

Poet's Corner.

WE MUST—WE SHALL BE FRIENDS.

I care not for your country, man!
What's East or West to us?
Perish the narrow mind that dares
To shackle friendship thus.
Whate'er your nation, if your soul
With mine harmonious blends,
Alas! we've been too long estranged;
We must—we shall be friends.

Who turns in coldness from the man
Of real intrinsic worth,
Because by accident he claims
A different place of birth?
On no such trifling circumstance
The diamond's worth depends?
Then wherefore should it weigh with us?
We must—we shall be friends.

Shall I despise the maid I love,
And tear her from my heart,
Because some narrow streamlet keeps
Our native land apart?
That taste must be a morbid one
A foreign flower offends;
What's fair, were fair in any land;
We must—we shall be friends.

Your hand! if to your fellow men
You struggle to be just,
And fairly use the woman's heart
Confided to your trust;
If in your public acts you can
Forget your private ends,
Who cares what land your virtue nurs'd?
We must—we shall be friends.

The world is not so large a world,
One heart might grasp it all;
The man who seeks the general good
A patriot I call;
One like the good Samaritan,
Whose love to all extends;
If such's your creed and politics,
We must—we shall be friends.

Boast not of country till it can
Its fame to you transmit;
Your country can't ennoble you,
But you may 'noble it.
A ladder to the hill of fame
From every land ascends,
Great men have mounted each of them.
We must—we shall be friends.

The Truant Teacher.

"I have brought my boy, sir," said the father of a bright-eyed and roguish looking fellow, "and I hope you will punish him soundly for playing truant, so that he will never dare to do it again; and I have given him fair warning that when he comes home after being whipped at school, I shall whip him again."

"I shall see to him, sir," said the teacher, "and I think we shall have no more trouble with him."

As soon as the father was gone, the master ordered the boy to take off his waistcoat and then began to beat him severely as if staying from a school he disliked was a crime. The little fellow—he was small, though ten years old, had braced himself to bear the punishment, and severe as it was, not a cry or tear escaped him for a long time.

"I will never play truant again, sir," said he at last very coolly, "if you will not strike me any more."

"You don't like it then," said the master, and he laid the blows on with a heavier hand. "Recollect that your father has promised to follow this whipping with a second part to the same tune. You are sorry you played truant, I guess, by this time."

"No, sir, I am not sorry," said the boy in a resolute tone, while he looked pale as death. "Had you took me at my word, I would have kept it, but now I will make no promises and no confessions if you kill me."

There was something in the manner of the boy which alarmed the master and he withheld his hand.

"Will you now promise me never to play truant again?"

"No, sir, never," said the boy.

The other pupils, both girls and boys, evidently sympathized with the truant, and begged the master to let him go. Glad of an excuse to desist, he yielded to their entreaties, and told the boy to put on his clothes and take his seat.

When school was out, the wary teacher selected two of the largest boys to see that the truant went directly home to receive what awaited him there.

"Bill," said the truant to the largest of his guards, "I am not going home to be whipped again."

"What are you going to do?" said the boy whom Robert addressed.

"I don't know, but I am determined not to go home."

"I can't say I blame you," said Bill.

"I would not go if I were you," said the other guard, "but we shall get it if we let you escape."

"There! there goes my hat!" said Robert, who seeing the opportunity as they were crossing a bridge, knocked it into the stream.

The two guards, supposed that it was blown off by the wind, both ran to recover it, and Robert running to the opposite direction, was soon beyond their reach. He made for the nearest railroad station, and slyly entering a cattle car that was conveying sheep, he was carried many miles and when he released himself was not noticed by the conductor of the train.

He immediately went up to the village to try to get some food, not having eaten a mouthful since the day before, when he went supperless to bed. On his way there, he saw some apples in the window of a little shop kept by a cripple, who made shoes, and retailed fruit and confectionary to the children of the village, with whom he was a great favorite. The window was raised just enough to admit his hand, and under the impulse of extreme hunger, he gently thrust it in and seized one of the apples. At the same moment a stranger had seized his, and there he stood caught in the very act.

The cripple, who had been sitting at work near the window, rose, and seeing a strange boy without a hat, he supposed at once there must be something unusual in the case, and in a mild voice he asked, "what were you going to do with my apples, little fellow?"

The tone of voice revived Robert, who was exceedingly frightened at his situation, and he said, "I am dying with hunger, sir, and have no money. I was tempted to take one of your apples, but I am sorry I did so."

"You may have as many as you want," said the cripple, "but come round to the door and let me know more about you."

There is something in the manner of true benevolence which removes all fear, and Robert did not hesitate to do as he was requested.

"Well, who are you, my little barehead," said the cripple, "and what have you done with your hat?"

"I lost it from a bridge," said Robert.

"What is your name?"

"Robert, sir, but do not ask me my other name, for I do not wish to be sent home."

"You, have run away then?"

"Yes sir; I played truant, was cruelly beaten by the master, and as my father promised to pay me too when I returned home, I would not go home to be beaten again, for my back was already raw."

"Let me look at it," said the cripple, who at once thought that the back would be a certificate of the truth or falsehood of the story. Robert stripped himself, and all doubts were at once removed. "Why did you play truant?" inquired the cripple, who had become quite interested in the boy.

"I could not learn my lesson, sir, and I hated study. My master did not explain the lessons so that I could understand them, and not being able to commit to memory so many words that were all Greek to me, I was flogged every day till I got tired of it."

"Very natural," said the cripple, "very natural, and perhaps not very naughty. Do you hate study?"

"If that is what you call study, I do," said Robert, "but I guess I am as ready as anybody to get any knowledge worth having."

"Well," said the cripple, "you may eat your apple now, and as I am too lame to go home to dinner, I brought something for dinner, and here is what is left of it."

Robert ate heartily as hungry children know how to do, and when he had done, the children from the neighboring village school began to enter the little shop and there was hardly room to turn round in it.

"I want a cent's worth of chesnuts," said one.

"Robert," said the cripple, "can you count out twenty-five chesnuts for that little girl?"

"I guess I can," said Robert, delighted at the task, and still more so with the confidence it implied.

"I should like a stick of candy," said another.

"Who is that fellow?" said one of the little boys to the cripple.

"He is a poor little fellow that was dying with pain and hunger, and I have just been feeding him," replied he.

"Wont you have thum of my chethnut?" said a little girl holding out her little stock.

"You may have this apple," said a rosy faced

boy, "I don't want any more of it." He had only taken one large bite from one side.

"You may have half of my candy," said a third, and the cripple let them give, and Robert to take the offering, because he had known by hard experience that such sacrifices are lessons in benevolence, one of which is worth a thousand of those committed to memory.

The readiness with which Robert waited on the children satisfied the cripple that his natural powers were, to say the least, as good as those of common children, and not knowing what better to do, he took Robert home with him for the night. In the course of the evening he made some inquiries into the studies to which the boy had attended, and the manner in which he had studied them. The spelling lessons had been learned by looking at the words, reading them over to himself, and then spelling them as the master "put them out." Geography had been learned by rote in the words of the book, without any explanation or illustrations. But it was grammar that had driven him from school. He could not understand a word of it, and it was never explained or applied. He knew that Man-Virtue-London was a substantive, He knew that a pronoun stood instead of a noun, but he could not make any of them stand instead of a Man-Virtue-London.—He knew that a verb was a word that signified to be, to do, to suffer, and he supposed the whippings and sufferings he endured were part of a verb, but the connection was not explained, though the application was often made to his back.

The cripple's mind was made up before morning, and believing that it would be a benevolent act to develop the powers of the boy's mind by a little proper training, so that he might become reconciled to study, and needing also a lad to do many things that his lameness and ill health made painful to him, he proposed to Robert to live with him, tend his store, and learn whatever he might be able to teach him. Robert was never so happy in his life. The days flow like feathers, and he did not know what he liked best, the cripple, the shop, or his studies. He wrote all the words of the spelling book on a slate, and when he would collect a class of the village children, he taught them how to write from his example. He never heard the word grammar mentioned, but he soon learned to write sentences, and in less than two years wrote letters for various domestics who came on errands to the shop, and even, had begun to correspond with the village school teacher, who had taken a great liking to him. He was so serviceable to the cripple that he enlarged his shop and his stock of goods. Besides making shoes themselves when they had leisure, they employed other workmen, and before Robert was of age he became the partner of his excellent master.

It was not long before Robert became the chairman of the School Committee, and what was his astonishment one day to see his old teacher come into the shop, to be examined for a vacant school in one of the districts.

"Of course you have taught before?" said Robert, assuming an air of indifference.

"I have," said the teacher, and for nearly "twenty years."

"What are your leading principles of instruction and discipline?"

"I have learned to place little dependence upon lessons committed to memory and none at all upon the rod."

"Why so? many think these essential to thorough instruction and good government?"

"I thought so once, but my opinion was entirely changed some years ago by an incident which drove an unfortunate boy from school and from home. That was the great error of my life, and dearly have I paid for it."

"How so?"

"The odium of the boy's disappearance attached to me, though the parents sustained me at the time. But when the boy was given up as lost, they blamed me for not resisting their wishes, and I have been induced to leave that region to avoid their reproaches, and scenes which reminded me of that crime. Here, I am unknown, and my experience will not be lost."

"You are playing the truant yourself, then, and do not like the school of affliction, whose lessons are only words. You would not like to be beaten and then sent home to be beaten, after you had solemnly promised not to play truant again?"

The teacher's eyes were fixed upon the speaker as they had not been before, for the words told upon his memory. As he scanned the committee man, he exclaimed "there can be no mistake?"

"None at all," said Robert, offering his hand, "I am the truant himself."

The poor teacher seized the proffered hand, and he begged his pupil's pardon while he wept like

a child, Robert, too, who shed no tears when a child, was melted by those of his teacher, and the good cripple could hardly prevent the teacher from worshipping him, when Robert introduced him as the friend whose benevolence and judgment had discerned a remnant of good in the starving truant boy, and by wise instruction had led him to love, knowledge from which he had formerly fled.

A STORY OF LORD MORPETH.

About the year 1846 or 1847, Lord Morpeth travelled through the United States. Among other places he paid his respects to the Garden City, passing through here on his way from St. Louis to Buffalo, via the Upper Lakes. He put up at the Lake House in this city, then kept by Wm. Rickords. His lordship, since then Earl of Carlisle, enjoyed two or three days' shooting on the prairies with Bill, and expressed himself highly pleased with the sport. He was also very much struck with the position and advantages of our city as a commercial centre, predicting that in a few years it would become one of the most important inland cities in the United States.

But to our story. His lordship on Sunday desired to visit a place of worship, as was his custom and asked if there were not an episcopal church in the city. Mr. Rickords answered yes, and directed him to that which he attended himself, at the same time requesting 'Major F——' to show his lordship into the best pew in the church. The Major thought Mrs. —— one of the leaders of the ton at that time—the most proper one and accordingly seated his lordship in it. It must here be premised that his lordship was dressed in a plain suit of gray cloth, such as is worn by English gentlemen while travelling. His head was topped, not with an Earl's coronet, but with a chip hat he had purchased the day before at friend Smith's the hatter. In fact, altogether, his appearance was anything but indicative of high life and lordly presence.

In the meantime the lady in whose pew the stranger had been seated, made her appearance.—She advanced up the aisle, rustling in silks and sparkling in magnificent jewels. She laid her gloved hand, in which was the gilt-edged and magnificently bound prayerbook, upon the pew door, and looked full in his lordship's face. The glance was returned as fully, but no movement was made on the part of the occupant to pass out and allow the lady to pass in, this not being the custom in England. The lady at length opened the door making an almost imperceptible motion of the head backward. His lordship took the hint, politely passed out, and as politely bowed the lady in, who swept by him with a magnificent display of hauteur in exchange for his very deferential manner. She did not deign to glance at the very common looking person a second time, but seated herself with her head leaning on the front of the pew, in the customary attitude of adoration.

His lordship stood a few seconds, looking somewhat puzzled. He glanced to the right and left but seeing no movement made on the part of any of the occupants of the neighboring pews, concluded the lady had only acted according to the etiquette of the country, and accordingly re-entered the pew, took his seat very modestly and quietly. The service proceeded. His lordship, although without a book, (the lady never proffered her's) responding in a deep, sonorous, and mellow voice—a voice which often before charmed the ears of all who had heard it in the Upper House of the British Legislature, and which now for the first time resounded in the church of St. J——.

The lady returned home, and the next day related the circumstance to a fashionable friend who called upon her. She had been annoyed by a very shabby looking person, whom old Major F., the sexton, had shown into her pew. It was too bad the Major did not know better than to show such an odd-looking person into her seat. She should take the first opportunity of speaking to him about it: indeed, she thought she would be compelled to purchase a lock and key for the door which would in future exclude all intruders.—"Why," said her visitor, with an expression which had a trifle of malice in it, "did you not know who that gentleman was?" "No," responded the other, "how should I know who the person was? Some farmer from Rock River or the Wabash Valley, probably." "No, indeed," answered the visitor.—"The gentleman whom 'the Major' was so thoughtful as to show into your pew was no less a personage than Lord Morpeth, now travelling in the United States." "Lord Morpeth," frantically screamed our fashionable lady, at the same time throwing up her hands while an expression of absolute despair flashed over her face: "Lord Morpeth, oh! why was I such a fool! Had I known it, I should