ↑at↓ his leeches and sheets. No man will make a sailor, Don Camillo, till he learns to look often aloft, nor any man a flyer who sleeps with a loose bowline, a slack sheet, or a half-hoisted topsail."

"Hast thou served long at thy bold trade?"

"No great matter in the eyes of a grey-beard—"Tis only eighteen years in all."

"How!—Thou dost not seem to count a greater <number of> age, thyself!"

"Come the next equinox. I was born in a gale beneath the line, they tell me, Signior, and I may <yet> die in its fellow, <as some of them> ↑one day, by↓ trying which is the hardest the bottom of my ship or some of these black capes, which frown upon these narrow seas, as if it were to put us mariners in mind of our ends."

"And art thou better <[?]> pleased to trifle thus with thy fortune than to pass a more tranquil life <on the land> [↑[??]↓] among those who are less errant!"

"You ask an opinion, <Signior Duke?>, of one who has tried <[but?]> the merits of but one half the question. My experience of the shore is too narrow to be of <value> any great value."

"Thou knowest nothing then of the land?"

"Nay, <Don> Signior Duke, you understand me too literally—I have been something of a traveller in my time, and have seen many different countries. I have been thrice ashore at Naples," counting on his fingers, and speaking with that sort of <[a?]> ↑[?]↓ complaisance <of his expression> that a <lady> female might manifest when she related <the> the incidents of <a passage> some <[inland?]> short excursion on the <water> other element, "and at Genoa, the same at [Lugano?] and numberless times in the Americas. Of the hundred ports which I have [entered?], I [do? dare?] not speak, for in experience of this sort, I count none of much importance unless one actually touches the soil."

"Thou are content with <a> narrow limits to ↑thy↓ young existence!"

"Signior, you jest! Of the two, the advantage is much with us seamen."

"That might be pleasant to know. One who has been thrice ashore at Naples, once at Genoa and [Lugano?], with sundry visits to the ports of America, can have no great intimacy with the earth."

"Look you, here, Don Camillo—" rejoined the lad, a little touched by the others manner of speaking,—and throwing open a chart of the world as he spoke. "This of it, he who passes his life within these little gaols of islands, or even countries, or he who floats about, at will, over these boundless oceans. You are mooring to your garden, or at most a look in at your neighbor's gate. You have your pleasures, Signior, in looking at some well known village, or castle, or valley, but what are they compared to those we feel, as [seeing?], after an absence of months or even years, at seeing some well known blue peak, like that of Teneriffe rising up out of the water, of passing of a hot day through the shadow of Etna, <distant twenty leagues>, ↑<[?]>↓ or of coming again on a well known coast; your rock of Gibraltar, your Alps, your low African shore, with Atlas lying inland, your white cliffs of England,

your meadows of Holland, or your bays and <wide> ↑broad↓ river-mouths of America. There are towns, and churches and convents, and villages, ↑too↓ scattered about, here, among your Mediterranean mountains on the coast, that I always greet as so many old friends, and which I love the better, perhaps, for never having been nearer ↑to them↓ than the view which is best suited to make them <convenient> land-marks. These are among the number of our most vulgar enjoyments, Signior, while the gale, the chase, the calms, the secret trade, the trial of speed, ay, and the fight have each pleasures of [their?] own."

"Thou art well suited in thy wild trade," said Don Camillo smiling, "and none will more gladly give thee a certificate of merits than myself, cannot thou but fairly overtake the felucca of my vassal."

[blank S.] promised to employ all his efforts, when the <little> eulogiums on his profession ceased.

The wind soon after began to lessen and though the schooner had, by this time, drawn so near the felucca, as to enable all in her deck to <be> perceive the wide sweep of the latter's latteen-yards, as ↑[assisted?] by the breeze↓ they swung with the constant roll of the sea, the hope of approaching that day necessarily lessened, since the rate of their sailing was so much diminished as to reduce the difference in the Eudora's favor to a merely nominal advantage. Don Camillo, <who> would now have [?] <all his> taken to the gondola of Jacopo, which lay upon the deck, had not his young conductor pointed to the southern sky, which had a hot sultry aspect, and directed his intentions to the well known signs of an approaching scirocco.

"The Venitian Senate may rob grooms of their brides, and order fair ladies to be hid in distant castles," he said, "but it cannot muzzle the winds, or cause the Adriatick to be quiet. We shall have a blow from <the> Africa, ere the sun sets, and more air than is wanting to steady our pennant, and more water flying than is needed to wash our decks."

"In which case your vessel will again have the superiority in speed."

"With the start in the bargain, if we are ↑both↓ to be driven back to Venice! Don Camillo, I know the habits of your Mediterranean mariners too well, not to foresee the end. The navigation of these seas began with your Eneas, and Plinys and Cleopatras, who rarely trusted their precious freights to the hazards of a <gale> ↑troubled sea↓. There were barks for the creeks and creeks for the barks. But we seaman of the wild Atlantick look upon land as the [worst?] companion of a gale, and while your padrone will lay his head in-shore, the moment he sees the clouds rise to the Southward, I shall lay mine out to getting an offing for the drift of my schooner."

"If the felucca makes for port we can follow and end our pursuit at once."

"Look you, Don Camillo Monforte—that high bold promontory, which juts into the sea, here in the Southern board, crowned with a church, and against whose northern side you see the white buildings of a City is called Ancona. There is a mole running from that headland, with a wide sweep, for many a hundred feet, the work of the Romans, and he who gets his bark fairly sheltered behind that hill and sea wall, may laugh at the hottest scirocco that ever knotted the nerves of the fattest monk in Italy. Ay—The Calabrian knows its advantages, and he scents the African wind already, for, you may see he <is filling> his sails are filling with the new wind, and his felucca is shaping her way for the work of Trajan."

"Thou art familiar with history, as with thy [rude?] calling!"

"We read, Lord of St Agatha, [with?] the calms. If a sailor be not well instructed in these matters, he is little better than the dead-wood of his ship. Few have more leisure, while few live more active lives, if you can reconcile the contradictions. We are unlike your soldier or your common traveller, for where we march or journey we are stationary, our camp or inn is ever with us, we move with our household, carry our libraries with us even into the battle, and so divide the time, that, except in unusual emergencies, no dweller in the country has more leisure to look into the thoughts of others. I have been on that mole of Trajan,

have seen the <marble> arch ↑of Parian marble↓ [sacred?] to his honor, and have even prayed in that christian church, on the promontory, where traditions and some feeble remains say once stood a temple in honor of Venus—the [canvass?] is fluttering, Signior, <but> ↑and↓ I regret the schooner may not follow the felucca in.”

“What hinders. With thy skill and the qualities of thy vessel we might still gain the [haven?], ere the scirocco become too powerful.”

The youth shook his head, and laughed as he gave his further answer in words.

“There are impertinent officials in the States of the Church, as well as in aristocratick Venice, ↑” he said.“↓ Their curiosity to know the secrets of the schooner would be troublesome. We will lay off the harbor, in readiness for the felucca when she shall sail again, but it is seldom that I restrain the caprices of my Eudora with a a [*sic*] cable.”

Don Camillo now began to urge the young sailor with [persuasions?] and promises. Should the vessel be seized, he spoke of his influence with the government of [Rome?], the power of his relative the cardinal, the cloak his own presence would throw over the character of the strangers, and finally of his readiness to compensate him, or that superior to whom he had often alluded, in the count of any loss. Turn a deaf ear to all.¹⁵

“You may fill my pockets with gold, Signior,” he answered; “and you may shelter me and my people from the gallies, but you can never rebuild the Eudora, or save the honour of a seaman. In all things but this, will I gladly serve you, but <any good> the schooner and the good name of her master must both be looked to.”

“The bark is beautiful swift [*sic*] [??], but not of that value, that the wrights of Italy cannot fashion another of equal perfection.

15. On the same line as the sentence ending ‘in the count of any loss,’ but after a wider space, Cooper wrote ‘Turn a deaf ear to all.’ These words do not fit the context of the narrative but probably constitute a note that Cooper made to himself when starting a break from writing, about the tone and content of what was to follow when he resumed.

Thou shalt have another good as this, in any issue, with a heavy reward in gold."

"That you mean what you promise, Signior Don Camillo, I am the last to doubt, but that you cannot perform what you say, your pardon for <doubting> ↑[is ?]↓. Here, now, are your copies of your rare Italian paintings—are they faultless, beautiful and precious as those which they mimic. 'Tis so with your paltry resemblances of our [?] schooner. You catch the general fashion of the boat. Some faint imitation of the [sparring?] and rig, or some [still?] [rude?] resemblance of the hull, and [covering?] the blemishes with colours that are alike, because you deceive yourselves, fancy that the eye of one born <on the> and [reared?] on the coast of America cannot trace the cheat. I will lay the Eudora in the Doge's Arsenal, and give his artisans a year of leisure, and then try the [qualities?] of their <offspring> abilities, for a thousand sequins, in gale or breeze, <with> [flowing?] sheet or <steering sails> ↑bowline.↓ No—he who wears a jewel like this, can only blame himself if he puts it within reach of custom-house grasp."

Don Camillo was compelled to submit. As if, however, to restore the peace between them, the obstinate young captain, ran in, favored by the breeze and the new direction taken by the felucca, so nigh the latter, as not only to be certain of its identity, but, assisted by the glass, to be able to discern objects distinctly on her deck. <Both> ↑All↓ looked in vain, for any signs of females being on board, though, just as his companion had abandoned the examination, and with it [part?] of their hopes of being on the right pursuit, [blank S.], distinctly saw the cowl of a monk, among the forms on her deck. The Lord of St Agatha seized the glass, and satisfied himself that it was the Dominican [*sic*] ↑[Re?]↓ Assured on this important point, he listened to the advice of the mariner, ↑<th>↓ who urged the wisdom of now standing out from the land lest they should draw suspicion on their own movements and thus defeat their object, by causing the agents of the Senate to resort to some other means of avoiding them. The hull was accordingly put down, and the Eudora began to glide away

swiftly from the <land> shore, under the influence of the scirocco, which just began to be felt.

Before the sun had set the Adriatick <was white with [??] that striking contrast of green and foam, which is> ↑was turbulent with the green and <foam> white↓ peculiar to the sea in a gale. The waves rose with the wind, and by the time the schooner was fairly in the offing, all on board her, but the mariners, were glad to seek their births. Not so, the young seaman who controlled her movements. Tightening the band of his cap, and drawing around him the folds of his sea jacket, he braced his light form against <the> ↑a↓ mast, and regardless of the surges with which the vessel seemed to leap from wave to wave, he watched the changes of the weather, <[an?]> the tension of the sails, and the <swell> ↑roll↓ of the <[foaming?]> sea, with an eye <long> practiced from infancy in scenes of similar grandeur.

The Eudora did credit to the eulogiums of her master. A hundred times did she appear about to receive the crest of <some> <[?]> ↑a green and angry↓ cataract of water on her <low> deck, when buoyant, as a cork, she rose ↑gayly↓ to its summit, <and> ↑<when>↓ the ↑threatening↓ surge ↑<would>↓ gush<ing>↑ed↓ beneath her bottom, break<ing>, and wash<ing> away to leeward, in a flood of foam. There were moments, however, when <the schooner,> pressed upon by her canvass and borne down by the power of the scirocco, ↑the schooner↓ would take such mad plunges into the high ridges <of the element> she met, that her motion was momentarily stopped, the water rolling on her deck in a ↑<[?]>↓ torrent, <and> ↑that↓ threaten<ing>↑ed↓ to sweep seaman and spars alike before it. There were dangerous <shocks> ↑instants↓, though not unusual, and [blank S.], watched their violence and figuring with ↑a↓ brow that began to contract with care. Still <as his> ↑the↓ little <fabric> ↑bark↓ tossed ↑the water↓ from her decks <the sea> ↑<water>↓, like <some> the <[?]> sea-fowl lifts its head from the <element> ↑dive↓, and sent <back> the lighter particles of the element high as her ↑own↓ masts upward in spray, and, [prompted?] by the comparative

smoothness of her track after each of these shocks, she would glance ahead as if conscious of her liberty and renewed power. Sail after sail had disappeared, and reef had succeeded reef until there remained only a solitary <strip> sheet of canvass to steady the hull and keep it balanced in the position <[?]> most suited to mount the surges which kept ever rolling onward.

The schooner was now lying-to, as it is expressed in the language of <seaman> ↑sailors↓, or with the least possible motion of <her> ↑its↓ own to oppose to the violence of the waves. This is the common expedient of mariners when the strength of the wind, ↑renders it impracticable to carry sail↓, or when the power of the sea becomes to [*sic*] great as to oblige them to lessen that of their vessel, in order to diminish the force of the shocks that necessarily arrive, at each instant, between the element and the fabric. Seaman [*sic*] have but one more refuge from these dangerous concussions, when exposed to their attacks on the broad waste of ↑the↓ waters. This final resource is scudding, or running off from the gale, in such a manner, as to bring in the aid of a corresponding motion between the ship and the surges, in order still more to lessen the violence of the latter. <[Long deletion of four to seven words thoroughly blotted.]> It is always a delicate maneuver, and it is one that requires <[????]> a great exhibition of judgment and complete readiness of hand in those who guide the vessel in such perilous moments. <When the [??]>

[blank S.] perceived as night drew around him in that wild and straitened sea that <the> his little bark was required to manifest the most valuable of <her> all her boasted properties. On the broad Atlantic a vessel of her size might have ridden on the long and swelling ridges of the ocean in comparative safety, but here, as always happens in waters of narrow limits, wave followed wave so swift [*sic*], and short, as it it [*sic*] technically termed, that even his own acute senses had barely time to ascertain that one danger was escaped before another presented itself. In this emergency, and before the gale had yet reached its highest point of fury, or his <↑[?]↓> people were exhausted, <[people?]> the ready boy

took his decision. A favorable moment was sought, the sea to windward was anxiously examined by the unnatural lights of other [drifting?] that disengaged itself from the tumult of waters. The helm was born a-weather, a fragment of canvass ↑was rapidly↓ opened on the forward mast, while that which had hitherto borne the hull up against the wind was as suddenly taken in, and the Eudora rose on the crest of a tremendous sea, like a bubble, <and> ↑and↓ inclin<ing>↑ed↓ <after> ↑[to-ward?]>↓ the roaring torrent, as if yielding to its power. But it was in obedience to the <helm> ↑rudder↓ and the agency of the canvass, that the change was made, for in a minute <[?]>↑the schooner↓ was seen driving <like> down with the gale in a manner that seemed even to outstrip the undulating tops of the waves themselves.

"Steady!—" called the youth to the dripping seaman at the helm. "Keep her in hand, and mind her where she yaws!" These were words of caution well known to nautical ears. They inferred the danger of breaching-to, and all the horror of being overtaken by the element in a position least favorable to the endurance of the machine. Bark and <?> sea now appeared to contend with each other in a <strife> ↑contest↓ of furious rapidity, the latter always closing the struggle by sporting its crest, harmless <by> ↑in↓ its diminished magnitude, past the scudding hull, with a velocity that equaled the motion of the driving clouds themselves.

It <was> seemed but a minute, and in truth it was not many, before a <huge>, black and rolling mass was approached in the center of that strife of elements. At the next, the schooner shot past the laboring hull of the English trader, lying-to, and hauling up under her lee, it rode, easy as a <sleeping> duck in the shelter of her <ponderous?> ↑huge↓ neighbor. [blank S.] laughed at his own expedient, when he found himself riding so easily in such a tempest, cautioning the look out to beware of the drift, and ↑so↓ regulating his <canvass> ↑schooner↓ as to keep the two vessels at a proper distance. He was rewarded by a broken sea, and a lessened power of the gale.

Not so with the Briton. Though fully able to resist the elements, by his size and equipments, his yards described wide <sweeps?> ↑sweeps↓ in the air, his groaning hull [answered?] to every deep plunge <it made> into the sea, and at times, glittering pyramids of spray glanced upward into the night, as when the rolling element encounters the <surface> ↑resistance↓ of a rock. [blank S.] now <gave> ↑[removed?]↓ his charge to those who watched, enveloped a portion of his form in a fragment of canvass, and wet with the [clinging?] [mist?], and cradled by that element on which he had [sic] born, ↑he↓ slept like a petterel in a calm.

Chapter XX

The storms of the Adriatick, during the warm months, are sudden and short. When the day returned the <gale> ↑wind↓ had lessened, and by the time the sun was up the weather gave every appearance of another change. The sea had no longer power to <[?]> ↑toss↓ the heavy <hull of the> ship as it had been ↑a↓ tree-top rocking in the gale, <and> and the mariners had already opened their canvass, in order to get command of their <massive> vessel. The little <Eudora> ↑schooner↓, profiting by the alteration, ↑soon↓ made sail, and, hauling close up under the bows of her neighbour, to whom she gave a merry <and friendly> salutation and ↑friendly↓ adieu in the same breadth, ↑she↓ went dancing over the still troubled element to windward, leaving the huge hulk behind her, breasting the seas in <a sort of> sullen grandeur.

The Eudora looked that <day> ↑morning↓ into the port of Ancona, and doubling its head-land, stood to the southward with another breeze at [sic] west. With a tranquil sea, and a cool <and> refreshing wind from off the <Appennines> ↑mountains↓ Don Camillo found some relief for his impatience in the rapidity of their progress and the hopes of soon overtaking <the felucca> her he sought. Every natural object of the scene was <now> ↑to the eye↓ the reverse, <to the> eye [sic], of <what> ↑that which↓ it had been ↑on↓ the preceding night. <Then> The Adriatick was ↑then↓ green, convulsed and gloomy, <now> it was <[?]> ↑now↓

refulgent, ↑and↓ smiling; <and> then the air was feverish <and
 oppressive> with a ↑constant↓ sense of its <power> ↑oppressive-
 ness↓; now it had the soothing influence of the bath without its
 presence, and thus there <was> the peculiar colours of the sky
 cast a dismal <and> hue upon the land, while nothing could be
 more radiant than the view ↑now↓ presented by the ↑marches, or
 [??]↓ hills crowned with towns, and <whole> vallies teeming with
 the fertility of a genial sun and a luxuriant soil. The <[?? setting]>
 back-ground of this lovely picture, as seen from the deck of the
 <swift-moving> schooner, was the grand outline of the Appe-
 nines, at the distance of some fifty miles, <soft in their>. ↑The↓
 eastern acclivities, <wilder and more bold> ↑of these fine moun-
 tains were soft and [inviting?]↓ as the eye rose along their sides.
 <??????> ↑They grew bolder and more wild, while↓ their rugged
 and fantastick summits, which dazzled the eye with their glories,
 as they glittered beneath the morning sun, were heavy with snows
 and the [working?] of time.

The <whole> scenery of Italy, may be divided into three
 <great> general divisions, which, while no one of them all is en-
 tirely exempt from some ↑little↓ relief from the <two> others,
 sufficiently <[?]> distinguish the natural features of the whole pe-
 ninsula. The first, and the most important of the three, consid-
 ered in reference to extent and usefulness is the <plains> ↑level
 land↓. Spreading from the foot of the Alps to that of the Appe-
 nines, a distance of more than a hundred miles in an air line, and
 from <the> another range of the former mountains to the ↑very↓
 beach of the Adriatick over a still greater extent, lies the vast plain
 of Lombardy. <including in its [?] surface a large portion of the
 [one full line thoroughly blotted here]>. The immense vacuum in
 the horizon, which resembled the boundless void of the sea, de-
 noted the positions of these unbroken and low [regions?] to the
 north and west. <Where> ↑Were↓ we to extend our description,
 it would be necessary to add to this, the vallies of Tuscany, the
 [Marenimi?], the ↑Roman↓ Champagna, the Pontine Marshes,
 the [Felicicia?] Campagna, and all those lovely and luxuriant

vales, that are found in thousands along the shores of the two seas, or among the Mountains. <[The seq?]>

The second division is ↑composed of ↓th<e>↑ose ↓<picturesque> and [*sic*] broken districts, ↑in ↓which the monotony of the plains is relieved by sudden but not ungraceful swells, and <[even?]> ↑[rocky?] ↓hills that in another country might aspire to be classed as mountains. <and whi> It is this division of country, which composes so much of the familiar beauty of Italy, furnishing the most picturesque sites for city and village, the olive and the vine, together with that [?] admixture of <[?]> the wild and the cultivated, which, aided by water perhaps supplies the loveliest [*sic*] all of natural pictures.

The third and last division is <[altogether?]> chiefly grand, being the Appenines in their [altitude?], though even these are <relieved>, in their wildest parts, by <[?]> forests of <[?]> chestnuts, villages <looking> ↑resembling ↓like castles clinging to their sides, heaths, and [even fertility?], that <gives a double charm [?]> deprives their bolder features of rock and cataract, and hoary peak of <all> the character of monotony.¹⁶

It has already been said that the marches of Ancona belongs to the second of <[these?]> ↑these ↓adopted divisions. They are alike fertile and smiling, but they are also broken into a thousand picturesque and diversified <little mountains> rocky hills. The insecurity of the middle ages have crowned many of these irregular summits, with convent, church, castle, village or city. Ancona itself is built upon a <n> ↑steep ↓acclivity, though its ↑[modern?] ↓

16. For the forty-nine manuscript lines beginning with this sentence to the end of the transcription, the current location of the holograph is unknown. This transcription has been made from a high quality photographic reproduction of the original, from the Dartmouth College copy of *Lettres autographes composant la collection de Madame G. Whitney Hoff*, item 170. According to the transcription in the Hoff volume and to the note in Beard, *Letters and Journals*, 3: opposite 119, Cooper gave this rejected sheet to Mme. Amelie Kautz as an autograph, on August 24 or 25, 1833. (Mme Amelie Kautz, later Comtessa de Lacepede, was co-mistress of a school in Paris attended by the Cooper girls. She made a lithograph portrait of Cooper in 1827.) The fragment, which appears to continue the narrative immediately after the sheets now at the American Antiquarian Society, is inscribed on roughly two-thirds of a sheet measuring 7 7/8" by 10 1/4".

defenses and the necessities of commerce have [coursed?] its streets to the margins of the sea. The ancient town is said to have stood altogether on the [east?] of the [bold?] head-land so often named, and to this day, the castles and citadel of the place occupy sites of great elevation.

<There were> One of these inconvenient but picturesque <villages> ↑places↓ <[have?]> became an object of great interest to the three Italians, as the Eudora glided along the land, within cannon shot of the shore. It was a village that lay inland some <little> short league, and which appeared to possess but a single street built on a ridge, whose sides were in part composed of rock nearly perpendicular. Seen from the sea, it presented a church of some magnitude at its eastern extremity, a range of adjoining palace, a maze of rock and fortress, and the humbler roofs of perhaps a hundred low dwellings, in the perspective. [blank S.] observed Gino crossing himself and muttering [vows?] as they sailed past the spot, while the eyes of the gondolier were fastened on the pile, that crowned the extremity of the ridge in deep [ravines?].

"What hast thou yonder that [thou?] <[????]> playest the friar so devoutly? <[This morning ??]>," asked the gay lad, while he glanced a look towards Don Camillo and Jacopo, both of whom betrayed ↑an↓ equal though a more disguised [character?].

"'Tis the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, <[answered?]>" was the answer. "And if you ↑are↓ a christian, yourself, it may be none the worse for our voyage, should you and your people offer a few vows in behalf of the weather and a happy arrival in port."

"<[Do the good f]>. I have heard of the place—boy, bring me hither the chart of the Adriatick that I may note the church as a <fitting> land-mark in running in for Ancona. <[????????]> ↑'Tis a bold object, [???] turn it to account.↓ Do the good friars, think you," he added, rising from making his notes, "deal in winds?"

"Though a Lutheran, and one taught to laugh at <such belief> ↑the faith↓," said an admonishing voice at his elbow. "The boldest mariner of the Adriatick is often glad to remember that shrine!"

"Ha! Signior Jacopo—thou, too, among the <faithful>. ↑believers!↓ I trouble no man's creed, <and if you enjoy your belief in the virtues of Loretto until I come to share it, look you brother, the [?] will be all your own>. ↑for it is a matter between the sinner and his [creator?].↓ I say naught against ↑your↓ offerings to yon shrines, because I wish to offend none who go there, and if I say nothing for, it, ↑look you↓ is because I know nothing."

"Hast thou never landed at Loretto, in thy many passages, to and from, in the Adriatick?" demanded Don Camillo, who had drawn near, at the conversation. <with the interest of that ?> "[?]" are glad, I <??? to give ? to a prayer> ↑an occasion to repeat their prayers before that holy shrine. But you Lutherans are little [?] to [?] the Saints [????] in the Sirocco thou [????]↓

[sic] Signior, I hope that long use with tempests and rocks has not led me to forget the hand that made them. Patron, ↑of the sort you mean,↓ I have none, but him who made the heavens and the earth, and <where night and morning I> to him I hope I am not ungrateful, though it is not often that I choose a gale of wind to return my thanks or to ask for favors. To me <the> his power is most sublime in a calm, and I am [sure?] that my prayers are then most grateful."

"Thou mayest do both, young man, since it is not necessary that he who bethinks him of the Almighty in the tempest, should forget him when there is less danger. Here is little wind, at present, and certainly little cause of apprehension, and yet here I vow, to bestow on the Lady of yon shrine, a vestment of <[rich?]> gold brocade, with fitting ornaments in jewellery, when Providence shall please to restore to me the bride of which the treachery of Venice hath robbed me."

"And I vow, calling this noble Neapolitan and the rest to witness," said Jacopo, when Don Camillo had crossed himself in reverence, after speaking. "<[That?]> ↑To↓ make a pilgrimage on foot to her shrine, in order to render thanks for my deliverance from the Senate, and with hopes of having the great wish of my heart gratified."

"And I vow" said Gino—"to say seventy aves between sun and sun—To send one hundred [caritanis?] to the Treasury of Loretto by this honest pilgrim [sic] to fast for three Fridays in strict conscience, and hoping only, from the favor of the blessed Maria, never again to come within reach of the arms of the Council, and a safe arrival in Calabria, without hindrance from the winds, or torments from the Infidel. [sic]

"And I vow—" cried <[the?]> [blank S.].

"I had forgotten to say," <[?]> eagerly interrupted Gino—"that I meant, <of course>, to include among the Infidel all cruisers and rovers, whether in turbans or caps that molest these seas, and I hope I may add, also, a wish to live [peaceably?], for the rest of the year, in the castle of St. Agatha, where I have many loving relatives and friends."

"Thou enterest closely into the particulars of thy bargain," [answered?] [blank S.] "So much as to endanger the loss of some of the conditions." [sic] Thou [wast?] about to call on our Lady of Loretto for aid, thyself? [sic] [observed?] the Duke.

"Signior, no. I was about to vow [sic]

[End of the transcription]