

Fanny Fern on Widows.

Fanny is going on a high figure this morning. She's down on the widows!

I hate widows. they are the very—! I've heard the heathen called benighted; they've sense enough to burn widows when their husbands die, and that's a step farther in civilization than we have taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry a man, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came up, she would run into Mr. Smith's house, the was a widower,] and clasp her little hands, and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would get killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs John Smith, before three thunder-storms had rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

Then, there's that little blue-eyed Widow Wilkins. Don't she drop her prayer book coming out of church, for my handsome husband to pick up? And didn't I see him squeeze her hand when he handed it back to her? And when I told him a long rigmarole of a story, going home, to divert his mind from the little mix, didn't he answer "yes" and "no," at random, and laugh in the wrong place? And didn't he the next morning put salt in his coffee, and sugar on his beefsteak?

And won't she be Samivel Jones, No. 2?— Answer me that! I should like to cut her up into pieces with a dull jack-knife.

But it's no use to struggle against fate. I small have to put my pride in my pocket, and tell Samivel it is my request that he should marry her when I am gone, and that will "pull wool" over the eyes of the people, and save his credit, for he'll have her if an earthquake should be the consequence.

It's astonishing, widows will be so indelicate as to doff their weeds. It's nothing more nor less than a walking advertisement for another husband. Mrs. Lee was spending a short time at the sea-shore, in her new regimentals, when one of the ladies at the tea-table, struck with a sudden thought, said, very innocently—"By the way, Mrs. Lee, where is your husband?"— I should have been very sorry to have told where I thought he was, for the way he used to swear when he talked, so awful to mention!

Now, what a glorious example I'd set to the sex, if Providence should see fit to make me a widow!—I wonder if Samivel will pop off! I should hate to put my curls behind my ears; but I'd do it, and I wouldn't so much as look at a man unless it was Tom King. Wonder if he'd marry me!—Well!—there now! I've spoken in meeting! It can't be helped now, as Deacon Smith said, when his daughter surprised him, kissing widow More—"It's natur', Sally; it's natur'."

THE PRINTER'S APPRENTICE.—A young man was once apprenticed as a printer. He boarded at the house of his father, who was in easy circumstances, but who required his son to pay his board from the avails of special perquisites which furnished his fellow apprentices with a liberal supply of funds for pleasure. This the young man thought was hard, but when he was of age and master of his trade, his father called him and said—"Here, my son, is the entire amount of money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to retain it, but have reserved it for your use; with it, I give you as much more as a small capital to commence business." The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to his son. His fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites which his father had withheld from him, and were now penniless in vice. He was able, with a good character, to commence a small business, and he now stands at the head of publishers in this country. Most of his companions in apprenticeship are miserable, poor, vicious and degraded.

WHAT HE SHOULD SAY. "What Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents?" exclaimed a wrathful member of Congress on the passage of a bill to which he was opposed. "What shall I say," he repeated, but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogatory. "Tell them," replied the waggish speaker, "that you tried to make a speech but couldn't."

"What a queer place this Boston is," said Mrs. Partington, when she first came here from the country; "I was walking along the street just now and saw on a sign, "Hair Dressing." Something like guano, I guess, for the hair, said I to myself. I declare I'm a good mind to look at some. So I went in and asked a dear, pretty young man, smelling as sweet as catnip, to let me look at some of his hair manure; I wanted to be as polite as possible. Gracious how he started at me, just as if I'd been a Hottenpoper, or a wild Arab. I mean your hair dressing, said I. "Oh, ah, yes," said he "set down here in the big chair, mam, scratch, perhaps, mam." "Scratch," said I, completely dumb-founded, "you saucy fellow, I can do all my own scratching, and some of yours too, if you say that again; scratch, indeed?" and I went right down the stairs.

A RECRUIT.—A sailor who formerly belonged to his Majesty's navy, went one Sunday to the kirk in his native town of Kirokealdy, where he behaved with great propriety, until the minister read his text which was as follows: "Who will go up with us to the battle of Ramoth Gilead?" The sailor, having first crammed a quid of tobacco in his cheek, rose up, put on his hat, then looking about him, and seeing nobodysmoving, exclaimed—"You cowardly lubbers, will none of you go? Blast my eyes, I'll go for one!—So out he went, giving three cheers at the door, to the amazement of all present.

Shillaber, of the Carpet Bag, tells the following outrageous gun-story:—"Speaking to-day with a son of a gun, regarding some gunning exploits, he told me of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire, which, were it not for his well-known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He snapped his gun at a grey squirrel, and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel!"

A humorous old gentleman, meeting once with a young Calvinistic minister, was informed that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again.

"I have experienced that change," added the Calvinist, "and now feel no anxiety."

"And so you have been born again?" said his companion, musingly.

"Yes, I trust I have."

"Well," said the gentleman, eyeing him rather attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you young man, to be born once more!"

Hired Men out West.—A Western farmer being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why?" said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in the place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

"It is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice to his master, as the latter was pressing a bob-tailed coat, "that the more there is of some things the less there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.

"Why, there's that bob-tailed coat—the less you make the tail the more bob it is."

Maybe the goose didn't fly about that time!

"Did you say, sir, that you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

"Yes sir, I did."

"Upon what grounds did you base that inference?"

"Why, I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in money, and he returned them both—and a man that will act so strangely as that, I think he must be crazy."

In one of the counties of Wisconsin, John M. Root is the Democrat, Ro. Hog the Free-Soil, and Thos. H. Dye the Whig candidate for the Legislature. The people there will have to "Root, Hog or Dye," as the Representatives.

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.—A school-master who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburgh Sentinel as follows:—

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style, in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

W. E. P. Haskell has become tired of editing a political paper, since Gen. Scott's failure to be elected President. He has therefore resigned the editorship of the Chelsea Telegraph, and gone to the profession of the law. Mr. Haskell is a fine literary writer, but an unsuccessful politician. As a lawyer he will do well—it takes a much larger man for an editor than it does for a lawyer. Governor Chittenden, of Vermont, made two of his sons farmers, but the other he sent to school, to make a lawyer of him, as he was good for nothing else.

A lawyer somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six sided building which he had constructed, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them. "What do you stand there for, like a pack of bloodhounds, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

A FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.—"Jane, put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

A PROPHECIC SONG.—"Won't you sing a song, sir?" said a lady to her lover, as they were alone one evening. The lover soon commenced the popular air, "I won't go home till morning." And sure enough he didn't!

A fellow in Texas has just invented a strengthening plaster which will enable you to 'take up' anything, from a four month's note to a hoghead of sugar.

SHORT AND SWEET.—A western editor cautions his readers against kissing short girls, because this habit had made him round shouldered.

"I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson in his valedictory to his flock, "that is, I shall leave you."

A miser, on learning that every human being had a certain number of bones, counted his own every night, to see if he had lost any.

The man who attempted to make a fence out of beef stakes, has just obtained a patent for a machine to take the kinks out of pigs tails.

"Gone a ducking," is the term used to a young feller in Arkansas who goes to 'set up' with young woman.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

"All things seem evil, that the evil spy,
As all seem yellow to the jaundiced eye."—Pope.

MR. EDITOR.—In perusing the strictures of a "Protestant," upon the Address of the Roman Catholics of Woodstock, to the Rev. Thomas Connelly, and his Reply in the Sentinel of the 20th inst., I must confess, I felt a degree of pain, not from the force or cogency of his remarks, but as vestiges of a spirit, which, I firmly hoped, was almost extinct in this community. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," and which the Reply of that Rev. gentleman, was so well calculated to effect.

Whatever opinion your Correspondent may form of that Address, the author of it has the satisfaction of knowing, that intelligent men of all classes in this community, coincide with him, that it is appropriate, and that the Rev. gentleman merited the encomiums, which the Roman Catholics of this place justly bestowed upon him. And that this opinion is not confined to this Vicinity, your Correspondent is referred to the *Head Quarters*, of the 20th inst., wherein, among other observations upon that Address, and another addressed to the same Rev. gentleman, they are said to be "exceedingly well written." The approbation of a gentleman of such high literary attainments, and critical acumen, outweighs in my estimation, a thousand such puerile attacks, as that of your Correspondent.

Your Correspondent does not animadvert upon the good qualities, or the other attributes ascribed to that Rev. gentleman, but merely says: "I do not believe that Priest Connelly ever dispensed a mystery of Christ, or that he ever will."

Permit me to inquire of your Correspondent, what are the mysteries of Christ, and who are His agents in dispensing them to men. Were we to pursue the inquire, it would lead us into a disquisition, far transcending the most acute human intelligence. Let us, therefore confine ourselves to those ministerial offices, in which a Minister of Christ is, or at least should be assiduously engaged, and examine whether he dispenses any of the Mysteries of Christ in their due performance.

Are not those means of grace, bequeathed by Christ to His Church, the administration or dispensing of which, is the peculiar privilege of the Priesthood Mysteries of Christ? The spiritual man alone—the worthy partaker of those pledges of Divine Love, can form an idea of them, by the effects which they produce in his soul. Is not marriage, as representing the indissoluble union of Christ and His Church, (according to your own translation of the Scripture), called "a great Mystery," Eph. 5, 32. Are not those who are to be accounted Ministers of Christ, to be also accounted, "dispensers of the Mysteries of God." 1 Cor. 4, 1. Is not the preaching of the Gospel, whereby sinners are converted from the evil of their ways a mystery! Yes, verely! for Great is the Mystery of Godliness, 1. Jem. 3, 15. And is not the Rev. Mr. Connelly, as a Minister of Christ, duly qualified to preach the Gospel, and to administer or dispense the other means of grace, appointed by Christ in His Church.

Few words are necessary to vindicate the Rev. Mr. Connelly, from a charge of presumption, brought against him by your Correspondent.

The great majority of those who dissent from the Church of Rome, whatever errors they impute to her, yet concede that she is apostolical. This premised, let us hear in what terms Christ addresses the Pastors of such a Church. "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you; John, 20, 21. Again, "He that heareth you, heareth me." Luke, 10, 16. Was not the Rev. Mr. Connelly, in recognizing the Roman Catholic Bishop of Fredericton, as a successor of the Apostles, fully justified in saying, "The voice of my Superior I do not consider to be merely the voice of a man, but of Jesus Christ," for "He that heareth you heareth me."

Your Correspondent's allusion to the awful fate of Herod, as related in the 12th chapter of the Acts, as illustrative of the Rev. Mr. Con-