

Bradford Reporter

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Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. FORAN.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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There's no such Word as Fail.

BY ALICE C. LEE.

The proudest motto for the young—
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words unfold:
In misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
Thou shalt have a noble, charming power—
"There's no such word as fail."

The sailor on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land;
And free and fearless though he be,
Would they were near the strand,
When the storm with angry breath,
Brings lightning, sleet and hail,
Or climbs the slippery mast and sings,
"There's no such word as fail."

The wearied student bending o'er
The tomes of other days,
And dwelling on their magic lore,
For inspiration prays;
And though with toil his brain is weak,
His brow is deadly pale,
The language of his heart will speak,
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily statesman bends his knee
Before Fame's glittering shrine;
And would a humble suppliant be
To genius so divine;
Yet though his progress is full slow,
And enemies may rail,
He thinks at last the world to show,
"There's no such word as fail."

The soldier on the battle plain,
When thriving to be free,
And throws aside a galling chain,
Says "on for liberty!"
Our household and our native land—
We must—we will prevail;
Then breast to breast and hand to hand,
"There's no such word as fail."

The child of God though oft beset
By foes without—within
These precious words will ne'er forget,
Amid their dreadful din;
But upwards looks with eyes of faith,
Armed with the Christian's mail;
And in the hottest conflict saith,
"There's no such word as fail."

Success of the Gospel.

BY S. F. SMITH.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar—
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
A thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Purify thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their homes:
Still not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Singular old Soudnet.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain.
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain—
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade—
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife—
The end of strife, that thing wish I
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

The Fugitive Pioneers.

The village of — is always noticed by travelers as one of the most beautiful and prosperous in the eastern part of Michigan. A river, the very emblem of purity and cheerfulness, winds its peaceful way between low pleasant banks, whose covering of blossoms and verdure is here and there broken by store-houses and shops of wares and merchandize. Groups of neat and tasteful dwelling houses with each its drapery of vines and yard of shrubbery, interspersed with ornamental shade trees, give it a pretty, rural appearance while just aside from the main body of the village, the railroad, with its noisy cars, and the eager multitude who throng the depot, show it to be no less a place of business than of pleasure.

Near a small rise of ground on the right hand side of the principal street as you go toward the east, stands an elegant mansion, shaded in front by a row of transplanted forest trees and having in the rear, a spacious and well cultivated garden.

The owner is wealthy and the inmates apparently happy, but they are not the subjects of our story, nor while they look with pride on the luxuries by which they are surrounded, are they aware of the heart-broken wretchedness that has preceded them. Many years ago, on that very spot stood the cabin of an "early settler." It was a mere hut, consisting of four stakes set in the ground, around which were nailed pieces of boards and barks, barely sufficient to shelter the inmates from the storm.

At that time there were not over eight or ten families within the circuit of as many miles.

Mr. Holbrook, a man of some property, had located a small tract of land where the village now stands, and after living a while in the cabin just mentioned, had moved his family into a more comfortable "log house," procured a small stock of dry goods, and was thus at the time of our story commencing, considered by his poorer neighbors, a "merchant" as well as "proprietor" of the village that was to be.

One cold day in the autumn of 182—, a young man called at his house to know if he was the owner of the little untenanted hut.

"Yes," said Mr. Holbrook, "it is mine though it isn't much of a house, but I lived in it while I was building this one. Do you wish to rent it?"

At the word rent, a deadly paleness spread over the stranger's face, for a moment he stood silent, and then answered slowly, "I should like to get some place to live in this winter."

"You don't appear to be well," said Mr. Holbrook, noticing for the first time, how thin and pale he looked, "sit down," he continued, "Perhaps you are tired. Have you a family, or a mother with you that you wish to make a home for?" The young man almost gasped for breath, but subsiding his feelings, he replied, "I am not well sir; I am not able to work much. My wife and child, it is for them I want a home." "Are they here in the settlement?" asked Mr. Holbrook. "Yes," he answered, "at Mr. Gray's."

"O! you are the schoolmaster then," exclaimed Mr. H. "Mr. Gray said he should try and get one from Detroit. May I be bold enough to ask your name, sir?"

"My name is William Moreton," said the stranger. "But," he continued, evidently wishing to avoid any further questions, "Mr. Gray's house is very small, and if we can have the cabin—" "Oh, certainly, certainly," interrupted the somewhat rough, but really kind-hearted proprietor, you shall be welcome to the shanty and all you can make besides. Let me see, he continued, musingly, "we can build a school-house in a few days; to be sure there won't be over eight or nine scholars this winter, but more settlers are coming in the spring and we shall always want a school." "But," he added, turning to the stranger, "I'll go now and help you fix the shanty a little more comfortable and then you can go in as soon as you please."

The shanty was soon fixed as well as it could be without the aid of suitable tools or materials, but Mr. Holbrook did not feel quite satisfied to go home without seeing the schoolmaster's wife. He accordingly walked over to Mr. Gray's with the stranger, taking particular pains by the way to inform him of the extent and value of his own possessions, pointing out also the most eligible building lots, and expatiating on the great water power af-

forded by the river. Mr. Moreton, however, seemed little interested in any thing but his own thoughts, and by the time they reached the house both were silent.

When they entered, Mrs. Gray, a healthy, good-looking woman, was preparing the evening meal, at one side of the large, open fire-place, and the stranger lady, habited in black, occupied an old-fashioned rocking-chair in the opposite corner. She was asleep with her head resting on a pillow thrown across the back of her chair.

She could not have been over twenty-two years of age, yet her cheeks and lips were colorless, and her complexion of such a cold, snowy whiteness, that it seemed almost transparent. Her jet black hair was combed perfectly plain, confined in a single knot at the back of her head, while her thin, pale hands were elapsed over her child, a little girl apparently about a year old, was sleeping in her arms.

Mrs. Gray set out some chairs, welcomed Esquire Holbrook, at the same time saying in a whisper, that Mrs. Moreton was very tired and had fallen asleep. But the young man, without noticing her remark or the seat she offered, walked directly across the room and placed his hand on the white forehead of his wife. She did not start, but her large hazel eyes opened as calmly though the hand of her husband had pressed a spring that drew back their fringed lids; but when he bent slightly forward, and whispered "Amelia," their dreamy, vacant look was gone, and as she raised them to his face, there seemed an expression of habitual anxiety blended with the deep fervor of her woman's love.

"Amelia," he said, "you should have laid the child down—you are too feeble to hold her now," and taking the babe from her arms, he continued, aloud: "My dear wife, this gentleman is Mr. Holbrook, the owner of that little house you see yonder through the trees. He is kind enough to let us live in it this winter, and thinks I can commence school in a week or two."

Mr. Holbrook watched her countenance while her husband spoke, and saw that she looked frequently at him, that her eye were filling with tears, but he prevented her reply by instantly remarking, "that the house was hardly fit to live in, and he only wished he could afford to build them a better one," then turning abruptly to Mrs. Gray, he asked "where he could find her husband?"

"In his shop, I think," she replied, and the honest-hearted merchant fairly ran out of the house.

"Rent!" he exclaimed to himself, as soon as he could breathe freely; "rent that cabin, that shanty to such a delicate creature as that; why one look of gratitude from her eyes has paid me for it forever." And muttering something about "mystery," "strange," "something wrong," he entered the little cabin denominated by Mr. Gray as his "Joiner's shop." It contained a small chest of tools, and a work-bench, at which Mr. Gray was busily engaged metamorphosing a dry-goods box into a cupboard for one of his neighbors.

"Now, neighbor Gray," said Mr. H., "I should like to know what on earth possessed you to bring such a pale, sickly looking couple as that into this wild place, where we, who are as tough as bears can hardly make a living! I declare if it hadn't been that a man of my age ought to be ashamed of tears, I could have cried for that poor young thing when she looked so despairingly into her husband's face. And he, poor fellow, looks more like a dead man gone wild than a schoolmaster."

"Stop, stop," said Mr. Gray. "It does no good to run on that way. I have my feelings too; but come and sit down on my bench and I'll tell you all I know about it.—I would have told you before, but I promised neighbor Martin to have this cupboard done for him to night, if he would bring them out in his wagon." "And so you paid their passage," interrupted Mr. Holbrook, "are they so poor?" "Yes, very poor. I don't think they have a cent of money."

"And no provisions?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, they have provisions and clothing enough to last them through the winter, and some bedding. But I'll tell you how it was. When I was in Detroit with Martin, standing on the wharf one day, I saw this man talking with some one, and heard him ask if there was any small settlement out of town where he would be likely to get a school. I went to him and told him

I wanted to hire a teacher. He seemed very thankful and agreed to come home with me, but I told him what a new place we lived in, and that we had no more provisions than we should need for ourselves during the coming winter; so he took out a few dollars, saying, it was all he had, and wished me to purchase enough to last him till spring, and pay his way out here. The money was scant enough to buy the necessary provisions, and unknown to him I have been working here to pay Martin."

"I'll tell you now why I took pity on them and encouraged them to come here. Judging from appearances, I have suspicions that they were married against the will of friends—have been unfortunate in business, and now seek to hide themselves from the world.—Now as for marrying against the wishes of parents is concerned, I have had some experience, and can sympathize with them."

"You, Mr. Gray," interrupted Mr. Holbrook.

"Yes," he continued, "my Susan was thought by her friends to be the finest girl old Massachusetts could boast till she took a liking to me, and then the tune was changed directly, and only because she was a merchant's daughter, and I a carpenter's son.—But Susan and I talked the matter over and agreed to be married, and leave the old folks to take comfort their own way, while we sought a home for ourselves. We lived six years in Western New York, and are now here to help settle this new country. My wife, God bless her, looks as happy and as rosy now as though she had never seen a day's trouble in her life. She always has a light heart, and that keeps her young. But this poor lady, I fear, will not bear up against hardships so well, though she tells me that it is only the fatigue of a long journey that makes her look so pale; and she says her husband lost his health by being too closely confined as clerk in some counting house at the east, and thinks the fresh air of the country; and moderate exercise, will restore him."

"I hope it will," said Mr. Holbrook.

"I hope it will. By next summer, I think we shall be able to take hold and build him a better house."

"I don't know," said Mr. Gray, shaking his head. "I fear neither of them will want a house a few ground by next summer. It is evident to me, that he has the consumption. His wife knows it, though she strives to conceal it from herself. But he will die, and she cannot long survive him."

Here Mr. Gray was called to supper, and Mr. Holbrook went home with a sorrowful heart.

The following day the strangers took possession of their little home, and in the course of two weeks, Mr. Moreton was duly installed as teacher in the new school-house, and master over eight or ten sprightly, robust children, some of whom came the distance of three or four miles to school.

Winter at length set in with unusual severity, and the snow sited through more than one erevise in the cabin occupied by the Moretons.

Poor Amelia, apparently little used to such a life, endeavored for a while to bear her trials with the resolution of a martyr. She smiled before her husband—she played with her beautiful babe, and sang to it cheerful songs; all her ingenuity was exerted to make their home pleasant, but it would not do—her heart was breaking. She knew that her husband was dying before her eyes, and hers was not spirit to "hope against hope." His hollow cough rung like a death knell to her heart, and the crimson spot upon his cheek was to her the sign of despair.

Day after day when he was absent, would she spend whole hours in almost incessant weeping, now sitting pale and still as a statue with her sleeping child clasped to her bosom, then waking it with a frantic shriek, as some appalling thought presented itself; and then again she would press her lips to its warm face and weep for hours in utter hopelessness.

Thus time passed on till near the end of February, when the cold continuing intense, and Mr. Moreton becoming so feeble as to be hardly able to perform his duties, it was agreed that the school should be discontinued till spring.

Mrs. Moreton's excessive grief had so undermined her health, that in a week from the time her husband closed his school, she was confined to her bed. From exposure to the chill air and the damp floor of the cabin, she had taken cold repeatedly, and soon a raging fever commenced, which threatened to terminate her life. Mr. Holbrook had

not forgotten, among his other merchandize, to purchase a small assortment of such medicines as might be needed in a new settlement. These were administered as judiciously as possible, but without effect. Amelia continued to grow worse, and in a few days the babe was taken ill too, but the mother would not listen to the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Gray, to have it removed to her house. She could not bear to have it out of her sight a moment while she lived, but she made the good woman promise that if the little girl survived, she would adopt it as her own, and never, on any account, surrender it to another; nor even seek to know its native place, or who its relatives might be.

Mrs. Gray promised implicit obedience to this singular request, saying that she already loved the little one as her own, and while she lived it should never want a mother's care.

In the meantime, Mr. Moreton continued to keep about the house, but he had grown thin, to a very skeleton.

His black eyes were sunk far back into his head, and gleamed with unnatural brilliancy. His cough increased, and the plague-spot upon his cheek, deepened almost to a purple hue, contrasted fearfully with the otherwise livid paleness of his complexion. He could not raise his voice above a whisper, yet he would sit by the bedside and talk to his dying wife, often saying, "what a comfort it is, my Amelia, that we shall die together. We have hoped in God, and are not far from Heaven now." "And our babe, William, our little Henrietta." "She will not be long behind us," he would reply, and at times, with a ghastly smile, and in the faintest possible whisper, he would say, "joy, joy, Amelia, I think the Death Angel is smiling on the baby now."

It was pain that reason was forsaking him, and in his hopeless despair he smiled to think one grave would hold them all.

Every thing that neighborly kindness could do, was done for the unhappy pair, but it was of no avail. They could not stay the hand of death.

On a blustering, dreary morning in March, poor Moreton, sat by his wife, whispering, "she sleeps, she sleeps—well, no wonder she sleeps so long; she has wept a great while. Amelia, Amelia, awake and let me kiss you once more, and then I will sleep too." But the pale lips moved not, nor did her eyes unclose as they had been wont to at the sound of his voice. Still and long lay the jetty lashes on the white cheek, and he whispered once again, "Amelia," then bent down his head and pressed his lips to hers. It was enough—one faint shriek, and he was sleeping too. His wife was a corpse. She had died in the night, and was now laid out in her shroud, but the poor man had been unconscious of the fearful truth till he felt her death cold lips. That touch snapped the last fibre that bound him to life, and now he was dead.

Mr. Holbrook and his wife and Mrs. Gray were in the room; every effort was made to restore the unfortunate man, but in vain, and he was laid by the side of his wife.

The good merchant was not ashamed of tears now; seated on a low bench by the fire, he held the sick child in his arms, while fast and fast the large drops rolled over his brown cheeks and fell upon the hapless orphan. The women were weeping too, as they performed the last sad offices for the dead. "Oh," said Mrs. Gray, "it is dreadful to think that they should die and leave every thing in such mystery. I had hoped that all would have been explained in some way, but now the history of their lives will be buried with them."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door; it was opened, and a stranger entered, inquiring for Mr. Holbrook. He was a well-dressed, middle-aged man—apparently a land hunter. Mr. Holbrook rose from his seat, and turned to speak to him, but the eyes of the intruder were riveted on the features of the dead. For a moment he gazed without speaking, and then slowly raising his right arm, said in the most solemn manner, "the vengeance of a just God will rest on the head of their murderers!"

"Their murderers!" exclaimed Mr. Holbrook, "what do you mean?" but without noticing the interruption, and with his arms still upraised, the stranger continued "a blacker crime never stained the soul of a demon, but the vengeance of a just God will rest upon the head of their murderer!"

The astonished neighbors gazed at

each other with tearful eyes and blanched cheeks. They feared that a murderer was indeed before them, but the strange man again exclaimed, "would to heaven I had been spared this sight," then turning suddenly to Mr. Holbrook he added, "I came here to see you, sir, about some land, little expecting such a scene awaited me. Will you be kind enough to tell me how they came here, and all you know about them?"

A new light seemed to dawn in the heart of Mr. Holbrook, and he related in few and simple words the substance of what is already known to the reader.

When he concluded, the stranger said, "Good friends, you have taken a worthy interest in the fate of these poor young people, and it is but right that I should do all in my power to unravel the mystery in which their life seems shrouded."

"I am well acquainted with the father of that young woman. He is living now in the city of —, in the state of New York, as rich and hoary-headed old sinner as ever cursed the state. His wife died many years ago, and that girl was his only child. You have seen her, and I need not tell you that every body loved her, every body but her father, he loved his Gold. But he kept a splendid house and set his heart upon making a brilliant match for his daughter. He even proposed to her one day that she should endeavor to captivate the son of one of his brother merchants, a young man whose great fortune in prospect was his best recommendation.

Amelia was a noble-hearted girl, and frankly told her father that she already "loved and was beloved," but when she told her lover's name, that it was William Moreton, one of his own clerks, the old man's fury knew no bounds.—He raved, threatened, promised and persuaded, but all to no purpose.—Amelia was firm, and her lover true.

Finding at length that, as his daughter was of age, they would in all probability be married in spite of him, he appeared to yield and gave a reluctant consent.

The grateful girl threw her arms around his neck and wept tears of joy, but he put her off with a scornful smile saying that he had yet something in store for her for which she might have cause to be thankful. It so happened that the very day of the wedding I had some business with the old man, and he invited me up into the room to see his daughter married. I shall never forget the fiendlike smile that lit up his wrinkled face when he told me the name of his son-in-law.

There were but few guests. The bridegroom was a proud-spirited, noble looking young man, and Amelia as beautiful and happy as need be. The instant the ceremony was performed, the father stepped before his daughter and said, Amelia, I congratulate you on your choice of a husband; on the wealth and honor you bring to my house. You were always a dutiful child, and as a reward for your obedience to my wishes in this respect, I here present you a note of fifty dollars as a marriage dowry, and— but if ever lightning flashed from a thunder cloud, it did from the eyes of young Moreton, and before the old villain could utter another word he lay senseless on the floor, and Amelia was borne from the house in the arms of her husband.

As soon as the merchant recovered, he despatched officers in search of the fugitives, saying that he had not done with them yet.—But they had left the city, and he has never heard of them, from that day to this.—His face has grown wild and haggard, more ghastly even than the corpse of his child; his white hair unshorn, hangs over his shoulders, the vulture of remorse is preying upon his heart, and still he endeavors to justify himself by saying,

"Moreton was proud and presumptuous, but I have humbled him."

Thus ended the stranger's story, and they buried the fugitive pioneers in the wilderness.

But the little Henrietta lived to be a woman, and the events of her life may possibly furnish a theme for a future tale.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

Advice to Detroit.—Remember to give such orders that you will not be "at home" for some time, especially to any top-boots or blue-bags, for you may find, after proposing to read your creditors' bills that day six months, that in the event of your endeavoring to make a motion in favor of Balogue, the sheriff will walk in and divide the house with you.—*Punch.*