

cordingly took himself a wife. Both captains have now retired from the sea, and are living in a beautiful village of the old Bay State. Both mothers have been blessed with several of these little pocket editions of humanity, and I unhesitatingly say that there cannot be found two happier families in the world.

JIM BLANDER'S FIGHT; OR, THE QUEER QUAKER.

AN AMUSING STORY.

There lived in a certain neighborhood, not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy bully, named Jim Blander. Jim was "sum" in a tight—a kind of pugilistic Napoleon.

Many and bloody were the affairs he had had in his life time, and as invariably came off first best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded that it was no use fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent threshing-machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other Jim hated the "shad-bellies" as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared that to whip one of those inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's friends overheard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight, besides the various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both of his eyes, and chew off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very wisely kept out of his way, hoping that time would modify his anger. It seems, however, that this much desired result did not take place. One day Nathan was out riding, and passing through a long lane, when about mid way, he espied Jim entering the other end.—Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at retreating.

"I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me, or allow him to do violence to my person."

Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary, were doomed to be disappointed.

"Oh, ho!" thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of shad-belly! I will salt and pickle him too!"

"Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style; "my heart yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling that ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefitted by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment!" thundered Jim: "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceeding, and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity. I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim; "down with you!—I want to beat some of your religion out of you. I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I am through with you, you will pass for a tolerably honest man. I will teach you in a short and easy lesson the importance of minding your own business, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan, "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you?" said Jim; "then here goes,"—and he made a desperate lunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant on the opposite side of the horse.

The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently enkindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is exceedingly annoying; thou must desist, or, peradventure, I may so far forget myself, as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in Broadbrim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now" continued Jim, "friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose—look out!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of our friend, but Tom Hyer could not more scientifically have warded it off. Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt—he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. James, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and skilfully warded off the blows which James aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "this is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see that there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thy eyes, which will prostrate thee."

Following out the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on the forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson too. I will place my knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce and warlike nature, and making a better and more peaceful man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some symptoms of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his position was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his efforts were unavailing.

"Friend, thee must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to chastise thee, and, I trust, when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, with an oath; "let me up, and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan. "Darest thou profane the name of thy maker? I will check thy respiration for a moment."

"Nathan, as good as his word, clutched Jim by the throat. He compressed his grip—a gurgling sound could be heard—Jim's face became distorted—a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to enable him to address the Quaker.

"I knock under," said Jim; "enough! let me up."

"Nay, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou liest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker; confess, dost thou repent of thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do!" growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not?" replied the Quaker; "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou give me an answer in the affirmative—say, quick, art thou sorry?"

"No—I—I—y—e—s," shrieked Jim, in a gur-

gling tone, as the Quaker tightened his grip, "yes, I am sorry."

"Is thy sorrow Godly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him that he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "my sorrow is a Godly sorrow."

"A Godly sorrow leadeth to repentance," replied Nathan; "we are progressing finely.—Thou said but just now that I was a canting, lying, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandered my persuasion. Dost thou recall those assertions?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "I do; now let me go."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan; "thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood, time out of mind—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that in future thou wilt lead a more peaceful life; that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, unhesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist on an affirmative answer."

"I say yes to that!—I'll die first!"

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James; I insist on it," said Nathan, and he again grasped Jim by the throat; "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively; say, after me, 'I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers.'"

"I won't promise that, I'll be cursed if I do," replied Jim.

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't. Wilt thou yield?"

"No, I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in; I will choke thee if thou dost not; see, my grip tightens," replied Nathan.

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple; his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhing like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive: he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake, to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw that he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in; I'll promise to love my neighbor as myself," he replied.

"Including the Quakers," insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise, then, friend James; and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and, I hope, a better man."

There is a firm in St. Louis, bearing the euphonious title of GRINN & BARRETT.

The man with the toothache said he went that ticket.—*Nashua Telegraph*.

That's nothing. One of the "biggest hog" houses in Cincinnati does business under the title of GRUNT & KETCHUM.—*Clinton Courier*.

There was, and perhaps is now, in Lowell, a hard working, driving firm of merchants known as SLAVIN & KILLEN.—*Nashua Oasis*.

We knew of two most worthy young men, in this county, a few years since, who commenced business together, under the firm of GREEN & CILLEY.—*Lynn News*.

And we once knew two enterprising stage proprietors, who drove their own coaches, and passed each other daily on the road, who transacted their business under the firm of CUMMIN & GOING.—*Portland Transcript*.

A TOUGH STORY.—A story we find in a late *Galignani*, copied from Bavarian journals, says that not long since a young woman was struck by lightning and driven perpendicularly into the earth, so that they had to dig her out, and were sometime in getting down to her head.—We notice that it is carefully mentioned that she was dead before they extricated her.

How to ACQUIRE HIGH HEALTH.—Walker, in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering, particularly his advice to wives and husbands:—

"First, study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation of one or the other, especially before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavor to look at the bright side of things, keep down as much as possible the unruly passions, discard envy, hatred and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without pining the results. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions," and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands, with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor propound unreasonable or provoking questions, and advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, cheerful and amusing."

An old gentlemag travelling, some years ago inside the Bath mail stage, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentlemag expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health.

"Ah! yes, indeed," sighed the elder sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me," was the sympathetic response, "at her age! Ossification, perhaps? Ossifi—" "Oh! no, sir, lieutenant."

Gen. Jackson's father was an Irishman; the first employment he had in Charleston, South Carolina, where he landed, was to carry the horse of the mother of Col. Fremont was a washwoman.

A loafer tumbled into the dry dock the other day, and got a terrible sousing. He said he could not see what made the people lie so. "Dry dock be—! I'm 'wetter' than a week's east wind, squeezed out—cuss it!"

Why is a woman's tongue like a plane? Because nothing short of the power that created it can stop it in its course.

A bachelor having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "Anxious Inquirer" solicited information as to the size of said lot.

"Mother," said an inquisitive urchin, a day or two since, "would you have been any relation to me if father hadn't married you?"

When you see a young woman just out of bed at nine o'clock, leaning with her elbow upon the table, gazing and sighing, "Oh, how dreadfully I feel!"—rely upon it, she cannot make a good wife.

Religious toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a principle, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens and the object of their veneration and their faith.

An old toper chancing to drink a glass of water, one day, for want of something stolid, smacking his lips, and turned to one of his companions, remarking—"Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for males and tender children."

There has been another despatch over the Spiritual Telegraph. Louis Philippe was in an oyster cellar, and John Newland and Edmund Kean were tending bar for—Things were quiet, but an exciting time was expected before the elections came off.

"When shall we three meet again," Up, the Down, and the Luggage-train when they all ran into one another, at the time, how slow did—moment lapsed—du-