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NUMBER 17

GOD AND THE SEA.

—Baker's Dispatch.

"And his very eyelids welcome the night of the sea."

From that death-battered chamber they solemnly

to die in their arms it might be

but strong lighted again forward before him.

To move the great heart of the deep to restore

him. Hush, hush, and rest him, breathe alive him

and over him.

The blood-thrilling calm of the sea—

The life-giving breath and the strength of the

sea.

Stern, stern, grow motherly, thoughtful and tender.

As his own loving mother might be:

And day and night ponder how best she could

assist him, so sought merely human would hinder.

The brave heart in that body so pale and slender.

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DAVID WILMOT.

The Last Resting-Place of the

Author of the Great Proviso.

Reollections of his Active Life—How

He Won his Name to Congress—

Wilmot as a Lawyer, Judge

And Statesman.

From a Staff Correspondent of The Press.

TOWANDA, Pa., September 10.—

"People too often read the inscription

on tombstones without knowing

anything of the genius of those who

sleep beneath them." The first news-

paper writer of this country made

this remark to me recently when full

of wine and wit. He made the harsh

revelation upon mankind because of

their lack of historical knowledge and

their forgetfulness, perhaps both. I

am almost ready to believe it just

however, for a few days after it was

made I took a whole day in one of

the principal cities of Connecticut to

visit a man who even remembered

James Dison, one of the most men-

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the city where he lived to find one

able to give information of the family

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ily has been scattered. Only one son

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sketches of the past in this

little town of today.

A visit to the country traversed

by the Lehigh Valley Railroad is

always a pleasant one, because there

is a constant succession of scenes

as to relieve the tedious travel, and

even in the hot, sultry weather of

the past week. In this great State

of iron, coal, oil, attractive scenery,

and matchless agriculture, there are

no more beautiful spots than can be

found in the northern tier of coun-

ties. The country is a never ending

skipping the New York line, coming

down from Elmira after a fine drive,

I could not but remark the similarity

of Northern Pennsylvania to West-

ern New York. The country and the

people are much alike, and yet you

can almost separate the two as soon

as the imaginary line is crossed.

Athens, in Bradford County, is the

first place of note and is not more

than three miles from the New York

line. It is a queer little place, situ-

ated upon a narrow peninsula be-

tween the Susquehanna and the

Chenung Rivers. For nearly two miles

the town straggles over a narrow

strip of fertile land, which reminds

one of a tongue of sand which divid-

es the two streams when rising in

valley, is rich in its growth of tim-

ber, and in its cultivation, and the

scenery is marvelous. The road beyond Athens

toward the point from which I write

runs near the bank of the Chenung

river, a short distance below Ath-

ens. Passing over this charming

spot in an easy-going train the other

evening in the very mist of the

light the scene was exceedingly

pleasing. The great clats and maples

that stood in regular rows on either

side of the river mirrored their beau-

tiful branches and foliage in the

almost dead water and the

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