



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE SICKLE AND THE SWORD.

There went two reapers forth at morn,
Strong, earnest men were they,
Bent, each at his appointed task,
To labor through the day.

One hied him to the valley, where
Ripe stood the golden grain;
He reaped and bound it into sheaves,
And sang a merry strain.

And lo! the other took his stand
Where rolls the battle's tide,
His weapon late so clear and bright,
With sanguine gore is dyed.

And fiercely he tramples down,
And lays the ripe corn low;
He is Death's reaper, and he gives
A curse with every blow.

To which of these two earnest men
Most honor should we give—
He who destroys, or works to save
The food whereby we live?

And by the mighty Judge of all,
Which, think ye, is abhorred—
Which deems He best for men to use,
The SICKLE or the SWORD!

FIGHT WITH A QUAKER.

We find the following amusing story in the *Token* of recent date. It is well worth perusal.

Once there lived in a certain neighborhood a boisterous bully, by the name of Jimmy Blander. Jim was "sua" in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon.

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

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very properly kept out of the 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 lane, when about midway he espied Jim entering the lane and Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at the thought.

"I will pursue my way peacefully," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of whom you speak will permit him to molest me, or to do violence to my person."

"Oh ho!" thought the bully, as he approached Nathan. "I hate him at last. Now I'll make mine out of the staid belly! I will pickle and salt him too!"

"Will thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and unseating his style—"my heart doth yearn above all things to see thee the biggest man that ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "do not molest me, but let me go on my way in peace. My better judgment will tell thee that thou canst not be hurt by striking me."

"Get down in a moment," said Jim, "or I'll get down, you cunning, lying, mischief-making hypocrite. I'll drag you down, if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I reiterate my former proceeding, and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a Quaker, nor a hypocrite—I desire to pursue my way in peace."

"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'm through with you, you will pass for a tolerably honest man, I will tear you in a short easy lesson, the importance of minding your own business, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbours."

"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 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 kindled.

"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 the boys were here to see the fen. "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 fist made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of the Quaker, 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, straitened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and skillfully warded off the shower of blows which Jim 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 affair to a close, and that is by my conquering thee: in order to do this I will inflict a very heavy blow between thy eyes which will protrude thee."

Following out this suggestion, Nathan struck James 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 one, too. I will seat myself in a cradle of thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms, so that thou canst not injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument in turning thy fierce and warlike nature, and making a better and more peaceful man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some returning signs of 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, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to chastise thee, and I trust that when I have done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, dost thou repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, with an oath, "let me up and I'll show you." "I will not let thee up, thou impertinent wretch, darest thou profane the name of thy Maker? I will check thy respiration for a moment," replied Nathan.

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched him 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 substantially subsided, then he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

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

"No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a course of moral purification, and thou art to be contented to remain where thou hast until I am done with thee. Thou hast profaned the name of thy Maker, confess, dost thou repent of thy wickedness?"

"No, ay I beanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou wicked and most perverse man," replied the Quaker,

in an imploring tone, "say that thou dost sincerely repent of thy wickedness."

"I'll not," said Jim. "Wilt thou not?" replied Nathan, "must I use more compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative—say, quick, art thou sorry?"

"No—I—I—y—e—s!" shrieked Jim a gurgling tone, as Nathan tightened his grip, "yes, I'm 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 it was best for him to yield.

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

"A Godly sorrow leadeth to repentance," replied Nathan. "We are progressing finely. Thou saidst but just now that I was a cunning, lying, cowardly, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandered my persuasion. Dost thou repent these assertions?"

"Yes," responded Jim, "I do—now let me go."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan. "Thou hast been a disturber of the peace in 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 neighbour as thyself?"

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

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan—"I insist upon an affirmative answer."

"I will never say yes to that—I will die first."

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

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

"I won't promise that I'll be cured if I do."

"Thou had better give in—I will choke thee again if thou dost not—see, my grip tightens."

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

"When thou wilt 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 will promise to love my neighbor as myself," he replied.

"Including the Quakers, too," replied Jim.

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

Jim was entirely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story was bruited about. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs, and his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the far West. The last heard of him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reasons why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He said he was under obligations to love them—but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

In London there are more Irish than in Dublin, in Manchester and Salford more Irish than in Cork, in Glasgow as many Irish and descendants of Irish as in Belfast.

The Marquis of Doro—now Duke of Wellington (succeeding to his father's title) is a superannuated rose and topaz. He lacks genius or talent, whips his wife, and hasn't as much morality or virtue as would whitewash a felon.

It is proposed to remove the Allegany Indians to the Catawagus reservation. The Indians living there have made much greater advances towards civilization than their neighbors of the Allegany reservation. The Allegany Indians number only about 700 persons, and are said to be suffering from unwholesome habits, in which they are encouraged by unprincipled white men.—Exchange.