

As she turned and went toward the house, I saw the glitter of the Panama chain about her thin and sallow throat, and, by the motion of her hands, that she was retwisting the same wire fastening that Eben Jackson had manufactured for it.

Five years after, last June, I went to Simsbury with a gay picnic party. This time Lizzy was with me; indeed, she generally is now.

I detached myself from the rest, after we were fairly arranged for the day, and wandered away alone to "Miss Buel's."

The house was closed, the path grassy, a sweetbrier bush had blown across the door, and was gay with blossoms; all was still, dusty, desolate. I could not be satisfied with this. The meeting-house was as near as any neighbor's, and the graveyard would ask me no curious questions; I entered it doubting; but there, "on the leeward side," near to the grave of "Bethia Jackson, wife of John Eben Jackson," were two new stones, one dated but a year later than the other, recording the deaths of "Temperance Buel, aged 96," and "Hester Buel, aged 44."

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

[Continued.]

II.

Is it illusion? or does there a spirit from perfecter ages,
 Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and corruption, abide?
 Does there a spirit we know not, though seek, though we find, comprehend not,
 Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?
 Lives in the exquisite grace of the column disjointed and single,
 Haunts the rude masses of brick garlanded gayly with vine,
 E'en in the turret fantastic surviving that springs from the ruin,
 E'en in the people itself? Is it illusion or not?
 Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim Transalpine,
 Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
 Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
 Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?

I.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHAT do the people say, and what does the government do?—you Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favor your hopes; and I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems, to describe it. I, who nor meddle nor make in politics,—I, who sincerely Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot, Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of heaven Right on the Place de la Concorde,—I, ne'ertheless, let me say it, Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the gates, shed One true tear for thee, thou poor little Roman republic!

France, it is foully done ! and you, my stupid old England,—
 You, who a twelvemonth ago said nations must choose for themselves, you
 Could not, of course, interfere,—you, now, when a nation has chosen—
 Pardon this folly ! *The Times* will, of course, have announced the occasion,
 Told you the news of to-day ; and although it was slightly in error
 When it proclaimed as a fact the Apollo was sold to a Yankee,
 You may believe when it tells you the French are at Civita Vecchia.

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

“DULCE” it is, and “*decorum*,” no doubt, for the country to fall,—to
 Offer one’s blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause ; yet
 Still, individual culture is also something, and no man
 Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is called on,
 Or would be justified, even, in taking away from the world that
 Precious creature, himself. Nature sent him here to abide here ;
 Else why sent him at all ? Nature wants him still, it is likely.
 On the whole, we are meant to look after ourselves ; it is certain
 Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and in general
 Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation ;
 Nature’s intentions, in most things uncertain, in this most plain and decisive :
 These, on the whole, I conjecture the Romans will follow, and I shall.

So we cling to the rocks like limpets ; Ocean may bluster,
 Over and under and round us ; we open our shells to imbibe our
 Nourishment, close them again, and are safe, fulfilling the purpose
 Nature intended,—a wise one, of course, and a noble, we doubt not.
 Sweet it may be and decorous, perhaps, for the country to die ; but,
 On the whole, we conclude the Romans won’t do it, and I shan’t.

III.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WILL they fight ? They say so. And will the French ? I can hardly,
 Hardly think so ; and yet — He is come, they say, to Palo,
 He is passed from Monterone, at Santa Severa
 He hath laid up his guns. But the Virgin, the Daughter of Roma,
 She hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn,—the Daughter of Tiber
 She hath shaken her head and built barricades against thee !

Will they fight ? I believe it. Alas, ’tis ephemeral folly,
 Vain and ephemeral folly, of course, compared with pictures,
 Statues, and antique gems,—indeed : and yet indeed too,
 Yet methought, in broad day did I dream,—tell it not in St. James’s,
 Whisper it not in thy courts, O Christ Church !—yet did I, waking,
 Dream of a cadence that sings, *Si tombent nos jeunes héros, la*
Terre en produit de nouveaux contre vous tous prêts à se battre ;
 Dreamt of great indignations and angers transcendental,
 Dreamt of a sword at my side and a battle-horse underneath me.

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Now supposing the French or the Neapolitan soldier
 Should by some evil chance come exploring the Maison Serny,

(Where the family English are all to assemble for safety.)
 Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?
 Really, who knows? One has bowed and talked, till, little by little,
 All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit.
 Oh, one conformed, of course; but one doesn't die for good manners,
 Stab or shoot, or be shot, by way of a graceful attention.
 No, if it should be at all, it should be on the barricades there;
 Should I incarnadine ever this inky pacifical finger,
 Sooner far should it be for this vapor of Italy's freedom,
 Sooner far by the side of the damned and dirty plebeians.

Ah, for a child in the street I could strike; for the full-blown lady—
 Somehow, Eustace, alas, I have not felt the vocation.

Yet these people of course will expect, as of course, my protection,
 Vernon in radiant arms stand forth for the lovely Georgina,
 And to appear, I suppose, were but common civility. Yes, and
 Truly I do not desire they should either be killed or offended.

Oh, and of course you will say, "When the time comes, you will be ready."
 Ah, but before it comes, am I to presume it will be so?
 What I cannot feel now, am I to suppose that I shall feel?
 Am I not free to attend for the ripe and indubious instinct?
 Am I forbidden to wait for the clear and lawful perception?
 Is it the calling of man to surrender his knowledge and insight,
 For the mere venture of what may, perhaps, be the virtuous action?
 Must we, walking o'er earth, discerning a little, and hoping
 Some plain visible task shall yet for our hands be assigned us,—
 Must we abandon the future for fear of omitting the present,
 Quit our own fireside hopes at the alien call of a neighbor,
 To the mere possible shadow of Deity offer the victim?
 And is all this, my friend, but a weak and ignoble repining,
 Wholly unworthy the head or the heart of Your Own Correspondent?

V.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, we are fighting at last, it appears. This morning, as usual,
Murray, as usual, in hand, I enter the *Caffè Nuovo*;
 Seating myself with a sense as it were of a change in the weather,
 Not understanding, however, but thinking mostly of *Murray*,
 And, for to-day is their day, of the *Campidoglio Marbles*,
Caffè-latte! I call to the waiter,—and *Non c'è latte*,
 This is the answer he makes me, and this the sign of a battle.
 So I sit; and truly they seem to think any one else more
 Worthy than me of attention. I wait for my milkless *nero*,
 Free to observe undistracted all sorts and sizes of persons,
 Blending civilian and soldier in strangest costume, coming in, and
 Gulping in hottest haste, still standing, their coffee,—withdrawing
 Eagerly, jangling a sword on the steps, or jogging a musket
 Slung to the shoulder behind. They are fewer, moreover, than usual,
 Much, and silenter far; and so I begin to imagine
 Something is really afloat. Ere I leave, the *Caffè* is empty,
 Empty too the streets, in all its length the *Corso*
 Empty, and empty I see to my right and left the *Condotti*.

Twelve o'clock, on the *Pincian Hill*, with lots of English,

Germans, Americans, French,—the Frenchmen, too, are protected.
 So we stand in the sun, but afraid of a probable shower;
 So we stand and stare, and see, to the left of St. Peter's,
 Smoke, from the cannon, white,—but that is at intervals only,—
 Black, from a burning house, we suppose, by the Cavalleggeri;
 And we believe we discern some lines of men descending
 Down through the vineyard-slopes, and catch a bayonet gleaming.
 Every ten minutes, however,—in this there is no misconception,—
 Comes a great white puff from behind Michel Angelo's dome, and
 After a space the report of a real big gun,—not the Frenchman's?—
 That must be doing some work. And so we watch and conjecture.

Shortly, an Englishman comes, who says he has been to St. Peter's,
 Seen the Piazza and troops, but that is all he can tell us;
 So we watch and sit, and, indeed, it begins to be tiresome.—
 All this smoke is outside; when it has come to the inside,
 It will be time, perhaps, to descend and retreat to our houses.

Half-past one, or two. The report of small arms frequent,
 Sharp and savage indeed; that cannot all be for nothing:
 So we watch and wonder; but guessing is tiresome, very.
 Weary of wondering, watching, and guessing, and gossiping idly,
 Down I go, and pass through the quiet streets with the knots of
 National Guards patrolling, and flags hanging out at the windows,
 English, American, Danish,—and, after offering to help an
 Irish family moving *en masse* to the Maison Serny,
 After endeavoring idly to minister balm to the trembling
 Quinquagenarian fears of two lone British spinsters,
 Go to make sure of my dinner before the enemy enter.
 But by this there are signs of stragglers returning; and voices
 Talk, though you don't believe it, of guns and prisoners taken;
 And on the walls you read the first bulletin of the morning.—
 This is all that I saw, and all I know of the battle.

VI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

VICTORY! VICTORY!—Yes! ah, yes, thou republican Zion,
 Truly the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together;
 Doubtless they marvelled to witness such things, were astonished, and so forth.
 Victory! Victory! Victory!—Ah, but it is, believe me,
 Easier, easier far, to intone the chant of the martyr
 Than to indite any pæan of any victory. Death may
 Sometimes be noble; but life, at the best, will appear an illusion.
 While the great pain is upon us, it is great; when it is over,
 Why, it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to heaven,
 Of a sweet savor, no doubt, to somebody; but on the altar,
 Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dirt and ill odor.

So it stands, you perceive; the labial muscles, that swelled with
 Vehement evolution of yesterday Marseillaises,
 Articulations sublime of defiance and scorning, to-day col-
 Lapse and languidly mumble, while men and women and papers
 Scream and re-scream to each other the chorus of Victory. Well, but
 I am thankful they fought, and glad that the Frenchmen were beaten.

VII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

So I have seen a man killed! An experience that, among others!
 Yes, I suppose I have; although I can hardly be certain,
 And in a court of justice could never declare I had seen it.
 But a man was killed, I am told, in a place where I saw
 Something; a man was killed, I am told, and I saw something.

I was returning home from St. Peter's; Murray, as usual,
 Under my arm, I remember; had crossed the St. Angelo bridge; and
 Moving towards the Condotti, had got to the first barricade, when
 Gradually, thinking still of St. Peter's, I became conscious
 Of a sensation of movement opposing me,—tendency this way
 (Such as one fancies may be in a stream when the wave of the tide is
 Coming and not yet come,—a sort of poise and retention);
 So I turned, and, before I turned, caught sight of stragglers
 Heading a crowd, it is plain, that is coming behind that corner.
 Looking up, I see windows filled with heads; the Piazza,
 Into which you remember the Ponte St. Angelo enters,
 Since I passed, has thickened with curious groups; and now the
 Crowd is coming, has turned, has crossed that last barricade, is
 Here at my side. In the middle they drag at something. What is it?
 Ha! bare swords in the air, held up! There seem to be voices
 Pleading and hands putting back; official, perhaps; but the swords are
 Many, and bare in the air,—in the air! They descend! They are smiting,
 Hewing, chopping! At what? In the air once more upstretched! And
 Is it blood that's on them? Yes, certainly blood! Of whom, then?
 Over whom is the cry of this furor of exultation?

While they are skipping and screaming, and dancing their caps on the points of
 Swords and bayonets, I to the outskirts back, and ask a
 Mercantile-seeming bystander, "What is it?" and he, looking always
 That way, makes me answer, "A Priest, who was trying to fly to
 The Neapolitan army,"—and thus explains the proceeding.

You didn't see the dead man? No;—I began to be doubtful;
 I was in black myself, and didn't know what mightn't happen;—
 But a National Guard close by me, outside of the hubbub,
 Broke his sword with slashing a broad hat covered with dust,—and
 Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm, and
 Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a body.

You are the first, do you know, to whom I have mentioned the matter.
 Whom should I tell it to, else?—these girls?—the Heavens forbid it!—
 Quidnuncs at Monaldini's?—idlers upon the Pincian?

If I rightly remember, it happened on that afternoon when
 Word of the nearer approach of a new Neapolitan army
 First was spread. I began to bethink me of Paris Septembers,
 Thought I could fancy the look of the old 'Ninety-two. On that evening,
 Three or four, or, it may be, five, of these people were slaughtered.
 Some declare they had, one of them, fired on a sentinel; others
 Say they were only escaping; a Priest, it is currently stated,
 Stabbed a National Guard on the very Piazza Colonna:
 History, Rumor of Rumors, I leave it to thee to determine!

But I am thankful to say the government seems to have strength to

Put it down ; it has vanished, at least ; the place is now peaceful.
Through the Trastevere walking last night, at nine of the clock, I
Found no sort of disorder ; I crossed by the Island-bridges,
So by the narrow streets to the Ponte Rotto, and onwards
Thence, by the Temple of Vesta, away to the great Coliseum,
Which at the full of the moon is an object worthy a visit.

VIII.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ———.

ONLY think, dearest Louisa, what fearful scenes we have witnessed!—

* * * * *
George has just seen Garibaldi, dressed up in a long white cloak, on
Horseback, riding by, with his mounted negro behind him :
This is a man, you know, who came from America with him,
Out of the woods, I suppose, and uses a *lasso* in fighting,
Which is, I don't quite know, but a sort of noose, I imagine ;
This he throws on the heads of the enemy's men in a battle,
Pulls them into his reach, and then most cruelly kills them :
Mary does not believe, but we heard it from an Italian.

Mary allows she was wrong about Mr. Claude *being selfish* ;
He was *most* useful and kind on the terrible thirtieth of April.

Do not write here any more ; we are starting directly for Florence :
We should be off to-morrow, if only Papa could get horses ;
All have been seized everywhere for the use of this dreadful Mazzini.

P. S.

Mary has seen thus far.—I am really so angry, Louisa,—
Quite out of patience, my dearest! What can the man be intending ?
I am quite tired ; and Mary, who might bring him to in a moment,
Lets him go on as he likes, and neither will help nor dismiss him.

IX.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

It is most curious to see what a power a few calm words (in
Merely a brief proclamation) appear to possess on the people.
Order is perfect, and peace ; the city is utterly tranquil ;
And one cannot conceive that this easy and *nonchalant* crowd, that
Flows like a quiet stream through street and market-place, entering
Shady recesses and bays of church, *ostería* and *caffè*,
Could in a moment be changed to a flood as of molten lava,
Boil into deadly wrath and wild homicidal delusion.

Ah, 'tis an excellent race,—and even in old degradation,
Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating,
E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people.
Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption!—but clearly
That is not likely to be. Meantime, notwithstanding all journals,
Honor for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer!
Honor to speech! and all honor to thee, thou noble Mazzini!

X.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I AM in love, meantime, you think ; no doubt, you would think so.
I am in love, you say ; with those letters, of course, you would say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I grant you
 It is a pleasure, indeed, to converse with this girl. Oh, rare gift,
 Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way, can
 Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind and of thinking,
 Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one moment,
 Never, however you urge it, however you tempt her, consents to
 Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations to those vain
 Conscious understandings that vex the minds of man-kind.
 No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert not the keys; 'tis
 Song, though you hear in her song the articulate vocables sounded,
 Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.

XI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AH, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, unbiased, unprompted!
 Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or end what is present!
 Say not, Time flies, and occasion, that never returns, is departing!
 Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords, from my Eden,
 Waiting, and watching, and looking! Let love be its own inspiration!
 Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from the airs that environ,
 Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our knowledge or effort,
 Break into audible words? Let love be its own inspiration!

XII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHEREFORE and how I am certain, I hardly can tell; but it is so.
 She doesn't like me, Eustace; I think she never will like me.
 Is it my fault, as it is my misfortune, my ways are not her ways?
 Is it my fault, that my habits and modes are dissimilar wholly?
 'Tis not her fault, 'tis her nature, her virtue, to misapprehend them:
 'Tis not her fault, 'tis her beautiful nature, not even to know me.
 Hopeless it seems,—yet I cannot, hopeless, determine to leave it:
 She goes,—therefore I go; she moves,—I move, not to lose her.

XIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

OH, 'tisn't manly, of course, 'tisn't manly, this method of wooing;
 'Tisn't the way very likely to win. For the woman, they tell you,
 Ever prefers the audacious, the wilful, the vehement hero;
 She has no heart for the timid, the sensitive soul; and for knowledge,—
 Knowledge, O ye gods!—when did they appreciate knowledge?
 Wherefore should they, either? I am sure I do not desire it.
 Ah, and I feel too, Eustace, she cares not a tittle about me!
 (Care about me, indeed! and do I really expect it?)
 But my manner offends; my ways are wholly repugnant;
 Every word that I utter estranges, hurts, and repels her;
 Every moment of bliss that I gain, in her exquisite presence,
 Slowly, surely, withdraws her, removes her, and severs her from me.
 Not that I care very much!—any way, I escape from the boy's own
 Folly, to which I am prone, of loving where it is easy.
 Yet, after all, my Eustace, I know but little about it.
 All I can say for myself, for present alike and for past, is,

Mary Trevellyn, Eustace, is certainly worth your acquaintance.
You couldn't come, I suppose, as far as Florence, to see her ?

XIV.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ———.

* * * To-morrow we're starting for Florence,
Truly rejoiced, you may guess, to escape from republican terrors ;
Mr. C. and Papa to escort us ; we by *vettura*
Through Siena, and Georgy to follow and join us by Leghorn.
Then — Ah, what shall I say, my dearest ? I tremble in thinking !
You will imagine my feelings,—the blending of hope and of sorrow !
How can I bear to abandon Papa and Mamma and my sisters ?
Dearest Louisa, indeed it is very alarming ; but trust me
Ever, whatever may change, to remain your loving Georgina.

P. S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

* * * “ Do I like Mr. Claude any better ? ”
I am to tell you,—and, “ Pray, is it Susan or I that attract him ? ”
This he never has told, but Georgina could certainly ask him.
All I can say for myself is, alas ! that he rather repels me.
There ! I think him agreeable, but also a little repulsive.
So be content, dear Louisa ; for one satisfactory marriage
Surely will do in one year for the family you would establish ,
Neither Susan nor I shall afford you the joy of a second.

P. S. BY GEORGINA TREVELLYN.

Mr. Claude, you must know, is behaving a little bit better ;
He and Papa are great friends ; but he really is too *shilly-shally*,—
So unlike George ! Yet I hope that the matter is going on fairly.
I shall, however, get George, before he goes, to say something.
Dearest Louisa, how delightful, to bring young people together !

Is it to Florence we follow, or are we to tarry yet longer,
E'en amid clamor of arms, here in the city of old,
Seeking from clamor of arms in the Past and the Arts to be hidden,
Vainly 'mid Arts and the Past seeking our life to forget ?

Ah, fair shadow, scarce seen, go forth ! for anon he shall follow,—
He that beheld thee, anon, whither thou ledest, must go !
Go, and the wise, loving Muse, she also will follow and find thee !
She, should she linger in Rome, were not dis severed from thee !

[To be continued.]

A WELSH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

I HAD been knocking about London, as the phrase goes, for more months than I choose to mention, when, my purse presenting unmistakable symptoms of a coming state of collapse, I began seriously to look about me for the means of replenishing it. Luckily, I had not to wait long for an opportunity. One morning, as I sat in the box of a coffee-room in Holborn, running my eye over the advertisement columns of the "Times," I met with one which promised novelty, at least; I had had too much experience in such matters to anticipate from it any very great *pecuniary* compensation. The said advertisement was to the effect, that a gentleman who combined literary tastes with business habits was required to edit a paper published in a town in South Wales; and it went on to state, that application, personally or by letter, might be made to the proprietor of the said journal at M——.

That I possessed some taste for literature I was well enough assured; but as for my "business habits," perhaps the least said about them, the better. This condition of candidateship, however, I quietly shirked, while counting over my few remaining coins, scarcely more than sufficient, after paying my landlady, to defray my expenses to M——, some one hundred and sixty miles distant. Determining, then, to assume a commercial virtue, though I had it not, I quitted the metropolis, and in due time reached the land of leeks, with a light heart, and seven and sixpence sterling in my pocket.

A queer little Welsh town was M——, with an androgynous population,—or so it seemed to me, who had never before beheld women wearing men's hats and coats, and men with head-coverings and other articles of apparel of a very ambiguous description. It chanced to be market-day when I arrived, so that I had a capital opportunity of observing the

population for whose edification my "literary tastes" were, I hoped, to be called into requisition. But at the very outset a tremendous difficulty stared me in the face. Nine out of every ten of the people I met or passed spoke in a language that to me was as unintelligibly mysterious as the cuneiform characters on Mr. Layard's Nineveh sculptures. It was a hard, harsh, guttural dialect, which even those who were to the manner born seemed to jerk out painfully and spasmodically from their lingual organs. This was especially obvious during a bargain, where an excited market-man was endeavoring to pass off a tough old gander as a tender young goose, to some equally excited customer. It was dissonant enough to *my* ear, but I fancy it would have driven a sensitive Italian to distraction. After listening to the horrible jargon for some time, I could easily believe the story which poor William Maginn used to tell with such unction, of the origin of the Welsh language. It was to this effect.—When the Tower of Babel was being built, the workmen all spoke one tongue. Just at the very instant when the "confusion" occurred, a mason, trowel in hand, called for a brick. This his assistant was so long in handing to him, that he incontinently flew into a towering passion, and discharged from the said trowel a quantity of mortar, which entered the other's windpipe just as he was stammering out an excuse. The air, rushing through the poultice-like mixture, caused a spluttering and gurgling, which, blending with the half-formed words, became that language ever since known as Welsh.—I think it my duty to advise the reader never to tell this anecdote to any descendants of Cadwallader, who are peculiarly sensitive on the subject, and so hot-blooded, that it is not at all unlikely the injudicious story-teller might be deprived of any future opportunity of insulting the