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POETRY.

Men of Earth, Arise!

BY E. E. ALFORD.

Men of Earth, who bow, submissive,
'Neath oppression's iron rod,
Rise! assert your native freedom,

What though pliant slaves of falsehood,
Sing of justice, loud and long!
Know ye not, it is a mockery!

Earth is groaning 'neath the burden
Of accumulated wrong,
And upon the breeze of Heaven,

Yet, your chains are not so mighty,
Nor so strong the tyranny,
But that Truth's bright sword may cleave them,

Rally! from the plain and mountain—
From the valley and the glen—
Rally! from the land and ocean,

With Redemption's beaming banner
O'er you, waving free and bright—
Strike! for liberty—your birthright!

From each scene of dark corruption
Truth will wrest the iron scepter
From the grasp of Tyranny!

MISCELLANY.

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tunc, called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms and earthquakes.

Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels.

time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not.

He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances towards a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team stuck fast in a bog.

The man, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, 'If he does, we will do our duty and help him out.'

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels.

a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck like the sting of a wasp.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullen from the neighboring fields.

Reuben's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, 'Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her.'

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team stuck fast in a bog.

When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife he had confessed himself in the wrong.

But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out.' 'You may take your oxen back again,' replied Reuben; 'I don't want any of your help.'

dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. 'You know when he first came into the neighborhood, he said he'd kill me,' replied Reuben.

But when the morning came Reuben walked back and forth and round, with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after.

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knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterwards a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door just as the family were retiring to rest.

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie.

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says, 'Captain, your family are all well? Or perhaps he says, 'Captain I've heard heavy news for you, your wife died two and a half years ago.'

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion thro' the town.

And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from her dear one for more than a year.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island bringing news of another ship that was nearly filled with oil; that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month.

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