EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the Pennsylvanian,

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

A. GREAT BATTLE OFF THE HAVANNA

Far above the parapets of the Moro Castle like a pyramid of clouds, towered the white swelling sails of a man of-war of the largest class. From her peak streamed forth in ample folds, a well known flag, upon whose azure field sparkled the stars of a Constellation, increasing every day in lustre. The dark hull of this gigantic warrior passed out of the bay, and majestically bowed to the swell which now heaved in from the broad ocean against her bright cleaving bow, which scattered aside the opposing fluid into jets of milk white foam and spray.

Every thing about this magnificent craft was trimmed with nautical precision. Her bright sides bristled with a triple array of heavy artillery. As if by magic the lower, and lighter sails aloft, were furled to the yards—and like a gladiator stripped for the fight, this grim warrior was prepared to battle with her country's foes or ocean's storms.

Upon the quarter deck of that ship stood the vetran Commander, calm and collected. For a moment he cast a hasty glance aloft, then gave a brief but stern order to an officer near him, and again was calm and absorbed in meditation.

'What's the report sir?' he said sharply to the officer who had returned. 'Is our squadron in sight?'

'Yes, sir, hull down, but coming on with a spanking breeze.'

Almost within hail a fleet of men-of war were slowly approaching under easy sail. The leading vessel, a seventy-four carried the Admiral's flag, whilst the cross of Saint George waved over the taffrail.—The American lay broad-side on to the British cruiser, her mainsail hove to the mast. The same manœuvre was performed by the British man-of-war, and those two ocean cavaliers, at the distance of some hundred fathoms apart, as if in nightly courtesy; gracefully saluted as they rose and fell upon the waves. A boat dropped from the quarter of each vessel at the same moment. For an instant the glittering oars were held aloft; at the words 'let fall,' 'give way!' they both sprung from the respective ships, with a speed that quickly brought them together.

'What ship is that sir?' said the British officer, slightly touching his hat.

'The United States Ship of the Line Pennsylvania,' replied the American.

'And her Commander?'

'Commodore Charles Stewart. What ship is that, sir?'

'Her Britanic Majesty's Ship Bellerophon,'

'Her Commander?'

'Admiral Sir George Brooke.'

'And permit me to ask,' continued the American Lieutenant, 'where are you bound and for what purpose?'

'In a clear, firm voice the prompt reply was. To the Havanna, to take possession of the island of Cuba.'

I am directed by the orders of Commodore Stewart, to repeat to you, for the information of the Admiral, that such a movement cannot be permitted.'

'Nothing else, sir?'

"Nothing.'

The two officers civilly bowed to each other, seated themselves in the stern sheets of their respective boats, and whirled off to the ships. Upon the quarter deck of the Pennsylvania, the old Commodore was quietly seated upon a gun as the officer advanced, he drily inquired if he had obeyed orders.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then beat to quarters'—and the lively tones of the fife and drum were quickly heard sounding that inspiring call. A thousand active, hardy looking fellows in a moment stood to their tackles and stations. The ship was ready for action.

In the mean time, signals had been passing from the British Admiral's ship to his squadron. Soon after, the barge dashed alongside of the American ship, and an officer of gallant bearing mounted the companion ladder, to whom was paid the highest military honors, and conducted to the presence of the old tar, who received his distinguished visiter with that gentlemanly courtesy for which he is remarkable.

The following conversation took place.

'I have the honor to address Commodore Stewart, I believe?'

My name' is Charles Stewart, sir,' replied he, smiling; 'and I have the honor to command the Home Squadron of the United States Navy.'

After a pause of a few moments, the Admiral for such was the rank of the officer with the star upon his breast, said; 'I am informed, sir, that it is your intention to interrupt the passage of Her Britanic Majesty's fleet into that harbor,' pointing towards the Havanna; 'am I righly informed sir?'

'If for the purpose of taking possession of the Island;—you are rightly informed.'

'You certainly sir,' responded the Admiral with much warmth, 'can have no such instructions, from your government. It was thought that there was a perfect understanding between her Majesty's Ministers and the late Secretary of State at Washington upon this subject. It is far from the wish of Her Majesty's Government to enter into any hostile collision with the U. States, with whom it is the well known and expressed wish of her Majesty to remain on the most friendly and pacific terms. Any interference on your part in a matter of such deep and lively interest to Great Britain, would certainly involve the two nations in a war, I may add, nothing could be more unlooked-for and nothing more unwarrantable.'

'Now look ye. Sir George,' said the Commodore, mildly and respectfully, but with a peculiar air of determination not to be misunderstood, 'whether I have positive orders or not, is immaterial to you; I shall act in this instance without regard to consequences, and for the good of my country. I shall be plain, explicit and frank with you—our diplomacy will be brief. So long as the confederacy of the States exists, Cuba must not pass into the hands of Great Britain, or any other scheming enterprising, merchantile power. Havanna is the key to the Gulf, into which pours through the channel of the Mississippi, the wealth of all the Western and Southern States, nor can my country be insensible to the danger to her peace and union, which must instantly follow from that timid policy which would permit this Island and her vast military fortifications to become a point d'appui for a British crusade against her Southern domestic institutions. At all events, I am prepared to assume the responsibility of my present position, to sacrifice, if necessary in maintaining it, my own life and the lives of all those whom I now have the honor to command. While that flag waves over the head of Charles Stewart, your avowed movement will be resisted to the last;' and mildly turning to his chief executive officer, he observed in low tones, 'I think my country will applaud the act and should I fall, do justice to my memory.'

For a moment, the Admiral gazed at the imperturable features of the veteran tar, and said—

'Are you resolved, Commodore Stewart?'

'Admiral Sir George Brooke,' said the Commodore, advancing close to him, but with solemnity and respect, said in the most impressive manner—'Do you see yon distant Moro Castle? its foundations are not more firm than my determination;'

'Verry well sir,' was the prompt reply. 'I shall return to my vessel, and shall be under the necessity of blowing you out of water, for you see I am ten to one.'

'Blow away, sir, but before you make the experiment, be pleased to cast your eyes to windward'—for by this time the Home Squadron were within cannon shot bearring down under a crowd of canvass

'What ships are those, sir?' said the Admiral; addressing one of the officers of the Pennsylvania, and whose face was glowing with delight at the prospect of a row which he had not tasted since 1814

'Those ships, sir?'

'Yes sir, those to windward.'

'Oh! I beg pardon, sir, only the Constitution, Macadonian, United States, Java, Brandywine, Yorktown, Germantown, and Steamers Princeton and Mississippi.'

The Admiral then turned round to the American Commander, raising his hat above his head, he said Commodore Stewart. farewell!'

'Farewell, sir,' was the reply, and the Admiral departed, every military honor being paid to him that his rank deserved.

A cutter came alongside, into which I sprung, freighted with despatches, and orders to hasten with all possible speed for a southern port in the United States. As we passed the British transports, we observed that they were crowded with troops. We passed through the American line; everything was prepared for battle—the crews were at their stations. The question involuntarily occurred, how many of these gallant fellows whose hearts throb with enthusiasm, will be laid low ere sunset?

We could observe the Pennsylvania, still hove to—occasionally a bright musket or cutlass gleamed in the sun—& a flag now fluttered from the pinnicle of each of her towering masts. The squadron was advancing in line of battle; whilst the Princeton & Mississippi were hovering like hawks upon the flanks. The British fleet had filled away for the harbor, which lay directly on a line with the American flag ship. Whilst gazing from the stern of our receding bark, with intense interest upon the manœuvres of the two fleets a cloud of smoke rolled from the side of the Bellerophon, and ere the roar of the artillery reached us, we could see the splinters and crippled spars flying into the air from the decks of the Pennsylvania—but no return to that terrible salute Again and again did volumes of smoke and flame poured from the sides of the Bellerophon. At that moment the dark hull of the Peensylvania passed between two large ships; and the sea and air shook with a tremendous concussion. Every vessel was now ennaged in close combat—all were enveloped in a dun canopy of sulphurous smoke—above which, we could see the stars and stripes waving proudly. Occasionally a heavy explosion burst upon the ear.

'There goes Stockton's big gun; I pity the fellow that got that pill; and ther's another!'

'Hurra!' said the skipper, and our little crew waved their hats and stretched over the bulwarks, as if to jump into the sea to aid their countrymen.

Long after this scene had sunk below the horizon, we could hear the battle like a gathering tropical storm. What was the result, we cannot say; duty compelled us from the glorious scene.—Whether the Commodore was blown out of water or not, time only will disclose.—If it should be so we know what the people of the United States will feel for the memory of the gallant old fellow, and if he lives, and returns triumphant, we do not think there will be much trouble about canvassing for the next Presidency of these United States.

From the Opal for 1844.

THE EMIGRANTS SABBATH.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

'Will the baby die, mother?'

The inquirer was herself a child, and the look of earnest curiosity with which she watched her mother's face to gather from that the reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precocity of intellect, that early development of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us this union of matured perceptions with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the traits which distinguish the offspring of those whose every step is a contention with obstacles,—whose every gesture seems a buffet with the world. But if the face of the daughter was painfully interesting, that of the mother was not less so. Though still young, toil, anxiety and care, and above all, grief, had marked her countenance with the evidence that young though she might be in years, in experience she had lived out a lifetime. She was bending over the cradle of an infant, whose quiet sleep seemed the suspension of its little being. Pale and wan, she seemed scarce farther from the grave than her infant charge, in watching whose almost imperceptible breathings, her whole attention was absorbed.

'Will little sis die *now*, mother?' the elder child again asked. There was a volume of meaning in the tone in which the inquiry was put. It expressed the resignation which all in that little household had made—the conviction that their well beloved infant companion was sick unto death; and all that Mary could hope in answer was, that the moment of the departure of the infant was *not yet*—not that instant. A half an hour seemed a long future—a day seemed years. Who that has watched the life of a child wasting away has ever forgotten it? The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its danger, or of communicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed,—the meekness of endurance—the supplicating glances from the eyes of a dying child—oh! how deeply do they move the heart. When man sinks from his strength, or woman wastes from her loveliness into the arms of death, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pause, like respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow adieus may be re-exchanged between those who are to part at the grave, but to meet again beyond it. But where the babe, in pain, but unconscious from what cause or to what end, looks up imploringly to her who, though now powerless to aid, has hitherto been its solace, the mother feels she could willingly die with her child, if she could make the sufferer understand that it is death—the death appointed to all—which is slowly but surely stilling the pulses of its innocent heart.

So felt the young wife and mother—but still she spoke not. No sound broke the stillness of that house in the forest—no hum of passengers, no notes of busy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was melancholy appositeness in the solitude of the place and in the stern natural simplicity without and within the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabin, and, as the sun stole in between at the open door among the leaves, the shadow of a lesser branch of the tree trembled to and fro upon the infant's lips, as if it emblemed there the flickering of its breath. This painfully beautiful thought entered the mind of the mother—and while she still dwelt upon it, the door was darkened—the poetic vision was lost—and her husband and her brother entered with a noisless step. The boy had plucked a violet in the vain hope of attracting the dying childs attention. It had withered in his hand as he walked, and while he stood over the couch, struck with the alteration which in a few hours had taken place, he let it fall upon the pillow. The mother took it up—she looked at the withered blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes.—Turning to her husband, she sunk upon his neck, and wept.

The child was dear to them. Exiled, in part perhaps by a truant disposition, and that restless spirit of enterprise and adventure which is characteristic of the American people, they had wandered far before they had here pitched their tent Accustomed in New England to the comforts which industry places within the reach of all—to the refinement of mind which education creates—to the social habits which the institutions and manners of a New England forester—and above all, to the religious privileges which bless the descendants of those who sought a new world to worship God after their own consciences, the Far West for many a weary month seemed to them a solitude dreary indeed—but never *quite* a solitude. They had early learned that there is One from whose presence no creature can be banished; and isolated as they were in the mighty forest, the little family never forgot that He lives, of whom it is written, '*If* I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea even there shall Thy hand lead me, and thy right hand uphold me.'

To mother—to father—to sister—and to the brother who had accompanied them in their wanderings, the birth of that child had been as a new creation—it had consecrated for them a new home, and created a tie which had bound them to the spot. The gift of God's mercy to them, it had been as a ray of light which made the desert blossom as the rose. All their hearts clung to the little stranger; every feeble opening of the precious bud was watched—every glimmer of future intelligence in the child was to them as the earnest of coming perfect day.—The smiles of its infantile joy had been the sunshine of their hearts. The tree before their door appeared greener and stronger when the little one crowed its admiration in looking up, and vainly strove to grasp its branches—the clearing about the door was thought of only as little Ellen's playground—the house, which seemed before her birth dull and narrow and dark, was now a paradise upon earth, since there the cherub first saw the day. Any shelter would have seemed a palace to them in which the babe could stand upright and learn to walk.

And now the hand of death was on these hopes—and silently they waited the fearful consummation of his work.—Thought was busy with both father and mother,—one sentiment they held in common. But a week before, had any one doubted in their presence, that there cottage was an elysium, each would have eloquently defended it; but now to each it seemed a charnel house, and they felt as if the damp of death was on its walls The mother's mind wandered back to the home of her childhood—to the pleasant places which she had deserted for the forest—to the cheerful house, and friends sypathizing in her joy, when Mary, her eldest, was born. She conned over, one by one, the kind faces which would there have crowded around her, in a scene like this. She remembered the village pastor who would have been ready with his words of consolation, words fitly chosen, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." She recollected the kind physician, and can we wonder if she felt, in her grief, that his skill might alleviate and postpone if not avert the death which threatened her dearly beloved infant?

The father, as he mused, thought not of the past, but of the future. To him, as to her, longer residence in that spot seemed insupportable—but while visions of the home she had left occupied the mind of the mother, the father looked forward to still another home, as if, by retreating from mankind, he could remove from exposure to disease and death—To neither could their recently pleasant dwelling longer be tolerable—with both, the place would seem to create none but melancholy associations. But he felt at last that it was his duty to struggle to check repinings against God's providence; and looking for aid to that source whence alone support in all affliction should be sought, he opened the sacred volume.

His eye fell on the history of Hagar in the desert. In a low but distinct tone he read of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, and while their daughter was expiring far from human aid, the parents felt with the Egyptian woman that they 'could not see the death of the child,' and like Hagar they lifted up their voices and wept.' As he proceeded in reading, 'and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, what aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not!'—the quick perception of the mother caught a movement in the cradle.—All flew at once to the child's side, prepared to witness its last breath. But as to Hagar in the wilderness, so had God been merciful to them. The crisis was past—a gentle perspiration stood upon the sufferer's brow—its eyes opened, and a faint smile played around its lips.—Affection, ever ready to catch at the slightest ground of hope, was this time not deceived. As the child now fell again into a sleep, but a sleep like that of welcome rest, instead of the feverish slumber which had before harassed their affection, the emigrant family knelt in joyful thanksgiving, too deep and heartfelt for loud words. The dead was alive again.

Joyous was the following Sabbath; nor did the happy family forget that Being to whom their gratitude was due for the great mercy vouchsafed to them. The mother had already renewed the youth of which affliction had despoiled her, and little Mary, as she leaned affectionately on her mother's shoulder, smiled that awe mingled gratitude which children as well as adults may feel, though incapable of other expression than the silent and natural workings of their happy faces.—With cheerful hearts they worshipped Him who 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' and heart and voice responded Amen! as the father of the little household said, with the sweet singer of Israel, 'O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.'

THE SUCCESSFUL GOING ON OF MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

PINEVILLE' Dec. 27, 1842.

Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir:—Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk at Crismus—Well, I done it, as slick as a whistle, tho' it come mighty nigh being a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole business, but whenever I got whar she was, and and whenever she looked at me with her wichin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty & all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I could'nt think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Tompson, so I could'nt tell you nothin bout poppin the question, as they call it. Its a mighty grate favor to ax of a rite pretty gal, and to people as aint use to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron and went over to old Miss Stallionses. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all sitten round the fire-Miss Carline & Miss Kesiah both laugh,' ed rite out—

'There, there,' ses they, 'I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph.'

'What's I done Miss Carline,' ses I,

'You come under sisters's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin when she put it over the door.

'No I did'nt—no such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

'Oh, you need'nt deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you 'long to Joseph now, jes as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones.'

I knowed that was a first rate chance to say somethin, but the dear little creatr looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I could'nt say nothin zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck it down the bone and put it in my pocket.

'What are you gwine to do with that bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' ses I, as a Crismus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia.'

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

'Aint you shamed, Major?' ses she.

'Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life,' ses Miss Carline.

'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallions, 'when I was a gal we used to hang up our stockins'—

'Why mother!' ses all of 'em, to say stockins rite afore——'

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

'Hhighty tity!' ses the old lady—'what finement. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockins. People now a days is gettin so mealy mouthed they can't call nothin by its name, and I don,t see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockins and get 'em full of presents.'

The gals kept laughin.

'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you Majer?'

'Oh' yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

'But I did'nt mean that,' ses she.

'I've got one for you. what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

'But will you keep it as long as you live?' ses I.

'Certainly I will, Majer.'

'Now you hear that, Miss Carline,' ses I' 'she says she'll keep it all her life.'

'Yes I will,' ses Miss Mary—'but what is it?'

'Never mind,' ses I 'you hang up a bag big enough to hold it and you'll find out what it is when you see it in the mornin.'

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spected somethin.

'You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag' ses Miss Mary.

'And you promise to keep it,' ses I.

'Well, I will; cause I know you would'nt give me nothin that was'nt worth keepin.'

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evening and went home.

I set up till mid night, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate. and went up to the porch, and thar, shure enuff, was a great big meal bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrus unhandy to git into it but I was tarmined not to back out: so I got some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag, but jest as I was gettin in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But no body did'nt wake up but old Miss Stallionses great big cur dog, & here he cum ripin & tarin through the yard like rath. & round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and did'nt breathe louder nor a kitten for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me sea sick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, & thar I sot with my teeth ratlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it never would come day light, and I do believe if I did'nt love Miss Mary so powerful I would freze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it did'nt beat more'n two like a mint, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell bout the bag, and then he barked like he thought he had treed somthin. 'Bow; wow! wow!' ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to get up to the bag. 'Git out says I, very low, for fear they would hear me; 'Bow' wow! wow!' ses he, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every mimt he'd nip me, and what made it worse. I could'nt see whar bouts he,d take hold. Bow! wow! wow!' Then I tried coaxin—'come here, good feller,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it want no use. Thar he stood and kept up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I could'nt tell when daylight was brakin, only by the chickens crowin, and was monstrous glad to hear em, for if I had to stay thar an hour more, I don t believe I'd ever got out o' that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallion come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she.

What upon yearth has Joseph put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruid would'nt bark at it so,'

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar, shivering all over so I could'nt speak if I tried to—but I did'nt say nothin.—Bimeby they all come running out.

'My goody, what is it? ses Miss Mary.

'Oh, its alive! ses Miss Kesiah, 'I seed it move.'

'Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' ses Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here Cato, and get this bag down.'

'Don't hert it for the world,' ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was around the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from head to foot.

'Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary 'if it ant the Major himself!'

'Yes,' ses I, 'you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.'

The gals laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushing off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they all got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright blue eyes, she blushed as beautiful as a moninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair was'nt combed and her head was'nt fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale destraction. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look of her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallen over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hanging in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel so happy as I have ever since.

I went home after we had thawd. In the forenoon all the Stallionses come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Chrismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I dont believe a happier company ever sot down at the same table. Old Miss Stallions and mother settled the match and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried bout their dead husbands, cause they was'nt alive to see their children married.

It is all settled now, 'cept we ant sot the wedden day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young gals always like to be engaged awhile, you know, so spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she says I musnt call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me but if you could see her you would'nt think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git such a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you

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