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shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may now learn, that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

"Thirdly: that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

"Fourthly: that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

"Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in past times.

"Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is no worse. We might have famine or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

"And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'give us this day our daily bread.'"

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

From the Boston Morning Post.
THE HARP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOURNER.

It was the first week of the honey-moon. Neither sordid calculation, nor yet a cantic passing fancy, had led to the marriage of Edward Sellner and his young bride. No;—(their bond of union was a pure and glowing affection, proved by time and consecrated by many trials. They had early known and appreciated each other but the long delay of an expected official appointment had compelled Sellner to postpone the realization of his wishes. At length the much desired commission came, and on the following Sabbath he led his beloved maid-on to her new home, a bride. The tedious days of ceremony and festivity over, the happy pair was left to pass the pleasant summer evenings in the sweet communings of their pure and confiding hearts. Little plans for their future life, Edward's flute and Joseph's harp, served to fill up hours which flew but too rapidly away, and the deep harmony of their instruments seemed to them a friendly presage of that deeper accord which was to bless their wedded years. One evening, after having enjoyed their music until a later hour than usual, Joseph complained of a pain in her head. She had, indeed, had an attack in the morning, but refrained from mentioning it to her husband lest it should cause him needless anxiety. The excitement of the music, however, acting upon a constitutionally weak nervous system, so considerably increased a previously slight fever, that she now no longer concealed her indisposition, but anxiously requested that medical aid might be called. The physician deeming her illness slight, promised an entire recovery by the next morning; poor Joseph, however, passed an extremely restless night, through the whole of which she raved incessantly, and on repeating his visit on the next morning he found her with all the symptoms of a serious nervous fever. Notwithstanding the application of every remedy which affectionate zeal and professional intelligence could suggest, her illness increased daily. Sellner was almost distracted. The physician finally felt it his duty to inform him that his wife could not survive the attack; and on the ninth day Joseph herself became aware that her days were no longer any ground for hope. She felt that her last hour was approaching; and with calm resignation awaited her fate. "Dear Edward," said she to her husband, folding him in a last embrace, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth where I have enjoyed so much happiness with you; but although I may no longer be happy in your arms, yet shall Joseph's faithful spirit hover about the object of its earthly affections until we meet again above." Then, sinking back upon her pillow, she fell asleep in death. It was the ninth hour of the evening. What Sellner suffered is beyond the power of words to express. The blow prostrated his health, and long he wretched with the destroying angel. When at length he arose from his sick-bed, all the strength and elasticity of youth was gone, he was continually lost in sad reveries, and was evidently fast fading away. A profound melancholy had succeeded the violence of despair, and a silent sorrow consecrated the memory of the loved and lost. He had left Joseph's apartment just as it was before her death. Her work still lay upon the table, and her harp remained untouched in its accustomed place. Taking his flute, Sellner every evening made a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love, and leaning against the window as in happier times, breathed in plaintive tones his aspirations for the spirit of the departed.

On one occasion he was standing thus in Joseph's chamber,—a clear moon shone through the window, and a watchman upon the tower of a neighboring castle was proclaiming the ninth hour,—when suddenly the harp, as if touched by some invisible spirit, poured forth the most thrilling tones, in harmony with those of his flute. In the confusion of his surprise he ceased to play, and lo! the harp also became silent. Recovering his self-possession, he tremblingly commenced Joseph's favorite air, and again the melodious tones of the harp blended in sweet response. Sinking to the earth in a paroxysm of joy, and spreading out his arms to encircle the beloved shade, he felt a breath as of warm vernal air upon his lips, while a pale and glimmering light seemed to fit before him. Glowing with ecstasy he cried: "I recognize thee, blessed shade of my Joseph! Thou didst promise that thy faithful spirit would hover about me; thou hast kept thy word; I feel thee near me; I feel thy breath on my lips." In a state of indescribable exaltation he seized his flute again, and again the answering tones of the flute were heard, but constantly fainter and fainter until their whisperings were lost in expiring harmonies. Sellner's vital powers were fearfully excited.

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HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

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UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON

Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure.

"Rely upon it, Samny," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills." I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any the better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.

"Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'here is something which you have got to learn.' Samny, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Ay," cried Samny, "you may say that, and a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard-money."

"Softly, Samny, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some wisdom. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yarding or a wheat fan; and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea-pots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:—

First: that you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one-half aside for charity, and one-half aside for a rainy day.

Secondly: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; it

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.
POLICE OFFICE—Sept. 7.
The Widow's Woe.—Last evening two genteelly dressed young women, one of whom was in deep mourning, entered the Police office, and asked to see the Coroner. The Coroner happened not to be in his office at the moment, and the two ladies

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The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not be ready to be blasted when visitors came, answered the same purpose.—The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence

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[BY CAPT. MARVETT.]

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