

LITERATURE, &c.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE WILL.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

[Concluded.]

This letter threw the Vivians into consternation. The matter had remained quiet so long, that they had almost forgotten that their right had been disputed. The rector was willing to hope that no positive document had been found, but Susan, to whom the intelligence was tenderly communicated by her gentle mistress, now felt it her duty to reveal all she knew on the subject. This confession threw a fresh aspect on the affair; still Mr. Vivian hoped it could be proved that the testator was in a state of imbecility when the more recent will was dictated and signed; on this ground his wife could maintain her own right to be inviolate. The visit to the watering place was of course set aside, and Susan earnestly begged permission to accompany them to London. She felt herself placed in a most painful position. Her conscience, judgment, and every sentiment of affection and gratitude, induced her to espouse the cause of the Vivians; to espouse it in opposition to a parent.

We will not dwell upon the process of law: suffice it to say, that when the new will was brought before the court, it was found to be legal. It had been duly signed by the late Mr. Willoughby's two domestics, John and Margaret Webb; and these persons having been subpoenaed by Judith Dawson, were obliged to confess, when put to their oath, though it was with evident reluctance, that their late master was to all appearance perfectly sane when the will received his signature.

The fact was, that Webb and his wife had been prevailed on to give their sanction to what they felt to be an unjust act; and they had left the neighborhood on the death of their master with the hope of escaping any further involvement in the unhappy affair, should the will in favor of the old woman ever come to light.

By these means Gertrude was dispossessed of her uncle's property, and, with her family, once again returned to the rectory. Mrs. Dawson did not make, as may be supposed, a very good use of the wealth she had acquired by such means. She launched out into the most reckless extravagance, and gathered together a number of dissolute and unprincipled people, whose persuasions and intemperate example had so powerful an effect on the weak mind of her husband, that he fell a victim to the excesses in which he was induced to indulge. No words can give an adequate idea of the distress endured by Susan. The holy influences of such a home as she shared in the rector's family had naturally tended to elevate her character, as well as refine her manners; and she now positively refused to share any part of the ill-gotten wealth. As Mrs. Vivian could no longer afford to keep up her former establishment, she sought a situation in a distant town, that she might be removed from the more immediate knowledge of what was passing in her native village.

Growing weary at length of the amusements which a country village afforded, Mrs. Dawson purchased a handsome house in one of the principal squares in the metropolis. She here spent her time in frequenting places of public resort, or in giving expensive entertainments. There are always a set of persons to be met with who will flutter around the wealthy, be their pretensions to respectability or their moral worth what it may. The widow, therefore, found it an easy matter to fill her spacious drawing-rooms with guests who wore at least a fashionable appearance, if their characters had been investigated, it would have been discovered that not one of them could bear a very strict scrutiny.

A career of reckless vice is not often of long duration. Such was the case with the course pursued by this worthless woman. In less than three years after she became possessed of Mr. Willoughby's property, she met with an accident which suddenly terminated her miserable life.

The dreadful intelligence was communicated to Susan by the attorney who had acted for her mother in the late law affair; and he made it known in so abrupt and unfeeling a manner, that her sensitive mind for a time sunk under it, and she was again thrown upon a bed of sickness. The first shock over, however, she made a strong effort to undertake a journey to her native village, with the view of paying a visit to her late master and mistress.

It was the winter season, and night had closed in ere the chaise in which she travelled reached the place of its destination. She was an unexpected guest, but not on that account unwelcome. The family group, collected around a blazing fire in the little parlor, now consisted of eight smiling faces. Mr. Vivian was reading aloud from an amusing and interesting volume, whilst his wife and elder daughters were engaged at the needle. It was a beautiful picture of domestic harmony and happiness, and it so powerfully affected the mind of the visitor, that she could not utter a word in reply to the various questions put to her regarding her health, and whether, from her hazy appearance, any misfortune had befallen her.

'It is not in the power of wealth to purchase such peace as I find here,' she mentally soliloquised, 'nor can it, I think, even add to it.'

The family had not heard of the death of

Mrs. Dawson. Great therefore was their surprise, when Susan, on recovering her self-possession, put into the rector's hands a paper signed by herself, giving up all claim to the property which, she affirmed, had been legally but nevertheless unjustly held by her late mother. Astonishment for some moments chained Mr. Vivian's lips; but when he did speak, it was to express the admiration he felt for this noble act. Gertrude embraced her, as she would have done a sister or a daughter. 'Dear Susan,' she said, 'your exemplary conduct has conferred more real honor upon you than a coronet could have bestowed. You love us, and you imagine that you owe us a debt of gratitude, but I am convinced that a higher motive has instigated you to this self-sacrifice. A deep sense of justice, which the laws of man cannot controvert, though they may render it nugatory, has been the leading spring of your action, and you would have relinquished a claim you felt to be unjust had we been total strangers to you.'

'You have rightly judged me, dear Mrs. Vivian,' Susan made answer.

Gertrude, with the perfect concurrence of her husband, would have forced a considerable sum upon the noble-minded girl, who was thus the means of reinstating them in their former affluence, but she positively refused its acceptance. It was her wish to resume her former position in the family, but they would not hear of her being otherwise than as friend. Another offer was, however, made her, which was, to become the mistress of an establishment of her own. A young farmer in the neighborhood, charmed with the part she had taken in the affair, now came forward as a suitor for her hand and was accepted.

It need scarcely be told that Mr. and Mrs. Vivian did all in their power to advance the interests and promote the happiness of the young couple. They educated their children, and advanced their interests in life. Nearly three-score years have passed since the above related transactions occurred. The inhabitants of the Hall and the inmates of the farm now lie in little chureyard, but the name of Susan Dawson is remembered in her native village, and her moral worth is still the theme of panegyric among its inhabitants.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

We have more than once alluded to the character of French dominion in this African colony, and we have unhesitatingly protested against the deeds done there in the name of civilisation, being regarded as the work of Christians. A recent work, by Mr. Dawson Borrer, who was well qualified to judge both from his capacity and opportunities for observation, has, if possible deepened our horror, of the spirit which reigns over Algeria. The demoniac razzias, which caused the heart of universal Europe to shudder, were undertaken by Marshal Bugeaud, even against the will of the home politicians, and prosecuted with a fiendishness which can scarcely be paralleled. The Marshal, on one of these occasions of invasion, began his march to the country of the Cabiles, and, as he departed on his mission of destruction, the poor famished Arab victims of war came forth to seek some means of life.

About 3 P. M. the Marshal arrived, and the troops from Blida having already joined, the columns were soon once more on their route. No sooner did the cavalry begin to move off than numerous Arabs came on the ground to scrape up with infinite care such corn as might have been left by the horses. It was astonishing to see the patience with which these poor wretches picked out, grain by grain, the barley from among the trampled herbage. One old grey-headed son of the prophet, with the assistance of an aged bag, had collected in his burruse at least a gallon, and perceiving that I regarded his gleaning with an eye of curiosity, ejaculated 'Mackash mangeria;' by which he meant to inform me that he had nothing to eat. The fact is that the last harvest was very scanty, the locusts having 'eaten up the land;' and this, combined with the miserable state they are reduced to by war and by the injustice of the French administration with regard to them, has rendered even a grain of corn valuable in their eyes. Many of these blighted beings, who descend like vultures to glean what may have been left by the horses of a passing troop of cavalry, were once proprietors, perhaps of that very soil upon which they now gather the husks with fear and trembling. Many of them are members of tribes that have not only bowed down to, but fought for, their invaders, who, in return, have deprived them of their lands, in many instances without indemnity; reducing them thus to utter starvation, or forcing them to retire to more remote parts, where the arms of the 'Christian civilizers of North Africa' do not yet prevail.

Driven before the merciless invaders, the Moslem mountaineers disputed every foot of ground, but fought with less success, and even less ferocity than their 'Christian' foes.

Still advancing by extremely rugged paths, the rocks in some places forming perfect mountain stairs, with deep ravines on either one hand or the other, we came within sight of three villages lying close together, overlooked by a fourth in the background, crowning the very summit of an extremely lofty mountain—a spur in fact of a range of heights behind it, but presenting on our side a conical face of most difficult access, up which an Arab track, winding like a cork-screw, might be discerned, alive with numerous fugitives, toiling towards

the summit with slow and difficult steps. Several towers in the neighborhood of these villages were garrisoned with enraged mountaineers, thirsting for vengeance, but aware that their only hope lay in the commanding stronghold above mentioned. Continual puffs of smoke issued from the towers and bullets rattled about us. It was but a dying struggle! The villages in the foreground were soon gained, the troops advancing *au pas de course* as well as the nature of the country would permit. For the cavalry it was difficult enough, the slopes about these mountain homes being divided into plots by low walls of loose rocks thrown together. Dashing the spurs into our horses' flanks, upwards we drove, however, at a heavy gallop, every man following according to the ability of his steed. Some cleared the rocky divisions; some floundered over them; others bit the dust, horse and rider, but always on the right side. More than one thick-pated trooper will long remember how he tried the mettle of the rock with his skull that day.

It was a hard ride, but an exciting one. The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height, and composed of stones cemented together with mud mingled with chopped straw, a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and an impenetrable hedge of the prickly pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loop holes pierced in these walls and in the walls of their houses.

Upon the terraces of the latter might also be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burruses thrown back as they handled with activity their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at *bout portant*. It was all to no avail, however; the narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops, ravishing, massacring, plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded; the sword fell upon all alike.—From one house bloodstained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age; there she lay, weltering in gore and in the agonies of death: an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. In another a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering, in the agony of fear, prayers to Allah with a trembling tongue. A pretty child, of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child: a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in, some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. 'Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?'—'No monsieur,' said one fellow, 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.' In nearly every house were jars of oil (for the Kabyles make, consume, and sell vast quantities), often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all these jars, the houses were soon crowded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all that they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and the mattings together and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets to regain the outside of the village, disgusted with the horrors I witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepit mother flashing on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing with increased fury, and there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames. Scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabyle child was doubtless consumed with her aged parent.—How many others have shared her fate! . . . All that was not borne away by the spoilers was devoured by the fire or buried amidst the crashing ruins; and then the hungry flames vomited forth from the burning habitations, and gained the tall corn growing around these villages, and, running swiftly on, wound about and consumed the scattered olive-trees overshadowing it. Fire covered the face of the country, and the heavens were obscured with smoke.

We have often been told that soldiers are the missionaries of civilisation, and that war is a means of spreading a knowledge of the true God. We shudder as we listen to such opinions supported by practical arguments like the one which we have just presented to our readers. Warriors never did for the spread of civilisation or christianity, one tith of the thousandth part that has been done within the last twenty years by the British and American churches; and all the heroes of the sword put together, never adventured so much for the Lord's Kingdom or conquered so many to his laws as has John Williams, Robert Moffat, Hops M. Waddel, three peaceful, humble, but glorious Christian missionaries of Britain.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

CAPT. STICK AND TONEY.

A JUDGMENT FOR COSTS.

By J. Hooper, Esq.

Old Captain Stick was a remarkably precise old gentleman, and a conscientiously just man. He was too very methodical in his habits, one of which was to keep an account in writing of the conduct of his servants from day to day. It was a sort of account current, and he settled by it every Saturday afternoon. No one dreaded these hebdomadal balancings more than Tony, the boy of all work, for the Captain was generally obliged to write a receipt for a considerable amount across his shoulders.

One settling afternoon, the captain, accompanied by Tony, was seen toddling down to the old stable, with his little account book in one hand and a small rope in the other. After they had reached the 'bar of Justice,' and Tony had been properly 'strung up,' the Captain proceeded to state his accounts as follows:

'Tony Dr
Sabbath, to not half blacking my boots, &c., five stripes.

Tuesday, to staying four hours at mill longer than necessary, ten stripes.

Wednesday, to not locking the hall door after night, five stripes.

Total, twenty five stripes.

Tony Cr.

Monday, by first rate day's work in the garden, ten stripes.

Balance due, fifteen stripes.

The balance being thus struck, the captain drew his cowhide and remarked—'Now Tony, you black scamp; what say you, you lazy villain, why I should at give you fifteen lashes across your back as hard as I can draw?'

'Stop ole massa,' said Tony; 'dare is do workin de garden, air—dat ought to take off some.'

'You blak dog,' said the captain, 'hav'at I given you the proper credit of ten stripes, for that. Come, come!'

'Please ole massa,' said Tony, rolling his eyes about in an agony of fright—'Dar—you forgot—dare's de scourin' ob de flos—ole missus say e neber been scour as good before.'

'Soho, you saucy rascal,' quoth captain Stick; 'you're bringing in more offsets, are you? Well now, there!—here the captain made entry upon his book—'you have a credit of five stripes, and the balance must now be paid.'

'Gor a mity, massa don't hit yet—dar's sumpen else—oh Lord! please don't—yes sir—got um now—ketchin' de white boy and fetchin him to ole missus, what trow rock at de young ducks?'

'That's a fact,' said the captain—the outrageous young vagabond—that's a fact, and I'll give you a credit of ten stripes for it—I wish you had brought him to me—now we'll settle the balance.

'Bress de Lord, ole massa,' said Tony, *dat's all*. Tony grinned extravagantly.

The Captain adjusted a tortoise-steel spectacles, with great exactness, held the book close to his eyes, and ascertained that the fact was as stated by Tony. He was not a little irritated:

'You swear off the account you infernal rascal—you swear off the account do you?'

'All the credit is fair, ole massa,' answered Tony.

'Yes but—said the disappointed Captain—but—but—still the Captain was sorely puzzled how to give Tony a few licks *anj how*—'but—an idea hopped into his head—'where's my costs—you incorrigible, abominable scoundrel? You want to swindle me do you, out of my costs, you black deceitful rascal? 'And,' added Capt. Stick, chuckling as well as his own ingenuity as the perfect justice of the sentence; 'I enter judgment against you for costs—ten stripes'—and forthwith administered the stripes and satisfied the judgment.

'Ki nigger!' said Tony; 'ki nigger! what dis judgment for costs, ole massa talk 'bout. Done git off 'bout not blackin' de boot—git off 'bout stayin' long time at de mill—and ebery ting else—but dis judgment for costs gim me de debbil—Bress God, nigger must keep out of de ole stable, or I'll tell you what, dat judgment for costs make e back feel mighty warm, for true!'

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

DILEMMAS OF HUMANITY.

Some people feel a wicked pleasure in pointing out the bad effects which arise from inconsiderate beneficence, and in twitting their kind-hearted neighbors with the disappointments which so often befall their well-meant efforts. The most familiar case is that put into a proverbial form, 'I lent my money to my friend,' &c. We may deplore the triumph which facts often give to those who are so wise for themselves; but we cannot deny that there are some perverse tendencies about human nature which do make it difficult to be beneficent and liberal without injury to those whom we design to benefit. It is a sad truth that a friend is in danger of being lost after he has become a borrower; all experience attests it. Still more imperilled is the friendship of those who receive gifts. It seems as if not only were the inequalities of fortune, by which so many suffer, a determined part of nature, but as if every special effort to remedy them, by an imparting from the prosperous to the unfortunate, were fated only to make matters worse. If there is one amiable feeling in human nature, it is that from which alms-giving springs.