

Elizabeth A. Reed

(- 8 Aug 1873)

The Evening Star, August 11, 1873

Bettie, niece of Officer Reed, was a young lady 17 years of age, and worked at Lansburg's. She was on her way to pay a visit to her relatives in Westmoreland county. She is spoken of as a most interesting and industrious young lady.

IN MEMORY OF Miss Bettie A Reed, who perished on the ill-fated Steamer Wawaset

Moan not for her, she is at rest
Far, far beyond the starry skies
Where gathering clouds no longer dim
The sunlight of her beauteous eyes.
Weep not, though Providence has snatched
Thy loved one from thy sorrowing breast,
Before her Father's throne she stands
Among the saint's welcome guest.
Moan not for her, she was too pure,
Too frail for this cold world of ours,
And God has kindly taken her
To bloom amid celestial bowers.
The bloom of youth was on her cheek,
The light of hope illumed her eyes,
She looked like one too pure to live,
To bright and beautiful to die.
There she was lovely in this life
But she is lovelier, fairer now,
Since God has wiped her tears away
And set a crown upon her brow.
The death pangs round no more her heart,
Her spirit is unfettered now,
The withering fire of decay
He more shall blight her beauteous brow.

J.R.H.