

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

(BY H. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 28, 1844.

NO. 3.

The Presence of God.

"Thou, who sing'st so fair a robe
Around the hills untrod—
Thy peaks sustain thy throne, oh God—
Thy spirit dwells in light
Upon the sun's uppe world;
While the evening star upholds,
Thy light spot their purple fold,
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"The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear, unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won."
The gushing billows heaved and fell,
Wild shrieked the midnight gale,
Far far beneath the morning swell,
Sunk pennon, spar and sail."—HOLMES.

It was a lovely evening in midsummer, in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the chops of the English channel, and stood in towards the silent shores of Cornwall. The gentle breeze from the ocean, now sighed through the neatly fitted rigging of the belligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at her bows, gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead. The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken swells before her, and the lingering glow of sunset, as it glanced from summit to dark green summit, seemed like the smile of dying day upon the rolling prairies of the Illinois.

Her light sails from sky to watersail, swelled beautifully to the rising shores of merry England, and the stary ensign of the free streamed gallantly over her quarter-deck. Her port was shut in—a silence equal to that of a forsaken bark reigning throughout her halls of thunder, while a solitary battle-lantern gleamed at the cabin door.—The tread of the orderly on duty, alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a spectre-ship—“Some galleon freighted with the dead.” Hour after hour lazily rolled away. The land now began to grow more distinct, while the haze of morning settled deeper upon the shadowed water. At 4 A. M., a bright flash appeared where the shade of the land and the moon-lit billow mingled together, and then one after another the gleaming sails of a ship of war hove in sight.

“Beat to quarters!” thundered the commander of the American vessel, and quick as thought the silence of the quiet ship was broken by the shrill notes of the fife—the tapping of the drum—the tread of armed men—the tricing up of ports—the rattling of cannon-shot in the racks, and the running out of heavy pieces of ordnance. The chase now showed English colors, turned swiftly upon his heels, and ran up the private signal of the channel fleet.

“Show them the stars!” the immortal Blakely. “Forecastle, there!” “Aye, aye!” replied the master’s mate. “Are you all ready with the bow gun?” “All ready, sir.” “Luff, quarter-master.” “Luff it is,” said the old salt at the helm.

The sloop yawnd gracefully at the command of the trumpet, and displayed her ensign, which had been hidden by the mountain of canvas towared before it. A heavy roar followed a volume of fire and woolly smoke from the American vessel’s bows, and then a sharp crackling sound from the chase—as though a heavy body had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice of laths, and had passed through it, accompanied by a cry of agony that echoed fearfully over the still waters—told too plainly that the work of bloody death had commenced.

“They have felt the sting of the Wasp,” cried the American captain, as he scanned the chase through his night-glass. “Steady your helm, quarter-master; this is but the opening of the ball.” “Steady, so,” answered the attender at the wheel. And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

Last Cruise of the Wasp.

BY J. E. DOW, ESQ.
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“And still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

At fifteen minutes past one, P. M., the Wasp tacked—the stranger also tacked to preserve the weather gage.—At three P. M., the enemy bore down on the Wasp’s weather quarter, answered her cannon of defiance, and stood gallantly down to close. When within sixty yards of the American, the chase fired a shifting gun from his top-gallant forecastle, and repeated the same unwelcome salute for several minutes. This destructive fire was however borne without a murmur by the Wasp, which vessel could not bring a gun to bear upon her antagonist. A favorable moment had now arrived. “Put your helm down!” shouted Blakely from the quarter-deck.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began to show its teeth to the enemy, and soon the stranger received his former double-shotted salute with interest. “Haul up the mainsail!” thundered the deck trumpet. The order had hardly died away, before the heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main yard. The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the captain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his larboard bow coming foul. The English commander now uttered the magic command—“Boarders, away!” and placing himself at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the American drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell from the Wasp’s mizzen rigging, while in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck. At forty-four minutes past three, captain Blakely gave the order to board in turn. The American seaman now started en masse—bounded over the hammock nettings at the enemy like a living torrent; and in one minute, amid the clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of boarding pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells of the wounded, were masters of the foe. As the sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the capstan, the flag of the Britain dropt suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer; and ere the spectator could mark the movement, the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an 18 gun sloop of war, and had a compliment of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded; while the Wasp had 5 killed and 22 wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L’Orient, where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France.—Having made a few prizes, she stood further out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September, found herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Armada, seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, captain Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in amid the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, and while the boarding officer was busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc, with her heavy thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the look-out man from from his airy height watched with eager eyes the horizon around. The cry of “Sail O!” now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed along the cleared decks, and the shotlocks received a further supply of iron messengers of death, while the active powder boy stood with a spare cartridge in his leathern passing-bag beside his gun.—“Four still now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man-of-war, the Wasp ran down to speak her.

At seven P. M., the chase began to signalize the stranger. Flags, lanterns, rockets and guns, waved, shone, roared and blazed in quick succession—but the Wasp made no return. At twenty minutes passed nine, the chase was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death dealing shot into the enemy’s bridal port, and swept his deck fore and aft. This shot was promptly returned by the chase, when Blakely ran under his lee, fearful lest he might escape, the wind blowing ten knots. Having reached the desired position, the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy’s spars and rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the true character of the stranger. It was now nine o’clock at night.—Darkness rested upon the ocean eve when illuminated by the bright flashes of musketry; and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid din of the swelling waves. Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the re-

turn made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteen. The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessels plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came upon the top of corresponding waves, the practiced gunners fired, and when they rose again beheld the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy’s fire ceased, and Captain Blakely leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—“Have you surrendered?” No human voice replied—but a few long eighteen thundered back the emphatic “No!” A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time; “Have you struck?” A faint “Aye, aye!” now came over the water, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the waves, the look-out man cried, “Sail O! close aboard!” The smoke having blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp.—The cutter was therefore ran up to the davits, and the crew sent again to their guns.

The Wasp was now in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sails heaving in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to leave his shattered prize. The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up, and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy away from his consorts.

The second stranger continued in chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up towards his consort, whose signal guns of distress now echoed in melancholy murmurs along the midnight deep. The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of his name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely shall muster together at the final judgment, then, and then only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amid the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy and his consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning dawn was called, the Avon gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settled swiftly by the stern, she sank with a gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns half-mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister, grief-stricken, in memory of the brave.

Having repaired her damages, which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September fell in with and took the brig Three Brothers. After scuttling her, she overhauled and took the brig Baccus. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting place in cold water. As she neared the Western Island, an armed brig hove in sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. This vessel proved to be the Atlantia of 8 guns and 19 men. Midshipman Daniel Geisner, now a post captain in the service, was put on board of her as prize-master, and as the prize slowly parted from the conqueror at the dim hour of evening, the prize-master and his crew were the LAST AMERICANS who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following, the Swedish brig Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was boarded by the Wasp, in latitude, 13 deg. 35 min. North, Longitude 30 deg. 10 min. West, and two passengers, Lieut. M’Knight, and master’s mate, Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the southward, under easy sail. At four, P. M., her topsails dipped in the Southern Ocean—and when the sun set she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert. At another time she was said to have been sunk in a gale of wind off the Spanish

shore, after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the ocean, alone. At another blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazine. History being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagination must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic; the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armor, upon their coal black steeds; and their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell’s battalion, played with the clouds and fluttered in the breeze. Loud rolled the thunder of heaven, and around the horizon the lightning-like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazines of hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of dashing waters completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner’s bark were no where to be seen. It seemed as though man had left the ocean in its majesty to its God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and the water spout, the lightning and the deep-mouthed thunder, gave terrific evidence of the Creator.—But, hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale sepulchre light faintly glares upon the deep!—and now, with the velocity of a wounded whale, a sloop of war with her spars twisted, and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, and her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off from her course; now she batters her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful hollow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed to her sides seem awaiting the hour of near destruction.—The commander at the wheel with his brazen trumpet, is silent. His bright eye flashes, like that of the chained eagle, as he scans the face of the deep. A few hours more, and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a faint light gleams from her starboard binnacle, and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown upon broadside upon the siding waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentler billows, and the heavens show darkness instead of forked fire. A temporary rudder is rigged; a storm staysail is set; the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the jib and jib-boon are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are choked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

“Ha, my brave fellows,” thundered the commander, “we are safe. Reilly, Tillinghast and Baur, nobly have stood the test of this war of nature. All hands save ship!” “All hands,” shouted the first Lieutenant. “Tumble up, tumble up,” cries the boatswain’s mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon the deck. Those who are lashed, cut their seizings as if by magic; Grasping axes, the officers spring to the top and work with the undaunted men.—The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails are bent, and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship of war. But, Hark! from the Northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow roars itself from the edge of the horizon! And from the center of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the anxious leader and his busy crew. In a moment more the fierce Northern strikes the ship aback; from the top of a giant billow it huris her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning’s fire, and her tattered stars gleaming in the lurid glare, down, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her IMMORTAL BLAKELY and his MATCHLESS CREW.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—Two farmers from one of the remote parts of Georgia were passing near the Charleston and Augusta railroad when near the locomotive engine belonging to it came by. “What’s that?” says one. “Indeed I hardly know myself,” said his friend, “but I’ve heard that there has been a great deal said in Charleston about the tariff, and I expect that’s it.”

A TRUISM.—Though dress is worth your attention it is not the first thing that should demand it. Generally speaking, the vulgar pay much more regard to dress than men of real breeding and gentility.

SILENCE FOSTERS ENERGY.—He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still how act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent; loudness is impotence.

Government of Children.

We have no idea that every family of children can be governed with the same ease or to the same perfection. But whatever excuse some parents may have for defects which appear in their children on account of nature, disposition, or the circumstances in which they are placed, we certainly cannot excuse those who make no attempt to govern them. We have often been pained when we have heard parents give commands to children, and then allow them to be totally disregarded. We have seen evil in minister’s families as well as in others. But such Elia will be held to account for their criminal neglect. Our thoughts have just been directed to a case of the kind with which we were once acquainted with in the state of Maine.

We travelled a Circuit on which lived a local minister who was considered a very good man. He and his wife were very zealous in prayer and exhortation. But their family of boys were strangely neglected. Such dialogues as the following often took place:

“Ephraim, fetch in some wood,” said the father.
“I don’t want to,” replied the boy.
“Well, William, you go,” said the father, turning to another son.
“I aint goin’ to, let Ben go,” he replied.
“Well, Benjamin, you go, that’s a good boy.”
“I shan’t, father, you may go yourself,” answered the dutiful son.

And the father would then fetch his own wood without saying a word, unless it might be “You’re very naughty boys.” We have seen these very boys, when a lady was approaching the house, actually set their dog upon her for sport, and no reproof was given them.

When the father and mother were kneeling at the family altar, and while engaged in animated appeals to the throne of grace, these boys would be quarrelling with each other or chasing the dog and cat round the room.

If this was a solitary case we would let it pass, but as something of the same kind of government is often to be witnessed, we would ask such parents, how it is possible for them with all their profession of religion, to serve God, while they so utterly neglect the authority of him who commanded them to train up their children in the fear of God and in obedience to government. Children are to obey their parents, and parents are to see that they do.

Dr. Franklin’s Moral Code.
The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and a happier man:
Temperance—Eat not to fullness;—drink not to elevation.
Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others and yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
Order—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
Frugality—Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
Industry—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
Sincerity—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.
Justice—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.
Cleanliness—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.
Tranquility—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents, common or unavoidable.
Humility—Imitate Jesus Christ.

LEGAL PATHOS.—Not long since a lawyer closed a pathetic harangue in the following strain: “And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness; all nature lay wrapt in solemn thought, when the three defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff’s door; separated the weeping mother from her screeching infant, and took away my client’s rifle, gentlemen of the jury, for which we charge fifteen dollars.”

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Loving and Forgiving.

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye too had not birth!
Oh, loving and forgiving—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing,
Hath blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgiving—
Ye evils words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never-ending strife.
Oh, harsh and unpitied—
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven as unrelenting,
Forbore not nor forgave!

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
Who whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o’er us
When ere by passion cross’d,
And, angel-like, restore us
To the paradise we lost.