

And for a minute of profound silence he continued gazing thus, into that fair sweet face, on which, though now stilled as in death, there yet lingered a smile of heavenly joy. He shuddered as he looked, and his countenance became livid as that of a corpse. He essayed to speak, but though his lips moved, no sound proceeded from them. At length slowly, almost reluctantly, he stooped down and took her hand.

'Helen—Helen,' he said, in a choking voice, 'you are not dead. Say so—tell me I am not your murderer. Oh! speak, and forgive me.'

The dying girl faintly opened her eyes, and gazed vacantly into her father's face. Her senses were fast deserting her. She did not recognize him.

'Oh God! my child is dying,' groaned the father. 'Helen, Helen,' he continued, raising his voice, 'do you not know me? I am your father—your murderer. Do not look on me with such strange eyes. Helen, Helen dear, say, if only by a smile, that you forgive me. Oh, Lord God of heaven,' he exclaimed, lifting his eyes agonizingly above, 'have mercy on me—suffer her to live to forgive me—crash not the bruised reed, and hot tears gushed from his eyes and tumbled in his daughter's face.

'Who weeps?' faintly said the dying sufferer, 'weep not for me. Tell my father how I love him, and die blessing him.'

'Thank thee, Almighty Father, I thank thee,' gasped the penitent. 'Helen, here is your father—I am he.'

For the first time, now, the dying girl seemed fully to comprehend her situation. She looked a minute around the group, and then, with a sweet smile, her eyes rested on her father's face. She faintly pressed his hand. Tears gushed from his eyes like rain, and though he strove to speak he could not for his sobs. She murmured of him, of her mother, of heaven, and then they knew she was dead. The father looked her a moment, and with a groan—which none there ever forgot—sunk helpless to her side. They raised him, but he was a corpse. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, 'and I will repay.'

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.

*** There is one duty more, of the highest importance, to which, in conclusion, I invite your attention—the duty of holding in just esteem all the occupations in which men are engaged.

What honest vocation can be named that does not contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the enjoyment of man? It may be humble, indeed, but it goes to swell the mighty aggregate—it may be the rill that trickles from the mountain side, but it diffuses fertility through the valley, and mingles its drops at last with the ocean. The true American motto is and must be—marked upon our foreheads, written upon our door posts—channelled in the earth and wafted upon the waves—INDUSTRY—LABOR IS HONORABLE, and idleness is dishonorable,—and I care not, if it be labor, whether it be of the head or the hands.

Away with the miserable jargon of the political economists, who write so complacently about the producing and non-producing classes. It has no foundation in nature or in experience. Whitney, whose cotton-gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the South, raised more cotton with his head than any other man ever raised with his hands.

Let me exhort those of you who are devoted to intellectual pursuits, to cherish, on your part, an exalted and a just idea of the dignity and value of manual labour, and to make that opinion known in your works and seen in the earnestness of your actions. The laboring men of this country are vast in number and respectable in character. We owe to them, under Providence, the most glad some spectacle the sun beholds in its course—a land of cultivated and fertile fields, an ocean white with canvass. We owe to them the annual spectacle of golden harvests, which carries plenty and happiness alike to the palace and the cottage. We owe to them the fortresses that guard our coasts—the ships that have borne our flag to every clime, and carried the thunder of our cannon triumphant over the waters.

The demon steel, which leaps the valley and dashes through the mountain, pursues his fleet career over roads which they have constructed. The vast city which surrounds us, the august temple in which we stand, are the works of their hands; and when I look upon these gigantic achievements, I say, honor to the laborer! We laud and magnify the hero who has stormed a city and driven the ploughshare of ruin over its habitations: let us here laud and magnify the heroes of our country, who have made the wilderness blossom like the rose, and the solitary place glad with the fires of a thousand happy homes.

And let them, on their part, not forget that

they owe one thing to the heads which conceived and planned, and to the Capitalists who furnished the means to execute these great undertakings. I beseech them to banish forever from their thoughts prejudice and jealousy of men engaged in any honest vocation, and hold vice and idleness alone in deserved scorn. Let them treat the evil spirits who would array them against what they call the non-producers, as all evil counsellors deserve to be treated. Sir Walter Scott, a mere writer of poetry and romance, belonged to this class—and has nevertheless given employment to Ten Thousand paper makers, Type-founders, Printers, Tanners, Book-binders—and beyond all, has awakened the love of elegant Literature in millions of minds. (Applause.) Sir Isaac Newton spent his days in sleep, and his nights in watching the stars in the midnight sky—and yet his discoveries have enabled the mariner to pursue his foaming pathway on the deep, as safely as upon the land, and thus poured the products of every clime into the lap of labor. (Applause.) But these are the great benefactors of mankind, and such as they were worshipped as Gods in the olden time.—Their benefactions were indeed great and illustrious—but there are men in our midst engaged in similar pursuits every day of their lives, bestowing the same kind of benefits upon mankind. The merchant's life is a life of excitement and care, of risk and uncertainty but of the first importance in every community, as indispensable to the laborer as the laborer to him. The village schoolmaster, who devotes the years of his youth or his manhood to the exhausting drudgery of instruction—who moulds the character and fixes the principles of an advancing generation—is as eminently useful, though he sink at last into the grave unhonored and unsung, as the demagogue whose presence is greeted in caucuses, or whose voice is heard in the halls of legislation, discussing the constitutional power of Congress to buy a penknife.

The Physician, who in some far and sequestered retreat, treading ambition beneath his feet, devotes his life to relieve the pains of the Rich and soothe the anguish of the dying is entitled to the regard of all good men. The Lawyer, who stands forth, often alone but never dismayed, the champion of the weak against the strong, who knows, in combating for the right, no distinction between rich and poor—who is above the miserable trickery of the tricksters of the profession—who feels when he enters the Temple of Justice that the robe of a solemn ministry is upon him—is an eminently useful laborer, and may rank with any man in good service in his Country. The Ministers of our Holy Religion—whose first act is a voluntary renunciation of much that the world holds dear—who, for a scanty support, labor on to their lives end, amid discouragement and reproach, in training immortals for the skies—on bidding farewell to the delights of home and the securities of law, journey by land and sea to the savage island, the inhospitable climate, the idolatrous city, and lift up their fearless voices amidst unsheathed daggers and glaring eyeballs—verily, how much soever their vocation may be vilified here upon this bank and shoal of time, they have their reward hereafter. But why should I multiply illustrations—of which there would be no end—or speak of the hard-working Editors of our Daily Press, or our larger Periodicals—of a thousand others who act their part in the infinite, ever changing dreams of life—since I can say of all, in the words of a poet, whose memory we venerate: 'Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

From Graham's Magazine.

NOON.

'Tis noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee

And worshiped, while the husbandman withdrew

From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man

Grew faint, and turned aside by bubbling fount,

Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day,
Behold the power which yields and cherishes
The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock

That overlook the Hudson's western marge,
I gaze upon the long array of groves,
The piles and gulls of verdure drinking in
The grateful heats. They love the fiery sun;
Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and
their sprays

Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst,
The swelling river into his green gulf,
Unshadowed save by passing sails above,
Takes the redundant glory, and enjoys
The summer in his chilly bed. Coy flow-
ers,

That would not open in the earthly light,
Push back their plumed sheaths. The rivulet's
pool,

That darkly quivered all the morning long
In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun,
And o'er its surface shooth, and shoots again,
The glittering dragon fly, and deep within
Run the brown water beetles to and fro.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
Reigns o'er the fields; the labourer sits with-
in

His dwelling,—he has left his steers awhile,
Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
Sleeps stretched beside the door stone in the
shade.

Now the grey marmot, with uplifted paws

No more sits listening by his den, but steals
Abroad, in safety, to the clover field,
And crops its juicy blossoms. All the
while
A ceaseless murmur from the populous
town
Swells o'er these solitudes,—a mingled
sound

Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
Upon the stony ways, and hammer clang,
And creak of engines lifting ponderous
bulks,

And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet,
Innumerable, hurrying to and fro.

Noon, in that mighty mart of nations,
brings

No pause to toil and care,—with early
day

Began the tumult, and shall only cease
When midnight, hushing one by one the
sounds

Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of
gain

And luxury possess the hearts of men,
Thus is it with the noon of human life.

We in our fervid manhood, in our strength
Of reason, we, with hurry, noise and care,
Plan, toil and strive, and pause not to re-
fresh

Our spirits with the calm and beautiful
Of God's harmonious universe, that won

Our youthful wonder,—pause not to inquire
Why we are here, and what the reverence
Man owes to man, and what the mystery
That links us to the greater world, beside
Whose borders we but hover for a space.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From 'Wing and Wing,' or Le Feu-Folle
A Tale, by the Author of 'The Pilot.'

AN EXECUTION AT SEA.

The yellow flag, and the signal gun, brought every thing, in the shape of duty, to a standstill, in all the fleets. The hoarse commands ceased—the boatswains, and their mates, laid aside their calls, and the echoing midshipmen no longer found orders to repeat. The seamen gathered to the sides of their respective vessels—every part glistened with expectant eyes—the booms resembled clusters of bees, suspended from the bows of a forest—and the knight-heads, taffrails, gangways, and stretchers of the rigging, were garnished with those whose bright buttons, glazed hats, epaulettes and dark blue dresses, denoted to belong to the privileged classes of a ship. Notwithstanding all this curiosity, nothing like the feeling which is apt to be manifested, at an exhibit on of merited punishment, was visible in a single countenance. An expression resembling a sombre gloom, appeared to have settled on all those grim warriors of the deep; English, Neapolitan or Turk, apparently reserving all his sympathies for the sufferer, rather than for the majesty of justice. Still, no murmur arose—no sign of resistance was made—no look of remonstrance given. The unseen mantle of authority covered all; and these masses of discontented men submitted, as we bow to what is believed to be the fiat of fate. The deep seated and unresisting habit of discipline, suppressed complaint; but there was a general conviction that some act was about to be committed, that it were better for humanity and justice, should not be done; or, if done at all, that it needed more of form, greater deliberation, and a fairer trial, to be so done as to obtain the commendation of men. The Turks, alone, showed apathy; though all showed submission. These subjects of destiny looked on coldly; though even among them, a low rumor had passed, that a malign influence prevailed in the fleet; and that a great and proud spirit had gotten to be mastered by the passion that so often deprives heroes of their self-command and independence.

Ghita ceased her prayers, as the report of the gun broke rudely on her ears, and, with streaming eyes, she even dared to look towards the frigate. Raoul, and all the rest, bent their gaze in the same direction. The sailors, among them, saw the rope at the fore yard-arm move, and then heads rose slowly above the hammock-cloths; when the prisoner and his attendant priest were visible even to their feet. The unfortunate Caraccioli, as has been said, had nearly numbered his three-score and ten years in the regular course of nature; and his bare head now showed the traces of time. He wore no coat; and his arms were bound behind his back, at the elbows, leaving just motion enough to the hands, to aid him in the slight offices about his person. His neck was bare, and the fatal cord was tightened sufficiently around it, to prevent accidents, constantly admonishing its victim of its revolting office.

A low murmur arose among the people in the boats, as this spectacle presented itself to their eyes; and many bowed their faces in prayer. The condemned man caught a ray of consolation from this expression of sympathy; and he looked around him an instant, with something like a return of those feelings of the world, which it had been his effort and his desire totally to eradicate, since he had taken leave of Ghita, and learned that his last request, that of changing his mode of punishment—had been denied. That was a fearful moment, for one like Don Francesco Caraccioli, who had passed a long life in the midst of the scene that surrounded him—illustrious

by birth, affluent, honored for his services, and accustomed to respect and deference. Never had the glorious panorama of the bay, appeared more beautiful than it did at that instant, when he was about to quit it for ever, and this by means of a violent and disgraceful death. From the purple mountains—the cerulean void above him—the blue waters over which he seemed already to be suspended—and the basking shores, rich in their towns, villas and vines, his eye turned toward the world of ships, each alive with masses of living men. A glance of melancholy reproach was cast upon the little flag that was just waving at the mizen-mast-head of the Foudroyant; and then it fell on the carpet of faces beneath, that seemed fairly to change the surface of the smooth sea, into an arena of human countenances. His look was steady, though his soul was in tumult. Ghita was recognised by her companion, and by her dress. He moved towards the edge of his scaffolding, endeavoring to stretch forth his arms, and blessed her again, aloud. The poor girl dropped on her knees, in the bottom of the boat, bowed her head, and in that humble attitude did she remain, until all was over, not daring once to look upward again.

'Son,' said the priest, 'this is a moment when the earth, and its feelings, must be forgotten.'

'I know it, father,' answered the old man, his voice trembling with emotion, for his sensations were too powerful, too sublime, even, for the degrading passion of fear—but never before did this fair piece of the creation seem so lovely in my eyes, as now, when I am about to quit it for the last time.'

'Look beyond this scene, into the long vista of eternity, son; there thou wilt behold that, which mocks at all human, all earthly means, to equal. I fear that our time is but short—hast thou aught yet to say, in the flesh?'

'Let it be known, holy priest, that in my dying moment I prayed for Nelson, and for all who have been active in bringing me to this end. It is easy for the fortunate, and the untempted, to condemn; but he is wiser, as he is safer, who puts more reliance on the goodness of God, than on his own merits.'

A ray of satisfaction gleamed athwart the pale countenance of the priest—a sincerely pious man, or fear of personal consequences might have kept him aloof from such a scene—and he closed his eyes while he expressed his gratitude to God in the secret recesses of his own spirit. Then he turned to the Prince, and spoke cheerily.

'Son,' he said, 'if thou quittest life with a due dependence on the Son of God, and in this temper toward thy fellow creatures, of all this living throng thou art he who is most to be envied! Address thy soul in prayer, once more, to Him whom thou feelest alone can serve thee.'

Caraccioli, aided by the priest, knelt on the scaffold,—for the rope hung loose enough to permit that act of humiliation, and the other bent at his side.

'I wish to God Nelson had nothing to do with this!' muttered Cuffee, as he turned away his face, inadvertently bending his eyes on the Foudroyant, nearly under the stern of which ship his gig lay. There, in the stern-walk, stood the lady, already mentioned in this Chapter, a keen spectator of the awful scene. No one but a maid was near her, however, the men of her companionship not being of moods stern enough to be at her side. Cuffee turned away from this sight in still stronger disgust,—and just at that moment a common cry arose from the boats. Looking round, he was just in time to see the unfortunate Caraccioli dragged from his knees by the neck until he rose, by a steady man-of-war pull, to the end of the yard—leaving his companion alone on the scaffold, still lost in prayer. There was a horrible minute, of the struggles between life and death, when the body, so late the tenement of an immortal spirit, hung, like one of the jewel blocks of the ship, dangling passively at the end of the spar, as insensible as the wood which sustained it.

A long summer's evening did the body of Francesco Caraccioli hang suspended at the yard-arm of the Minerva; a revolting spectacle to his countrymen and to most of the strangers who had been witnesses of his end. Then was it lowered into a boat, its feet loaded with double-headed shot, and it was carried out a league or more into the bay and cast into the sea. The revolting manner in which it rose to the surface and confronted its destroyers a fortnight after, has passed into history, and to this day forms one of the marvels related by the ignorant and wonder-loving of that region.

From 'The Neighbors,' by Mary Howat.

A SWEDISH HUSBAND PAINTED BY HIS WIFE.

Now to your questions, which I will endeavor to answer fully; and first of all for my husband—for my own Bear; here then you shall have his portrait. Of a middle size, but proportionably, not disagreeably, stout and broad, a handsome, well curled peruke, made by the Creator's own hand; large countenance, couleur de rose—small clear eyes, with a certain penetrating glance, under large, bushy yellow gray eyebrows—the nose good, though somewhat thick—the mouth large, with good teeth, but brown, alas! with tobacco smoking, large hands, but well made and well kept; large feet, the gait like a bear, but this gives no idea of his exterior, if you do not take into account an expression of open hearted good-