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THE ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE W CUTTER.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze,
When I saw the peasant faintly reel,
At the toil which he faintly bore,
As he turned away at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar

When I measured the panting courser's speed
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel
As they were out stripped afar,
When I should be bound to the raising keel,
Or chained to the flying car

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last,
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then you saw a wonderous change
On earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide

Hurrah! hurrah! the water o'er
The mountain steep decides,
Time—space have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine
The giant stream of the queenly west,
And the orient floods divine

The ocean paths were'er I sweep,
To bear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind,
The winds lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth lay
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day
I bring earth's glittering jewels up,
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush to flow

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made,
I manage the furnace, I work the loom,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I perform
On every morn and eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay
No bones to be "laid on the shelf"
And soon I intend you may go to play,
While I manage the world myself,
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hote*, I established myself at a hotel in the Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Dr Muller, master of this establishment, did its honors with through German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants room and even through the kitchen, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a book case, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table d'hote* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well executed concert. The countenance of Mrs Muller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might led them a little too far. Then Mrs Muller resumed an air of reserve, by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel, and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces, which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, and a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonised with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood, such was Ellen Muller.

A councillor of the Court, Hotrath Baron Von North, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr Muller, a man of extensive aquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expression and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then the conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron Von North and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we very well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstacy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron bought Mrs. Muller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened, as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student, but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she fain would have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm chief. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "There I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points, as from politeness towards the new comer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which imparts the words and inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices; at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr Malthus was so strongly moved and animated, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could observe that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoke of; he remained silent. Baron Von North leant over toward me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should not be surprised at that," I replied: "and what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something.—The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declared that her memory failed her.

Then, to her astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. Warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you."

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down very pensive, at the further end of the drawing room.

Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motives of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon 'Change about two o'clock, and then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mrs. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendency over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disgreeably; his left leg was well formed, and the disturbance in its harmony appears to have been the result of accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness, but he eluded with so much care every approach to the object that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of approaching all the right mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughter was never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the latter contained a proposal. Mr Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," said the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate."

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs Muller, with ill concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—Baron Von North."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "myself" seemed lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of his painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add other agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, "my proposal comes rather late but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; his wife could not restrain a smile at the dramatic compilation, whose denouement resumed in suspense.

"Mr. Y" said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might be been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. The was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to be so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me—"

He paused, and seed to be recalling past events to his mind during this short silence. Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubted that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died.—The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interest in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skilful.—The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen's seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and I confess it with shame, I detested on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree.—Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy eye into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up short but fervent prayer to him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to his mercy, and precipitated myself from the parapet. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a port folio containing forty thousand florins on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage ring, at the sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so.—He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened.—Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have but little," he said, "to add to your narration; the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated; tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

A Racy Stump Speech.

The following eloquent, grand, lofty and stupendous effort was recently made by a promiscuous genius, who had announced himself as a candidate for Congress:

Friends and feller citizens of this conflicting community, I'se rise to give you warnin' and make a political speech and what I'm goin' to speak about and disclose.

Now, I'd like to have you pay particular attention; as the preacher says when the boys is a pitchin' beans at his nose. I say a crisis has arrived, the wheels of government is stopped, the machinery needs greasin', the rudders unshipped, the biler busted, and we're all at sea in the river risin'. Our glorious Ship of State, that like a bob-tailed gander, is floated down the current of time, has had its harmony disturbed, and is now driftin' with fearful rapidity, towards the shoals and quicksands of disunion, threatenin' to dash everything into flinders, and pick itself up in the end a gone goslin'. Harken no longer ye worthy denizens of Hog Hole, Terrapin Neck and adjacent regions, to the siren voice that whispers in your ears, the too-delusive sound, peace, peace, for peace has sighed and flowed to other lands, or div to the depths of the mighty deep, or in the emphatic language of Techumserom, gone flickerin' threw the frogs of other climes; ten ade the miser watcher in his dimes. Or the great Alexander at the battle of Hunker's Bill, who in the agony of despair, frantically shrieked, O, gravy! peace has gone like my skeule-boy days, and I don't care a darn. He was a whole hoss and a team shure.

Feller citizens and gals too—in our halls of legislation confusion runs riot and anarchy reigns supreme. Rise up then like pokers in a tater patch and shake the deu drops off yer hunting shirts and fall into ranks. Sound the toesin, beat the drum! and blow the tin horn! till the startled echoes reverberating from hill top to hill top, and from gopher hill to gopher hill, shall reach the adamantine hills of New England, the ferruginous disposition of the Missouri, and the auriferous particles of California to pick up their ears, and in whispered accents, enquire of her valors "what's out?"

Feller citizens and the wimmin—I repeat it to your posts and from the topmost peak of the Ozark mountains bid defiance to the hull earth by hollerin' whose afeard in such thunderin tones, that quaken with terror you'll forget what nigger is. Don your rusty regimentals, and grease the locks of your guns and put in new flints, grind your old scythes and make swords out on 'em, mount your hosses and save your nation or bust!

Ladies and gentlemen—the great bird of American liberty's flewed aloft and sorn upon the wings of the wind, and now hovern' high over the, cloud capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, and when he shall have penetrated into the unknown regions of unlimited space, and then shall have div down and lit on daddy's wood pile, I shall be led to exclaim in the language of Paul the ostler, "root pork or die."

Time is critical, bloods goin' to be poured out like soap suds outen a wash tub, and every man that's got a soul as big as the white of a nigger's eye 'll fite, bleed and die for his country. Thems the times—you want men in the counsils of the nation that you can depend on—that's me! Elect me to Congress and I'll stick to you threw thick and thin like a lean tick to a nigger's shin? I'm not goin' to make a electioneerin' speech. I'd scorn the act. You know me I've been fotched up among ye, already upon the wings of toplifted imagination I fancy I see you marchin' up to the polls in solid phalanx, and with shouts that make the earth ring, "hurrah for Jim Smith," come down on my opponent like a thousand o' brick on a rotten punkin.

The Boston *Post*, besides keeping Mrs. Partington, keeps a poet, whose last labor turned out the following:

As once my dazzled eyes I set
Where Julia's neck and shoulders met,
She asked what I was seeking:
"There—that," said I, "is that nonsense
The lining of your waist, I mean."
"No sir!" said she, "that's *Poshin*."

SPIT IN YOUR HATS.—A Church has recently been built in Davenport, Iowa.—The following notice was appended to the advertisement of the opening of the edifice:

"The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the Church; or else spit in their hats."

A few evenings since a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh! thou knowest what is the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A-man!" responded a brother, in a broad accent. It was wicked, but we are quite sure that several grave members *smiled* on the occasion.

"SING WHAT YOU KNOW, BRETHREN."

Some Summers ago it was our fortune to attend an Annual Conference of the Methodist Ministers of Maine. On one of the evenings of that week of meetings, there was a good old-fashioned Sermon by a very worthy and excellent man from the "Upper Kennebec county." The preacher (in the dialect of his sect) evidently felt the "reformation spirit," and he had "a free utterance." It was manifest to him, as well as to the congregation, that a coal from the same altar was kindling a kindred flame in some of their hearts. So, at the close of his "stirring" sermon, the preacher, in all confidence, (and the sequel shows that he was right) asked that such as were "anxious to close in with proffered mercy, and desired the prayers of God's people, would come forward and take the front seats." While this was being done, the preacher desired that "the brethren would sing a verse or two." A hymn was started—but it dragged heavily—few voices joined to swell its notes—and these halted, as if doubting their acquaintance with its words, or the tune, and perhaps both. They had finally got through with one verse, and had entered with decreased spirit and power (if possible) upon the second, the preacher all the while, full of spirit, and animation, and hope, urging the "mourners" forward. But the good man could stand such singing no longer. It was so ill adapted to the occasion and to his feelings, that he was obliged to cease his efforts with the congregation, and gazing for a moment upon the singers, from a full heart he exclaimed, "Sing what ye *know*, brethren!" A woman, with the quick perception of her sex, struck up a more familiar and appropriate hymn,—hearts were touched all over the crowded house—scores joined in, one after another, to swell its spirited notes, the front slips filled-up, and at the close of the singing an old Methodist preacher, with a head as white as Mr. Washington in midwinter, a very kindly face and a great warm heart, bowed himself before the altar, and poured from the depths of his soul such a prayer as one only hears at Methodist meetings.

"*Sing what ye know, brethren!*" A most important suggestion, not only for those in the singers at the Methodist meeting, but for thousands of people, in all sorts of vocations in the world. If men would only sing what they KNOW—if they would only attempt to instruct in such matters as they fully comprehend—if they would only leave off playing the frog that tried to swell into the proportions of the ox, and be content to fill just that little (but never unimportant) place which nature designed for them,—what a very different but pleasant aspect would society soon put on. "*Sing what ye know, brethren.*" It shall be our text for a short Newspaper Sermon.

That man who is pushing his big wooden fingers about amid the nice mechanism of your valued watch—a keepsake, perhaps,—dear to you, as it was your father, and the dying gave it you,—has sadly mistaken his vocation. He might have made a reputable blacksmith—he has the muscular strength and physical energy for its useful and brawny labor—but when the man hung out his shingle, and gave the public notice that he would repair their Jewelry and Watches, he attempted to *sing what he did not know*.

A dapper little gentleman, enters the peaceful village where you have your home,—little boys are sent round with tastefully printed handbills, announcing that this gentleman has taken rooms at the Hotel, and will attend to all "operations" upon your teeth. The many wakeful hours your diseased teeth have caused you, now all come back from their dark nights of suffering, and unite in urging a listening ear to the "Travelling Dentist." You resign yourself to his chair—and his punchings, and gougings, and sawings—to learn, after much suffering, that it was *Harrow* teeth, and not mortals' that the Almighty intended should receive the care and labor of this man. How the land swarms with this class of mistaken men! An hundred honest Methodist ministers might find employment in crying in the ears of this host of charlatans,—"Sing what ye know, brethren."

So, in all the trades and crafts followed by men, we constantly find fellows mistaking their places and misjudging their own capacities and callings; attempting to sing what they do not know and are incapable of learning. Now and then, one gets above *working* for a living—So, throwing off the apron or the frock, and laying by the tools of honest industry, he puts on his Sunday clothes, and engages in "Speculation," it may be, opens a Store, and deals in Satins and Ribbons, and all sorts of haberdashery.—There is no one of the preachers whisper in the man's ear that he is attempting a song he has never learned,—and he goes mooning on, until the Sheriff takes the key, and he passes out of his store in mortification. Why will not men profit by others experience and remember that no only sings successfully, who sings what he *knows*.

An honest farmer had picks up the idea that following the plough and laboring with the Creator in the wonderful and beautiful development of Fruit and Grain, is not as respectable as *professional* life, so he pores over a few pages of Blackstone, and after spending a few months in hanging about some Lawyer's office, reading the Lawyer's books, as the Speaker reads bills in the Legislature, on the second reading, "by their title," sets himself up for an "Attorney and Counsellor." You employ him to make a writ, that you may pursue some rascal who is attempting to rob you of your hard earnings—and, amid his blunders and errors, you may think yourself lucky, if in the end you are not yourself the defendant. By luck which does not come to all his fellows, our lawyer may have a "case" that shall require argument in the County Court, and he is obliged to submit to the mortification of calling in another to do his talking. If he had remained upon the old farm, he might have sung with the Lark songs that he well knew.

And so, half-fledged "Doctors" are quacking, quacking, all up and down the country. Men who migh have been useful in the mechanic arts; some of them, under good instruction and with experience, might in time have made a Fly Frame, or a Spinning Mule, or a Steam Engine, or doctored one, if out of repair—but they lay their untutored hands upon these wonderful living frames of the Almighty's manufacture, only to blight and destroy. It is high time that every body, preachers and laymen, should shout in the long ears of these fellows, "Sing what you know!"—Go back to your workshops and your fields, to places of usefulness, and leave this *quackery* to the Ducks.

And men without ideas, and with an exceeding small quantity of brains sometimes get hold of an old cast-away press and a font of battered type, and set themselves up for Editors—and O, what songs they sing! Necessarily, they soon become the mere tools of a surrounding clique, or clan—and the Press, that should always be on the side of the people, the general good, the public prosperity—is degraded into the mere advocate of selfish and personal interests, and the bitter malligner of all generous and philanthropic movements, and the base libeler of their friends. How mighty garrulous are these presses upon subjects of which they know as little as does the wild Hottentot—and are as little capable of comprehending. What a relief it would be to the community, if these gasconaders would limit their singing to their knowledge.

And that great troup of Scandal-