

this slaughter, my dear mother evinced a courage that was not of this world, the fruits, indeed, of her late communion with God in prayer. While with a look she tried to soothe my fears, she drew back my brother's advanced arm, and then, turning to the barbarian chief, she signed to the steward to deliver up his sword, and by her gestures seemed to demand that respectful treatment her high rank required. Whether the richness of her dress, her beauty, or the dignity of her behaviour, influenced this barbarian, I know not; but certainly he gave us very civil treatment, laying his sabre at our feet, which, but a moment before, was uplifted to take the steward's life, and by salaming very low, gave promise of behaving more courteously than we could expect from one of his creed and nation.

“My mother, who spoke Italian fluently, now remembered that it was probably understood by our captor, as she had heard, it was frequently used as a means of communication in the Levant. She addressed him in that language, and found he could converse in it with readiness. He used, to be sure, many words my mother could not understand, intermingling with it a barbarous patois, called *Lingua Franca*; but the steward, who had been up the Straits in his youth, comprehended