

## HER TOUR.

Yes, we've been travelling my dear,  
Three months, or such a matter,  
And 'tis a blessing to get clear  
Of all the clash and clutter.  
Ah! when I look the guide-book through,  
And see each queer place in there,  
'Tis hard to make it seem quite true  
That I myself have been there.

Our voyage? Oh, of course 'twas gay—  
Delightful! splendid! glorious!  
We spurned the shore—we sped away—  
We rode the waves victorious.  
The first mate's moustache was so grand!  
The ocean sweet, though stormy  
(I was so sick I could not stand,  
But husband saw it for me).

At Queenstown we saw land once more—  
Ground never looked so pretty!  
We took a steam-car near the shore  
For some light-sounding city.  
A very ordinary stone  
We had to kiss at Blarney:  
The beggars wouldn't let us alone  
That half-day at Killarney.

The Giants' Causeway? 'Tis arranged  
With no regard to science;  
It must somehow of late have changed—  
At least we saw no giants.  
Some little funny scrubs of folks  
Sold pictures, and were merry:  
The men were full of yarn and jokes,  
The women barefoot, very.

Old Scotland? Yes, all in our power  
We did there, to be thorough:  
We stopped in Glasgow one whole hour,  
Then straight to Edinburgh.  
At Abbotsford we made a stay  
(Of half an hour precisely  
(The ruins all along the way  
Were ruined very nicely).

We did two mountains in the rain,  
And left the others undone,  
Then took the "Flying Scotchman" train,  
And came by night to London.  
Long tunnels somewhere on the line  
Made sound and darkness deeper.  
No; English scenery is not fine,  
Viewed from a Pullman sleeper.

Oh, Paris! Paris! Paris! 'tis  
No wonder, dear, that you go  
So far into the ecstasies  
About that Victor Hugo!  
He paints the city, high and low,  
With faithful pen and ready  
(I think, my dear, I ought to know—  
We drove there two hours steady).

Through Switzerland by train. Yes, I  
Enjoyed it in a measure;  
But still the mountains are too high  
To see with any pleasure.  
Their tops—they made my neck quite stiff,  
Just stretching up to view them;  
And folks are very foolish if  
They clamber clear up to see them!

Rome, Venice, Naples, and the Rhine?  
We did them—do not doubt it:  
This guide book here is very fine—  
'Twill tell you all about it.  
We've saved up Asia till next year,  
If business gets unravell'd.  
What! going? Come again! and, dear,  
I will not seem so travelled.

WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's*.

## BEWARE OF THE WIDOW.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love. No sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand-dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to single blessedness and a fat dowry; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, destined me to—

"Waste my sweets upon the desert air."

and thus only I can account for my escaping all the matrimonial and matrimonial snares that beset me in my youth.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at Paris, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men who attended me advised a visit to Nice for its restoration. In accordance with their direction, I, nothing loth (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me), set out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-enamoured of my monosyllabic patronyme, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet-doux; and having therefore, re-baptised myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montague, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified, to my own mind, with the title of *moustache*. Thus yeelped, and thus accoutred, I began my way at Nice, and, by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way in the world.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Pérolet, whose appearance, and more, her suifrance of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and-thirty, though less-favoured fair ones spoke of her as having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye-lashes of the same color, and long, thick, and silky; her complexion

fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw, and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified, and complacent smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich, and consequently amiable. She was a widow, too; and, with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and while she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garçons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinsters admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first, conscious of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condescending—her manner to me so kind and easy—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring—that, before I left her, I had, although blushing, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her little finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity, not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances; and being even then sensible that an independent aspect is the surest way to a woman's heart (for I had begun to think of her's), I contented myself, for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose 50 per cent. in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, "the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions; she is a lovely and an intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honor is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand, eager to bestow it on the first bidder!—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But, vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind." "But kindness never marries," said a still, small voice. "Yet she oftentimes gives birth to love," I thought, in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; but she has interested me, and by—I'll try it!"

Again we met. The widow smiled at me, and threatened, if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself, and I retired, for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now, then, Ephraim," said I, for the *coup d'essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather; broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new flounce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But, Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service. "Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week, and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I; "cela va du mieux." And thanking her for the honor of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock came, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her (for the secrecy she wished me to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the staircase was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning; a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match your puny wits against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning, having dressed myself with more than ordinary care, I found myself about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame Pérolet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing-room, where the

widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly-carved writing-table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual inquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy, when I entered, writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I write so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blackened my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of yours is a most sacrilegious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh, indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the list she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montagu of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honor of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have! What other engagement could induce me to forego—"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honor you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon be irksome to you, for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madam? then will I be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen ought else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't pray," she replied; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billet-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbor thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire—"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu! but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said, "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, madam," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, hastily, "do, pray, think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours—"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," I said, warning as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see how you have kept your promise, not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave it till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not," I said. I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit, on my honor," and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed. I pen in hand, madame with her pocket-book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilde, for that she told me was her name, was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating, and in every way engaging; but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt rather than told each other's hopes, and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before and have often since squandered in unnecessary or unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her, and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have frenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married; a *contrat de mariage* was necessary, and I was to wait upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilda explained to me the nature and amount of her property, what was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own, I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is in a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Pérolet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must know, was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have that name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson—"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! you are my grandmother!"

## NATIONAL NONENTITIES.

I don't suppose many people will now be found to object to Balfie having a tablet in Westminster Abbey. At all events, it is not a question of his body being there; and his memory, if it only means a few extra square inches of the national mausoleum above ground, is at least as good as some other "memories," whose actual bones have crowded out the bones of better men. That is about all I can say for Balfie's tablet. The fact is, what the common sense and the common feeling of the country wants—and, probably, always did want—is the reservation of Westminster Abbey for the real "upper crust" of humanity—the very best, wisest, and greatest. Well, that has been found an impossibility. Contemporaries snap their fingers in the faces of Posterities, and are sure to hustle a number of their Cheap Jack celebrities in among the great Silences of the Abbey. Whenever a fussy man who has made a splash in architecture—given good dinners or painted bad pictures—won a party victory—written books or made speeches, has left behind him a number of fussy friends, they besiege the unfortunate Dean of Westminster. He often, being no specialist, has no special opinion—takes advice, and usually falls a victim to the noisiest—and in goes the body or up goes the tablet. This has been, no doubt, the case ever since the Abbey was used for burial. No one can look through the tablets or the brasses at the Abbey without asking why some people are there and why some others are not? It would, indeed, be a good thing if no one about whom it was necessary to ask advice were admitted at all into the Abbey. A man once asked me whether I advised him to marry a certain lady. I replied, "Don't marry anyone until you find it unnecessary to ask such a question."

I don't want to be misunderstood. I have nothing to say against the honor shown to Darwin. Dickens was an enormous—perhaps the greatest—entertainer of his age; and even Sterndale Bennett had some claims as the pale reflex in England of the transient school of the immortal Mendelssohn. I could, however, never understand the burial of Mr. Street, whose claim to celebrity seems to be that he naturalized amongst us that peculiarly gloomy, and hole-in-the-wall style of North Italian Gothic which is least fitted to our unsunny climate, and is most uncomfortable to live in. But the feeling about Balfie is undoubtedly genuine, and he was a genuine melodist, as Canon Duckworth remarked, though he might have said so without stumbling into the common error of supposing that Balfie was really more melodious than certain others. The fact is, he wrote a few good songs—"When other lips and other hearts," and "I dream that I dwell," &c.—which had the same kind of astonishing, and perhaps ephemeral, popularity as some of Longfellow's smaller lyrics. He also wrote two or three operas like "The Bohemian Girl," that show a tendency, even now, to hold the stage, and are cleverly orchestrated—in his days a rare thing for operas in that style; and I believe, too, he was at the time the only Englishman who ever got £1,000 for an opera. "Nous avons changé tout cela avec"—"Pinafore," &c. And so Balfie has claims. But what he really deserved was a line of "honorable mention" in Westminster Abbey. Why are there not the three degrees? It is high time there should be, in the Abbey's overcrowded state. Those not great enough for a tomb should have a tablet, and those not great enough for a tablet should have "a line of honorable mention." There would then be some chance of really great people in 1892 finding some niche for a tiny tablet somewhere all to themselves; but at the present rate of immortality-manufacture there is certainly none.—*Truth*.

LONG-POINTED finger-nails are fashionable among women, but they will never be popular with married men.