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MADMOISELLE MORI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MADemoISELLE MORI:

A
TALE OF MODERN ROME.

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LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1862.

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MADemoISELLE MORI.

CHAPTER I.

O patria mia, vedo le mura, e gli archi,
 E le colonne, e i simulacri, e l'erme,
 Torri degli avi nostri,
 Ma la gloria non vedo.

LEOPARDI.

It was so unusual for Contessa Clementi to pay a morning visit, that when she and Gemma appeared in Casa Olivetti the signora was immediately prepared to discover some important cause.

The appearance of the contessa and her daughter did not betray their poverty; they were splendidly dressed, for appearances must be kept up, and nobody could tell how they saved, and pinched themselves in food and fire to buy those silks and velvets, or that, if Gemma's shoes should get wet, she had not another pair to put on in their stead!

The ladies met with the usual embraces and salutations, and the two elder ones settled down into a quiet chat, while Gemma took a place by Imelda, holding her hand affectionately, and remarking, "You look pale, dear little one; what have you been doing? Have you been to St. Peter's to see the bride and bridegroom? You heard how the Principe Allori and his bride went there this morning to pay their devotions before St. Peter?"

As usual in the case of this religious ceremonial the bride had been magnificently attired, and all Rome had flocked to see her jewels, and behold the new-married pair kneel before the statue of St. Peter and at the chief altars; but Imelda had not been present, and said, "No, I hardly ever go to see such things: mamma likes staying at home."

"So does my mamma, but I made Pietrucchio take me. Mamma always says, 'Wait till you are married — then you may go where you please.' When are you to be married, dear Imelda?"

"I do not know."

"Oh, you are in mourning now, and must wait. Is Ravelli very much vexed at such a delay?"

"I do not know."

"How sadly you speak! What can be the matter? I saw Ravelli yesterday; he spent the evening with us, and *he* was not at all melancholy."

"Was he with you?" asked Imelda, not feeling or comprehending the full sting which Gemma meant the words to convey, but glancing towards the seat in the window with a sigh, as she recollected Ravelli's early departure, on the pretext of an engagement. "He was here for an hour."

"Oh, that was why he looked so gay, of course; how good of him to come to us at all! What do you talk to him about, Imelda?"

"I don't know."

"Books and music, I dare say? Of course you know all about such things, as Irene Mori is such a friend of yours, and your mother knows so much."

"No, I cannot talk of such things at all."

"But what do you say to him then? He is so ridi-