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MADEMOISELLE MORI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

“D’abord je suis *femme*, avec les devoirs, les affections, les sentiments d’une femme; et puis je suis *artiste*.”

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.

“Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.”

MACAULAY

MADemoISELLE MORI:

A

TALE OF MODERN ROME.

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VOL. I.



LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1862.

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MADEMOISELLE MORI.

CHAPTER I.

Thou art in ROME! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world.

ROGERS.

ONE Sunday evening in October, the English congregation were pouring out of the room which served them as a church, outside the Porta del Popolo. The English season at Rome had just begun. A long file of carriages was waiting, and they successively came up to the door, and drove off, either to various residences, or to the Pincian Hill. The walkers turned into the gardens of Villa Borghese, the gates of which stood invitingly open close at hand; or crossed the Piazza, and fell into the crowd in the three streets branching from it. Some ascended the Pincian Hill, which the Italians, ever dreading the unhealthy hour of sunset, were already leaving; so that there was a double stream of vehicles and foot-passengers, one descending and the other ascending the winding way. Ample as the road was, it hardly contained the crowds tempted out by the fine afternoon to this charming place, once the *Collis Hortulorum*, and still a region of gardens, as much as in the days of Sallust and Lucullus.

If the piazzas and streets below had not been equally crowded, all Rome might have been supposed on the

Pincio. Languages from all parts of the world were heard there; foreigners and natives were blended together. Here, a magnificent Armenian prelate walked, with stately air and flowing beard, beside a white-robed Dominican. There, a group of Americans, of English, of Germans, passed by. Here, again, a Frenchman exchanged no very friendly glances with a slender, dark Italian. Now, all the crowd pressed hastily together into the angles of the road, as a carriage, containing two Italian ladies reclining luxuriously in it, dashed along. Nurses, distinguished by their crowns of bright ribbon and long silver pins; priests in their various habits, were conspicuous and abundant; but in the whole throng there was hardly a Roman from the country; all on the Pincio were inhabitants of the city, and no particular *festa* had called the dwellers in the Campagna into Rome. It was only such a crowd and such a scene as may be witnessed on the Pincian Hill on any fine Sunday in autumn.

Amongst those of the English congregation who made it their way home from church were a young brother and sister, followed by a spaniel, which had been waiting for them at the door. As they mingled with the crowd, their appearance was so foreign, and their Italian so pure, that no one would have supposed them to be English, though the boy's tall, slender figure and bright complexion were unlike those of a Roman. They paused for a few moments in an angle of the wall, looking down into the gardens below, whence the warm, perfumed breath of the China roses came up in gusts, and where lizards and butterflies coquetted together. A carriage passed, and a lady in it remarked them, and asked her companion who they were, saying, "If I