

*A Long False Start:  
The Rejected Chapters of Cooper's  
'The Bravo' (1831)*

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UNLIKE MANY WRITERS, James Fenimore Cooper never seemed at a loss for words. Author of thirty-two novels (and many other books and numerous pamphlets and reviews) in a career spanning little more than three decades (1820–51), Cooper always could come up with new ideas for scenes or books. In his 1837 travel book on France, he recalled a conversation in November 1826 with Sir Walter Scott concerning the joys and despair of literary creativity:

Curious to know whether a writer as great and as practiced as he, felt the occasional despondency which invariably attends all my own little efforts of this nature, I remarked that I found the mere composition of a tale a source of pleasure: so much so, that I always invented twice as much as was committed to paper, in my walks, or in bed, and, *in my own judgment, much the best parts of the composition never saw the light*; for, what was written was usually written at set hours, and was a good deal a matter of chance; and that going over and over the same subject, in proofs, disgusted me so thoroughly

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with the book, that I supposed every one else would be disposed to view it with the same eyes.<sup>1</sup>

When Paul Fenimore Cooper, Jr., generously donated the author's manuscripts of *The Red Rover* (1827), *The Bravo* (1831), *Satanstoe* (1845), and *The Chainbearer* (1845) to the American Antiquarian Society in 1990, scholars gained a rare opportunity to recover, for *The Bravo*, one of Cooper's 'best parts . . . [that] never saw the light'—of print. With the nearly complete, holograph rough draft of the entire novel were two chapters, numbered by Cooper as XVIII and XIX (and the beginning of Chapter XX), that proved to be completely different from chapters 18 through 20 in the novel as published in 1831.<sup>2</sup> These rejected chapters constitute by far the longest known false start among Cooper's existing papers. This essay presents a diplomatic transcription of the two rejected chapters and the start of XX, and speculates as to why Cooper rejected them in favor of the completely different chapters with which he replaced them.

#### THE BRAVO MANUSCRIPT

Responding on April 12, 1835, to a flattering request from the then Princess Victoria for an autograph of his work, Cooper wrote to an intermediary, Aaron Vail (United States chargé d'affaires in London), that he chose to honor the princess's request by

present[ing] myself to Her Royal Highness, republican as I am, in my working clothes. In other words I send a rough manuscript precisely as it was written, and which contains a chapter of the Bravo. The work in question was written in this manner by myself and then copied by a secretary [his nephew William, his wife Susan, and daughter Susan all apparently served in this capacity].

1. James Fenimore Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe: France*, Thomas Philbrick and Constance Ayers Denne, eds. (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1983), 151. Italics mine.

2. *The Bravo*, the first of Cooper's three European novels written while in Europe, 1826-33, was published in three volumes by Colburn and Bentley, London, in 1831. Throughout this essay, I use Arabic numerals to refer to the thirty-one chapters in sequence, rather than citing chapters as divided among the three volumes of the first edition; I follow Cooper's use of Roman numerals to refer to the rejected chapters.



The copy was corrected again by myself, and then it passed into the hands of the printers. The sheets were subjected to another correction, and the result was the book. Now it is more than probable that the work will differ materially from this manuscript, but they who take the trouble to compare them will have an opportunity of getting an insight into the secrets of authorship.<sup>3</sup>

Most of that 'rough manuscript precisely as it was written' is now at the American Antiquarian Society, mainly on folded folios, on which Cooper characteristically crammed lines of his small script from top to bottom, on all four sides of the sheets, wasting very little space (and too infrequently mending his pen). The folded sheets are 9 1/16 inches wide and 13 13/16 inches long and contain most of the thirty-one chapters of the finished novel. The published chapters 18 and 19, with a heavily revised introduction to their action in chapter 17 and the opening of chapter 20, are in sequence within the thirty-six folios (with the exception of the gift to Princess Victoria, discussed below). At the end of the extant sheets, the rejected chapters XVIII through the start of XX are preserved on two folios, along with two leaves of text from drafts of *The Prairie* that Cooper had apparently used as scrap paper for doing sums.<sup>4</sup>

Cooper's letter to Vail is invaluable to editors trying to reconstruct the history of this text. The letter explains why parts of chapters 18, 19, and 20 were not in the Cooper family collection given to the American Antiquarian Society; that portion of the printed chapters 18, 19 and 20 (two sheets) now at the Royal Archives, Windsor, doubtless is the 'autograph' sent to Princess Victoria. (For

3. *The Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper*; James Franklin Beard, ed., 6 vols. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960-68), 3:144-45.

4. Missing from the family bequest to the American Antiquarian Society are chapters 27 and the last two, 30 and 31, as well as portions of the revised chapters 18, 19 and 20. Chapter 30 has been located at the Library of Congress. In addition to the rejected Chapters XVIII-XX at the American Antiquarian Society, a leaf of forty-nine lines—apparently picking up at the end of the American Antiquarian Society's Chapter XX—is reproduced in Beard, *Letters and Journals*, 3: opposite 119. The reproduction is from *Lettres autographes composant la collection de Madame G. Whitney Hoff* (Paris: Pierre Cornuau & Pierre La Breley, 1934), and is discussed in more detail in note 16 below.

the princess, Cooper inscribed himself as 'J. Fenimore Cooper' at the beginning of chapter 20.) A collector himself, Vail appears to have privately added half of Cooper's gift to Princess Victoria to his own collection, sending her only two sheets and keeping the other two. Perhaps he also cut up his sheets as gifts for others, as only a fragment of the two sheets not at Windsor survives in his collection. (Part of what appears to be Vail's own 'Cooper autograph' from his collection is now at the New-York Historical Society.)

THE BRAVO

*The Bravo* was Cooper's second novel set entirely in Europe, and a far more serious study of politics than his first European book, *Precaution* (1820), an imitation of the English novel of manners. Cooper set *The Bravo* in the ancient Venetian Republic, in decline in the early eighteenth century, as a clear warning to the young American republic. His preface dwelt entirely with political issues—specifically, whether a people are best served by a kindly monarchy, an ostensible republic, or a real one (clearly an ideal American model), in which 'the immunities do not proceed from, but they are granted to the government, being, in other words, concessions of natural rights made by the people to the state, for the benefits of social protection.'<sup>5</sup> Angered that reviewers missed his foreboding political analogy and perpetrated several years of debate about his patriotism, Cooper pointedly wrote Rufus Wilmot Griswold in the spring of 1844, in a long retrospective of his career and work, that '*Au reste*, the Bravo is perhaps, *in spirit*, the most American book I ever wrote; but thousands in this country, who clamor about such things, do not know American principles when they meet them, unless it may happen to be in a Fourth of July oration.'<sup>6</sup>

By piercing through the façade of the Venetian 'republic,' where all political and economic power was zealously guarded by the

5. *The Bravo*, 1:ii-iii.

6. Beard, *Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper*, 4: 462-63; 27 May-June 1844. The italics are Cooper's.

senate and controlled by the secret Council of Three, Cooper hoped to warn Americans of the 1830s of similar threats to their independence, as, in his view, American oligarchs quietly used demagoguery to concentrate political and economic power in their own hands. The tone of *The Bravo* is prevailingly dark and somber, in sharp contrast to the masquerades and vivid public displays (such as the 'Wedding to the Adriatic') that Cooper repeatedly depicts as deceitful shows, designed by the Venetian Senate to keep the masses subservient.<sup>7</sup> '*Giustizia in palazzo/E pane in piazza*'—'justice in the palace/and bread in the streets'—was the ironic motto Cooper chose as an epigraph to the novel.

The main plot depicts the plight of Jacopo Frontoni, a good-hearted gondolier forced by the senate to assume the role of Bravo—a secret agent or even assassin available for public hire, but also carrying out state assignments—in order to protect his unjustly imprisoned father. A romantic intrigue supplies the requisite love story, as a Neapolitan count, Don Camillo Monforte, plots to outwit the senate by wedding a wealthy heiress, Donna Violetta Tiepolo, whose fortune the senate seeks to capture through marriage to a Venetian nobleman. Around these two axes unfolds an exceptionally complex plot—even for Cooper—involving innumerable disguises, misunderstood motives, chance meetings, and unfounded judgments.

By chapter 17 both the Bravo and Don Camillo are in despair, outwitted by the secret police. Venetian agents have kidnapped Don Camillo's bride, minutes after their marriage. Other agents have assassinated the simple and true old fisherman Antonio—one of Jacopo's few trusted friends and a father figure—who was seen as a threat to state control. Chance throws both men on a deserted part of the Lido containing the graves of heretics and unbelievers who were denied burial in consecrated ground. Jacopo assures Don Camillo he has played no role in his bride's abduction; indeed, having now seen the depth of state depravity

7. For a thoughtful analysis of the novel, stressing Cooper's use of dark and light for thematic effect, see Donald A. Ringe, *The Pictorial Mode: Space and Time in the Art of Bryant, Irving and Cooper* (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1971).

in the killing of Antonio, he pledges to assist Don Camillo in her recovery. By listening to Jacopo's release of bitter and contrite emotion over being misjudged as a willing secret agent, Don Camillo further wins Jacopo's gratitude and fealty.<sup>8</sup>

#### THE REJECTED CHAPTERS

The rejected chapters narrate an exciting quest by sea as Don Camillo, the Bravo, and their associates sail after Don Camillo's abducted bride. Chapter XVIII begins with Jacopo and Don Camillo suspecting that the agent chosen to capture Donna Violetta is one of Don Camillo's own countrymen, Stefano Milano, captain of the felucca *La Bella Sorrentina*—a vessel used for both legitimate trade and secret state affairs. Jacopo proposes the hiring of an American smuggling vessel, the *Eudora*, a 'fairy-like schooner.' Much of Chapter XVIII involves the efforts of Don Camillo and Jacopo to persuade the young captain of the *Eudora* to abandon his plan to rejoin an unnamed consort to the south. Rejecting mere promises of financial gain, the captain quickly joins their cause when flattered by prospects of rescuing a damsel in distress, thwarting the Venetian Senate (and its corrupt customs house), and besting his maritime rival Stefano Milano. Although Cooper never gave him a name—leaving a space for when he presumably might hit upon a suitable one—he became fascinated with the teen-age captain, giving that character increasing emphasis throughout Chapter XIX. Cooper endowed his young hero with colorful and witty banter

8. Two different versions of the end of Chapter 17 exist in Cooper's hand. Presumably the earliest extant version is on the folio which continues on with the rejected Chapter XVIII; Cooper heavily revised this text itself, clearly working hard to register an appropriate level of emotion for the crucial encounter between the commoner Jacopo and the Duke of St. Agatha. In this version, after Don Camillo encourages Jacopo to vent his feelings about being manipulated by the senate, as a form of confession, Cooper describes at length an awkward moment when a servile Jacopo kisses the duke's hand. The holograph version of the corresponding passage associated with the revised Chapter 18 is on two sides of a smaller sheet than the surrounding manuscript—suggesting perhaps even more versions on his usual paper, which Cooper may have discarded. In this revised version Jacopo kisses the Duke's hand, but Cooper's surrounding narrative is more matter of fact. In the final printed text—for which we know from his letter to Vail, he oversaw both amanuensis copies and proofs not now known to exist that he could further have revised—Cooper gives much more emphasis to Jacopo's difficult but successful struggle to restrain his emotions, though the kissing of the duke's hand remains.

otherwise absent from the somber novel. The captain's lengthy encounter with a British merchant ship also enabled Cooper to further lighten the tone of the novel with his brand of nautical humor, and contributed to the plot line by suggesting that one or more women might be travelling on *La Bella Sorrentina*. Eventually, Don Camillo glimpsed his bride's Carmelite spiritual advisor on board, but before the two vessels could meet, Cooper conjured up a sirocco-born storm, which his hero-captain skillfully rode out.

Chapter XX begins as calm returns to the Mediterranean on the morning after the storm:

The Adriatick was then [during the storm] green, convulsed and gloomy, it was now refulgent, and smiling; then the air was feverish with a constant sense of its oppressiveness; now it had the soothing influence of the bath without its presence, and thus there the peculiar colours of the sky cast a dismal hue upon the land, while nothing could be more radiant than the view now presented by the marches, or hills crowned with towns, and vallies teeming with the fertility of a genial sun and a luxuriant soil.<sup>9</sup>

After this depiction of the landscape of Italy (which Cooper in many letters confessed he loved above all others), he further digressed from the chase to discuss 'the scenery of Italy, [which] may be divided into three general divisions.'<sup>10</sup>

In the American Antiquarian Society holograph, the first draft of Chapter XX ends there. A separate leaf of forty-nine lines (identified in footnote 4 above) appears to pick up immediately after the American Antiquarian Society material ends, by finishing the disquisition on Italian landscape. Don Camillo, Jacopo, the duke's servant Gino, and the captain of the *Eudora* then chat rather aimlessly while the schooner prowls outside the harbor of Ancona; the fragment breaks off in mid-sentence.

9. Holograph, p. 108. This version is simplified; the diplomatic transcript is presented on page 121-22 of this article.

10. Holograph, p. 110.



THE BRAVO, THE WATER WITCH, AND WHY COOPER  
REJECTED THESE CHAPTERS

Thomas Philbrick has kindly pointed out a remarkable resemblance between these rejected chapters and *The Water Witch* (1830), the novel immediately preceding *The Bravo*. Philbrick, author of the definitive study of Cooper's sea novels, is presently editing *The Water Witch* for 'The Writings of James Fenimore Cooper.'

A very strange aspect to the material that Cooper rejected is its relation to *The Water Witch* (1830), the immediate predecessor of *The Bravo*. *The Water Witch* ends with its true hero, the smuggler known as the Skimmer of the Seas, characteristically rejecting any involvement with the social world. He then sails off into the blue sea with his lady-love and their foster child, a ten-year-old boy called Zephyr, as all three embrace 'the ocean for a world.'

In these rejected chapters for *The Bravo*, Cooper appears, almost compulsively, to be revisiting the milieu, tone, and materials of *The Water Witch*, inappropriate though they were to the new work. In essence, he is projecting the ending of *Water Witch* eight years into the future. The nameless master of the American-built schooner in these chapters is the boy Zephyr, grown to near maturity. He has named his vessel after his foster mother, Eudora. His chief and consort are the Skimmer of the Seas and his brigantine.

So once again Cooper presents favorite themes: the magically graceful and speedy little vessel; the hypocrisy of shore society along with the virtues of the seaman's life of freedom, daring, and skill; the obsession with the loveliness of the Italian coast, and the constant assertion of the superiority of American ship design and construction. If all this is completely at odds with the fictional world of *The Bravo*, it perfectly accords with that of *The Water Witch*.<sup>11</sup>

11. Personal e-mail to me of January 27, 2005, reproduced in part here. More recently, on March 19, 2006, Professor Philbrick communicated by personal e-mail his discovery of a hitherto unknown letter at the University of Virginia Special Collections Library, which is relevant to the *Water Witch* and *Bravo* associations. Writing in French from Venice to an unknown recipient concerning production of the Dresden *Water Witch*, Cooper indicated on April 31, 1830, his intention to 'begin, immediately, another sea novel, which will also be printed in Dresden' (Philbrick translation). Chronology strongly suggests that this refers to what would become *The Bravo*. (Thomas Philbrick [*James Fenimore Cooper and the Development of American Sea Fiction*]) Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961.

The reappearance of characters through several novels is one of Cooper's many innovations in the history of novel writing. Best known, of course, is Natty Bumppo, a garrulous old man articulating important values in the dialogic of *The Pioneers* (1823) and *The Prairie* (1827); 'the essential American soul . . . hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer,' in the words of D. H. Lawrence, in *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826); an experienced guide rejected by his only love (*The Pathfinder*, 1840); and a young initiate who rejects a handsome woman who learns to love only him (*The Deerslayer*, 1841). *The Pioneers* and the two *Home* novels (1838) share Cooperstown/Templeton as settings, and the later novels introduce direct descendants from the earlier. Finally, in the 'Littlepage Manuscripts,' *Satanstoe* (1845), *The Chainbearer* (1845), and *The Redskins* (1846), Cooper follows the same family through three generations and almost a century.

Importing *Eudora* and the boy-hero Zephyr into *The Bravo* is more subtle than any of these repetitions, and is more akin to the understated but fascinating carrying forward of the characters Sergeant Hollister and Betty Flanagan from *The Spy* (1821) as the innkeepers in *The Pioneers*. *The Bravo* text shows that introducing *Eudora* and her captain was a plot option Cooper anticipated for later use in the very first chapter, not a diversion made halfway through composition. In Chapter 1, the servant Gino refers to encountering 'a rover of strange rig and miraculous fleetness, in rounding the headlands of Otranto. . . .' Unlike the Turks, who were feared by all Venetian seamen, on this mysterious vessel '[t]here was not a turbaned head on his deck; but every sea-cap set upon a well-covered poll and a shorn chin.' The similarity to the American ship *Eudora* is further suggested by Gino's last observation: 'There are men beyond the Pillars of Hercules who are not satisfied with doing all that can be done on their own coasts, but who are pretending to do much of that which can done on ours.' The 'much of that which can be done on ours' is, of course, smuggling.<sup>12</sup>

12. *The Bravo*, 1:23.

The reasons why Cooper abandoned this *Eudora* draft cannot be known with certainty, but readers of these cancelled chapters may readily surmise that he eventually recognized he was deviating, with increasing gusto, from his original, darker intentions for *The Bravo*. The founder of the modern sea novel probably enjoyed the opportunity preserved in these chapters to escape from the gloomy confines of his first seventeen chapters to frolic with a sea chase. Seven years later, in 1838, his serious analysis of the America to which he had returned in 1833—*Home as Found*—grew into two novels; the sea chase in *Homeward Bound*, as Cooper wrote in its Preface, resulted in its becoming 'all ship' and requiring a sequel.

Always concerned about length and pacing, Cooper doubtless realized that by devoting two full chapters to a sea chase and opening a third without its resolution, he was posing insurmountable problems to focusing on his theme of the corruption of the Venetian republic. Perhaps in opening the rejected Chapter XX with a lengthy description of the beautiful Italian scenery, he realized his narrative difficulties. (Seven years later, he returned to exactly such descriptions in his sunniest travel book, *Gleanings in Europe: Italy*, where he expatiated on the glories of Italian scenery.) Most vexingly, by developing the young American sea captain as a romantic hero, he detracted from Jacopo and his plight. A Venetian gondolier was of little value in a sirocco, and perhaps Cooper noticed that in the two chapters he had just drafted, the eponym of the novel scarcely made an appearance.

In any case, Cooper's aesthetic discipline ultimately triumphed over his enjoyment of narrating sea chases and praising Italian land- and seascapes. The last fragment ends in mid-sentence during a desultory conversation, perhaps mute testimony that Cooper now recognized the corner into which he was painting the narrative. But one may speculate that by not destroying these rejected chapters, he anticipated some future use, for either the Italy travel book or perhaps a full-length novel continuing the subject matter of *The Water Witch* into the Mediterranean world.

## THE REVISED CHAPTERS

The published chapters 18 and 19 are among the gloomiest in *The Bravo*. Chapter 18 begins with an overview of the city the morning after the despairing meeting of the Bravo and Don Camillo: 'The hours passed as if nought had occurred, within the barriers of the city, to disturb their progress. On the following morning men proceeded to their several pursuits, of business or of pleasure, as had been done for ages, and none stopped to question his neighbour of the scenes which might have taken place during the night. . . . Venice presented, as of wont, its noiseless, suspicious, busy, mysterious, and yet stirring throngs, as it had before done at a thousand similar risings of the sun.'<sup>13</sup> Virtually every scene in the chapter is suffused with deceit. Don Camillo apparently goes about his daily business of pleasure as if nothing had happened to his bride, presumably hoping thereby to gather intelligence of her abduction. The scene quickly moves to the occluded center of power, the Palace of the Doges, connected to the infamous prison by the Bridge of Sighs. Jacopo, masked, enters the prison, exchanges kind words with the jail keeper's daughter Gelsomina, for whom he seems to have genuine affection despite using her love to gain access to his father. (She knows Jacopo not as the dreaded Bravo, but only as 'Carlo,' whose father is unjustly imprisoned.) Lurking in the shadows, on the lookout for secrets, is Gelsomina's deceitful cousin Annina, who divides her time between scouting out contraband wine for her father's shop and carrying out small assignments for the secret police.

Chapter 19 culminates in Jacopo's painful interview with his imprisoned father, for which Cooper invokes the pathos of the unjustly accused. Though he has just been moved from his wintry tomb to the prison attic to suffer in the growing heat of summer, Jacopo's father accepts his fate with Christian resignation, longing only for the return of the previous summer's spider, his only companion. Jacopo assures him that his sister is well and

13. *The Bravo*, 2:232-33.

with her mother, but the reader quickly senses they are both dead. Jacopo's only consolation is in the innocent Gelsomina's love for him and his belief that death will soon place his father beyond the senate's control.

These two chapters succeed where the rejected ones failed by moving Cooper's tale of political corruption and deception in a pretended republic towards its logical and fatal conclusion. Although much plotting remains, and Don Camillo still must recover his bride, Jacopo becomes as enmeshed within the senate's toils as the flies that his father watched his spider eat the previous summer. Cooper keeps open the possibility of a last-minute reprieve for Jacopo, condemned for the killing of Antonio by a majority of the very Council of Three who arranged for it. While the Doge (powerless before the Council of Three) is troubled by machinations he appears to control—and at least one councilor has regrets—Jacopo dies in the end so that the senate's power may remain unthreatened. Cooper concludes the novel with a scene of hollow revelry:

The porticoes became brilliant with lamps, the gay laughed, the reckless trifled, the masker pursued his hidden purpose, the cantatrice and the grotesque acted their parts, and the million existed in that vacant enjoyment which distinguishes the pleasures of the thoughtless and the idle. Each lived for himself, while the state of Venice held its vicious sway, corrupting alike the ruler and the ruled, by its mockery of those sacred principles which are alone founded in truth and natural justice.<sup>14</sup>

EDITORIAL NOTES

Chapters XVIII and XIX, with the opening of Chapter XX, follow below in a standard diplomatic transcription of the holograph. I prepared the transcript by first reading an enlarged copyflo version of the text to capture the general tenor, recording more than 90 percent of the basic text. Three subsequent

14. *The Bravo*, 3:286.

readings of the original holograph enabled me to recover words and punctuation—especially Cooper's frequent commas—obscured in the copy, as well as to record authorial cancellations within angle brackets (< >) and authorial additions interpolated above the line within up and down arrows (↑↓). Words I could not make out because of Cooper's very crabbed and small script are noted in square brackets ([ ]) if in the sequential text. If a likely identification was possible, that reading is indicated in square brackets, followed by a question mark.

Unreadable cancelled words are placed in angle and square brackets (<[ ]>), and unreadable interpolated words are placed in up and down arrows and brackets (↑[ ]↓). In these cases, one or more question marks within the square brackets correspond to one or more unrecovered words. (For example, in Cooper's roughly written description of Don Camillo and Jacopo leaving the island where they met, the narrative describes them as 'soon far beyond all danger from the <breaking? ?> ↑trifling↓ surf.' Here the transcribed reading indicates that Cooper probably first modified 'surf' with 'breaking,' cancelled it and replaced it with an unrecoverable word, then wrote 'trifling' above the line.) In passages where Cooper repeats words, or omits necessary words or punctuation, those lapses are indicated by *sic* in square brackets ([*sic*]).

The unnamed sea captain of the *Eudora* is signified by [blank S.] for 'blank Signiorino,' indicating the only distinctive identifying term Cooper used for him, 'Signiorino' or 'young Signior.' As often seen in other Cooper holographs, the author sometimes forgot the name of a character and supplied the wrong one; at one point Cooper misremembers Donna Violetta as Donna [Thodora?]. The transcript follows all of Cooper's spellings, even if now regarded as incorrect or archaic, as in 'coolly witting' for 'coolly whittling' or 'Adriatick' for 'Adriatic.' Cooper's placement of the vowels in the second syllable of 'Signior' is often unclear, but that form, which is the accepted one in Webster's 1828 *An American Dictionary of the English Language*, is followed throughout.

*Chapter XVIII*

Gino appeared as his master ceased speaking. When the gondolier saw the companion of Don Camillo he started back, in a <wonder> ↑horror↓ far too natural to be counterfeited, and with a wonder that most in Venice would have betrayed had they met the <young> well known young Neopolitan suiter, in so [retired?] a spot accompanied by such an associate.

“Capo di Bacco!” ejaculated the garrulous gondolier—“your excellency has found a strange friend, for a walk in the Lido!”

“One that I value more, friend Gino, than any now left in Venice—What news from the mariner?”

“Signior, nothing—”

“How—hast thou hesitated to arouse him from his bed?”

“I would have called him from his prayers, Don Camillo, could I have found <the knave> ↑him↓.”

“But the felucca?—”

“It is gone, excellenza.”

Don Camillo repeated the word, and then turned suddenly to [consult?] the eye of Jacopo. The latter smiled, like one who understood and shared his suspicions, but he remained silent.

“Gino, didst thou explain to this Stefano, there would be a lady among his passengers, when thou entered into treaty with the knave?”

“Dama! I went so far even, as to say there might possibly be three or four,” <for I knew.>

“And did <you> ↑thou↓ describe the person of <your> ↑thy↓ mistress?”

“St <[?]> Gennaro hear me! How could I do that without knowing I had a mistress. I told the fellow that the lady—I might say all the ladies—would be beautiful, for I know your excellency seldom gave yourself much trouble about any that were not, but how was I to know, Signior, whether it was the young Signiora,

under whose balcony I used to row so often, before that affair in the Guidica, or the singer—”

“Enough, varlet—Jacopo [*sic*] what are thy thoughts, in this matter?”

“The padrone, Stefano Milano di Sorrento has often been employed by the Senate, in transactions of delicate management. The council [ever?] avoids the use of any [most?] likely to attract attention. This [man?] being of a foreign state and little suspected, besides owning a felucca of rare speed, has more than once born agents of the State, and even prisoners to distant and secret stations. Further than that the man is as honest as any who land their adventures in secret when they can.”

“Thou knowest him, then?”

“Signior, we have had dealings. More than once, even, have I been a passenger with him, when on these errands of the republick.”

“Then mayest thou know, haply, his present destination, for I doubt not that he has those I seek with him.”

“I have thought the same [*sic*] Don Camillo. The Council <hath> commissioned me to prepare the man for some such duty, though I know neither the true object of his mission, nor the place to which he may be commanded to sail.”

“And yet he treated with thee, Gino, as <with> one free to follow his interests?”

“Signior, Stefano always did that. The mariners look to the highest bidders to the last moment, and have little conscience concerning the hour when they will depart, or the number of their passengers—the pains of purgatory! I was once travelling between Amalfi and Palermo.”

“My course is decided—” interrupted the master. “We must seek, without delay, some swift sailing vessel, and go out upon the Adriatick in quest of further information. The Sorrentine may speak some <[?]> inward bound vessel, or fortune may favor us ↑there↓ in a variety of ways, while here I have no other employment but to regret. It may be well too, not to be seen, Jacopo, for a time, while the Senate is in its first displeasure.”



"Signior, your decision is wise. For a vessel you have not occasion to seek long or far, since here is one at hand, whose speed is more like that of the winged gull than that of any common craft, and fortunately it is one ready to depart this night. Her commander waits only an answer from me to steer towards the South."

"Thou hast had a double character, Jacopo!"

"My masters are not faultless, themselves, Don Camillo, though they require so much obedience to the laws in others. There are many of the free-trade that enter the Lagunes, notwithstanding the watchfulness of St. Mark, and some come under high patronage. <The youth [yet?] [hopes?]> He who now waits for my answer is of the latter class."

"Let us seek him without delay. My gondola waits—"

"Signior, of your gondola I have no fear; but those who row it I cannot trust."

"Surely they who are so near to my person are faithful—"

"You are fortunate, Don Camillo Monforte, in having one follower uninfected—"[sic] Gino, who is your vassal born, has never forgotten his faith, but it will be well to dismiss the others to their beds. We shall not want a boat, for our future movement."

After a few strong and significant exclamations, in which the character of the [?] Senate was not spared, the young noble admitted the wisdom of Jacopo's proposal. The gondolier was dispatched to the boat, with instructions to bring away the few necessaries which his master had caused to be provided for his intended flight, and with [orders?] to the man to return immediately to the palace. During his absence, which was brief, Jacopo explained more fully his plans and the hopes he had conceived of being instrumental in restoring to Don Camillo his bride. As the narrative will sufficiently explain all that it is necessary the reader should know, we shall not [arrest?] it for that purpose, here.

When Gino, again appeared, bearing the packages of his master, Jacopo led the way towards a <sort of> spot, where a <↑light↓> gondola had been hauled upon the sands. Aided by his

companions, he soon shoved the light boat into the <low surf> ↑water↓, where it was entered, and they quitted the beach. The smoothness of the Adriatick, and the direction of the wind, which was <[?]> off-shore, greatly aided the <arm of the bravo> ↑movement↓, which urged by the practiced arms of the two gondoliers, was soon far beyond all danger from the <[breaking? ?]> ↑trifling↓ surf. At first Don Camillo had no idea of the course they were to steer, but the eye of Jacopo had never lost sight of the object he sought.

There were some forty or fifty small, brilliant white spots visible on the water, which all knew to be sails either receding from the port or struggling against the adverse breeze to approach it, but it required a practiced observer to be able to distinguish amongst so many similar objects, [????] the rest.

This necessary office, however, Jacopo was enabled to perform, and before they had been afloat in surf many minutes, his companions perceived that they were approaching a vessel, which was apparently in waiting for some visit from the land.

Though Don Camillo Monforte was no seaman, he had too long dwelt in a <sea-> ↑large↓ port, and had too long inhabited his castle of St. Agatha, which stood on the margin of the Mediterranean, not to be familiar with the different picturesque and classical rigs of the vessels which frequent that sea. The gondola ↑no sooner was↓ sufficiently near to the stranger, <than> to note her construction, than he perceived <that> they were approaching a craft of an appearance that was altogether novel.

The hull of the unknown vessel could just be traced, <by> ↑in↓ that deceptive light, by a long, black line, that scarcely rose above the surface of the water. The ↑two↓ masts, instead of being short and [blunted?], like those in common seen in the small coasters of those waters, were tall, and attenuated to <a> scarcely perceptible points, at their summits. These were no [heavy?], but graceful latten yards, swinging with the play of the sea, but a single ↑[after?]↓ sail, of a spotlessly white canvass was laid, flat as a board, against the wind, pressing the the [sic] ↑[head?]↓ of the

schooner so near the breeze as to seem to defy its powers; while a graceful jib, ↑with its sheet [doubled?] over↓, hung like a fantastic cloud, far beyond the bow, holding the fabric by its counterpoise nearly stationary. Just as the gondola got near enough to enable Don Camillo to note these peculiarities, Jacopo began to chant a song of the canals. His voice, which was full of Venitian melody was scarcely [?] before the weather-sheet of the fairy-like schooner yielded, the sail flapped once to leeward, and then its clue came aft, as the gull settles its wing when it slips towards the water. At that moment the <schooner> <[??]> dark line began to glide along the margin of the sea and the admiring young noble, thought the vision was about to quit them. But the heavy flapping of canvass was heard, the [rubbing?] of blocks followed, and the whole fabric was reduced, by its change of its position, to a dark spot, and a pyramid of snow. Jacopo, signed to his companions, and ↑they↓ ceased to row.

“We are seen,” he said; “and my friends approach us.”

“This is a vessel of an unusual form!” observed Don Camillo, who had hitherto watched her movements in silence.

“’Tis a stranger from the new world, Signior, but of unequalled beauty and speed.”

“’Tis a wonderful [*sic*] that a vessel of so diminutive size, should brave so [many?] seas!—Is he from the isles?”

“He is of all and every land. I know little more of his origins, than that the vessel comes from the new World, and that all who see <her> it, think it wonderful.”

“Is he who sails it a christian?” demanded Gino.

“What matter is his faith?—The man—or rather the boy is of great honesty, ↑and rare skill in his calling,↓ and we have need of no more [*sic*]

“Marie!—I would rather a friend of mine, said his prayers <to the saints>, and had a wholesome belief in purgatory! They say these Indians of the other world are but an indifferent sort of human beings, at the best, and not <more than half> ↑at all↓ catholics!”

"We shall know more of this in time—" coldly observed the master of the gondolier, as the little vessel shot past them, and again drove its head sheet to windward. Jacopo gave a stroke or two of his oar, and in a minute they were all on the deck of the stranger.

Don Camillo Monforte and his serviter were dumb with admiration, as their <eyes> ↑looks↓ ran over the beauty of proportion, the <snugness> ↑compactness↓ of gear, the extraordinary neatness and the [snugness?] of the [stowage?] which now met their eyes. Jacopo, ↑however↓ who was [more?] familiar with the sight, advanced towards [*sic*] youth, whose <[?]> ↑age↓ could not exceed eighteen, and who [*sic*] clad in the <[?]> smart and commodious attire of a young mariner, was pacing the quarter-deck, with the manner of one already accustomed to authority.

"A happy night to you! and the favor of the Saints, Signiorino," said the bravo, saluting the other with his cap, in a way to show a mixture of respect and intimacy—"Your affair is finished, as these letters of 'change will show."

"Thanks, Master Jacopo—" returned the youth in ↑very↓ good Italian, but which was not so perfect as entirely to conceal his foreign accent. "This breeze from the Alps had begun to make me restless under so light a show of canvass. ↑for↓ [*sic*] Thou knowest, <good> ↑honest↓ Jacopo, that the winds cause us seamen to think of the very opposite of the spot whence they blow.—What is doing in the canals, to-night."

"Music and gondolas, Signior—our Venice is much the same ↑to the eye↓, at this season, whether the Senate smile or frown. There has been a hard press, of lots, among the mariners, for the panting gallies, and it may be well for your people that our enemies do not cross you."

"Let them come, when it suits their Admiral"—answered the youth, laughing—"The Eudora is a bird to fly with the nimblest of their fleet! But thou has companions to-night, Jacopo!—What means this unusual want of caution."

"Signiorino [*sic*] I have taken a new Master. I quit Venice and her Senate forever."

"This is sudden revolution—There has been no mistake in our accounts, I trust—A few sequins shall not drive so trusty a go-between from the employ—"

"Nay, Signior, it is not so. Of the light matters I have had to manage in your behalf, and on account of the nobles who have acted on the other part, I make no complaint. 'Tis enough that my servitude is done."

"Well, witty Jacopo, since thy mind is ↑so↓ firm, you will soon discover that none here will try to change it. To speak thee, in candor, I have long been of opinion that to serve the Venitian Senate and to serve the devil, are much of one and the same thing. Of all the errands in which my principal sends me, this to the Lagunes is the least to my <mind> humour."

"The trifling affairs that have fallen to your lot, young gentleman, are not worth a second thought—" gloomily answered the bravo—"But it is finished, and I come now to presume upon an old acquaintance and to ask a favor at your hands."

"Name it, Jacopo, for thou art one that I esteem—. Thou hast need of a few richly flavored cigars from the Americas?"

"I have need—or rather this illustrious <noble> ↑Signior↓, who bears a name known throughout Italy for its nobility and power has need,—of a fast-sailing bark, like this of yours, for a sudden and important service!"

"'Tis strange that one so great should need succour from one of the contraband!" exclaimed the youth, scarce concealing his contempt for the qualifications which the other had ascribed to Don Camillo.—"[Thou knowest?] Camillo that the Eudora has a consort, and that I am bound to seek her." <"Where are>

"The noble Duca di St Agatha will make the voyage among the most fortunate of your adventures, and as a reason more, it will be as certain of profit as it will be without risk."

"Thou art but a young gambler in the hazards of a free trade, Jacopo! The uncertainty and the hazards form the zest of the <free?> life—But I speak thee truly when I say that a superior order calls me southward."

"I have prepared his excellency to [admire?] the speed of your schooner," continued the other, who seemed to know his man—"and he is already no stranger to the skill with which she is worked."

"Thou art a friendly creature, Jacopo!—the boat hath <its> ↑her↓ merits, and as for him who handles her, why, he will be a better seaman when his beard [hath?] grown. Time is necessary to make <a scholar> ↑one expert↓, friend Jacopo, whether it be in growth or in seamanship—Thou hast never seen him who hath taught me the little I know! Ah! 'Twould do thy soul good, to witness the manner in which that man deals with a ship when an Equinox or a hurricane is troubling the waters! As for your sci-roccas, or your northers of the Alps they are well enough to make a padrone trim a lamp before his patron saint, but to us men of the Atlantic, and more especially of the Caribbean sea, why they are no more than Mother Nature fanning herself!—I was once in a brigantine, between the head-lands of—"

"But, <[?]> I get no answer for my noble master."

"True—I never get on the subject of my teacher's skill but it drives all other thoughts from my head," returned the youth, interrupting himself with perfect good nature, and advancing along the deck towards Don Camillo, whom he saluted with sufficient respect, though with admirable ease—"you are [welcome?] on board the Eudora, noble Signior," he added, "and I only wish, that I and my schooner could serve you better than I fear will be in the power of either."

"Has Jacopo spoken to you of the reward?—"

"Name it not, Signior Duke. We run our chances like other mortals for gold, but we must run them in our own fashion. Where ↑are↓ all the swift feluccas of thy [Admiral?] [sic]

"The fastest of them all is engaged by the Senate to do us the very wrong we wish to employ you in righting."

"Ha! the Senate! There would be great satisfaction in doing a despite to <that body> th↑ose↓ curmudgeons! But I cannot think of it, for I steer Southward within the hour."

"And then I dared to tell the Duke you were a youth to feel a sympathy in behalf of a wronged and beautiful lady!"

"<Ha!> What, a lady—Didst thou say she was young [*sic*] Jacopo!"

"As yourself, Signiorino, and fair as the day!"

"By the foot of the brigantine, I will think of it! Those revenue imposing, custom-house serving, Senators of one side, and a fair young [*dama?*] of the other—Of what colour are her eyes, honest Jacopo."

"Signiorino, I dare not speak so lightly of one who is admired of my noble master," answered the bravo, warily.

"Then will I fill away for Cape [*blank*]," returned the youth, coolly witting as he turned on his heel. "Forward, there! Stand by to give a drag on the Jack-halyards, as we throw the sail into the wind.—and see to your studding-sail gear."

"The lady hath eyes like the Virgin of Tiziano," said Don Camillo hastily.

"To my taste there is nothing more beautiful than the lear of a seal!—I know nothing of this Tiziano, who I dare say was no great judge of these matters?"

"The lady is of most excellent beauty," [*seconded?*] Jacopo, who now perceived that his new master, would bear the allusion, rather than fail in his object—"So excellent that none of her sex in Venice were her equals."

"Zitti—What do the wrinkled old law makers want of so rare a creature!"

"In short, Signiorino, the lady is the bride of my master, and is stolen from his arms, within ten minutes after the benediction!"

"My chief would as little like that as another!—open thy mind more fully, and conceal none of the particulars."

Jacopo now entered, so far as he saw necessary, into the circumstances of the [*wife?*] gradually arousing the sympathies of his young auditor, who frequently interrupted the narrative by exclamations in which the Senate was <not> treated with ↑little↓ favor, or in which he betrayed the manner in which the other gradually [*worked?*] upon his feelings. When he was in possession

of all the facts, it was quite apparent that he considered the affair as an altogether different [*sic*] from a light frolick of gallantry, and that he sincerely pitied the fortune of the lovers. This he declared frankly to Don Camillo, whom he began to encourage with hopes of his lending himself and the schooner to the required <service> ↑aid↓. Before, however, fully committing either to any pledge, the young sailor made many inquiries as to the particular nature of the service he would be expected to perform. His auditors heard with admiration the ingenious questions ↑he put↓, and the pertinent remarks which one so young and one [seemingly?] so little adapted to the station he filled made on all that pertained to the professional part of the subject. In debating on the probability or improbability of the Sorrentine Felucca being the vessel which had borne away the Donna [Thodora?], he displayed an acuteness of inquiry and a familiarity with [the? these?] details of maritime life which might indicate the future movements of such a craft, that not only surprised his companions, but which appeared rather to be a species of intuitive sagacity than the result of thought.

"I know the bella Sorrentina well," he added, "for I have often tried my heels with her; and there are few vessels of her size in these seas, that can keep way with her at her own play. Your Stefano, <too> ↑also↓, is no bad mariner for one who looks oftener at the eye of his patron than into the wind's eye, though, like all of your midland waters, here, he is a greater lover of a snug anchorage. The rouge [*sic*] is an outrageous boaster, too, for he spread a rumour all along the coast of Calabria, that he ↑had↓ beaten the Eudora turning to windward in a light air, when, in fact, we carried no more than a slovenly sail at best, and not half the canvass the craft could bear."

"I heard the <same> report, in the canals—" observed Jacopo.

"Thou didst!—These slanderers should be dealt with, by your [growling?] Councils, Master Jacopo. Believe me, Signior Duke, there is no felucca between Otranto and the head of the Adriatick than can [lie?] within half a point of us, and as for walking



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  $\uparrow$ all $\downarrow$  the [same?] regularity of papers that the republic 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,  $\langle$ or $\rangle$   $\uparrow$ and $\downarrow$  drink my Rhenish, would see me hanged  $\uparrow$ in $\downarrow$  the first  $\langle$ [?] $\rangle$  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 landsmen when float [*sic*], and which  $\langle$ generally $\rangle$  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 ↑low↓ 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.<sup>15</sup>

“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> ↑oppressiveness↓; 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 Appenines, at the distance of some fifty miles, <soft in their>. ↑The↓ eastern acclivities, <wilder and more bold> ↑of these fine mountains 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 entirely exempt from some ↑little↓ relief from the <two> others, sufficiently <[?]> distinguish the natural features of the whole peninsula. The first, and the most important of the three, considered in reference to extent and usefulness is the <plains> ↑level land↓. Spreading from the foot of the Alps to that of the Appenines, 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, denoted 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.<sup>16</sup>

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 7¼" by 10¼".

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 <vil-lages> ↑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 <lit-tle> 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 pal-ace, 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 bold-est 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*]

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