

cation of the world, by the demolition of the falsely alledged, the defying and irritating provisions for national defence. We act on the world as it is, or as it is shortly to be; and we hold that the opinion that this pacification cannot be completed till all men are imbued with every other virtue, to proceed from ignorance of human character and human history, and blindness to the advancing civilization of the age. God is wiser than politicians and stronger than Governments, and will surely bring on the time when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall learn war no more," although sin may never be totally eradicated from human bosoms in the present state of their earthly existence.

THE CRANBERRY PASTURE.

BY MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

"What is the matter with your eye, Frank?" said his father to a stout, frolicksome-looking boy of about twelve years of age.

"Only a little bruise, father; nothing of consequence. But we have had prime fun this afternoon, and given it pretty well to the Mexicans."

"What do you mean?" said his father; "I hope you have not been fighting."

"I will tell you, father, all about it; but I suppose you will hear of it, at any rate, for Mr. Lucas, the Abolitionist, says he means to come and tell you the whole story, and you had better know the truth beforehand."

"Well, Frank," said his father, "I hope you will tell me the whole truth; for this I know, I shall hear it from Mr. Lucas."

"You see, father, we boys some of us went yesterday afternoon to the Cranberry Pasture, which you know you had a dispute about with Mr. Brown, and which you took possession of this Spring, by putting a fence round it. You know that little nook in it, which you said you ought to have too, and that it really belonged to the pasture, but which Mr. Brown, who once owned the whole, says is still his, and that he will not give it up, and that Mr. Flint cheated him out of the rest; well, you see, when we were up there, and saw how awkward it looked, we thought we would just put some stakes round this little nook, just as you had round the rest of the pasture, and notch your initials on them to see what old Brown would say, and call it ours. And when autumn comes, we can gather all the cranberries; for Mr. Flint, of whom you had the pasture, says, it ought in fact to be yours, and that he always called it his and gathered the cranberries if he could, but that Mr. Brown was obstinate about it, and would not give it up. While we were putting up the stakes yesterday, we heard Mr. Brown's boys, the little darkies, or

Brownies as we call them, calling out to us to go off of their ground, as they called it, but we laughed at them, and said it was our land and not theirs, and dared them to come on to it, or to touch us, or move the stakes which we were putting up. They looked at us, but kept their distance and said nothing, but they went off and called the boys from the next house, their cousins you know, and then we saw all their woolly heads put together planning what they should do to us. We came home soon after we had taken possession, determining that we would go to-day in force, and give them a flogging if they dared to touch the post we had put down. So we all five went to-day, after school, and there we found all eight of the Brownies on the ground. All the stakes were pulled up, and there they were with sticks ready to fight us if we come on to their ground, as they called it. Well, you see, father, there was nothing for us to do but to defend ourselves. We could not help fighting, so we choose John Captain, and called ourselves the Americans, and the Brownies the Mexicans, and we went at it like good fellows. We got sticks as well as they; but though there were only five of us, and eight of them, we had the advantage of them, for we took care to keep ourselves cool, and we dodged their blows, and took care to hit them in their heads, and on their arms, so as to disable them, but they got mad, and you know they are all rather small, and don't know how to fight, and then people of their color are used to being beaten, and at last they began to run, and then we chased them to the ditch that runs all round their father's little farm, and they were so frightened that only two or three of the strongest of them stopped to jump over; all the rest tumbled headlong in, and there we left them floundering in the mud. You never saw anything look so funny as they did. Then we put up our stakes again, and came home in triumph. John was as brave as Julius Cæsar; he fought with two or three of them at a time; Tom lost one of his front teeth in the fight, by a stone, and feels rather foolish; but we have had a glorious time, and have shown that we are brave fellows and are worthy of the name of true Americans."

Mr. ——— heard his son all through without interrupting him. At last when he had finished, he asked him if he thought he had done right to these poor colored boys. Frank did not reply for some time. At last he said, "Father, I should not think you would say we had done wrong. You know you said you thought that the Americans were right in going into the Mexican territory and taking possession of it, and that you were glad that they had taken Matamoros, and that you thought that the man who illuminated his office on the night when we heard of the victory, showed his patriotism. We were only playing a Mexican War; those colored boys are cowards just like the Mexicans, and we ought to be brave like the Americans. You have often said that we ought to have that nook in our cranberry pasture, and that we should never have any peace with Mr. Brown till he gave it up. You know that whenever we went to pick cranberries we always got into a quarrel with the boys; for it was very vexatious to hear them say that you have no right to any of the pasture, for that it was stolen from them; in short, father, I think you ought to praise us for what we have done. We have settled the dif-

ficulty forever, I guess; for I don't believe they will venture to meddle with us any more; and you can have the whole field if you will, for your own, and upon your own terms."

Frank's father was silent; the most unprincipled men will sometimes shudder when they see the hateful form of their own sins in their children. He saw that by taking possession of questionable property he had taught his children to disregard the rights of others; that by approving of the Mexican War, he had given his boys a lesson in injustice, meanness and cruelty, and he felt that any censure from him would have no effect upon his son. He knew not what to say, and was silent. Presently Captain John came in with various bruises on his face, and Tom with his handkerchief to his mouth to hide his loss of a tooth. They saw their father look displeased, and were aware that the afternoon's story had been related to him.

The mother of the boys, who had been silent during the whole conversation between Frank and his father, now said—

"Boys, as your father is silent, I must say to you and him what is in my mind, and what is very painful to me to say. I think your father was very wrong in praising such a wicked thing as the War with Mexico. I think it is vile and vindictive beyond all words to tell, and I was grieved to my soul from the first that your father's political views stood so in the way of his seeing what was just and noble. You have fairly acted out the principle of this War, which is robbery, falsehood and cruelty. You have, like the American Government, been guilty of tyranny and avarice and meanness. You have used your superior powers to oppress the weak, and rob those already poor and friendless. I cannot but hope that your father, when he sees these principles acted out by his children will also see how hateful they are, and be cured of his admiration of the Mexican and of all other wars, and will never again rejoice at the success of wickedness and the death of his fellow men. He has known that I disagreed with him, that I thought him wrong, but I should not have said this to you if I did not think it a solemn duty which I owe to you, to say what I think about the crimes of our Government and of your wickedness in committing the same offence against our innocent and excellent neighbors, the Browns. I shall never cease to entreat your father to give up the cranberry pasture to Mr.¹ Brown, who claims it as his own rightful property. I am ashamed of my sons, that they can commit robbery and cruelty, and then boast of the act and talk of glory and bravery: I mourn that their father, my husband, should ever have given his children occasion to think for a moment that such acts could meet with his approbation."

As she concluded, Mr. Lucas, the abolitionist, entered. The poor Browns had sent for him, their only friend, and had told him their grievances, and asked his aid in this moment of their need. It appeared that the youngest of the boys who fell into the ditch had dislocated his hip and injured himself severely, and was now a great sufferer. They were very poor, and this was a heavy calamity to them. Mr. Lucas, after he had related the fact, added, "I could not believe that your sons intended so seriously to injure any one of these poor boys, and I thought that if

they knew all the pain and injury they had done, they would never have the heart to commit such cruelty ; but their violation of the law of right would have been just as great, had no serious injury followed. I could not believe, sir, that you would approve of this cruel conduct of your sons, and I thought you would wish to make what reparation is possible to the poor Browns."

The father of these boys who had shown themselves such apt scholars in the art of wrong-doing, had been looking stedfastly on the floor while Mr. Lucas spoke: he now broke silence: "I," said he, "I only have been to blame ; my boys have perhaps been too ready to learn evil, but I have been their teacher—I, from whom they should have learned only good ; but I will do the best to remedy my fault. Had their mother always spoken to them and to me as she has to-day, her higher and purer moral sense would perhaps have taken hold of their minds and my own before now. Her unwillingness to condemn their father has kept her silent ; she has loved me and my favor more than her children or her own sense of right, or she would have rebuked my conduct before now ; but the words she has uttered shall not be in vain ; henceforward I will bid my boys learn justice and humanity from their mother, and that they may be induced to be good scholars, I will myself be a learner with them. I confess to-day I feel ashamed of my politics, ashamed of my injustice."

That very hour he went with Mr. Lucas to see the poor little boy who was so much injured by his fall ; he promised to pay all the expenses of the physician and nurse ; he begged the forgiveness of the little fellow and his parents for himself and his sons ; he gave up the right to the cranberry pasture which he had obtained by purchase, to Mr. Brown, as a compensation for the injury he and his sons had done him.

Is it not devoutly to be wished and prayed for, that our country, steeped as it is in iniquity, might follow his example and repent of her sins ?

THE COTTON STRING OF BROTHERHOOD.

The value of the produce shipped from the United States to Liverpool for six months of the past year, was \$39,000,000, of which \$36,000,000 was in cotton. A large hawser that, to be severed by the sword, before the two nations may swing clear of each other. If Christianity and civilization should help moor the two kindred countries together with a cable of equal strength, all the swords that War ever sharpened could not cut apart these Anglo-Saxon Twins. E. B.

From Jan. 1, 1836, to March 3, 1843, the war expenses of this government were \$154,954,881 !!—five millions more than all the civil expenses of government from 1789 to 1843 !! E. B.