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[FROM THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.]

IN LOVE,

OR
My Friend the Major.

BY RUTH ANNA BROWN.

[CONCLUDED.]

To MAJOR CAUVENUE:—My friend Julia did not appear on Wednesday, as her father, suspecting something was going on, had her closely watched. He took her to your lecture on Thursday, and on Friday, discovering your letters, he swore most furiously and cursed you as an 'impudent hypocritical scoundrel'; he shut up Jane in her room, and has not allowed any person admittance to her. To-day I bribed the waiter and carried up the dinner. Oh! what a wreck she is. Could you see her now your generous heart would melt for her sufferings. She is a victim to a tyrannical, cruel hearted father, and perhaps she may die. She implored me on her knees, to write to you, as her father does not allow her paper, pencil or pen, and not even a book. He says "novel reading" has brought her to "shame and disgrace" for Jane, frightened at his violence, confessed to him that she had written to you first; she begs you as you love her to leave the city; she fears for your life, and she says she could not survive your death. "Most loving, most noble Gaspar," she says, "should I die, forgive my father; forget not that though cruel, he is bound to me by the tenderest and holiest of ties." Can you not do something for my distressed friend?—think and act.

MARGARET JONES.

Rushing to my writing desk, which stood open, he hastily penned the following note:

"Most HONORED SIR:—Hearing that your daughter Jane is confined by you to her room because she has dared to love, has dared to confess that love, I sue for her pardon; she has not transgressed the bounds of maiden modesty, she is pure, unsoiled as the vestal virgin; her soul has found its mate, and has leaped forth to assert its sovereignty. Can you be cruel! I mind you not of days past when her sainted mother addressed to you words of fond affection, when your sons beat responsive, when love was all in all to each I your poor gentle flower may be crushed by your sternness; the keen northern blast that withers and braces the vigorous pine, widens the gentle violet. Be careful, most esteemed sir; many a marble hall has been made desolate; many a lofty pile has been left extinct; many a wealthy inheritance gone to strangers through cruelty; be kind to your only one—your greatest blessing—the one pet lamb that was left to console you when the wife of your bosom, the mother of your angel, was called to heaven. Release her from confinement, and I pledge you my word of honor, an honor unsullied as the snows of Siberia, that she will be guided by you. Admit me to your house, most noble sir, and I know your consent to our love will be freely given. I come of a noble race, of an old Virginia family; I bear a name honorable and glorious—not a taint ever rested upon it. I was rich; I have the vouchers to prove I spent the bulk of my fortune in purchase of lands in Texas. I sent out to Ireland for a ship load of emigrants to colonize the region; there I intend to plant a nation; I shall build a chateau; I shall be the governor, lord, and absolute sovereign. Your daughter will share the honors the happiness and the wealth that will be mine. One ship load of emigrants built, ploughed and planted; they had no patience; they complained, they rebelled. At the point of the bayonet I ordered them off my grounds. I am here in New York to make arrangements for receiving another colony—fortune has been adverse; I have met with losses, but fate has better things in store for me, inquires, you will find I am honorable brave and true. By the faith of a gentleman, the honor of a true soldier, I bid you release Jane; her lover will repay you a thousand fold for the vexations of life, the storms of the world.

Yours, most sincerely,

GASPAR CAUVENUE,

Late Major in the Army.

The tears stood in the Major's eyes as he read in touching tones, his epistle. All the pathos of his nature was called into play and his enthusiastic feelings were fully enlisted in the cause; his late defeat was forgotten; it was again the invincible the unconquered. Words were impossible to express the tremendous depths of his affection. "Dear gentle Pry," I said with the poor Major, "is it not better to love foolishly than not to be able to love at all?"

The major kissed my hand, bowed imperially at Pry who sat smoking, and left us to post his letter.

"GREATEST OF FOOLS: Major Gaspar

CAUVENUE—I don't give you the credit of being a knave, if you had been you would never have bought thousands of acres in Texas and sent for a ship load of rascally Irish to settle upon your land. I have no ambition to have my daughter inhabit a log chateau, and share the honors of sovereignty over a bog trotting, filthy, lazy, lying set of Irish, with the meanest man I ever knew, and I shall keep her shut up until she is of my opinion, if it's forever. Leave off lecturing, go to work, and take my word for it, you'll come to your senses.

"This was the reply that the Major received two days afterwards to his pathetic appeal.

"Mrs Pry:—I am jealous and suspicious, proud and sensitive. Jane is lovely I believe; I will slay any one who possesses her; I would kill the President if he offered her a gift. She must, she shall be mine. Her father is a low tyrant; she cannot be happy at home. I shall scale her prison walls and carry her away; and through her friend Margaret I shall discover her residence."

My DEAR MISS MARGARET:—Tell Jane I come, I fly to release her from the clutches of a tyrant, from the house of a father who is not human, who is a coarse ghoul that would see all the holy, beautiful affections blasted. He has abused and insulted me, let me know where you are and I defy mortal man to keep my Jane from me, prison bars and bolts shall fly back when I enter. Let me hear from you Miss Margaret, this very day.

Yours with grateful esteem,

GASPAR CAUVENUE.

A week passed. The Major had no rest day or night, and I may truly say neither had Pry or myself. In fact Pry was getting sick of the whole business, and said "his good nature couldn't hold out much longer." The Marquis' stories were lengthy, and he was writing his memoirs—passages of which he insisted on reading to Pry. I slyly told young Linus, that I thought he had carried the joke far enough—but he made no reply.

It requires no small experience of the world to know that a man is telling you lies, when you can conceive no especial reason for him doing so; and when I took all the Major's statements as most unquestionable facts, Pry pinched my cheek and called me a blessed little dupe, yet I am not sure whether it was not best to be duped.

The Major had requested the post-master to notice who called for the letters addressed to Miss Jane Smith, thinking it possible by that means, to discover her residence.

Friday came. The Major was out when the penny post left for him three letters.

The dinner hour passed, the tea bell rang; the waiter said the Major would not appear. At eight o'clock in the evening as Pry and I sat playing at backgammon, Pry burning incense to my charms with a lighted cigar, the Major's rap was heard. "Confound him for an infernal boar," said Pry, as he shouted in no pleasant tone, "come in."

Three open letters were in his hand, which without a word he laid upon the arm of Pry's chair.

"SWEETEST AND MOST CREDULOUS OF DUPES: Major Gaspar Cauvencue.—Blame not one of my sex, if to undecieve you with regard to your various qualifications for love and adoration, I have stooped to feign a passion which is foreign, and most ever be to my nature—no egotist no love-sick, whining, vain, silly, figure of a man, can call forth any other emotions than those of ridicule and contempt—wherever you may go, in whatever society you may form a part, your contemptible airs your superciliousness, your bragadoia will always bring you to mortification. A curse to yourself a bore to others, you will always be the silly dupe of those upon whom you look down with contempt. If you have such love passages, smother them, drown them, strangle them. But a man of forty should be collected and quiet, and put away childish things.

"Now farewell, softest, sweetest of individuals, when next you go a wooing, it will not be to

JANE SMITH.

MOST BRILLIANT OF LECTURERS: Gaspar Cauvencue:—As the friend of Jane Smith, allow me to speak freely, and I hope sincerely and truthfully to you.—Quit love making and lecturing. A girl of sweet sixteen cannot be caught by your fulsome flattery or your soft speeches. She prefers the fresh heart, and the unbacked love of a youth of her own age. Could you expect to elicit esteem,

to deserve love, when making such a fool of yourself as you did upon the night of your lecture? My father, who is a member of the H—club, says he never met with so great a fool in his life, and he has heard George Washington Dixon. "Good bye most ancient donkey. Cultivate modesty and read Byron. No danger of your being accused of plagiarism. Your true friend,

MARGARET JONES."

MOST EASILY DUPED OF INDIVIDUALS: Major Gaspar Cauvencue:—Marble halls are not desolated, rich patrimonies go not a begging, most vain sir, because you stand in the way; iron bars and bolts were not necessary to confine my daughter when once she saw you in your true colors. The but of the house where you live, the laughing stock of sensible men, the flattered ridiculous fool of women, you swagger through life and society, with your 'bayonet' and your 'fiscal agent' eliciting mirth, sarcasm and contempt, when you think yourself standing in rustling garments, and great bravery, riding down those about you.

"Go to your lands in Texas, build your chateau, cultivate modesty, and take an Indian princess for a wife. Distrust yourself and learn wisdom from the past. Leave writing your memoirs, for they could be only those of a donkey, and would be as profitless as was your lecture on forewearing."

"Farewell most intolerable donkey, and when next you make a fool of yourself, may I be there to see. It's better than any farce performed at Burton's."

JANE SMITH.

Rage, mortification, insulted outraged feelings, were plainly visible on the Major's face. "It's Simms," said the Major "I got the description to-day from the office, and he it is that has all this time so abused me. What shall I do, challenge him!"

"That's against the law," said Pry.

"I'll flog him."

"You can try, but I rather think he'll whip you," said Pry as he thought of the muscular frame and peculiar strength of young Simms.

"To be insulted by Simms," said the Major, "it is too bad, a wretch low and vulgar, only a merchantable clerk, that I never condescended to notice; a great stalwart country bumpkin, with red hands (the Major's were delicate as a girl's), and great spig feet, and to think that I can't hurt him or run him through with my bayonet. Flog him! no I won't flog him, he's not worth the price of a whalebone stick."

The Major went to bed and had a fever. I shall not describe his feelings, or give a journal of his despair. Have no others been foiled in love, been duped, been mortified? Yes and few have died.

When I next heard of the Major—for Pry had an official appointment about this time, and we left to reside in Washington—he was a married man, the father of six children, and a resident of California. I met a lady one day who had just returned from California, and she had been a boarder in W— Place with us, we naturally talked over old affairs. In the course of the conversation the Major's name was mentioned, when Mrs C. remarked she had met him in C—.

"How is he?" Pry asked.

"The same as ever," she replied.—"He told me all about his marriage. It is said he shockingly abuses his wife, who is the most magnificent woman in the country."

After the denouement in W— Place, he remained a few weeks, but finding that young Simms was perfectly unmoved at his threats, and being at heart a coward, he suddenly disappeared. It seems, however, that he still continued the pursuit of the ladies; and one day while passing through Center Street, he saw a beautiful girl upon the walk, about fourteen years of age. He asked her name, upon which she pouted her pretty lips, looked askance at him, and declined to give it. But with his usual perseverance in such matters, he hung around her until she departed for home, and followed her, he went into her mother who kept a little shop, and said—

"Madam," in his most courtly manner, "give your daughter to me as a wife—she is superb!"

The old lady, hard-worked, poor and friendless, glanced at him; his fine appearance, his half military uniform, his courteous manner, was not without its

effect. She asked his name, he gave her a short account of himself, and proposed for Miss Kate.

"Come hither, Kate, will you marry the Major?"

"I won't; he is old, and I don't like him."

"Give her time," said the Major; and leaving his card, he departed.

For a year he made every effort to propitiate Kate, and finally married her; but on her side there was only a forced consent given, for the sake of the mother whom she dearly loved, and the young brothers and sisters who were friendless.

A year passed in New York, in the widow's close quarters, and then the Major exchanged his lands in Texas, for a grant in California. He took his wife, and her family with him and settled there.

At the age of twenty-two she was the mother of six children, but was not, nor never had been a happy wife. Superbly beautiful, she was not affectionate, and took no pains to conceal that the Major was perfectly indifferent to her. She was spared the misery of having her heart awakened by another than her husband. To all she was indifferent and cool, so much so that she was called the "beautiful." Proud of his wife, the Major loved to see her admired, but he was so jealous of the attention paid to her, that he made her life miserable by his constant espionage. He saw no cause of complaint in her conduct, but he seemed to be constantly fearful that her woman's heart might be roused by some one she met. Did a gentleman call more than once, the Major scowled at him, treated him coolly, and finally shut his door against him. Often when obliged by business, to be away from home, he would look her in her apartment, and there to remain until it was his pleasure to release her. She never rebelled, never quarrelled, but it not a loving, was yet a complying wife. He was extremely kind to her mother, and her brothers and sisters, as they grew to maturity, were cared for kindly by him: for this she endured, what many another woman would have fought against.

When she had been ten years a wife, he left her, for a visit to San Francisco. There he plunged into all the gaieties of the season, and finally became enamored of a beautiful Mexican, as warm and impetuous as his wife was cool, and indifferent. Age had whitened his locks, but had not cooled the ardor of his passions, and persevering as in early days, in his pursuit of her, he was shot down coolly in the streets by a former favored lover.

An investigation into the matter was short and hurried. The Major's remains were carried to his estate and quietly buried without the pomp and show he loved so well.

His widow by the rise of property has become one of the richest persons in California, but she is still a widow, living retired, and devoting herself to her children.

Should any one suppose the Major's character overdrawn, I will say to such persons, that he was no myth, but a *bona fide* personage, and that I have endeavored to retain his own peculiar expressions with which he prefaced all important sentences.

When I knew him his memoirs had reached the fifth volume in MS., but I presume were never published. He professed to be the intimate friend of Henry Clay, and always said that that gentleman's *fiscal agent* was a copy of his own which he drew up for his especial benefit.

Those around him were always in doubt whether he was sane or had lost his reason. But to the last day of his life he appears to have been the same, and to have profited nothing by the painful lesson given him gratuitously by young Simms in W— Place.

As many of our readers are preparing for travel or go into the country for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an ounce phial of the spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensables, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate and free application of this alkali as a wash to the part bitten, gives instant, perfect and permanent relief, the bite of a mad dog, we believe not excepted; so will strong ashes water.

From the Nashville Patriot.

City of Washington—Daguerreotypy.

Washington City, the capital of the nation, the home, during term-time, of the President, (also, the temporary residence of five hundred and ten men who confidently expect to be President) and the seat of the United States Gas Works, (technically called Congress,) is situated in the District of Columbia, a territory covering a horizontal surface of ten miles square, and extending perpendicularly all the way through. As every place in the city is from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and three quarters from every where else, Washington is called in Fourth of July orations, "the city of magnificent distances." It derives its name of Washington from a celebrated continental officer, who built the pine tins and forged his way through a hard winter at Valley Forge, and made Cornwallis acknowledge the corn at York Town. The principal public buildings of the city, are the Patent Office, where the Yankees are granted the exclusive right to manufacture and sell india-rubber baby-jumpers, double geared rat-traps, Railway's Ready Relief—which is warranted to relieve you of your money, if nothing else—and other valuable inventions of the age; the General Post Office, where they superintend the mismanagement of the various mail routes of the country; the National Treasury, an institution of learning which has graduated more men in the art of swindling the Government than any ten similar or dissimilar institutions in the world; and the City Jail, which is the only public building in Washington which is really devoted to honest purposes, and that is devoted to no purpose at all, both the permanent and temporary residents of the city being too deeply engaged in their own rascalities to think of punishing other people for theirs.

There are two monuments in Washington—one of red granite erected to the memory of Smithson, at his own expense; and a monument to the folly, puerility and gratitude of the American people. The latter is about sixty feet high, with upward though hopeless expectations of five or six hundred feet. It is commonly called the Washington or National monument. Gen. Taylor caught his death in 1850, at the laying of the corner stone of this structure. It is hardly probable that any of his successors will perish at the laying of the cap stone. It is more than probable that Presidents will be done away with at least six weeks before that event arrives.

The imports of Washington consists principally of office seekers and pickpockets, (both of which are frequently combined in one) and fast women, who indirectly make half the laws that are put through Congress. Its exports are disappointed office seekers and whiskey.—The latter is generally bottled in members of Congress for transportation.

Taking it altogether, Washington is an exceedingly hard place. The public men there are exceedingly honest and upright however, that is, till they go home and turn against the Administration, when of course, they become like Stephen A. Douglas and John W. Forney, the most consummate scoundrels afloat. We have the authority of a number of Administration newspapers for saying so. During the sitting of Congress though, innumerable murders and robberies are committed in the city; but as everybody there is above suspicion, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, nor take the smallest coin from the treasury under the most favorable circumstances, the perpetrators invariably escape detection. Under these benign auspices, it is no wonder that it cannot, or has not, been said of Washington, as was recently said of a one horse town in Kentucky, that if, at the last day, Gabriel should happen to light there first, the resurrection would be indefinitely postponed, for some one of the inhabitants would swindle him out of his horn before he could make a single toot.

x.

Rain as it looks Dressed up.

Under the magic wand of Edward Everett, the plainest and most common place subject becomes a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

A few days ago the corner stone of the New York Inebriate Asylum was laid at Binghamton. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Francis, Dr. Bellows, Hon. D. S. Dickenson, and Hon. Edward Everett.—The day was inclement, and cast a gloom over the interesting ceremonies.

A rainy day for a great festival or celebration, how unfortunate! how it is regretted; how many expressions of disappointment are uttered at every salutation; but listen to a Philosopher, and see how a rainy day can be invested with beauty and joy, under the inspiration of genius!

"Sir, to speak more seriously, I should be ashamed of myself if it required any premeditation, any forethought, to pour out the simple and honest effusions of the heart on an occasion so interesting as this. A good occasion, Sir. A good day, Sir,

notwithstanding its commencement. I heard from one friend and another this morning—kind enough to pay his respects to me, knowing or what errand I had come—I heard from one and another the remark that he was sorry that we hadn't a good day. It was as you are aware, raining in the morning. Sir, it is a good day, notwithstanding the rain. Weather is good; all weather is good; sunshine is good; rain is good. Not good weather, Sir.

"Ask the farmer, into whose grain and roots there yet remains some of its moisture, to be driven by to-morrow's sun.—Ask the boatman, who is waiting for his raft to go over the rapids. Ask the Dairyman and the Grazier if the rain even at this season, is not good. Ask the lover of nature if it is not good weather when it rains. Sir, I saw two or three times artificial water works, cascades constructed by the skill of man at an enormous expense—the remains of the paleated water works of Marley, where Louis XIV. lavished uncounted millions of gold and thus laid the foundation of those depletions of the treasury which brought on the French Revolution. The traveller thought it great to see those revolution water works wherein a little catarrh poured out a little water to be scattered by a small engine. Do we talk of its not being good when God's great engine is exhibiting to us His imperial water works, sending up the mist and vapor to the clouds to be rained down again in comfort and beauty and plenty upon grateful and thirsty man? Sir, it is a mere gratification of taste. I know nothing in nature more sublime, more beautiful than these rains descending from the skies.—[Applause.]

A Lesson for Suicidal Lovers.

Rich'd Gould, a journeyman harness maker of this city, says the Cincinnati Gazette, has himself been harnessed by Cupid, and driven to the very gates of desperation.

His enslaver, a young lady named Charlotte Matthews, whose mother keeps a boarding house on Elm street, and who appears to have made up her mind to some more brilliant alliance than that offered by Mr. Gould. But as Richard has a very good opinion of his own merits and qualifications, he judged that Charlotte's coolness was mere coquetry, believing that when it came to the scratch, she would cave in at a moment's warning.

He resolved to meet at once the soul of the awful nymph, and to surprise her into an avowal of her real feelings. For this purpose he proceeded to the dwelling house of Mrs. Matthews and stretched himself out on the front door steps, with an empty phial in his hand marked "strychnine."

"Now there will be an affecting scene when my captivating Charlotte comes out," soliloquised Mr. Gould, as he closed his eyes and composed his features to a corpse-like immobility.

Presently Miss Matthews appeared at the door with a broom in her hand, for the purpose of sweeping the steps. On seeing the recumbent Richard, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then tried to stir him up with the broomstick; but finding that he did not move, she called out,

"Mother, Mother! here's Dick Gould coiled up on our steps, and I don't know what ails him."

"Dead drunk, I guess," said Mrs. Matthews, as she also came to the door.

"No I declare if he hasn't kicked the bucket in reality," said Charlotte, spying the bottle, "and taken strychnine!"

"Poor soul," sighed the benevolent old lady, "how natural he looks."

"He looks about as well as when he was alive," observed Charlotte, "and that's not saying much for his beauty.—He never could hold a candle to Jimmy Hickman at any time."

This Hickman is a spruce young clerk who boards with Mrs. Matthews, and who happened to come home at that very juncture.

When he saw the supposed corpse, James offered to go for the coroner to hold an inquest over "the poor devil," as he called Mr. Gould.

"Well, I don't like the notion of having coroner and jury fellows packed up here," said Mrs. Matthews.

"No," added Charlotte, "just drag the nasty creature on to the cellar door of the next house, Jimmy, and then wash your hands and come in to supper."

Mr. Hickman took the corpse by the feet, to do as he was directed, when Gould dealt him a kick which doubled him up like a jack knife. The ladies shrieked, and Mr. Gould, starting up, was beginning to upbraid Charlotte for her hardness of heart, but the arrival of a policeman interrupted his oratory, and he walked away a sadder and a wiser man.

The New York Saturday Express.

speaks of a well known opera manager, as a small dark man, with a map of Jerusalem imprinted on his countenance.

"Got Left."

A genuine touch of woman's nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following:

A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way station the old gentleman stepped out to get a drink, or to buy a dough nut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train move off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed:

"There, my old man has got left! he has! there! see, he has! Wa'll she continued, sitting back in her seat again, 'I'm glad on't; it's always been, 'Mammy, you'll get left!' all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't."

Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man, and not herself, that was left, was greeted with a round of applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had made the blunder, and "gone and got left."—[M. P.]

The Obtuse Judge.

A certain California Judge was noted for his obtuseness in all cases where there was a laugh to come in. On one occasion the District Attorney desired to have a case continued, in which one Sarah Mony was a witness, and she was absent—he remarked:

"Your Honor, I cannot try this case without Sarah Mony" (ceremony); there was some laughing, but his Honor couldn't see the point!

A few days after he was riding home alone, the revelation of the fun of the Attorney's remark flashed suddenly on his mind—he laughed immoderately, and continued laughing very loudly as he rode up to his own door. His wife, attracted by the unusual phenomena of the Judge's merriment, came out and inquired,

"Why, my dear, what are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at one of the District Attorney's jokes," and straightway the Judge collapsed again in a convulsive fit of laughter.

"Well, what was the joke?" said the wife.

"Why," replied the Judge, "the Attorney said when I urged him to proceed with the trial of a case, 'Sir, I cannot try it without Mary Mony!'"

"But," said the wife, "I don't see the point of that joke."

"Nor I neither, just now," said the Judge musingly, "but I did a few minutes ago!"

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general way marks on the journey of life.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear.

Never show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury 'till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Never on any occasion to retaliate.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing with me in political and religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman nor an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanity or vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and future state.

ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.—A woman will tolerate tobacco smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet curiously enough how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!

A wag remarked the other day, with a very grave countenance, that "however prudent and virtuous any young widow might be, he had seen many a young widow—er."