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TOWANDA.

Wednesday Morning, June 7, 1848.

(Written for the Bradford Reporter.)
Parting Friends.

That sad hour of separation, is swiftly drawing nigh,
When we will have to clasp our hands and leave a
mourning sigh,
And bid a silent long farewell to scenes familiar bound,
In sacred bonds of holy faith, our hearts have clus-
tered round,
We've rambled through the woodland shades, and
by the purring brook,
We've sported blithe, with merriment, along each
dale and nook,
Our lives like bleeding streams have in one current
run,
And while our cup of bliss is full, our joys has just
begun,
It is a sad and grievous thought to think that I must
part,
And bid adieu to those bright scenes which cluster
round my heart,
To leave each old familiar face, each long remem-
ber'd spot,
Which, while memory has a passing thought shall
never be forgot;
But duty calls, I must obey her strict and stern de-
mand,
I would to me be joy to stay, if I could choose my des-
tine,
The die is cast, my fate is sealed, here, take the part-
ing hand,
And know, that I shall ever think, of my old native
land,
Could I but live, to see my head all silvered o'er with
age,
And find myself still moving on life's rough and rug-
ged stage,
Then, far back, I will a thought of dear remem-
brance cast,
For in my urn of memory I'll treasure the bright past,
TOWANDA, June, 1848.

The Beautiful Kentuckian; or Love & Courage.

BY J. H. INGRAM.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of one of those gorgeous tropical days peculiar to the low latitudes in May and June, a majestic steamer was ascending the Mis-
sissippi.

Steadily ascending the river with a majestic mo-
tion, the noble steamer moved swiftly along amid
the fair scenery of sky and earth; her wake glitter-
ing and sparkling far astern, and heaving in the
air, as she went a long path of dark, brown smoke
like a banner flung out!

The decks were thronged with gay groups of
passengers. Some promenaded the hurricane deck
gazing upon the shores and enjoying the motion of
the vessel as she glided past them. Others sat in
parties conversing. From a group at the stern rose
the clear notes of a sweet singer's voice mingled
with the rich base of a contralto. Some walked
alone and apart from the others, smoking and mus-
ing, or with their thoughts winging their way to
homes left behind or in anticipation.

Among the various groups that were dispersed
over the spacious decks of the steamer, walked one
alone. His air was sad, and he seemed to shrink
from observation; yet he scarcely turned or return-
ed in his slow walk that eyes were not closely and
with strange curiosity observing him. He seemed to
be particularly an object of attention and conver-
sation. Yet he never or very seldom raised his
dark eyes to glance, as though conscious of the ob-
servation which centered upon him.

He was a man of very elegant exterior, tall and
slender, with a dark face; and marked with a sin-
gular union of gentleness and fire. There was about
him a certain air of command that could not fail
to arrest the attention of the lowest and meanest
observer.

The glorious beauty of the skies gradually blent
into the gay of evening, and still he paced the deck
in the same space, which, as if by common con-
sent, the rest of the passengers had left unoccupied
for his use. He had all this time spoken to no
one. He seemed to have companionship with
none on board.

At length a young girl of about fourteen sum-
mers, with bright, hazel eyes and soft, brown sun-
ny hair, came upon deck leaning upon the arm of
a lady. There was just light enough lingering from
the skies to show how surpassingly lovely was this
sweet child. The purity of a good and generous
heart shone in her face, and the maturity of a wo-
man's deeper and holier feelings reposed there.—
She was both a child and a woman; with a soul
full of sympathy and emotion, yet with an artless
expression and an air that belongs to girlhood.

As she appeared on deck, the solitary stranger
quickly lifted his eyes and rested them upon her—
for he seemed to have heard her step, and recog-
nized her. As he beheld her, a smile of incompar-
able sweetness lighted up his sad, dark face, and
approached her he bowed to both ladies with grace
and dignity. He conversed with them a few mo-
ments, and then offering his arm to the young girl,
they together promenaded the decks while the lady
seated near seemed to regard them both with in-
terest. The tones of the deep rich voice of the stran-
ger occasionally fell upon her ears as he discoursed
with his companion, who seemed to listen with
delight.

"Madam," said a gentleman advancing and talk-
ing a seat by the senior lady, and addressing her
in a low voice. "I think you act very imprudent
in permitting your daughter to form an acquaint-
ance with that man."

"Anne is so very young there can be danger,"
said the lady, smiling. "Besides, she is the only
person to whom she speaks. I deeply sympathize
with her in her fall from power, and a prisoner, as
it were; and if Anne can, by listening to him, at-

leviate in any way his misfortune, I shall not for-
bid it!"

"Sympathy for him! He merits the detestation
of every honorable mind. I am sorry to see you
so blind. You will one day regret this confidence
and pity for him. Besides, madam, it makes you
and your daughter the subject of much conversa-
tion on board. Had she known him previous to
this?"

"No. We never beheld him until we came on
board the boat at New Orleans; and when he was
pointed out to us, we gazed upon him with interest.
Two days ago, as the boat was leaving Natchez,
Anne and I were standing upon the grand watch-
ing shore. He stood within seven feet of us
leaning against a column with his head bowed. I
was at that moment gazing upon him and reflect-
ing in my mind the extraordinary character and
wonderful life of this man, when Anne sprung from
my side with an exclamation of terror, and threw
herself before him. At the same instant, I heard a
loud oath uttered from a window on shore, not fifty
feet distant, and saw a man in the act of dropping
a rifle he had elevated to his shoulder."

"You may thank the quick eye and quicker foot
of that young girl, senior," said he coarsely, "that
you are not a dead man! I had covered your heart
with my rifle bore, but she has saved you this time!
But beware the next!"

Thus speaking, the man disappeared in the win-
dow, and the boat at the same time, shot rapidly
away from the pier. Anne's act was impulsive,
like herself. She told me that she saw the man
level his rifle and bring it to bear. That she had
no time to cry out, but trusting that the sudden in-
tervention of her person would save him from fir-
ing, she sprang forward as she did.

"It is a pity that she caught sight of the Tennes-
sian's rifle. That man had a brother shot, by this
cruel and blood-loving Mexican's order, and was
entitled to his revenge. Let me recommend you to
caution your child not a second time to interpose
her person between the heart of this man and a rifle
ball. Even it might not again serve as a pro-
tection. The Tennesseean is vindictive. He will
follow his victim like a slough hound, though he
may fail to effect his object. A rifle ball can pass
through two hearts as well as one!"

Thus speaking, the Kentucky gentleman rose and
left the lady. A few moments afterwards, she ap-
proached and spoke to her daughter, and the stran-
ger relinquished her, escorted them to the saloon,
and then returned to pursue alone, his solitary star-
light walk upon the deck.

CHAPTER II.

A few years passed away, and the blooming girl
of fourteen had become a lovely woman in the
pride of her charms. It was a mellow twilight
hour, similar in beauty of sky and richness of color
to that described in the foregoing part of our tale.

Anne Murray was seated on a balcony in her fa-
ther's villa, near Lexington. Around her lay a
scene of exquisite rural beauty. Noble parks in
which the deer browsed or sported, fearless of the
hunter's rifle; wide green lawns belted by spark-
ling brooks, sunny uplands and pleasant valleys, with
the roofs of the stately villas lifting themselves from
the covert of groves on every side.

"Is not the Mail in yet mother? It is very
late!" she said, with a tone to which emotion gave
depth.

"Not yet Anne. But do not yield to this sorrow.
Edward is doubtless safe."
"I fear the worst. The paper which came yes-
terday, says there is but little doubt that the whole
party will be shot, without distinction. It anticipates
further intelligence the next mail. I am dis-
tressed beyond measure at this suspense!"

"It is impossible that they should take Edward's
life. He is not a Texan. He merely joined the
Santa Fe expedition as an American traveller with
an American passport."

"Yes, this paper says that the whole party was
taken and bound, and led off to the interior, with-
out distinction!"

"But there is no certainty that Edward Linn was
with them at the time of the capture. The paper
gives no names."

"Hark, the sound of a horse. It is the servant,
and he has the paper. We shall now, I trust, hear
something definite."

The paper was hastily unfolded, and Anne with
rapid eye, ran over the several paragraphs. Aer
gaze rested upon one headed "The unfortunate
Santa Fe expedition." She read with rapid glance
from period to period, till her eye fell on an ar-
ray of names.

"Mother, Edward is one of them! See his
name! Edward Linn, of Kentucky. Hear what
the paper says—'There is little hope that Santa
Anna will make any distinction between the Amer-
ican gentlemen who accompanied the expedition
and the Texans. They have, thus far, received
precisely the same treatment with these, and noth-
ing but the prompt and imperative interposition
of the United States government will save them from
the fate to which we fear the Texans are destined.'"

"Mother," said Anne rising, and pacing the bal-
cony with a quick step and an air expressive of de-
cision, "Edward must be saved! Every means
must be made use of to rescue him from the tyrant
of Mexico!"

"It is strange language from you Anne.—
You one thought him mild and pleasant, and have
quite often defended him from the aspersions of
others."

"But I have now, for the first time, felt the bit-
terness of his tyrannical power in my own bosom.
I have never esteemed his character. It was nat-
ural for me to put an interest in one, whose
wife was, whose life I had been instrumental in pre-
serving. But Edward's case admits of no delay.
I will write to our Senators in Washington, and
also to the President, in his behalf. You may trust
me to be boldness in a betrothed maiden; but I feel in such
a case as this the maiden betrothed should act as a
wife should act."

CHAPTER III.

Four months passed away, and in the interim
Anne Murray with a perseverance that commanded
the esteem of all whom she interested in her cause,
had achieved nothing towards the liberation of her
lover. Her impatient love could not brook the de-
lay of negotiation; and at length, disgusted with
the seeming indifference of her country, she re-
solved to take the matter in her own hands. She had
received, on the morning of this decision a letter
from Edward, dated at the well known castle of
Perote, in which he informed her that his pass-
ports had been taken from him, and that he was re-
garded as a Texan, and with them was confined in Pe-
rote, in chains. Although he wrote cheerfully, and
encouraged her to hope for his liberation shortly
through the interposition of his country, she felt that
his situation called at once for the services of love
and friendship.

"If Edward waits for the imperative demand of
his country to set him free, I fear that he will linger
there longer than I can endure to think of," she
said. "It is now five months since he was cap-
tured, and yet nothing positive has been done.—
This night I depart for Mexico! I will leave in-
forming my mother of my intention, assuring her
that I go to Mexico to free Edward or share his
captivity!"

That night accompanied by a faithful negro ser-
vant, and mounted upon a fleet horse, the fair girl
left her home, and took the road leading to the
nearest post on the Ohio. They rode all night, at
great speed, to distance pursued, and by ten o'clock
the next morning were on-board a steamer, descend-
ing the river towards New Orleans.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dictator of Mexico was seated in the private
drawing-room of his palace, surrounded by his min-
isters of state and of war, and a few select friend-
ly brow were a cloud, for he had but a few min-
utes before given audience to the American Min-
ister, and the latter had departed in anger.

"What means this American?" he haughtily de-
manded, after a deep silence had for some time
reigned in the room. "Does he dare plead for pi-
rates and cut-throats? Has he the audacity to demand
of me clemency towards adventures from his coun-
try who chose to invade the Empire? If the pri-
soners he pleads for are Americans, let their coun-
trymen come and get them. He threatens me with
war! Mexico fears not war. Her armies are nu-
merous and brave, and the hearts of her children
are patriotic! I will not give them up to him. They
were taken in arms with the Texans. How can
the President of America of the north have the face
to solicit a favor of me when he has laid his right
hand upon one of our provinces, and covets to an-
nex it to his overgrown and ambitious republic!—
No I will not listen to his minister. If he would
reach my ears, let him do it with cannon if he
will!"

Thus speaking the Dictator rose from his seat
and walked the room at a quick, limping gait and
under angry excitement. But his lameness soon
caused him to resume his seat. As he did so, the
British minister was announced.

"Well, Senor de la Inglaterra," said the Dictator
with a smile, "I suppose you have waited upon
me to learn my reply to your note of this morning.
I comply cheerfully with your demand. The order
for the release of the five Englishmen taken is al-
ready signed. I trust the pacific relations now ex-
isting between Great Britain and this Republic will
remain long uninterrupted."

"It is her Majesty's desire to preserve them in-
violable on her part, Senor," responded the British
Minister; "and I shall not fail to represent to my
government your expressions of friendship."

Santa Anna now placed the order for the release
of the prisoners whom the English Minister had in-
terested himself in, in his hands; and shortly after-
wards the British Envoy took his leave.

"If it was only to rouse the indignation of the
American government I would have given him this
order," said the Dictator, turning to his minister of
State, as the Englishman left the presence. He
probably believes that I have complied through
fear. Let him think so. I have, however, been
influenced only by a desire to show to the Amer-
ican government my contempt of its own demand!"

"Senor," said an officer entering, "a lady with
a passport from the English Consul at Vera Cruz,
very urgently seeks for an audience with your Ex-
cellency."

"I will see her Valdes!"

The next moment Anne Murray stood in the
presence of the Dictator. Her noble figure, her ex-
quisite beauty, the alternately pale and crimsoned
cheek, the air of decision mingled with that fear
she evinced, at once arrested the attention of all
those present, and awakened the interest of the
Dictator.

After he had regarded her for a moment, as she
stood hesitating before him, his face all at once be-
trayed strong emotion. He bent forward and hal-
lowed from his chair. His looks showed a doubtful
recognition of the lovely girl, whose countenance
years had not effaced from his memory.

"Noble dictator," she said, gathering courage,
"have to solicit of you a favor?"

"It is then my young American friend?" cried
the Dictator, with a glow of pleasure, as soon as
her voice struck his ear. And rising he warmly
welcomed her, and led her to a seat near his own.
"To what happy circumstance am I indebted for
this honor?" he asked with gentle courtesy.

"To a painful one your Excellency. Among
the prisoners in Perote, is a friend, and close to me.
He was only a traveller taking advantage of the ex-
cess afforded him by the Texan party to travel into
Mexico. He was captured with the rest, his pas-
port taken from him, and he now lies in chains as
the rank of Perote. I have come to Mexico to in-
tercede with you in his behalf, trusting that you had
not wholly forgotten the young girl who interested
her life to save his own."

"I have seen some you in general remem-
brance. Your request is already granted. I will
at once dispatch an officer with an order for his re-
lease. His name?"

"Edwin Linn, Senor."

"One of those who the American Minister was
so solicitous to have liberated. I grant you, Senor,
what have refused to your country's Envoy. The
world shall never say that Lopez de Santa An-
na is destitute of gratitude."

As the fair Kentuckian resolved to accompany
the officer back to Perote, Santa Anna, finding he
could not prevail upon her to wait for her friend's
arrival in the capital, despatched her under the pro-
tection of a troop of horse, himself riding three
leagues by her side and learned from her the his-
tory of her adventurous journey.

The next day the brave girl was folded to the
heart of her lover, within the walls of Perote; and
in an hour afterwards, under a fresh escort of horse,
they were on their way to Vera Cruz. Two days
afterwards, they took passage for N. Orleans in a
U. S. Cutter, and in five days arrived at their des-
tination. They were the next day, united in mar-
riage in one of the drawing-rooms of the St. Charles
Hotel in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of
the friends of both Edward and the lovely Kentuckian,
who in possessing the hand of one every way
worthy of her, she felt herself richly rewarded for
the bold and perilous enterprise which love had
given her spirit and courage to undertake and suc-
cessfully accomplished.

Miscellaneous.

THE WATCH.—I have now in my hand, a gold
watch, which combines embellishments and utility
in happy proportions, and is usually considered a
very valuable appendage to the person of a gen-
tleman. Its hands, face, and case, are all the
chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle
with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald.
I open it, and find that the works, without
which this elegantly furnished case would be a
mere shell, those motionless hands, those fig-
ures without meaning, are made of brass. I in-
vestigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which
all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it
is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply
is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain pro-
cess. So then, I find main spring, without which
the watch would be motionless; and its hands, fig-
ures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—
it is not sufficiently good; nor of brass—that
would not do—but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the
only precious metal; and this watch an emblem of
wisdom. Its hands and figures which tell the hour,
resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose
movements every eye is directed. Its useless but
sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and em-
bellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass
are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence
and power of which, the master spirits of the age
are moved; and its iron main spring shut up in a
box, always at work, but never thought of, except
when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up,
symbolically, the laboring class, which, like the
main spring we wind up by the payment of wages;
and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and
though constantly at work, and absolutely as nec-
essary to the movement of society, as the iron main
spring is to the gold watch, are never thought of,
except when they require their wages, or are in
some want or disorder of some kind of other.
—Edward Everett.

THE LITIGATION OF THE EARTH.—A fact of great
interest, says Professor Silliman, has been proved
by the borings for artesian wells in the suburbs of
Paris, namely, that as we go towards the centre of
the earth, the temperature increases at the rate
of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the
whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a
great part of it is an igneous portion of melted
rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not
affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the
phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected
with their eruptions have been ascertained and
placed beyond dispute. How, then, are they to be
accounted for? The theory prevalent some years
since, that they are caused by the combustion of
immense coal beds, is perfectly possible, and is en-
tirely abandoned. All the coal in the world would
never afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibi-
tion of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this,
and I have little doubt that the whole rests on the
action of electric and galvanic principles, which
are constantly in the earth. We know that when
certain metals are brought together, powerful elec-
tric action is evolved, and a light is produced, super-
ior to any effulgence to the splendor of the sun.
Now if a small arrangement produces such results,
what may we not expect from the combinations of
these immense beds of metal to be found in the
earth? Here we have the key to all the grand
phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration on
a small scale may be seen in the thermoelectric bat-
tery, made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, pressed
in a glass and varnished. In this battery evolved
below, while the top is cold; and here we have the
very case of the volcano, in the interior a fiery
column is bearing its surge, while its peak is cap-
ped with everlasting snow.

RESTIMATED AND BUCKS.—One day in spring, Sir
Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott, to enjoy
a walk round Abbotsford. In their wandering they
passed a field where a number of ewes were en-
dured the frolics of their lambs.—"Ah!" exclaimed
Sir Walter, "is no wonder that poets, from the
earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of
peace and innocence."

"They are indeed, delightful animals," returned
her ladyship, "especially with mist sauce."

HOW TO LIVE.—If a man chafes you, stop dealing
with him; if he is abusive, quit his company;
if he slanders you, bid him to live so that
nobody will believe him. No matter who he
is, or how he misuses you, the best way is just
to let him alone; for nothing is better than this cool,
quiet, steady way of dealing with the wrongs we
meet with.

The Vine and the Oak.

BY THE REV. ELLIS LEWIS.

A vine that clung to an oak in its pride,
And drank the nourishment from its side,
Grew strong and broad in its green ceiling height,
But stronger still in its own giddy sight,
Broke from the oak in an evil-star'd hour,
And toss'd its head to display its vain power;
The storm King gashed his white teeth at the sight,
And swept it off in retributive might:
For the thing that reaches too high and wide,
Shall draw the red lightning's stroke to its side.
It clung round each tree as it swept along,
But it passed unheeded by all the throng:
None cared to look at a false one so vile—
With bow or nod, or with welcoming smile,
And the vine was thrown in its early prime
Amid nettles and weeds in dirt and slime.

But the oak stood still in its lonely glade
With its furrowed sides that the vine had made,
Like the bird that had given its own life's blood
To cherish and feed its feathered brood,
The deep winding grooves like the serpent's track,
Were pierced by the storm, and the sap shrunk back
(The mark of guilt that it foisted in its rise,
Was the track of the fiend in Paradise.)
And soon with a solemn and rustling sound
The leaves fell whithered and dead to the ground;
The sun shone forth, and the mistleling rain
Was shed upon him, and dale, and broad plain:
The trees put forth their foliage green,
Nature was dressed in her rich vernal sheen,
But the oak stood shorn of its dark green dress,
The victim lost of a faithless embrace!

A season to wait the confiding oak!
To trust in nought but a cold heart of stone.
Thus upon earth—when the heart's fondest tie
Is severed by faithlessness, both must die:
The union of hearts is the soul's deep well,
Where truth is in her purity loves to dwell,
As clear and bright in the heart's faithful love
As the crystal fountain that floats above,
When the well is broken the deep clear flood
Is bubbling and purled with streams of blood,
And truth is in agony, shrieking flies,
To her sister's bright, the stars in the skies,
(The glittering sentinels, night and day
That watched in the well were their sisters lay.)

The pledges of love may never reclaim
Without purity, treachery, sin and shame;
The bolt that strikes such true friendship apart
Comes back to the breast that directed the dart;
The strong one may pull down the temple's proud
walls.
But its ruins shall cover them both when it falls.

Death's Visit to the Village.

(From "Old Humphry's Thoughts for the Thoughtful.")
They say that people live longer in the country
than in the town, and perhaps they may a few short
years; but not deceived, by the saying of my
country friends, for the word of the Eternal is gone
forth: "The days of our years are threescore years
and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-
score years, is yet their strength labor, and sorrow;
for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."—Pa. xc. 10.
Neither town nor country can prevent the visits of
Death.

Death came up to the village. It was in the
spring; the fresh leaves were budding forth, and
the snow drops were peeping out of the ground.—
He went into that thatched cottage, by the ash tree,
where sat old Roger Gough in his arm chair, with
his brow wrinkled and his hair white as fax.
Roger was taken with the cramp in the stomach, and
soon ceased to breathe. "What man is he that
lively shall not see death; shall he deliver his
soul from the hand of the grave?"—Pa. lxxxix. 48.
The wheelwright's wife sat with her baby, her
first born, in her lap. It smiled as it lay asleep, and
breathed softly. She went on mending stockings,
and then casting a fond look at her little treas-
ure. That day week its gentle spirit departed,
leaving its fond parents half heartbroken. How
uncertain is human life!—It is even a vapor that
appears for a little time and then vanisheth away."
—James iv. 14.

Death went down the village in the summer.—
The heavens were bright with sunbeams, and the
earth seemed to smile; the gardens were in their
glory, merry haymakers were busy in the fields.
The sexton's son had long been ailing, and all
agreed that he could never struggle through the
winter. The red tinge on his cheek was not of a
healthy hue; consumption had marked him for the
grave. He had taken to his bed for a fortnight,
when his head fell back gently on his pillow, and
he went off like an infant going to sleep. "As
for man his days are as grass; as flower of the
field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over
it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know
it no more."—Pa. cii. 15, 16.

Butcher Hancock was the strongest man in the
parish; but he was no match for death. His chest
was broad, and his arms were sinewy and strong,
and his frame bulky and well knit together. "As
hearty as Hancock," was a common adage. No
matter; sickness soon robs the stoutest of his strength,
and pulls down the tallest man to the ground. The
fever fastened upon him that one hour he raged
with heat and thirst, and the next his teeth chattered
with the cold. His neighbors carried him to the
grave. "Lord make me know mine end, and the
measure of my days, what is it; that I may know
how frail I am. Behold thou hast made my days as
a handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before
thee: verily, man at his best estate is altogether
vanity."—Pa. xxxix. 4, 5.

Death crossed the village in autumn. The or-
chard trees were bending beneath their load, the
sickle was at work among the wheat, and the
scythes was sweeping down the barley. Never was
known a more abundant year. The loaded teams
were seen in all directions, and the gleaners were
picking up the shattered ears from the stubble. Far-
mer Blount was a wealthy man. He was in the
field with the reapers, when he suddenly fell to the
ground. Some said he was suddenly struck by the
dew, and others it was a fit of apoplexy, but what-
ever it was, Farmer Blount never spoke after. You
may perhaps have seen his tomb by the stone wall
of the churchyard, and the iron palisades round it.
Truly, may each of us say, "There is but a step
between me and death."—1 Sam. xxi. 3.

Widow Edwards lived in the shed at the back
of the pond. It was a wretched habitation, but the
poor cannot choose their dwelling places. The
aged widow had wrestled hard with poverty; her
bits and progs were few and far between. Her
son, who ought to have been a skill for her old age
to rest on, was at sea. He was roving and thought-
less; but there is a heaven in store for him, ac-
cording to the count of his aged mother. Death found the widow
alone, lying on straw. No one was at hand to
comfort her or to close her eyes. "Watch; there-
fore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth
come."—Matt. xxiv. 42.

Death went round the village in the winter. The
icicles were a foot long, hanging from the rafters
of the carpenter's yard; and the snow lay
here and there in heaps, for it had been shoveled
away from in front of the cottages. Not a stone's
throw from the finger post at the end of the village,
dwelt Abel Froomer, the clock's father. For years he
had been afflicted; but his mind was stayed upon
Christ the Rock of Ages, and he loved to
think of eternal things. He had lived to a good
old age, and as a shock of corn fully ripe for the
harvest, he was ready to be gathered into the garner
of God. While his days were numbering his heart
applied unto wisdom; and he knew Him whom to
know is eternal life. Death found him sitting, up
in his bed, with his Bible in his aged hands, and
the last words that filtered from his lips were,
"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy
salvation." Luke ii. 26, 30. Thus died Abel Froomer,
"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,
for the fruit of that man is peace."—Ps. xxxvii. 37.

The habitation of Harry Tonks was in a wretched
plight when Death crossed the threshold. Harry
was an infidel, and scoffed at holy things. His days
were mostly spent in idleness, and his nights in
poaching, and tipping at the Fighting Cocks. Often
had Harry defied death at a distance, as a dog-bear;
but when it came in reality he trembled like a child.
Pain racked him, and poverty distressed him; but
that was not all, for his conscience was at work
within him, and his mind was disturbed. "The
spirit of a man will sustain his iniquity; but a
wounded spirit who can bear?" Prof. xviii. 14.
It was a horrid sight to Harry clenching his hands,
tearing his clothes and gnashing his teeth in anguish
quite as bad to hear the curse he uttered in despair,
"He died as the wicked die—without joy, without
hope,—driven from the light unto darkness, and
chased out of the world." Job xvii. 18. "Reid
your heart and not your garments, and turn unto
the Lord your God: for he is merciful and slow to
anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of
evil." Joel ii. 13.

If death thus goes up and down, and across and
around the village, and at all seasons of the year;
and if he takes the old and the young, the feeble
and the strong, the rich and the poor, the righteous
and the wicked, how long will he pass by mine I
is it thy prayer—"Let me die the death of the right-
eous, and let my last end be like his." Numb. xviii.
10. Is Christ thy hope, thy trust, thy salvation? If
so, thou mayest indeed rejoice, and say with ex-
ultation, "Yes though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou
art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."
Ps. xlii. 4.

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