

WIDOWS OF ALL SORTS.

their General Character and Eccentricities in Particular. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Young ladies are jealous of her and say, "that horrid widow. I suppose she is setting her cap for another husband. Why, think of it, Tom hasn't been dead three months, and I do declare I saw her smile at Mr. Podkins." Yet she has a faculty of succeeding, and whether from experience, which is the best teacher—and she has generally been an apt pupil—she has her pick of the beaux, and if the late lamented left a snug remembrance in the form of bank stock or houses and lots, and not too many pledges of affection, she is by no means a drug on the market, but has the pick of the season.

A woman often marries the first time to please somebody else. Her parents, perhaps, or some unaccountable whim which she cannot explain. A widow marries to please herself. She knows the little subtleties of coquetry—the tiny nothings comprised in the glance of an eye or squeeze of the hand; the die-away look of longing, or the pert piquancy of affectionate interest that draws the crusty old bachelor out of his shell and carries in her wake the young one, who lavishes upon her bouquets and smiles.

When the elder Mr. Wellersaid; "Beware of widows, Sammy," he seems to have struck a popular feeling. He echoed the sentiments of young debutantes and the innermost feelings of mothers with marriageable daughters. There are various kinds of widows. There is the blue eyed, mush and milk widow, soft as pussy's foot, and always performing the die-away act when anybody is by to catch her before she faints. She continually talks about the late lamented until you know of him as a monument of unheard of virtues. For a time a widow mourns sincerely. She leads a life of cloistered retirement, wearing an impenetrable veil which no peering eyes of curiosity can penetrate. She can't eat, the wine has lost its flavor. She reads over and over again his letters and blots them with silent tears. His picture is under her pillow, her room is decorated with mementoes of him. She wears the plainest of mourning. If she has a child, she'll spoil him, and his every motion and look will remind her of the only man who ever lived. She cultivates the clergy and attends to her masses and vespers, her prayers and confessions with a devotion that is appalling. Men of the world shake their heads and wisely whisper: "She'll come out of all that." And sure enough she does. The French proverb says: "It's hard to grow old gracefully." It is hard for a young widow to come out of her weeds naturally. She fancies everyone is looking at her. She wonders what they will say. But she is lively and young, and youth is full of elasticity and hope. If she could travel, it would do her good. Change of scene, say the wise medical men. Her dress begins to assume a change. Jet ornaments appear, which are well set off by her shapely arms and white neck. Pieces of trimming appear on her dresses, and bombazine is discarded for cashmere. She consoles herself with: "It's black; the texture is the only difference." She talks the matter of dress over with other husbandless females. They lay aside folds to put on ruffles, and wonder when the box pleatings come in. Some cynical man who had observed closely this transition, or chrysalis state of widowhood, reduced it to a science, and he claims there are five stages of widowhood:

1. The dress of black bombazine, perfectly plain; a thick crape veil, a widow's cap; no jewelry, except a jet lock-at; collar, &c., of crape.
2. The veil thrown back over the bonnet, a little trimming on dresses; white collars.
3. The cap disappears; a lace veil is worn instead of crape; more trimming.
4. "Dressy" mourning of silk, with feathers in bonnet.
5. Half mourning-purple and pearl color. Now comes the stage where she's deemed dangerous. She has entered the lists, and her winning ways and experience all make her one to be sought and confided in. Young lovers tell her of their flirtations, and she doles out advice with the wisdom of a chaucery judge.

Men make fools of girls, but women of this class make fools of men. The widow spreads her web of flattery and flirtation, and as the poor insect ventures on she rolls him round and round in her meshes, as a spider does a blue bottle fly. Perhaps it is a hard fate for a man whose only fault has been his modesty to be roped in to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but if the widow had not proposed to him he never would have had the courage to propose to anybody, and he gets a companion and a ready-made family instead of toiling on through time solitary and alone, the prey to envy and the victim of despair.

Then there are certain far-seeing women, who, having been kicked anduffed about considerably by their first husbands, who die and leave them nothing, fall in with some respectable, wheezy old gentleman, who wants a housekeeper and somebody to mix his grog nights and put a hot brick to his feet. Of course this is a chance that is barred against a

young woman. She could not be a housekeeper. Society would consider it decidedly improper. But for the widow it is just the place. The old fellow puts his affairs in her hands, her habits of economy and good management commend her to him, and they go in cozily together through life. The world says it's a most suitable match, and the only objection, if any there is, comes from the expectant nephews and nieces who hoped the old fellow would make a satisfactory will and peg out before any designing woman made his acquaintance.

In white caps and frills, with winning ways, or, more often, a manner that can be characterized as having their eye teeth cut, widows have been a favorite character with our leading play wrights. Sheridan, in his famous play of "The Rivals," makes Mrs. Malaprop, one of the most amusing widows on the boards declare to Miss Lydia Langulsh: "I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he had been a blackamoor—and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made! and when if pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!"

In Arthur Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him" the author bestowed great pains on the character of Widow Bellmour, a part well calculated to set off the fineness and graces of a spirited and accomplished actress. She is not decidedly a lady of fashion nor altogether a woman of sentiment; yet she has her gay fits and her grave ones, and either trifles or declaims, as opportunity offers and the humor seizes her. She has as much coquetry as justifies a libertine like Lonemore and a coxcomb like Sir Brilliant Fashion in making their attacks upon her. "I have been married," she says, "and am a little in the secret." To win a heart is easy; to keep it the difficulty. In the "Beaux Stratagem," by George Farquhar, a most charming widow, all charity, appears, Lady Bountiful. Her husband, Sir Charles left her worth £1,920 a year, and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors. She cures rheumatism and broken skins in men; sickness, the king's evil, chin cough and chilblains in children. In short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten years than the doctors have killed in twenty, and "that's a bold word." In the play of the "Two Orphans" Widow Frochard is leading character, and in McKee Rankin's "Danites" Mrs. Rankin has broken up two companies, all on account of the widow of the piece. In "The Almighty Dollar" Mrs. Giffory dashes all over Europe, a second Mrs. Malaprop, as a gay widow Getchen in "Rip Van Winkle" was punished for treating a good husband ill by getting a tartar who beat her to death. In "Lady of Lyons" Colonel DeMas says his profession is to make widows, not wives, and Widow Melnotte exclaims: "There is no divorce between mother and son!"—a sentiment peculiarly appropriate in this age of divorce. In "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady," by I. R. Planché, which Alice Dunning Lingard and Madam Vestris shone in, the Duchess de Torenueva, though offered the crown of Spain, prefers a young lieutenant of o'erweening impudence and noble blood—Guy Gomez. In Wycherly's "Love in a Wood" Lady Flippant appears as an affected widow in distress for a husband, though she is ever ready to declaim against marriage; yet she says to Mrs. Joyner, who keeps a matrimonial broker's office, "Tis well known no woman breathing could use more industry to get a husband than I have." In "The Plaindealer" Widow Blackacre is petulant and litigious, and in every way disagreeable. Shakespeare makes frequent reference to widows. In "Richard III." Widow Anne is wooed by the ambitious Duke of Gloster in the funeral procession, where the memorable lines occur:

"Was ever a woman in this humor wooed,
Was ever a woman in this humor won."

Benedict, "In Much Ado About Nothing," tells Beatrice: "If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring and the widow weeps," and in "Hamlet," the Player Queen in pledging fidelity to her liege lord expresses just the opposite view, and says: "Both here and hence pursue me, lasting strife, if once a widow ever I be a wife." In "Taming of the Shrew," Tranio the servant to Lucentio, says: "If faith he'll have a lusty widow now that shall be wooed and won in a day." And Lucentio, in bidding the guests to a feast at his house, says: "And then Hortensio with the loving widow, feast with the best." In "Macbeth," Macduff exclaims in dialogue with Malcolm in the king's palace: "Each new moon new widows howl; new orphans cry, new sorrows strike Heaven on the face." In "Henry VIII.," when bluff King Hal is putting aside his wife, Suffolk says: "Katharine no more be called queen, but princess dowager and widow to King Arthur."

Who that has not laughed over the various dilemmas the song writers have placed widows in? Who can not almost set before him that typical Irish Widow Macchree, and wish that her ardent lover succeeded in his wooing? His argument is irresistible:

"To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Macchree
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the little sings songs
Full of family glee.
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup
Och hone! Widow Macchree."

The pathetic story of Widow Malone, the lovely widow of Athlone, who broke all hearts—

"From the minister down
To the clerks of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone."

All the lovers were too bashful.
"Till one Mr. O'Brien, of Clare—
How queer!
Put his arm around her waist,
Gave ten kisses at last,
"Oh," says he, "you're my Mollie Malone!"
And the moral:
"If for widows you sigh
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone."

Mrs. Florence won great applause singing "Widow Bedott," who defied the young men to come after her with a catch me if you can, and her quaint eulogies of "Deacon Bedott."
"Who never jawed in all his life,
He never was unkind;
And though I say, that was his wife,
Such men you seldom find."

A queer case, and one that should serve as a model, was once recorded of an Irish widow who literally starved herself to death on account of grief at the death of her husband. Such devotion is rarely seen outside of India, where the widows burn themselves upon their husband's funeral pyre. Died last week in King street, Ormontown, a lady of property, a little above 30, who, though in apparent bodily health, has obstinately confined herself to her chamber ever since the death of her beloved husband, which occurred about six weeks since, and refused all sustenance but what was barely sufficient to support an existence burdensome. Her chamber was hung around with portraits of her husband in different attitude, which she continually and alternately caressed with a fervor little short of worship, and perpetually expressed aloud her wishes of being with him, as if she conceived his image animated or was susceptible of her devotion. Under circumstances wearing such strong marks of insanity, her reason in every other respect was perfectly strong, her deportment mild and her benevolence to the poor and oppressed cordial and unbounded, which she testified in numerous instances. Her constitution at length yielded to the force of grief and rigid abstinence, and she died, after having refused all sustenance for five days, leaving the remainder of her property to distressed objects.

All widows do not give up the ship as soon as their husbands die on account of the brevity of their breath. Toward the close of the last century a tenant of Mr. Way, at Hosketon, in Suffolk, died, leaving a widow with 14 children. The eldest of whom was a girl under 14 years of age. He had rented 14 acres of pasture land, on which he kept two cows. These cows, with his little furniture and clothing, were all the property he left. The parish of which he had been an inhabitant was within the district of an incorporated house of industry where the rule was to receive proper objects within the walls, but not to allow anything for the out-poor, except in peculiar cases. The directors of the establishment offered to relieve the widow by taking her seven youngest children into the house. When this was proposed to her she replied in great agitation that she would rather die in working to maintain her children than part with any of them; or she would go with all of them into the house and work for them there; but if her landlord would continue her in the farm she would undertake to bring up the whole fourteen without any help from the parish. She was a strong woman, about forty-five years old and of noble spirit; happily, too, she had to deal with a benevolent man. He told her she should continue her tenant and hold the land for the first year rent free, and at the same time, unknown to her, he directed his receiver not to call upon her afterward, thinking it would be a great thing if she could maintain so large a family. But this further liberality was not needed. She brought her rent regularly every year after the first, held the land until she had placed twelve of the children in service, and then resigned it to take the employment of a nurse, which would enable her to provide for the remaining two for the little time longer they needed support, and which was more suited to her declining years.

The delicate, refined and religious custom of the Hindoo widow, disdaining to live after her husband, mounts the funeral pyre on which his body is placed, displays an amiability or faith only equalled by the doctrines of antique orthodoxy, which condemns every babe not baptized to eternal torments. It is claimed that the custom was introduced with a view of making wives more careful of preserving their husbands when alive. A wife poisoned her husband, and, to prevent all others from following her example, it was decreed that when husbands died their wives should die with them. This theory is, however, at variance with the idea that the sacrifice must be voluntary. Last season, when the Kiraly Brothers put on "Around the World in Eighty Days," Aonda, the Rajah's widow and heroine of the play was not anxious to be burned up, and she appealed to European tourists, who rescue her by strategy from her fate. The tourists persuade their valet, Passepartout, to personate the deceased, who, mounting the grave in Hindoo costume, reproaches them for burying him alive, and forbids the unnecessary sacrifice. A Hindoo woman who resolves to die on her husband's altar abstains from food as soon as her husband is dead. She chews betel and invokes without ceasing the god of her husband's sect. When the fatal hour arrives she adorns herself with her jewels, puts on her most costly attire, as if she were going to a festival. Her relatives and friends accompany her to the music of drums and trumpets. The victim affectionately embraces her friends and relations, among whom she distributes her jewels and ornaments. They bless her and en-

treat her prayers that they may have a like fortitude. The widows generally meet death with heroic firmness and constancy, satisfied that in thus barring themselves from conjugal attachment they deliver their husbands from the torment of the next world, no matter what crimes they may have committed in this. Mr. Holwell, who was one of the prisoners in the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, tells of one Hindoo widow who, on being told the pain she must suffer, put her finger into the fire and held it there for considerable time, after which she put fire on the palm of her hand, laid incense upon it and fumigated the Brahmins who were present. Forbes, who spent many years in India, and who wrote "Oriental Memoirs," relates the case of a female whose husband had amply provided for her, and which is unusual among Hindoos, made her entirely independent of her family. She persisted in her determination to accompany him to a better world, and suffered not the tears of an aged mother and the cries of three helpless infants to divert her from her purpose. The funeral pyre was erected, an immense concourse of people of all ranks assembled and a band of music accompanied the Brahmins, who superintended the ceremony. The bower of death, enwreathed with sacred flowers, was erected over a pile of sandal wood and spices, on which lay the body of the deceased. After various ceremonies the music ceased, and the crowd in solemn silence awaited the arrival of the heroine.

She approached, accompanied by her mother and three beautiful children, richly attired, and wearing the hymeneal crown, an ornament peculiar to a Hindoo bride at her marriage. After a few religious ceremonies the attendants took off her jewels anointed her disheveled hair with consecrated ghee as also the skirts of flowing robe of yellow muslin. Two prattling babes clung round her knees to dissuade her from her fatal purpose. The last pledge of conjugal love was taken from her bosom by her aged parent, in speechless agony. Freed from these heartrending mourners the lovely widow, with an air of solemn majesty, received a lighted torch from the Brahmins, with whom she walked seven times around the pyre. Stopping near the entrance of the bower for the last time she addressed the fire and worshipped the other deities, as prescribed in the Suttee Ved; then, setting fire to her hair and the skirts of her robe, to render herself the only brand worthy to light the seared pyre, she threw away the torch, rushed into the bower, and embracing her husband, thus communicated the flames to the surrounding branches. The musicians struck up the loudest strains, to drown the cries of the victim should her courage have forsaken her; but several of the spectators declared that the serenity of her countenance and dignity of her behavior surpassed all the sacrifices of a similar nature they had ever witnessed.

As polygamy is allowed among the Hindoos, it frequently happens that more than one widow immolates herself on the dead body of her husband.

One of the most horrible scenes ever enacted in the east was the burning of forty-seven widows at once, the wives of Princes of Marata in 1710. He died above the age of eighty. A deep circular pit was dug in a field without the town; in the middle of it was erected a pile of wood, on the left of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased Prince in his finest robes. After numberless rites were performed by the Brahmins the pile was set on fire and, immediately, the unhappy women appeared, sparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. These victims walked several times around the burning pyre, the heat of which was felt quite a distance. The principal widow, then holding the dagger of her late husband, thus addressed herself to the Prince, his successor: "Here is the dagger the King made use of to triumph over his enemies; beware never to employ it to other purposes, never imbue it with the blood of your subjects; govern them as a father, as he has done, and you shall live long and happy as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world. All that remains for me is to follow him." With these words she resigned the dagger into the Prince's hand, who took it from her without showing the least sign of grief or compassion.

The Princess now appeared agitated. One of her domestics, a Christian woman, had frequently talked with her upon religion, and though she never surrendered her idols, had made some impression on her mind. Perhaps they now revived. With the most expressive look she cried out, "Alas! what is the end of human happiness? I know that I shall plunge myself headlong into hell." On these words horror was visible on every countenance, while, resuming courage, she boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods flung herself into the midst of the flames. The second widow was the sister of the Prince of Blood, who was present and assisted at the sacrifice. She advanced to her brother and gave him the jewels wherewith she was adorned. His feelings gave way, he burst into tears and fell on her neck in tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, gazing upon the fire and then on the assistant. Then loudly crying: "Chiva! Chiva!" the name of one of her gods, she jumped into the flames as the former had done. The others soon followed, some with bewildered, downcast and sorrowful looks. One of them shrieked above the rest, ran to a Christian soldier whom she beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck begged him to save her. The new convert, stunned with surprise,

pushed the unfortunate woman from him, and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The soldier, all shivering with terror, at once retired, and a delirious fever ended his life the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims at first showed the utmost intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the flames than they screamed out in the most dreadful manner, and wailing over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit, but in vain; the assistants forced them back with their poles and plied new fuel upon them. The next day the Brahmins gathered the bones and threw them into the sea. The pit was leveled, a temple erected upon the spot, and the deceased Prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities.

The English government has made every effort to stop these rites but without much success.

Many distinguished people have preferred widows to maids as partners in life. George Washington, the father of his country, sat early in the days of the republic a good example in this respect. The great Napoleon married a widow. Scarron's widow became a court favorite. Rousseau went crazy after a widow, and Gibbon, the historian, made himself ridiculous over one. Disraeli married a widow, and three of the most distinguished widows in Europe to-day are the Empress Eugenie of the French, Queen Isabella of the Spanish, and Queen Victoria of the English.

Things in General.

The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world was 425 feet long and 200 feet wide. The roof was supported by 127 columns 60 feet high, which had been placed there by as many kings. Of these, 36 were carved in the most beautiful manner, one of which was the work of the famous Scopas. The doors and panelings were made of cypress wood and the roof of cedar. This celebrated building was not totally completed till 220 years after its foundation. Ctesiphon was its principal architect. The riches that were in the temple were immense. It was burnt on the night that Alexander the Great was born, by Eratostratus; his object in doing it was to transmit his name to posterity by an action so uncommon; but it rose from its ruins with greater splendor and magnificence.

A romantic marriage took place recently at Antioch, Ohio. A young man courted a young lady seven years. They were engaged to be married and he had asked her parents for her. He took a notion not to get married but to go away to college. He told his brother, seven years older than himself, that he would give up his girl to him, if he would furnish him money enough to school him two years. He consented to this providing he would make it all right with the girl. The girl agreed, if she could not get him, rather than to miss getting one of the family, she would take the old bachelor. The young man got his money and started for college. He was gone but a few weeks till his brother and the girl were married.

A Louisiana state convict, who had escaped from his confinement and succeeded in getting a good start of his pursuers, became perplexed as to how he would rid himself of his prison garb. He finally walked boldly into a negro's house and informed the owner that he was a circus performer disabled by rheumatism, and offered to swap clothing for any old suit of ordinary clothes. The bargain was closed, and the criminal continued his flight in safety.

An Illinois person has discovered that bread should be buttered on the under instead of the upper side. He is a reasoning Illinois person, and he has arrived at his grand discovery by a process of reasoning. It is a well ascertained physiological fact that the ability to taste resides chiefly in the tongue, and exists to a very small extent in the roof of the mouth. Butter is added to bread because butter is pleasing to the taste. When, however, we spread butter on the top of bread, thereby bringing it into contact with the roof of the mouth, we virtually waste it, for we do not taste it until it accidentally comes in contact with the tongue. Now, if bread were buttered on the under side the butter would be brought into immediate contact with the tongue, and we should thus get the whole benefit of it. This train of reasoning is delightfully clear and entirely convincing.

Bob Barlette loves babies, and from the following it seems that babies take kindly to him in the cars: "And the babies! Little bundles of fleecy white cloaks, blue cloaks, warm crimson cloaks, indescribable bundles of shawl and wraps and hoods and swan's down, shapeless and motionless until the car starts; the door is shut with a bang like a Mississippi shotgun, and the unwrapping process begins and baby crawls out of his chrysalis, fluffy tuft of crinkled hair, a fat, dimpled fist; then a plump face, rosy with the kisses of Jack Frost; a pair of big, round, wondering eyes, and a dancing head that goes swinging around on that little crease that passes for a baby's neck, while the baby takes in the whole car and begins at once to make friends with the ugliest and bashfullest man he can see, and buries the poor fellow under mountains of confusion by calling him Papa."

The Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York, receives \$20,000 a year salary, besides a house rent free, and \$5,000 for a weekly column in the Leader.