

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. IX, No. 32.

HUNTINGDON, Pa. AUGUST, 21, 1844.

Whole No. 448.

THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

WHIG SONGS.

Kilkenny Cats.

TUNE—Old Dan Tucker.

Calhoun, Buchanan, Johnson, Cass,
The Locos say, may go to grass;
And so they give us Polk and Dallas,
A ticket which cannot appal us.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
The day's our own, past all surmises.

Their own true friends they would dishearten,
And clasp the wings of poor old Martin;
To calls of justice they prove callous,
And victimized poor Polk and Dallas.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
The day's our own, past all surmises.

The Locos swore they'd have no Mats,
And fought like the Kilkenny Cats;
Two tails were left; whose were they? tell us,
Why James K. Polk, and George M. Dallas!

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
The day's our own, past all surmises.

The Blue Men's Chickens.

TUNE—Old Dan Tucker.

It has been known that here of late,
That Delaware's called the banner state,
To Baltimore her chickens went,
For at home they could not be content.

Get out of the way, you're all too late,
For the chickens of the banner state.

From Brandywine's blue rocks and hills,
To Sussex's plains and gentle rills,
We raised the shout for Harry Clay,
In Baltimore the second of May.

Get out of the way, &c.

The big ball sent by Alleghany,
Will be roll'd through here and Pennsylvania,
And wherever it goes the people will be rizin',
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Get out of the way, &c.

Firm to her post old Kent will stand,
The capitol she will command,
In New Castle we'll walk o'er the course,
Just as easy as a full blood horse.

Get out of the way, &c.

The Blue Men's Chickens are whig to the core,
And they'll soon all run the Lokies ashore,
Our banner now waves above the horizon,
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Get out of the way, &c.

Whig Girls of Eighteen-forty.

TUNE—Old Dan Tucker.

We gained the day four years ago,
For all the ladies help'd, you know,
And now, they all enlist again,
To go for Clay with might and main.

So clear the way with your foul party,
Clear the way with your foul party,
Clear the way with your foul party,
For we're the girls of eighteen-forty.

While walking out the other day,
I heard a lovely lady say,
That if she had a loco beau,
She soon would tell him he might go.

So clear the way, &c.

This is the case where'er I've been,
With all the girls that I have seen,
No other man will do they say,
For President but Henry Clay.

So clear the way, &c.

In eighteen-forty, they did do
Their best for 'Tip and Tyler too,'—
Throughout our land each female tongue
Was heard in praise of Harrison.

So clear the way, &c.

The Locos want them in the field,
And try all arts to make 'em yield,
And go for Polk, instead of Clay,
But prompt and firm we heard 'em say,
Clear the way with you foul party,
We are the girls of eighteen-forty.

The Locos met at Baltimore,
But the girls had seen the Whigs before;
And when they view'd the loco crowd,
They cried with voices sweet and loud,
Clear the way, &c.

And when they heard the name of Polk
For President, again they spoke;
They turned their voices up again,
And all united in this strain:
Clear the way, &c.

Then let no loco ask the hand
Of any lady in our land;
For, ten to one, she'll be for Clay,
And then in thunder tones, she'll say:
Clear the way, &c.

WARM POLITICS.—Joseph V. Mustard is a candidate for Auditor in Pike county, Ohio. Stephen Pepper is his opponent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier. THE MAN OF ASHLAND.

BY GEO. LIPFARD, ESQ.

There is written down in some volume of legendary lore, a superstition at once sublime and beautiful—a strange superstition that would teach us to believe that the great and the good of this earth are guided, watched over and beloved from very childhood, by a guardian spirit, a holy angel who first fills the young heart with dreams of ambition, and then teaches the untrained footsteps, the ways of glory and honor—the paths of triumph and fame.

Such a guardian spirit—a mighty being robed in majesty and clad in power have I imagined, looking forth from the mystery of invisible being, upon this rude and lonely scene.

In a small narrow room, with low ceiling and confined walls some dozen young men whose rustic attire and swarthy features, disclosed by the light of the solitary rush-light, mark the hardy backwoodsman of the west, are seated on rough-hewn benches, listening to the stammering words of the orator, in their midst.

gaze well upon that young orator, friend of mine, for, by my faith, the guardian angel looks upon him—a tall stripling, with a lean and somewhat bony figure—with a face by no means handsome, marked by a prominent nose—a wide mouth and high cheek bones, while his forehead so bold, so full and towering in outline, gives soul to the expression of that large gray eye—gaze well upon him, and observe his coarse attire—the garments of homespun—their ungainly shape and rustic fashion, and as you gaze, treasure each trifling detail of his appearance in your memory.

The boy essays to speak. His voice is indistinct, yet there is a depth and volume in its sound. It extends his hand—the gesture is rude and awkward. It is but a rustic audience, and yet the would-be-orator colors to the forehead with modest diffidence. The boy proceeds; his words come stammering and slow, yet he seems to gain confidence. A few more words—a few more awkward gestures, and the gray eye brightens—the voice rolls bolder and fuller. The boy-orator forgets time, place, poverty, diffidence. His soul warms in him, and his hearers, rustic as they are, lean over the rough benches, their eyes and ears fixed in breathless interest. They utter no word—they do not even whisper. Still the gray eye brightens—still the boy-orator warms in his theme, and now he stands before you, raised to his full height, the ungainliness of his figure forgotten in the grandeur of his look—the coarse homespun of his garments forgotten in the majesty of the soul speaking from his unclouded brow.

And then in deep-toned words he opens to his rustic hearers the rich treasures of his heart; he flings around him the gifts of his prodigal fancy—he awes them into breathless silence—he urges the involuntary shout of admiration from their lips—he chains them with his burst of trembling feeling—he brings the warm throbs to their hearts—the heavy tear to their eyes. He stands confessed the germ of a mighty man; he, the poor boy—the homespun-clad backwoodsman—the orphan and the stranger.

The smile on the dewy lips of the virgin when first she yields them to her lover's kiss, is sweet—the smile of the widow when the peal of fame, sounding honor to her first-born, telling of the difficulty overcome—the triumph won, rings in her ears, is lovely, and lovely is the smile wreathing the lips of God's own angels when the joy of the repenting sinner comes up to Heaven, but sweet as these is the smile of that guardian angel, as invisible to the eye he looks forth upon the first triumph of the orphan boy in the rough log cabin of the west. The father of the boy and the mother sleep under the green sod, in a far away land, and yet the son—the rough-clad orphaned son discovered the existence of the mighty power within him—has made his footsteps ring on the iron threshold of the lofty temple consecrated to fame.

The guardian angel gazes from the shadow, that enwraps its existence, upon another scene.

In a grand and lofty hall, spanned by a magnificent ceiling enriched with the triumphs of architecture, with the morning sun shining through colossal windows, a strange throng of men are gathered, sitting in solemn deliberations on the fate and destiny of the land. From the north and the south—from the green Savannah and the ice capped mountain—from the ocean shore of the east, and the rolling prairie of the west, these men have hastened, the chosen representatives of a free and mighty people.

The matter in council is of fearful moment—War or Peace! Here are men whose cry is ever Peace—though the decks of our vessels are desecrated by the footsteps of British outrage—though our flag is flung dishonored in the dust by British hands—though our borders are startled by the roar of the British Lion—though our national fame is loaded with scorn, our rights trodden to the earth, our liberties violated, the religion of our republican faith blasphemed—all in the name of the Briton, crying God and St. George to the rescue; still the cry of these men, with side long looks and lowering brow, is—Peace, Peace, at every risk and at all hazards—Peace.

Others there are, with honest hearts and firm hands, who dread a war. They rise on that representative floor and depict the evils of a Continental war—the towns laid in ashes; the field desolated;

the valley made a waste; the national commerce destroyed; the wide land crowded with the bodies of the dead—the great Heaven forever blackened by the smoke of the fight.

All is doubt, disunion and dismay. Doubt, while the armament of Britain thronged the seas; disunion, while the red-coat armies are on our very borders; dismay, while the first roar of the blood-stained Lion, whose proud threats felt the talons of our eagle in the year '83, thunders in our ears.

Now, guardian angel—look well upon your charge!

While all is doubt, disunion and dismay, a legislator, fresh from the ranks of the people, arises in his place and speaks his word of counsel. 'Tall, sinewy and gaunt in form, his manner displays the man of education, but gaze upon his face! Can you tell the meaning of that full, grey eye—can you read the mystery of that towering brow? Speaks the wide mouth with compressed lips of a vacillating or a determined mind—speaks the full voice of an orator, whose cry is ever peace, or of the patriot, whose liturgy of faith and hope and honor is compressed in the syllable—WAR!

He speaks for War! Aye, with his proud form raised to its full height—with his grey eye burning like a living coal—with his forehead all radiant with a mighty mind, he speaks for War! War for our national honor—War for our rational wrongs—War in the name of the past—War at every risk, and at all hazards—War!

His words ring echoing through the hall. The traffickers in national honor hang their heads in shame—the doubtful start aside in surprise: exclaiming is this the young backwoodsman of the west; the fearful raise their voices with the voice of the orator, and the cry rings to the very ceiling—in God's name give us War!

Now guardian angel, look upon your mighty ward and smile! Look upon the advocate of national honor, standing boldly erect in that representative hall, and as you look, tell us is this the young backwoodsman of the west; is this the stranger whose mother and father sleep under the green sod of Hanover?

Then came another day when doubt possessed the council hall of the nation. A band of brave men were struggling in a far land for freedom; struggling against Turk and Christian, combined in one unholy league of wrong; struggling over the green graves of their fathers, under the shadow of mighty temples consecrated by the memories of three thousand years, still fighting and struggling for life and liberty! These brave men, with the blood of their wives and little ones, slain in merciless massacre, yet smoking before their eyes, with the "All Oh Hu" of their remorseless butcheries yet ringing in their ears, sent to a far land, where liberty driven from the Old World made her home, and begged the children of the revolutionary patriots to give them some little aid, to extend but a hand to their assistance—to recognize them as a free and independent nation.

And they denied them. Yes, the American Congress refused the petition of these brave men of the Grecian land.

Then it was that this bold backwoodsman of the west arose on the floor of that council hall. Then it was that fire came to his eye and words to his tongue; then it was that with his stature undulating, in all its commanding height, with his burning brow flushed with solemn indignation, the Man of Ashland spoke forth to the councilmen of the nation his fiery message.

"Go home!" he cried in that voice of thunder—"Go home to your firesides, freemen that ye are, descendants of the heroes of seventy-six, go home and when your constituents speak to you of the cause of Greece, tell them with the blush of shame upon your brows, that you dared not acknowledge the freedom of this gallant nation! Tell them, oh! be sure and tell them, that ye dared not; that dim visions of scimitars and crescents, of turbans and bowstring scarred you from your duty! Tell them that Greece plead and wept and plead again at the very feet of your Goddess of Liberty, and that the Goddess gave scorn for tears, contempt for tears! Tell your constituents this, and let it be written down in the history of our land, that in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, in the year of the Lord and Saviour, who came to bring peace to all the earth, this Grecian land oppressed, trodden and slaughtered, sent to the last home of freedom in the wide earth, asking the countrymen of Washington for aid, and—oh! shame on the burning dishonor; they refused their petition, scorned their prayers, closed eye and ear on their solemn entreaties!"

The Man of Ashland prevailed! The word went forth, to all the earth, that the land of the New World Freedom, gave its solemn sanction to the cause of Old World Liberty, and with that word of sanction went forth the name of the advocate of the cause! Oh! it would make your heart warm and throbs and throbs again, were I to call up before your mental eye, the mighty panorama of that struggle; the shadowy glen where thousands fell beneath the footsteps of the Turk; the mountain pass where the rocks, hurled by the Avengers, came thundering on the tyrant's heads, mingling them in one massacre of justice, or the wide battle-plain, where from the corpses of ten thousand slain, sped ten thousand immortal souls, haying down at the footstool of God, charge of "Liberty unto Death." Oh! it would make your heart beat and your eyes fill with tears were I to tell you how from every shadowy glen—from the height of every mountain pass; from the carnage of the wide battle-field,

three mighty names rose shrieking with the wail of the Greeks, mingled with their battle-shout and sanctified by their dying voices, husky with the flow of blood; the name of Bozarris, of Washington, and the name of *****

Guardian angel follow your mighty charge, through the scenes of the great drama, where the Man of Ashland was the Hero; the world the stage; all mankind spectators.

Now on the Senate floor preaching war, and now on the ocean wave bringing the olive-branch from the old strong hold of freedom, the city of Ghent; now filling the souls of the millions listening to him in hushed awe, with the weird magnetism of his spirit; now communing with his own heart, calling up the past or painting the future in the silent groves of his own sweet Ashland.

Away guardian angel, away to the quiet groves of Ashland! Standing on a swelling knoll that uncovers its grassy breast to the first kiss of the uprising sun, you behold your mighty ward. Call the children of the present to look upon him and look well, for the day will come when to have seen the Man of Ashland, will be honor and pride. The picture is grand, effective. The first beams of the uprising sun fall upon that tall and muscular form, revealing its outline of bone and sinew, unconquered by the toil of thirty years, clad in plain garments of American texture, while the hat and staff in one hand, the drooping cloak falling over the shoulder, impart an air of ease, mingled with majesty, to his commanding presence. The high brow, rising like a tower, where Thought keeps his eternal watch; the grey hairs floating waveling in the morning air; the bold marked eye-brows, throwing their arch above the large grey eye that has gazed upon all the phases of a giant life with an unquailing glance; the prominent nose, the high cheek bones, the massy chin, the wide mouth, with lips compressed, indicating, the will that never knew what it was to falter or to fear—such is the face of the Man of Ashland as standing on the green knoll, he looks upon the morning sun, while far away spreads the background of hill and wood and knoll, until at last the blue veil of distance mingles the earth with the sky.

Oh! great is the fame of the warrior—full of glory is the broad banner whose folds are dung waving on the wings of conquest—mighty the voice of the nation, yelling defeat to the foe and joy to the victor; but greater than all these, most glorious and most mighty of all victories, are the triumphs of the Man of Ashland, though these triumphs are not the triumphs of war.

His are the triumphs of Peace. Yes, yes, in ten thousand homes there ever arise to God, the voice of blessing on his name. There comes to soul, as he thus stands on the green knoll of Ashland, gazing at the rising sun, the voice of the toil-wrung mechanic bending over his loom, and that voice blesses his name. From the dim chambers of the shadowy caverns where the miner toils on his darkling path, raising by slow degrees to the light of day the rich stores of old mother earth, comes the voice of the miner, and it echoes the word of blessing. The farmer in the golden harvest takes up the sound and echoes the song. From the noisy room of the factory, where the crash of the machinery no longer is mingled with the groans of the starved operative, there comes floating along from old men and rosy-cheeked children, from stout manhood and tender girlhood, a chorus of joy, chanting merrily blessings on his head, peace to his grave, glory to his ashes, eternal honor to his name.

And why comes this mingled song of blessing from the mechanic and miner, the factory man and the factory child, from the operative of the crowded city and the farmer of the golden plain?

The Man of Ashland originated, amid scorn and contempt defied, at last firmly established the AMERICAN SYSTEM, which gives independence to the American workman, whether he toils in the mine or in the field, in the shop or at the loom, which gives bread to his table, comfort to his fireside, health and happiness to his home.

Guardian angel of the mighty man, thou to whom his whole career has been a delight—thou to whom the past and future are as one, roll aside the awful curtain that stretches along the stage of fate, and give us a glimpse of the things that shall be. Were the guardian spirit to speak, this might be the burden of his prophecy.

On that same gentle knoll of the Ashland hills, no longer green, but withered by autumn, viewing the glories of the sunset, streaking the west with dazzling red and purple gold, while clouded pillars and sun beam temples pile their forms of grandeur along the horizon of the dying day, there stands the man of Ashland silent and alone at the evening; there is the flush of the day-god on his lofty brow—there is the gleam of tender memory and a dear forgiveness in his clear, grey eye, as he turns to the south, and looking to the hills of Tennessee, his soul remembers the mighty hero, sheltered beneath the quiet roof of the Hermitage. Yes, his antagonist is the grand Tournament of national fame—his rival is the race of honor; the General of the War so nobly defended by the Man of Ashland, now rests beneath the roof of the Hermitage, his arms calmly folded, his warrior eye turned to Heaven, while his white hairs await the sunshine of God's eternal day, to change their snowy locks to unflaming gold. And as the Man of Ashland gives his soul to the memory of the Man of the Hermitage, the tear—oh, shame it not with a smile or a scoff—the tear glistens in his eye, and the feeling of the olden time comes throbbing round his heart.

The political antagonist—the rival in the race of honor—the bitter opponent for the chair of power, all are forgotten, while before the soul of the Man of Ashland hills, arises the panorama of New Orleans—the mist above and the flame below; the banner of stars still soaring aloft in the midst of flame, borne upward by the hand of its warrior champion, the white-haired Man of the Hermitage, who, at the evening hour, gazes also upon you red sunset, and whispers as he waits for his master, like Simon of old—"Lord now testeth thou thy servant depart in peace!"

And as the Man of Ashland gives his soul to the memory of the white haired warrior, (whom God ever bless!) there comes echoing along the twilight air, the sound of horse's hoofs, breaking the deep silence of the Indian summer eve, and then the horse and rider leave in sight and come panting up the hill. And as the horse, all white with foam, dashes above the ascent of the knoll, the rider, whose attire covered with the dust of travel, tells you he has ridden far and long, draws a packet from his vest and waves it in the air. Another moment he has flung himself from his panting steed, he rushes hastily forward, and in silence delivers the packet to the Man of the Ashland hills.

Now guardian angel we summon you for the last time. Look well upon your charge as he breaks the heavy seals of this strange packet. His fingers tremble—his stature dilates and decreases with the throbbings of his chest—his proud eye quails and wanders in its glance.

The packet is broken! And there, in many words, the electors of the nation met in solemn council, send their message to the orphan boy of Hanover—the young backwoodsman of the west—the champion of war in the senate halls—the advocate of American Industry—the wronged, the calumniated, and the triumphant.

And as the sun goes down to his chamber of glory, the guardian angel smiles, and turning from the Man of Ashland as his towering frame swells proudly erect, while his eye gathers new fire in its glance, the guardian spirit of the orphan boy of Hanover, bows low before the altar of American Freedom; and on the proud columns of its sides, writes the orphanage—the struggles—the wrongs and the triumph of genius, in a single name, that shines and brightens even amid the names of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Harrison and Jackson—the name of HENRY CLAY.

From the N. O. Picayune, George Washington Wimple.

THE MAN WHO PREFERS THE BALLOT TO THE BELL.

About last night's noon, an individual might be seen, and was by the watchman seen, wending his way up St. Charles street. His course was neither directly direct or regularly irregular. It might have been a preparatory practice of the new Polka dance, or a succession of endeavors to kill cockroaches creeping on the banquet. Now the Charles, who are all strict constructionists, and who enforce the letter of the municipal ordinances with as much rigor and exactness as the Medes and Persians did their laws, never interfere with a man's manner of walking, so long as he is able to walk at all; for our city lawgivers, with a wisdom and liberality above all price and beyond all praise, have left it to every man to move along as best he can, and have laid down no legal, definite mode of locomotion. But although they have so ruled it with regard to men's walking they are more strict with reference to men's talking, after a certain hour of the night, whether that talking be in tune or out of tune—a sermon or a serenade—a political speech or a temperance exhortation. It was in the enforcement of the peace-preserving principles that the watchman at the corner of Poydras and St. Charles streets, in a tone of imperative official authority, bade our hero "shut up!" who was just then singing a song equal in metre and melody to any of our modern political lyrics, the chorus of which ran thus—

Hurra for the stripes and stars,
Hurra for annexation,
Hurra for our Yankee tars,
And our universal "nation."

"I orders you again to shut up," said the watchman. "There aint no two ways about it—you must either shut up yourself or I'll shut you up like winkin'. Some folks think watchmen aint nobody, but I'll let you know, old feller, that they are somebody, so sing small."

"Charles," said the vocalist, looking half-avertedly, half-scramblingly into the face of the watchman, "Charles, thou art a walking somnambulist, a moving matter. Thou hast got speculation in thine eye, but thou hast got no music in thy soul. Thou art impenetrable to the tones that wake the thoughts to tenderness—thou art impervious to the strains that rouse and stir up the slumbering spirit of patriotism. Thou—"

"O, that's all very fine," said the watchman, cutting off the peroration of the speaker, "it's all very fine, but it aint no part of the ordinance. Now, disturbin' the peace is, which consequently brings you within the act protectin' the citizens in the natural enjoyment of their sleep."

It was in vain that the singer told the watchman that he transcended his duty—that he was an unjust interference with and violation of the rights of a citizen; the watchman "toted" him off to the calaboose.

"What's your name?" said the officer of the night.

"George Washington Wimple," replied the prisoner.

"The watchman charges you," said the officer, "with disturbing the peace."

"The watchman is a soulless, soulless individual," said Wimple, "with a mind as dark as Erebus. I was not disturbing the peace, sir, I was singing—singing for the million. I was essaying to revive and rekindle the smouldering fire of patriotism, now almost extinguished in the breasts of our citizens. The time and the occasion called for it. The moon had already passed its meridian, and time in its unceasing travel had reached the sixty-eighth year of our national independence. Who sir, would not send forth canticles burdened with patriotic pride on such an occasion? Were not those guns fired in Lafayette Square, charged with patriotic powder, and was I not charged with patriotic praise to an extent that I must go off or burst!"

"My duty is to commit you for the night," said the officer. It will rest with the Recorder tomorrow morning to say how far you have offended against the laws."

"I protest," said Wimple, against this arbitrary infringement on the rights of a citizen—a patriotic citizen who loves his country as that black rascal Othello did his beautiful wife, 'not wisely but too well'—who—

"O, look here, Mr. Thigamy," said the watchman, "niggers aint got nothin' to do with makin' the ordinances."

"I say again," said Wimple, "you have been guilty of a violation of my natural rights—and of the right of election, too; because political science has become a branch of vocal music. Voting by ballot is decidedly vulgar and corrupt; men will henceforth be sung into office—election will be by ballad and not by ballot. What better way is there, I should like to know, of ascertaining the voice of the people than by their capacity for singing!"

The officer told him he was not prepared to argue the question with him and locked him up—We trust the Recorder will take his patriotism into consideration this morning, and dispense with the usual "thirty days."

Christian Fidelity.

The daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading and travelling in foreign countries, and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become "her shield," and "her exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in Him, or displace Him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined, so far as her prospects in this life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged, that during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others, this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing, and music on the piano. If she complied, she parted with heaven, and returned to the world. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause.—At last the name of his daughter was announced.—In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation, she rose, and with a calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the instrument, the following stanzas:

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy;
But O, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place!
Shall I my everlasting days
With friends or angels spend!

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!

How make mine election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!

Ah! I wish the pardon on my heart!
And whenso'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone, sought the counsel and prayer of his daughter, for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. I would rather be the organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and to the production of such results—I would rather possess wisdom thus to speak, as occasion requires, than to possess all that is finite, besides. What hymn, what thought in the universe, could be substituted for the one then uttered? The time and the occasion, the thought expressed, the hallowed and "sweet manner" of utterance, present a full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That surely was a "word fitly spoken."—*Mahan.*