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TESSA, OUR LITTLE ITALIAN COUSIN

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MARY HAZELTON WADE

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Our Little Italian Cousin

By

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by

L. J. Bridgman

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Preface

MANY people from other lands have crossed the ocean to make a new home for themselves in America. They love its freedom. They are happy here under its kindly rule. They suffer less from want and hunger than in the country of their birthplace.

Their children are blessed with the privilege of attending fine schools and with the right to learn about this wonderful world, side by side with the sons and daughters of our most successful and wisest people.

Among these newer-comers to America are the Italians, many of whom will never again see their own country, of which they are still so justly proud. They will tell you it is a land of wonderful beauty; that it has sunsets so glorious that both artists and poets try to

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picture them for us again and again; that its history is that of a strong and mighty people who once held rule over all the civilized world; that thousands of travellers visit its shores every year to look upon its paintings and its statues, for it may truly be called the art treasure-house of the world.

When you meet your little Italian cousins, with their big brown eyes and olive skins, whether it be in school or on the street, perhaps you will feel a little nearer and more friendly if you turn your attention for a while to their home, and the home of the brave and wise Columbus who left it that he might find for you in the far West your own loved country, your great, grand, free America.

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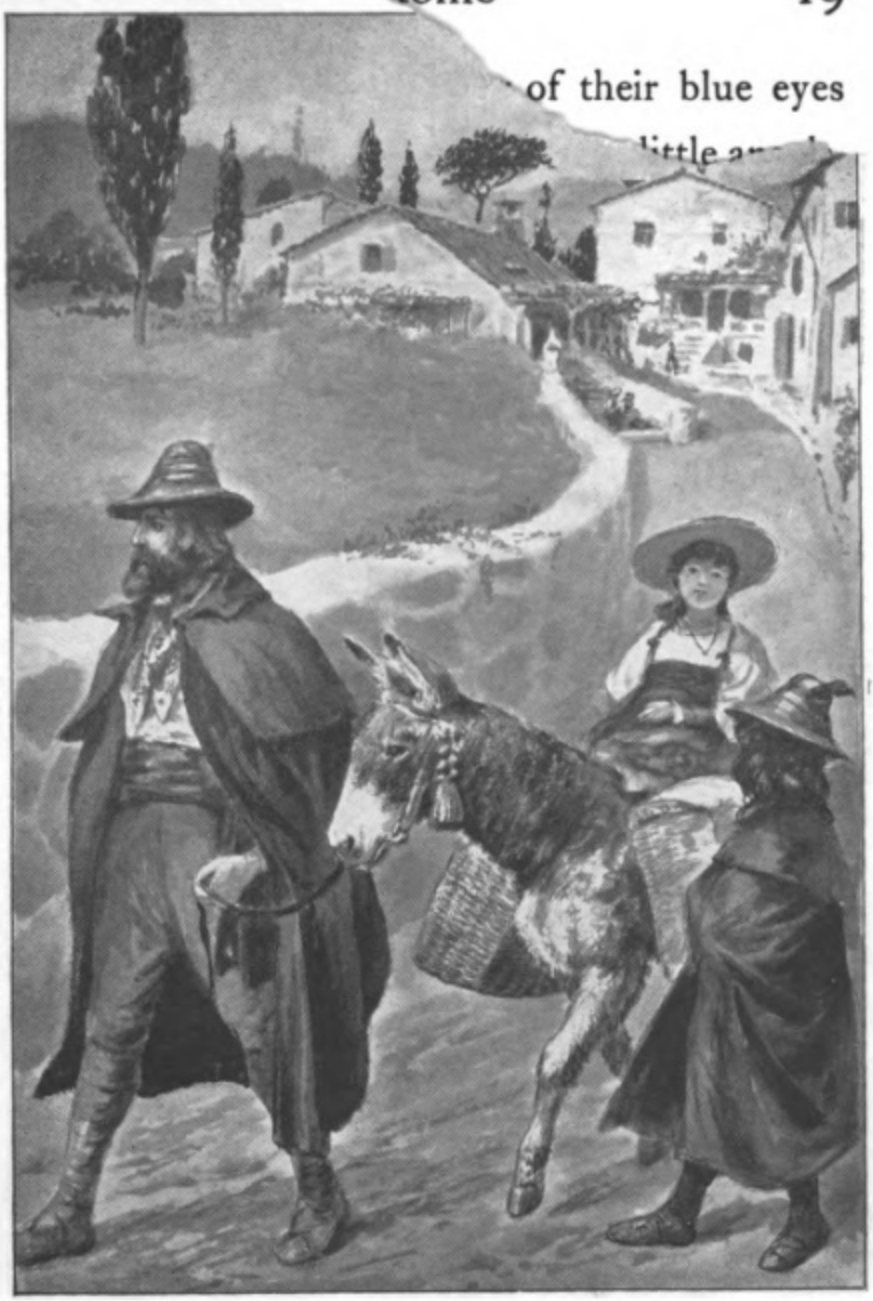
of their blue eyes



"BEPPO WALKED BY HER SIDE"

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IN THE PALACE GARDEN

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good Americans. And I am very happy," said Tessa. She said this softly as she leaned over the donkey's side to pat her father's face while they were on the way home.

"The little girl (her name is Lucy, babbo,) did not seem to notice my bare feet and darned frock. She held my hand a long time, and I know I shall love her."

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CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF ÆNEAS

DAY after day Tessa and Beppo travelled over the road to Rome with their father. They were always happy, always gentle, always merry.

The artist and his family grew to love the children and wish they could do something to make their lives easier.

"They are so poor," Lucy told her brother one night, "that they eat meat only at great times, like Christmas. It costs too much for them to buy it every day as mother does. But they have plenty of fruit. I think the delicious figs and apricots that grow here in this country make up for a good deal of meat. And their mother makes salads of all kinds of

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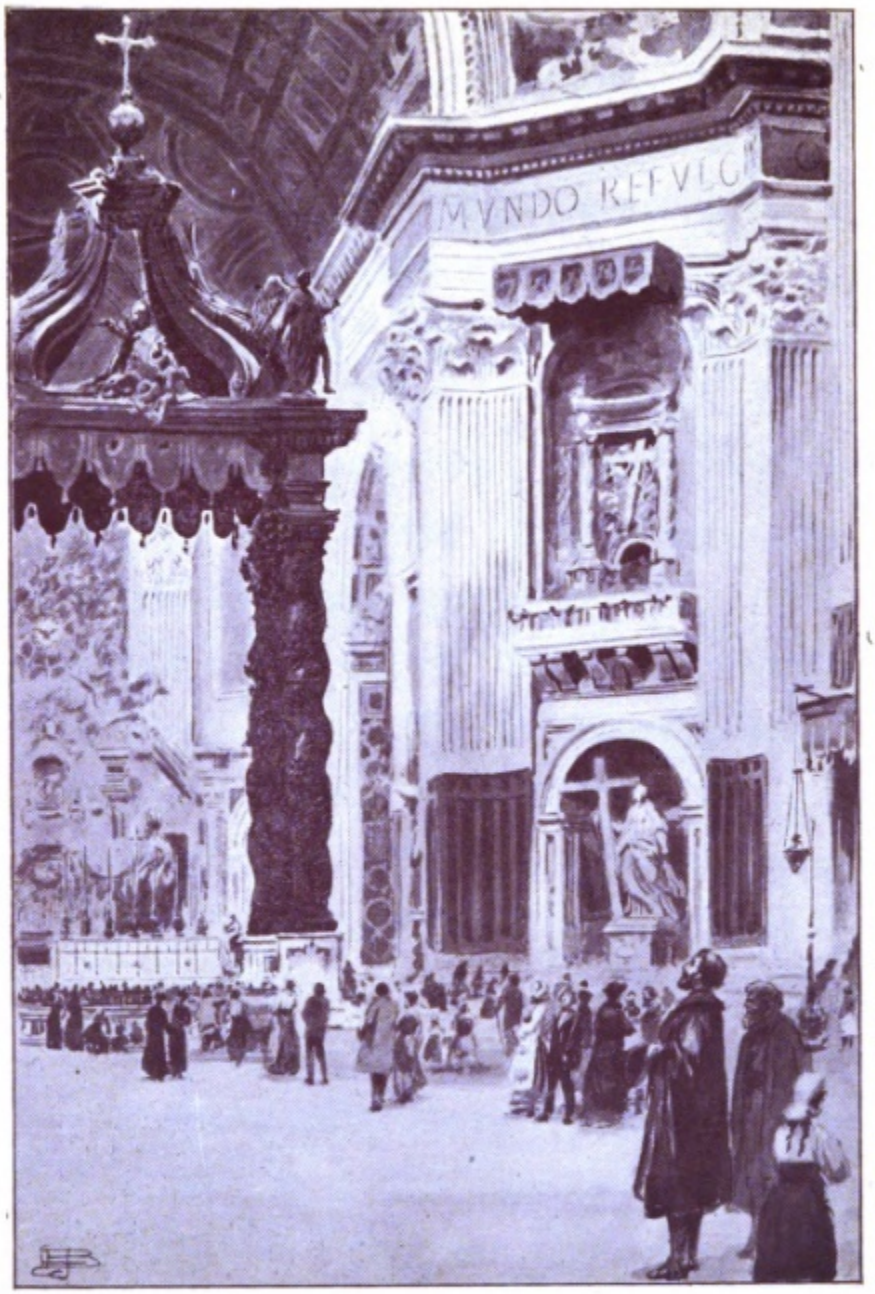

IN ST. PETER'S

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think that this was good advice. The plebeians marched back into the city and took up their old work, while the patricians promised to be fairer in their dealings.

"Thus peace was made and Rome was saved."

As Mr. Gray finished the story the carriage drew up in front of their home.

"What a short ride it seemed," said Tessa. "It must have been because of the story you told us, Mr. Gray. I shall never forget it."

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"WERE SOON IN THE MIDST OF A MERRY CROWD"

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horse reached the goal. This one was the winner of the race, of course.

"We can see this sport every night of the carnival," his father told him, as they walked slowly homeward, looking at the sights on the way.

Early the next morning Tessa and Beppo started off on their donkeys once more. They did not wish to lose a moment of the day's fun. They had many a mock battle with the children whom they met, but the fighting was all good-natured, and the only weapons used were handfuls of confetti.

In the afternoon they found themselves near Arthur and Lucy, who were in an open carriage. They did not have their masks on, so their friends spied them out very quickly. They were very glad to see each other, but the crowd was so great they did not have a chance to say much.

"Tessa," whispered Lucy, "father has something to ask your parents. He was

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going to write to them if he did not see them before the end of the carnival. Be sure to tell them. It is about you."

That was all she had a chance to say before the driver started up the horses and she had passed on. Tessa wondered what it could be about, but her mind was soon busy with the gay sights, and she forgot all about it till she reached home.

The last night of the carnival was the gayest time of all. As soon as it was dark, Tessa went with her father and mother and Beppo out into the streets. Every one carried a torch and tried to keep it lighted. At the same time he must try to put out as many other torches as possible.

How the lights danced up and down the streets! What a puffing and blowing there was all the time. Tessa no sooner got her torch lighted than some one came up from behind and put it out. Then she would

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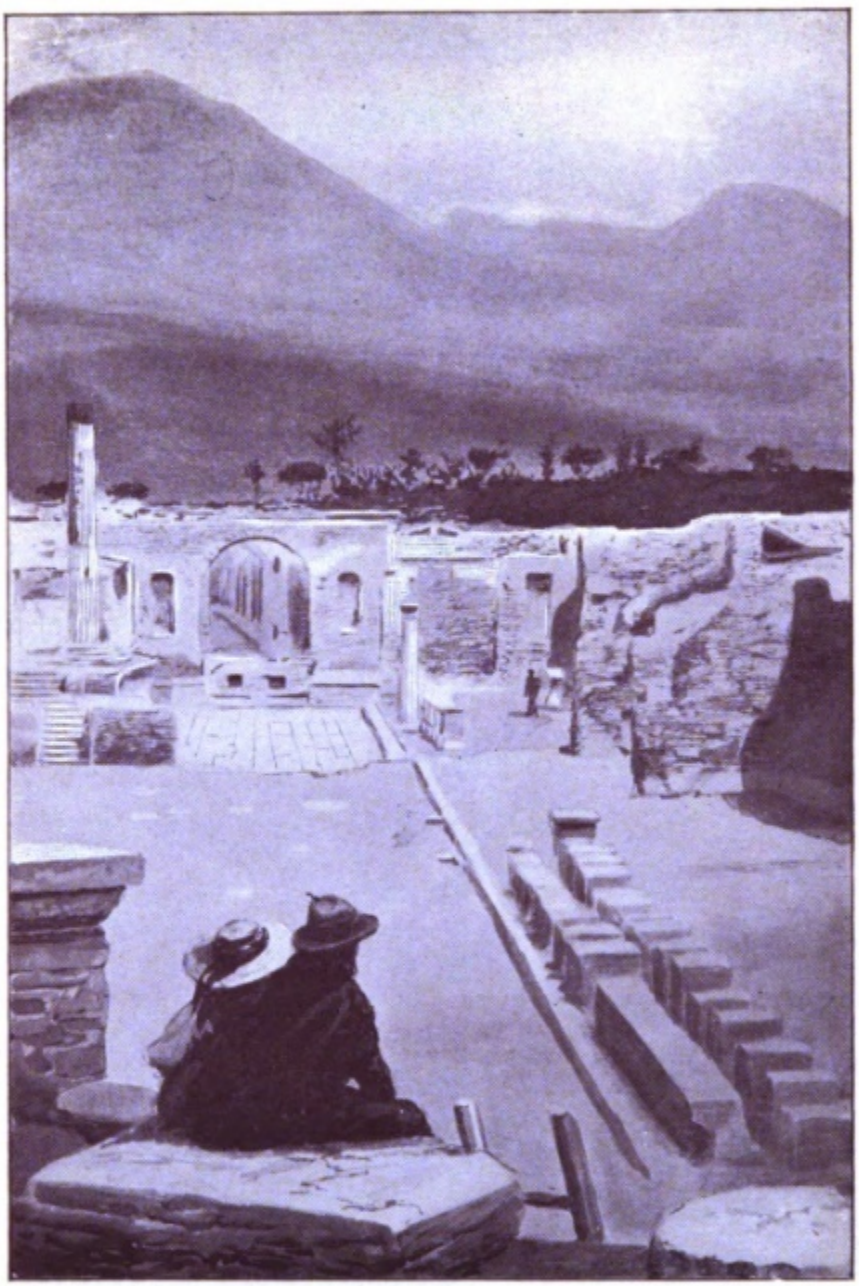

"IT WAS A STRANGE PLACE"

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