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BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, FEB. 20, 1860.

Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.

Cruising for Filibusters and Slavers.

U. S. STEAMER CRUSADER.

At sea off Cuba, Jan. 24, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I wonder if you or

your readers have lost sight of your "semi-

occasional" correspondent, G? As I am

still sailing about, sight-seeing, in one of

Uncle Sam's yachts, and being the only

Lewisburg representative in this particular

sphere of action, my "constituents" may

have some curiosity to know how I am

getting along. As my interests are always

especially connected with the vessel to

which I am attached, I will give you a

brief sketch of our movements, and also

some account of the difficulties connected

with our present duties.

Nearly four months ago, we sailed, un-

der sealed orders, from Philadelphia. Af-

ter a week's passage, through rather rough

weather, we anchored in the noble harbor

of Havana. We remained here but a part

of a day, and then sailed for New Orleans,

that city being our destination, and our

special object being to act out a paternal

interest over the Filibusters. Before the

Crusader left the Mississippi, they fully

appreciated our kind attention. Our

prompt appearance was doubtless quite

beneficial in assuring them of the honest

intentions of our Government to stop their

unlawful career. This was the third time

I have had the pleasure of a cruise after

General Walker; once before from Phila-

delphia, and once from Genoa, Italy; and

each time we sailed to Central America.

I felt quite savage against the "hero," but

when I met him, for the first time, at New

Orleans, in his private quarters, looking

as mild as a preacher ought to look, and

as kind and sociable as an old friend ought

to be, I forgot my ill will, and left his

rooms pleased with his affability and the

versatility of his talents.

Our visit to the Crescent City will ever

be borne in mind with peculiar pleasure,

on account of the intrinsic interest of the

locality, and on account of the kind and

polite attentions of its people. It is very

seldom that any of our men-of-war visit

New Orleans. This cruising on a large

river, is rather more comfortable and

pleasing than being at sea. Therefore we

received our order to proceed to the coast

of Cuba, with many regrets. However, as

usual, we made the best of it.

We stopped at Pensacola, Key West,

to fill up with provisions and coal for our

cruise against slavers. Our "parade

ground" extends from Havana to the east-

ward about five hundred miles, embracing

the ports of Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas,

and Sagua La Grande. We have visited

each of these ports several times. There

are many slaves landed annually along

this part of the coast. We have heard of

none eluding our vigilance since we have

been here, but doubtless, on account of

the great length of coast we have to guard,

and of the cunning and skill of slavers in

stationed aloft, at all times, on the lookout

for distant vessels. The cry of "Sail ho!"

is followed by anxious inquiries from all,

and if her appearance and movements are

suspicious, off we go at full speed on a

chase. As we near her, if she flies no

national flag, we fire a gun charged with a

blank cartridge; if she still neglects to

show her nationality, we fire a shot across

her bow; and if this should not be answer-

ed, we would capture her as a prize. If a

vessel displays the "stars and stripes," we

can stop and search her with impunity,

but if she shows any other national flag,

we can not stop or search her, excepting

at the risk of being personally prosecuted

for damages, as well as being reprimanded

by our own Government, and complained

against by the government to which she

belongs. There is one exception to this

rule, by a special treaty between England

and the United States. The right of

search is mutually conceded on the coast

of Africa alone. Truly, we can capture a

slaver as a lawful prize, it matters not

what flag she bears, providing she is three

miles from a foreign shore. The great

difficulty is in giving legal evidence that

she is a slaver. An American slaver we

can capture in a foreign port.

The whole subject of "search at sea,"

is one of our most delicate international

questions, and so strict are the instructions

from the Navy Department on this sub-

ject, that none of our naval officers would

search a vessel flying a foreign flag except

under the most suspicious circumstances,

and then he would do it at a great personal

risk. Hence, our present object is prin-

cipally to prevent the notorious prostitution

of the American flag to the slave trade.

This squadron of four steamers now cru-

ising around Cuba, will doubtless be of great

service in suppressing this base abuse. We

have three steamers also on the coast of

Africa. This is the first time the United

States have made use of steam in suppres-

sing the slave trade. Steamers only are

really fit for this duty. It looks as if we

were getting in earnest on this subject.

The English have thirty-two steamers on

the coast of Africa, cruising against slav-

ers. We are sadly in need of more small

but fast steamers in our navy, for this as

well as for other national purposes. These

lately purchased steamers are tolerably

well calculated for this special service....

I have written more than I intended, and

I dare say you will agree with me in say-

ing enough for the present.

Yours Respectfully, G.

The following feeling and expressive poem

was an original contribution by a lady of

the village of a "Paper" recently read before

the Ladies' Literary Society:

COULD I!

Oh, I were called to tread

As Daniel, in the lion's bed;

Or the fiery furnace brave,

Like a young Judean slave;

Martyr's cross and martyr's crown—

Could I—dare I put them on!

Stephen stood beneath the sky,

In unveiled simplicity,

With hot torch and crushing bone

Yielded to each burning stone;

Such his fate, by call Divine—

Could I—dare I make it mine!

Peter's bleeding body hung,

Patied head downward, on the tree;

Paul's many stripes no murmur wrung;

Not burning woman's agony.

For that dear Love that loved us first—

Could I—dare I serve it thus!

With the martyrs of to-day,

Torrey's prison-life to share;

With slow disease to wage a way,

Enchained by friendly love and care;

Year after year to pine and die,

With cold, disease and damp—could I!

Oh, my heart!—the cross to bear—

Is it to speak a public prayer!

Success put off! Ambition foiled!

Some little need of love withheld!

These, the crosses that we know—

Can we—dare we call them so!

But there are crosses, dark and dread,

Most nobly borne in daily life—

Freeze mental lions to be felt—

The stake, the flame, the blows and strife;

If of such sorrows called to sup,

Could I—dare I take the cup!

Coast-guard, Pa. Moss.

THADDEUS STAVENS AND THE "CRACK

OF DOOM."—The Lancaster Express says:

"The latest and best joke of Mr. S., is the

reason he gives for voting for Pennington,

of N. J. It will be recollected, by our

readers, that, about a week since, he an-

nounced his intention of sticking to Mr.

Sherman until the "crack of doom." But

on Friday he voted for Mr. Pennington.

Supposing, no doubt, that his friends at

home wondered how he could reconcile

that vote with his previous declaration, he

wrote to one of them to relieve them of

any apprehensions. He said, that, on

Friday morning, he had been reading an

account of the earthquake in South Caro-

lina, and he thought that was a "little crack,"

and concluded to go for New Jersey!"

A BRIGHT DEMOCRAT.—The Macon

Telegraph tells the following of a member

of the faithful down among the Lower

Creeks:

"Down in Butler the other day, the

Agent told us, a countryman came in,

looking at the hand-bill announcing this

meeting, read with unfeigned surprise

and indignation—"S-t-a-t-e O-p-p-o-s-i-

t-i-o-n C-o-n-ve-n-t-i-o-n!" "Wal now,"

says he, drawing back, "I'm agin them

fellers all the time. I say darn any body

that's opposed to the State."

Now-a-days popularity is to see your

name posted up on a fence. Somebody

will inquire as to who you are—and when

the first rain comes you will disappear.

A Story for the Boys.

One afternoon, as Miss Grey reached

the school-house, she saw in the entry a

great boy, who went to another school,

holding two of her best scholars by the

shoulders, and seeming to feel as though

he was doing something wonderful. John,

the larger of the two boys, seemed angry,

and was scolding and struggling with all

his might, while Willie, though crying,

stood very quietly.

The boys did not see Miss Grey until

she said: "Well, Amos." The larger boy

looked around, saying, "Yer see, her's two

of yer boys been fighting, and I'm a

holdin' 'em 'till you come." "You

may release them," said the teacher—and

they very gladly followed her into the

school room, leaving Amos to go about his

business.

After ringing the bell for the children

to be seated, Miss Grey said: "Now,

John and Willie may come and tell me

what has happened." John's eyes were

still flashing, and his hands were clenched;

while Willie, to the surprise of all, was

still crying. This was very unusual, for

he was a manly boy, and never cried for

trifles; so the teacher asked, "Willie, why

are you crying?" "My head aches,"

was the reply; and then Miss Grey no-

ticed that his thick curly hair was matted

with blood. Some water and sponge were

quickly brought, and upon washing away

the blood a large bruise showed itself.

After this was properly cared for, the

teacher turned to John saying, "John, you

may tell me about it."

"Why," said John, still looking as if

he was not ready to give up his fight, "the

boys were playing ball, and Frank Bar-

rows threw it away down the street, and

Bill—"John," said Miss Grey very grave-

ly, "John filgotted a little under her ear-

nest lock, and then went on, "and Willie