

the even more dreadful uncertainty of suspense. Hour after hour, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, the sufferers watched the course of that strange sail, and when at length her topsails began to lift, and her approach was no longer doubtful, a faint hoarse cry rose up from their overcharged hearts, and once more they exhibited the wild delicious joy which had characterized the first discovery of the stranger.

The approaching sail was apparently a merchant ship of the largest class, and the number of her look-outs seemed to intimate that she was armed. She was coming down toward us in gallant style, her canvas bellying out in the breeze, and the foam rolling in cataracts under her bows. Once we thought that she was about to alter her course—her head turned partially around and one or two of her sails shook in the wind—but, after a moment's anxious suspense, we saw her resume her course, her head pointing nearly toward us. For some time we watched her in silence, eagerly awaiting the moment when she should perceive our log sail. But we were doomed to be disappointed. Minute after minute passed by, after we had assured ourselves that we were nigh enough to be seen, and yet the stranger appeared unconcerned of our vicinity. She was now nearly abreast of us, running free before the wind, just out of hail. Our hearts throbbed with intense anxiety. But though several minutes more had passed, and she was directly on our beam, her look-outs still continued gazing listlessly around, evidently ignorant that we were near.

'She will pass us,' exclaimed Seaton, the topman, 'how can they avoid seeing our sail?'

'We must try to hail them,' I said, 'or we are lost.'

'Ay—ay, it is our only chance,' said the topman, and a grim smile passed over his face as he looked around on his emaciated shipmates, and added bitterly, 'though it's little likely that such skeletons as we can make ourselves heard to that distance.'

'We will try,' said I, and raising my hand to time the cry, I hailed the ship. The sound rose feebly on the air and died waveringly away. But no symptoms of its being heard were perceptible on board the stranger.

'Again,' I said, 'once more!'

A second time the cry rose up from our boat, but this time with more volume than before. Still no look-out moved, and the ship kept on her course.

'A third time, my lads,' I said, 'we are lost if they hear us not—ahoy!'

'Hilloo!' came floating down toward us, and a topman turned his face directly toward us, leaning his ear over the yard to listen.

'Ahoy!—ahoy!—Ho-ho-o-oy!' we shouted, joining in our voices in a last desperate effort.

'Hilloo—boat ahoy!' were the glad sounds that met our ears in return, and a dozen hands were extended to point out our location. At the instant the ship gallantly swung round, and bore down directly toward us.

'They see us—praise the Lord—they see us—we are saved!' were the exclamations of the crew as they burst into hysteric tears, and fell on their knees in thanksgiving, again enacted the scene of delirious joy which had characterized the first discovery of the strange sail.

On came the welcome ship—on like a seabird on the wing! Scores of curious faces were seen peering over her sides as she approached, while from top and cross trees a dozen look-outs gazed eagerly toward us. The sun was shining merrily on the waves, which sparkled in his beams like silver; while the marmar of the wind over the deep came pleasantly to our ears. Oh! how different did every thing appear to us now from what it had appeared when hope was banished from our hearts. And when, weak and trembling, we were raised to the deck of the stranger, did not our hearts run over with gratitude to God? Let the tears that even our rescuers shed proclaim.

'Water—give us water, for God's sake,' was the cry of my men as they struggled to the deck.

'Only a drop now, more you shall have directly,' answered the surgeon, as he stood between the half-frenzied men and the water can.

With difficulty the ravenous appetites of the crew were restrained, for to have suffered the men to eat in large quantities after so long an abstinence would have ensured their speedy deaths. The sick were hurried to cots, while the captain insisted that I should share a portion of his own cabin.

It was many days before we were sufficiently recovered to mingle with our rescuers, and during our sickness we were treated with a kindness which was never forgot.

The strange sail was a privateer's man, sailing under the American flag. We continued with her about two months, when she found it necessary to return into port. As we were nearly opposite Block Island, it was determined to stand in for Newport, where accordingly we landed, after an absence of nearly a year.

Here I found that we had been given up for lost. A bucket, with the name of the Dart painted on it, having been picked up at sea, from which it was concluded that all on board the vessel had perished. This belief had now become general in consequence of the lapse of time since we had been heard from. I was greeted, therefore, as one restored from the dead.

SCRAPS.

Quaint Fun.—Old Fuller, author of the English Worthies, tells a quaint story of himself and Justice Woodcock. 'I was in the fields,' said Fuller, 'when we did hear an owl.' 'What bird is that?' said he. 'A woodcock,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'it is a fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and a fuller all over.'

A Toast.—At a late Temperance celebration the following sentiment, among others, was drunk:—'The reformed drunkards; we welcome them as the only messengers that have returned from the Spirit land.'

Tombs, says old Fuller, are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. A good memory is the best ornament. Others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. To conclude, let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will find rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlemen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve the outside thereof.

A Lesson for Pride.—Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one above another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. 'I am searching,' said Diogenes, 'for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.'

From Graham's Magazine

MY MOTHER—A DREAM.

Oh mother, sacred! dear, in dreams of thee,
I sat, again a child, beside thy knee,
Nestling amidst thy robe delightedly!
And all was silent in the silent room,
Save bees that humm'd o'er honeysuckle bloom.

I gazed upon thy face, so mild, so fair,
I heard thy holy voice arise in prayer;
Oh mother, mother, thou thyself wert there!
Thou, by the placid brow, the thoughtful eye,
The clasping hand, the voice of melody.

I clung around thy neck, thy tears fell fast,
Like rain in summer, yet the sorrow past;
And smiles, more beautiful than e'en the last,
Play'd on thy lip, such it were
To bless our early home in days of yore.

Then wild and grand arose my native hills—
I heard the leaping torrent's, and the thrills
Of birds that hymn the sun; the charm that fills
Old Haddon's vales, and haunts its river side,
What time the Fays pluck kings by its tide.

Methought 'twas hawthorn time—the jolly
May—
For o'er far plains bright figures seemed to stray,
Gath'ring the buds, and calling me away!
I waked, but ah! to weep—no eye of thine,
Sweet mother, beam'd its gentle light on mine.

MRS. BALMANSO.

THE RELATIONS OF WEALTH AND LABOR.

We take the following Extract from an Address delivered before the American Institute, October 20, 1842. By H. G. O. COLBY, of Massachusetts.

* * * Many of our people have derived their ideas of the wealthy and the labouring classes, not from a fair and enlarged view of their condition in this country, but from what they have read and heard of them in the old world and in other times. The study of history, to which we are much addicted, is calculated to engender false ideas and strong prejudices upon this subject—and they are not a little strengthened by all the novels, which have so far taken a historical turn, that they profess to give a faithful delineation of men and manners. There is a passionate fondness also for books of travels, and probably they have done much to deepen and refresh these false opinions; and in short, many good men among us have formed their principles of conduct in reference to the facts which they have thus learned.

And yet the difference between the condition and relation of the two classes here and in the old world, is as wide as the ocean that separates us; but marked and palpable as it is, it is very generally disregarded. Public attention has, indeed, been strongly directed of late to the wages of labor in this and in other countries, and the vastly superior condition of the American laborer has been clearly demonstrated,—but the causes and the consequence of this difference, and the duties resulting from it, were secondary objects, and were therefore but slightly considered. In order that we may understand their true condition here, and thus correct our prejudices, if need be, and adopt correct principles of thought and action, let us briefly inquire into the condition of the two classes in some of the European communities. Let us examine things abroad, that we may obtain a clearer view of things at home.

It is obvious to remark, in the outset, that in almost every country and in every age,

though there were diversities of operations, there was the same spirit—the story of the rich and the poor has always been, like the dreams of Pharaoh, different in form, but in result the same. It is a story written on every page of human history, in fire and blood, with unvarying distinctness and mournfulness. On the one side there have been oppression, profligacy and crime—on the other submission, vassalage, and want: on the one side privileges—on the other exclusion from all privileges; on the one side a long catalogue of rights—on the other a long catalogue of wrongs. And this is a strict history of half the ancient and modern states of the old world.

In Republican Rome the people were divided from the first into two classes—the Patricians and Plebeians—and it was not till Marius rose, with his matchless daring and intrepid courage to vindicate the rights of the people, that a consul could be appointed without the ranks of the aristocracy.—But as long as their government endured, throughout its vast extent, it was one of iron rigour toward the labouring classes. Nor was it peculiar to the Roman Empire. In Indostan, for ages past and down to the present hour, the system has existed and still exists in its worst conceivable form. And it is one of the mysteries of our nature, that a system so fraught with injustice and mischief could ever have been established among mankind—that a mere institution of men's device should be able to counteract the impulses of nature and bring the ardent longings, the vehement aspirations of man into such circumscriptions and confine, 'that it would be intolerable even to a mill horse.'

The downfall and dismemberment of the Roman Empire were followed by the establishment of other forms of government, under the names, but marked by the continuance of the same essential distinction between the rich and the poor. The feudal system—a complex and iron system of exaction and vassalage—was established everywhere, by fire and sword, and became so strongly fastened upon every people, where it was established, that it has continued up to this time to shape and govern their customs, their laws and their institutions. The sole end and aim of the system was to establish a privileged class, among whom rich and magnificent domains were partitioned, and the inferior classes became their hewers of wood and drawers of water.

In no country in Europe were the effects of this system more manifest and disastrous than in France. The distinction between patrician and plebeian, between noble and base born, was early established, and unhappily, this privilege extended to all the children, instead of being confined, as in England, to the eldest son. The consequence was a numerous nobility—a complete separation of the higher and lower orders, and the establishment of a wall of partition, which neither talent, energy nor success could pass. The greater portion of the land of the kingdom was in their hands; and instead of wondering, as we do, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the atrocities which marked its progress, it is rather to be marveled at that it was so long delayed. It was nothing more than human nature asserting its long lost rights—tormented humanity taking its range—the upheaving, from its lowest depths, of that mighty unaccounted mass of men, whose hearts had been elecciated by ages of oppression. Amidst blazing chateaux, France rang with the terrible gathering cry—'War to the palace and peace to the cottage'—a cry which will sooner or later be sounded in every nation and kingdom where such an aristocracy can be found. The nobles of France received a solemn warning and fearful foretaste of the calamities that awaited them in the war of the Jacquerie. Far be it from me to excuse or palliate the excesses of the French Revolution—but that terrible tragedy was acted in vain in the sight of Heaven, if men will not learn the lessons which it teaches—that it was nothing but man broke loose from oppression, coming forth from den, cavern and hovel, the memory of a thousand wrongs gathering round his heart, and as the oppressor fell beneath his stroke, lifting up the exulting shout of long baffled, long delayed, but never dying revenge.

In Russia there are but two classes—the noble and the serf, who is bought and sold with the land. And in Poland the condition of the peasantry is still worse. A traveller remarks that he never saw a wheaten loaf in any part of North Germany. In Austria the nobles are proprietors of the soil, and the nobles are compellable to work every day for their masters except Sundays. In Hungary the nobles own the land and do no work, and pay no taxes; the laboring classes are compelled to repair all the bridges and highways, and to pay one tenth of the products of their labor to the church, and one sixth to the landlord. There are still reckoned at the present day, one hundred and fifty thousand nobles in the ancient provinces of Podolia and Volhynia, and almost the entire territory of those countries is concentrated in the hands of no more than fifty families. This single fact is quite sufficient to tell us all we desire to know respecting the condition of the inferior classes.

Prussia has long been regarded as the model State in Europe, and her powerful and prosperous condition is owing chiefly to the wise and judicious changes which have taken place in the laws respecting the working classes. Previous to the year 1806, the condition of the peasantry was that of velleinage, with few exceptions.

They were attached to the property of their Lords—obliged to give him their service with-

out compensation, and incapable of holding property. They could not change their place of residence, their children could not enter into other pursuits, nor their daughters marry, without the consent of their superior. And none but a noble could purchase the estate of a noble. In addition to all this, the land of the nobles was exempt from taxation.

If this policy had been continued to the present day, Prussia would not have attained her present prosperity, power and eminence. It was prostrated, not as in most other States, by the revolt of the people and a bloody revolution, but by the wise and judicious reform of one of the boldest, ablest, soundest and most sagacious statesmen that ever sat in a European cabinet, (Stein.) By the laws of 1806 and 1807, which he proposed, the sale and purchase of land was thrown open to all alike, the relation of velleinage was abolished forever, and the nobles were compelled to contribute like all other citizens to the public burthens in proportion to their means. Not content with the mere removal of restrictions, the Government endeavored to stimulate industry and assure ambition, by prizes, and public exhibitions and manufactures of all kinds, which have produced the most striking and beneficial effects. Would to God that the Metterniches of Europe had the courage, the prudence and the foresight of Stein and Hardenberg! or that anything could induce them to follow their illustrious example. Opposed to every species of Reform, progress and improvement, by their resistless influence 'all things continue as they were.' They are the potent magicians of a darker age, whose spells arrested every living thing, and fixed it in marble silence. The latter have come into the world, and pronouncing one magic word, a million of gigantic statues have sprung into life and activity, and thus a nation has been born in a day.

Allow me to close this series of illustrations by a reference to that country, with which our acquaintance is most intimate, and whose institutions we best understand—our Father land. Of all lands, it presents the most striking spectacle of the unequal distribution of property. This inequality owes its origin to the feudal system, but its perpetuation and continuance to her present legislation and policy. The extremes of wealth and poverty are to be found in England in the most appalling contrast. We see, on the one hand, an hereditary nobility—the law of primogeniture, by which the eldest son succeeds to the titles and estates of his ancestors—the law of entail, by which vast estates are locked up and perpetuated in the hands of a single individual from generation to generation, and from age to age. Only one sixth of the population of England are proprietors of the soil, and to the rights and interests of these proprietors everything bends and gives way, as we may see in their corn laws; or to state the fact more accurately and in the words of Alison, the whole proprietors, who live on the fruits of the soil in Great Britain and Ireland, at this moment, probably do not amount to 300,000, while above three million heads of families, and fifteen million persons, dependent on their labor, subsist on the wages they receive.—Another writer remarks that, 'in the road which the English laborer must travel, the Poor House is the last stage on his way to the grave.' To this I add the startling fact that the annual income of some noblemen amounts to £300,000.—This terrible system is sustained by the potent authority of law, by a close confederacy of those who are alone benefited by its preservation, and by the whole influence of a strong government.—Should we feel a single emotion of surprise therefore, when we hear of riots, mobs, burnings, and disturbances in this rich and fertile Island? The few cannot be thus exalted and privileged and protected, but at the expense of the many, and it is not to be wondered at that they should, in mere desperation, display their disquietude in acts of violence. As one illustration of the rigid tenacity with which they cling to the most odious laws, if they have the charm of antiquity, it may be mentioned, that it was long the law of England, that the land of a person dying could not be taken from his heir to pay his simple contract debts, and that the persevering efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly to alter the law on this subject, were defeated again and again in the House of Lords. And the measure was carried at last by an adroit legislative ruse de guerre, by a bill subjecting the lands of tradesmen to be thus taken, which passed without objection, and it was afterwards extended to other persons.

Such is a brief sketch of the condition of the two great classes into which society is divided, in some of the principal countries of the Old World. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to assure us that there neither is nor can be any genuine sympathy between them. And when I assert that 'the former history of the world is chiefly occupied with the struggles of Freedom against Bondage, the efforts of Laborious Industry to emancipate itself from the yoke of Aristocratic Power,' I employ only the language of a most enlightened and philosophic historian of the present day, Alison. What are the glittering pages of Livy, for the most part, but vivid records of bitter feuds between the Patricians and Plebeians—of tumults, insurrections, secessions, so violent that they were only appeased at times, by the fact that the enemy were assaulting their gates.

Every country in Europe has been witness to frequent popular outbreaks, because of intolerable oppressions. France saw what