EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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SALT WATER BUBBLES.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

THE CUSTOM OF HAMBURG.

Capt. Zadoc Wilkins, who commanded the brig Fly Catcher, of Boston, a few years since, was an honest, simple hearted Yankee, from the south shore of Massachusetts Bay He was a tolerable good sailor, a very careful, although not what is termed a scientific navigator, and an upright man. He was more loved than respected by his crew, who used to say that 'he would never set the river on fire.' He was not a rigid disciplinarian on board his vessel, and the crew used to take liberties with their commander, which many shipmasters would not tolerate—and occasionally play off hoaxes upon him, for which some men, whom I have sailed with, would have singed their whiskers, or tautened their catharpings.

However, Capt. Wilkins, although occasionally ruffled in his temper by the petty vexations of life, of which he seemed to have more than ordinarily fell to the lot of mortals, got along in his business passably well. His employers, although they were not very liberal in their compensation, reposed much confidence in his integrity, and in his attention to his duties as a shipmaster—and although he was occasionally joked rather roughly, and sometimes imposed upon by strangers and acquaintances in foreign ports, and humbugged by his own unmannerly crew—yet he bore it all with the patience of a philosopher, and travelled on his way through life rejoicing.

He once proceeded on a voyage from Charleston, S. C., to Hamburg. He there fell in with a lot of American shipmasters, jovial souls, who enjoyed a joke—as Yankee shipmasters almost always do. One day he observed that several of them had each an elegant suit of clothes brought from the tailor's, consisting of a coat and pantaloons of the finest broadcloth and most fashionable cut, and a splendid satin vest of the newest pattern. Although Capt Wilkins was not naturally of an envious disposition, and seldom coveted his neighbor's goods, he could not view these stylish looking garments without secretly entertaining a regret that a due regard to economy would not justify him in following the example of his countrymen. He regretted the consumptive state of his purse the more, as his best coat was getting somewhat seedy and his pantaloons were not a little threadbare. In the fullness of his heart, he mentioned the subject to Capt. Grigg, a wag who commanded a fine ship belonging to New York. 'Oh,' said he, 'I should like dearly to have just such a suit of clothes, as you have bought—but,' added he, with a deep drawn sigh which seemed to come directly from his heart, 'I cannot afford it.'

'Cannot afford it? asked Capt. Grigg, with an air of well counterfeited surprise. 'Why,' you are not such a ninny as to suppose that we pay for these things out of our own pockets, are you?'

'If you do not pay for them yourselves, who does pay for them—I should like to know?' demanded the astonished Wilkins.

'Why, the *ship* pays for them, of course. It is always customary in Hamburg for every Captain to rig himself with new gear, completely fitted from stem to stern, and to charge it to the ship'

'But dont the owners dispute the charge on your return?' inquired Captain Wilkins.

'Never, I tell you, my dear fellow, it is the custom of the port. Your owners would no more demur to allowing it, than they would your bill for board while on shore. Is it not so gentlemen?' added Grigg, appealing to several American ship masters who were present.

'Certainly' replied they. 'It has been the custom for more than half a century.'

'If that is the case,' said Captain Wilkin, 'there is no more to be said. My owners, although rather close men, will always allow whatever is customary.—Here you Mr. Schneider,' added he, addressing the tailor, 'measure me at once for a suit of clothes—and let them be the best you can make, superfine cloth, do you hear? As long as the owners pay for them, 'tis as well to have the best.—Hey, Captain Grigg'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Grigg, 'I admire your spirit. There is nothing like going the whole figure.'

'That's true,' said Wilkins. 'But this is an admirable custom here at Hamburg. It's a pity 'tis not adopted in other ports.'

'It will be ere long, mark my word,' returned Grigg.

The clothes were made, and other articles purchased to correspond; so that when captain Wilkins attired himself in his new garments, and looked in the glass, he hardly knew himself, his outer man was so much improved His new friends congratulated him on the change in his appearance, and he stalked about as proud as a turkey cock in a barn yard

Captain Wilkins in due time, in his good brig the Fly Catcher arrived safely in the harbor of Boston. His papers & accounts including his disbursements for the voyage, all regularly made out and methodically arranged, for Captain Wilkins prided himself on his neatness and accuracy in these particulars were placed in the hands of his owners, Messrs. Codling and Company, who told him they would look over his items and figures, and, as was their wont, settle with him without delay Accordingly the next day Captain Wilkins called at the counting room, and was received rather stiffly by Mr. Codling, the senior member of the firm.

'Captain Wilkins,' said he, 'there is an item in your account, which puzzles me exceedingly—I cannot understand it. It is this:—Dr. to one suit of cloths and other articles, forty-six rix dollars, one mark' and one turning to your bills of parcels I find the following:

Owners of Brig Fly Catcher,
Bought of Wilhelm Schneider,

	R. D	M.
One dress coat of superfine French broad cloth,	28	0
One pair of pantaloons of do do do,	9	0
One satin vest,	5	9
One pair of silk hose,	1	0
One pocket handkerchief,	1	0
One pair of gloves,	0	2
	R. D 40	1

Received payment,
WILHELM SCHNEIDER.

Hamburg, 22, 1831.

'Forty rix dollars and one mark for a suit of clothes!' exclaimed Mr. Codling.—'and here is another bill. I find eight rix dollars, charged for a beaver hat! making the above sum of forty-six rix dollars, one mark, for articles of apparel for your own use, and charged to the ship! Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this? Is it in your power to explain it?'

'Why, sir' said Captain Wilkins, not a little embarrassed, as he began to fear all was not exactly right, 'it is customary in Hamburg for American shipmasters to supply themselves with a full suit of clothes at the expense of the ship—so I was told by Captain Grigg of New York, and others and *I* thought that while I was about it I might as well get a good rig out'

'A good rig out, indeed!' said Mr. Codling. But I see how it is—you have been quizzed—some wicked rascal has thought you a good subject for a practical joke, and has played off upon you a cruel and somewhat expensive hoax. It will be a good lesson to you however.'

Mr. Codling settled with Captain Wilkins, deducting, of course, the forty-six rix dollars—and Captain Wilkins looked at his new clothes and regarded them as *dearer* to him than ever.

The next season he made another voyage to Hamburg, and hoped to fall in with some of the kind friends who had persuaded him into pursuing a course, which had made him appear not a little ridiculous. And one of the first persons whom he met after he reached the city, was Captain Grigg.

'Ah, my dear fellow,' said Grigg, eagerly grasping his hand, 'I am truly rejoiced to see you again.—How have you been for the year past? But you say nothing—you look pale and distressed—are you not well!'

'Captain Grigg,' returned Wilkins, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, 'before you can expect me to interchange civilities with you, I wish you to explain why you selected me as a suitable person on whom to play off your mischievous jokes—why did you persuade me into purchasing a full suit of clothes, and charging them to the owners of the Fly Catcher, under the pretence that such was the custom of Hamburg?'

'My good fellow,' said Grigg, 'you did not charge them to the owners, in the form in which they were charged to you, surely—did you?'

'Certainly,' replied Wilkins, 'in what other form could I possibly charge them!'

'Ha, ha, ha! Well,' exclaimed Grigg, 'this is one of the best jokes that I ever heard. Captain Wilkins you altogether misunderstood me It is customary for American shipmasters in Hamburg, to supply themselves with clothes at their owner's expense, but they always charge them in their accounts in the shape of a few coils of rigging extra, or a few bolts of duck—or something of a similar character. I don't wonder that you had some difficulty with your employers, and regard me in an unfriendly light in consequence—but *I* thought you understood all about it.'

This explanation was satisfactory to Wilkins, who was not of a vindictive disposition—and he soon became entirely reconciled to Grigg, who had little difficulty in persuading him to purchase another complete suit of clothing, and according to the custom of Hamburg, charge them to his owners, under the names of articles which were required for ship's use!

When he again arrived in Boston, his accounts were placed in Mr. Codling's hands and were critically examined by that worthy gentleman. When Captain Wilkins called to settle, Mr. Codling said—'Captain Wilkins your accounts appear to be perfectly correct. I see nothing charged here, which is out of the way. I find you have been compelled to purchase more rigging at Hamburg than I expected—but that was doubtless owing to the wear and tear consequent to the rough passage out. I repeat it, I am perfectly satisfied with your accounts—I find no *suit of clothes* charged here.'

So saying he put a check for the balance due, into the hands of Captain Wilkins—who could contain himself no longer, but shouted out in the midst of a sort of chuckling laugh: —*There is a suit of clothes charged in my accounts—but you can't see it!*' —*Boston Journal.*

COST OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

Without referring to what this unprovoked and certainly unnecessary war, has cost the American people in point of *character* and of *moral feeling*—an amount not to be appreciated in dollars and cents—and without taking into account what it has cost in *human life* and *human sufferings*, let us look for one moment at the comparatively inconsiderable item of its cost in MONEY, derived from the pockets of the people, and disbursed by the Government in carrying it on.

'The attempt making by Mr. Wise in Congress, to obtain information as to the cost as well as the cause & conduct of this war, will no doubt be defeated by the *party* who support the Administration—but sufficient has been developed in debate to ascertain that the war has already cost the Government not less than *twelve*, and some of the members assert as much as

FIFTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

And the objects of the war to all appearances more remote now then when it commenced.

Fifteen millions of dollars expended in attempting to do what? To subdue or remove what the Secretary of war at first insisted could not at most exceed three hundred Indian warriors—and which no one pretends now to estimate beyond fifteen hundred at any rate.

If there be 1500 of them, and the war has cost 15 millions of dollars, it results that for every Indian belonging to the whole Seminole nation, the government has already paid

15,000) 15,000,000 (10,000 dollars!

Thus, the cost of the war to us has not been less at any rate, than TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, in cash, *for every Indian that is opposed to us!*

Md. Repub.

MORE FLORIDA LAURELS!

Florida honors are likely to be as proverbial in this country, as '*Flemish Victories*' have been in certain directions of Europe.

To think of the gallant people—the *enlightened* people—the Christian people of this country, being scandalized by the parade of such an affair as we have a flourishing account of in a slip from the Charleston *Courier*, and another from the St. Augustine *Herald*, and that too with all the circumstance of a great achievement, and headed '*Important Capture*,' '*Philip and Euchee Billy taken &c*'

It being ascertained that Indians were encamped in the neighborhood of the army, consisting, as it turned out, of a number of *women and children*, with but three men to take care of them; and the whole, no doubt, reposing in perfect confidence of the entire cessation of hostiles; a detachment of the army comprising 170 men and officers, from various companies, which are all proudly enumerated,—comprising parts of company F. 2d Dragoons, under Lt. M'Neil, E and *H*. 2d Dragoons under Lt. May, part of Capt. Hanson's company, under Lieuts. Pellicer and Ferreira, and Lieut. Whitehurst's command of volunteer Florida horse, and company D. 3d Artillery, commanded by Lt. Frazier, took up their line of march from Fort Peyton on an expedition to the south, under command of Lt. Peyton 2d Artillery; Gen. Hernandez, in person, superintending the expedition, with Lieut. Graham, 2d Dragoons, aid-de-camp—Assistant Surgeon Motte, accompanied the detachment.

'Gen Hernandez commanding in person,' proceeded to Bulowville, where a runaway slave named Philip undertook to conduct the battalion to the bivouac of his master, where an assault was made or in the language of the writer, 'they proceeded cautiously, and about midnight the volunteers under Lt. Whitehurst took a position in ambuscade on two sides of the camp.'

All things being duly prepared, 'just at daylight the regular Dragoons, under Lt. Peyton, advanced to the attack. Lt May's company charged and——and what—why, 'Philip with another Indian, and a number of women and children were immediately captured.'

But the achievement, it seems, with all their military skill and precaution, was not quite complete. There were but three *Indians* to 170 men and officers, 'with Gen. Hernandez commanding in person,' and notwithstanding their 'proceeding cautiously,' taking positions in ambuscade on two sides of the camp, and waiting from midnight till day break to make the daring assault, in spite of all this, one of the three Indians escaped! The account has it that *only* one, the younger son of Philip, escaped.' What a desperate young savage he must have been, to dash through the array, bearing off at least one-third of the hard earned laurels of the whole detachment.

'There is consolation, however, in the concluding paragraph, in relation to this affair. 'The capture was made without loss of blood on either side'

Of the two Indians, 'Philip and Tomatto John' that were secured, the victors, it seems, succeeded in inducing one to turn traitor, and to offer to pilot the army to the Euchee camp, 10 miles distant. After a most fatiguing and circuitous march, they came upon their fires early in the evening, halted about a mile from them until after midnight, when they 'carefully advanced' and 'completely surrounded them.' From the barking of their dogs, however, and the fact that their fires were extinguished, the Indians must have suspected, or rather were fearful that all was *not right*. At the dawn of day on Sunday, a charge was made by the whole force in two divisions, commanded by Lieuts. Peyton and McNeil—but the Indians were on the alert, and gave one discharge of their rifles, by which Lt. McNeil was unfortunately mortally wounded. Some little firing took place by which two Indians were killed and two or three wounded.

The whole party consisting of Uchee Billy—his brother Jack—three warriors, (five men altogether) and a number of women and children, were taken.

Notwithstanding they had 'completely surrounded' the encampment, one out of the few Indians here, it appears, contrived during the night also, to escape—but, says the account, fortunately without time or opportunity to give the alarm'

'Gen Hernandez and his staff were present and among the foremost on both occasion'

The whole number captured amounts to 35, (that is seven men, the remainder women and children,) and, adds the account, 'were brought into town yesterday accompanied by the whole battalion.'

The gallant Lt. McNeil lingered until 10 o'clock on Monday night, when he expired. He was a promising young officer, and his loss is universally regretted. His body was brought in and buried with military honors, at six o'clock, yesterday afternoon.

The writer goes on to indulge some reflections; 'as to the effect which this capture will have, speculation is varied; the non-combatant portion of our city think that the captors ought to have sent in a flag, and asked a surrender, others think that the party should have waited until the enemy had made their *coonti*, and come into parly, or to deliver themselves up' Either of these speculations 'he throws aside, and looks upon the event as a matter of fact, embodying more beneficial advantage to our Territory, that any preceding it, and giving promise of a more speedy peace than all the military appointments which the last two years has made us familiar with.'

That, by the way, is a fair hit. The Bulletenists is as much a wit then, as a warrior.

But to return to this fresh blown crop of Florida laurels, he proceeds:—'Gen. Hernandez, and all under him, are entitled to the warmest thanks of the country *generally*, for having, with a *very trifling force*, penetrated the long deserted, and in many places, almost inaccessible portions of our southern frontier, and thus brought into certain security, the master spirits of Philip, Uchee Billy, and other desperate warriors.'

After this flourish on the 'certain security' of the prisoner Chiefs, it may not be amiss to intimate to the commanders in Florida, whoever they may happen to be, that if they allow Oceola to surprise the guard, and take their prisoners off as he lately did the head Seminole Chief, *Micanopy*, the public press of the country must not be expected, out of regard to the army, to be as perfectly silent, upon the subject as it was in relation to that mortifying incident.

To obviate the possibility of a doubt as to the reality of this great achievement, the historian concludes by saying:

'The above details of the success of the battalion under Lt. Peyton, have been hastily gathered, *but from a source which admits of no doubt*. The prisoners are among us and secured in the Fort, with every attention and comfort consistent with the most liberal views of humanity—security of their persons being the principal aim.'

A PUNGENT ARGUMENT.

We happened last Sunday afternoon to be at the Bethel in North Square.—The house was running over with seamen, who filled the body of the house, the stairs to the pulpit, and even the pulpit itself. We give the following extract from the Sermon of the afternoon, as a fair specimen of the style in which the Rev. Mr. Taylor makes a practical application of an important truth. 'I say shipmates, now look me full in the face Wha should you say to the man aboard ship, who was always talking about his compass, and never using it? What should you think of the man, who, when the storm is gathering, night at hand moon and stars shut out on a lea shore breakers ahead, then first begins to remember his compass, and says, 'Oh, what a nice compass I have got on board,' if before that time, he has never looked at it? Where is it that you keep your compass? Do you stow it away in the hold? Do you clap it into the fore peak? By this time Jack's face, that unerring index of his soul showed visibly, that the *reductio ad absurdum* had begun to tell. Then came by a natural logic, as correct as that of the school, the *improvement*. 'Now then, brethren, listen to me. Believe not what the scoffer and the infidel say. The Bible, the Bible is the compass of life. Keep it always at hand. Steadily, steadily fix your eye on it. Study your bearing by it. Make yourself acquainted with all its points. It will serve you in calm, and in storm, in the brightness of noon day, amidst the blackness of night, it will carry you over every sea, in every clime, and navigate you, at last into the harbor of eternal rest.'—Could any thing be more in prime? After all, refine as much we will, this is preaching. What is much vaunted grammar, what are words, save instruments merely for quickening the understanding, stirring the emotions, and carrying good thought home to the hear?

Boston Evening Transcript

A new discovery in Agriculture.—The gravity with which the following article is put forth in the *London Bankers' Circular* cannot fail to cause a smile on the countenances of the farmers of our country, who are as familiar with the use of the cradle scythe as they are with the operations of their teeth at meal times

From the London Bankers' Circular.

We observe a practice in Kent, which we believe has been recently introduced and which, for more than twenty years past, we have been astonished not to see adopted in all parts of the country.—It consists of cutting the Wheat, Oats, or Barley, close to the ground with a scythe to which is affixed a wooden cradle with three projecting wooden prongs placed parallel with the scythe, about ten or twelve inches apart, and nearly as long from the head piece in which they are inserted, as the blade of the scythe. By this simple instrument—it is astonishing that it should not have been adopted in all parts of the country at an earlierdate—the straws are thrown literally with their heads as they grow, and are readily collected by women, boys, and feeble men, and bound into sheaves. The great advantage looked for by the farmers is avoiding the waste of the stubble which is trampled down and lost, and the preservation of the straw which has been scarce and dear; but we are convinced that a much greater advantage, in a season like this, when all grain becomes ripe at once, is the quickness of getting it into stacks.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

The Charlestown Republican contains a long leading article on the President's Message and the Currency question, and matters and things in general, which is meant to be very learned, recondite, and all that, and from which, *exempligratia* we extract the following pellucid sentence, the style of which must strike every reader with astonishment at the writer's powers.

'The Romish Church, the historian and statesman know, in that country especially whence we have derived our banking system with some of its evils, tho' we have improved with a vengeance upon the model, eluded the legislative wisdom of ages, which sought to restrain and punish its rapacious cupidity, which under pretence of curing their souls, robbed the pockets of the living and the dead and hoarded up half the wealth of the nation.'

Three or four columns of such writing must have fatigued the author as much as they do his readers.

THE INDEPENDENCE IN THE BALTIC.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the U. S. Ship Independence, to a gentleman in this city.

'U. S. Ship Independence,
'*Cronstadt*, Aug. 5, 1837.

'This day week we anchored in this place, and at about 3 o'clock of the same day, the Emperor [of Russia] visited the ship incog., with all his Ministers, among whom was the distinguished diplomatist, Count NESSELRODE. It was his wish to have visited and left the ship without being recognized. But, in this he was disappointed; for it was soon whispered among the crew, that the Emperor Nicholas was on board; and, indeed, it required but little penetration to discover in the crowd the the man who is considered the best looking personage in all his dominions. On his leaving our ship, we manned the yards, ran the Russian flag to the mainmast head, and saluted him with forty-one guns, which was immediately returned by the same number, by one of his frigates; he (the Emperor) causing the American flag to be hoisted at his mast head; an honor, it is said, never before paid to any foreign nation.

'The next day, his favorite steamer came down and conveyed the Commodore and Mr Dallas to Peterhoff, his summer residence. Last Monday evening, another boat of the Emperor's came down, and took a number of officers, including myself, to the Palace. On our landing from the boat, we found the Emperor's carriages, with splendid horses, waiting for us, with a General, one of the Emperor's aids, to conduct us. We were taken round the Gardens and then to the Opera, where we saw the Emperor, the Empress, and their daughter, the grand Dutchess. The day following one of the Emperor's boats was sent down to take Mr. Dallas to St. Petersburg. Several officers, with myself, accompanied Mr. Dallas, and, after dining with him, went in the evening to one of the most beautiful Opera houses I had ever seen; where, it was said, there were more than three hundred persons on the stage at the same time—forty of them female dancers, not inferior, in my opinion to Madame Celeste.

'It took me three hours and a half to walk through the winter palace, and four to go through the armory. The latter place contains two hundred thousand stand of arms, in perfect order, besides all the standards taken from the Turks. I saw several curiosities of the Empress Catharine; the gig that Peter the Great rode in, and his triumphal chariot; and all the dresses worn by the Emperors and Empresses, from the time of Catharine and and Peter the Great, down to the present day. I visited some of the most splendid and richest churches, perhaps, in the world.

'Whilst we remained at St Petersburg, one of the Emperor's aids accompanied us every where, and extended to us every civility and attention in his power It would have taken me several months to have indulged my curiosity. I need not add, that *I* was exceedingly pleased with my visit, and highly gratified at the attentions paid us.'—[Nat. Intel.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Gazette

Washington, Sept 28. 1837.

Dear Sir: The Deposite Bill passed to-night, at 8 o'clock. The Previous Question was demanded at 7 o'clock by Mr Cushman of N. H. and seconded by a vote of 134 to 78.

The Main Question was then ordered and carried by a vote of 119 to 117. Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, then gave notice that he moved a reconsideration of the vote to be acted on to-morrow.

Correspondence of the Balt. Gazette.

Washington City, Sept. 29 1837.

We have had the motion of Mr. Pickens to reconsider the vote of last night, on the Deposite Bill, before the House all day, and it has been debated with a kind of a rambling spirit, by Messrs. Pickins, John Quincy Adams, Gray, Isaac Toucy, and thus far it has only been enlivened by the wit and attic salt of the Ex-President. At 4 1-2 o'clock, Mr. Cambreleng, demanded the Previous Question on the motion to reconsider, to the infinite joy of all who were disposed to get rid of the annoying subject. Before the question was taken a call of the House was ordered, and as that tedious process is now going on, I will proceed to other subjects till it is concluded.

The Mississippi Election was debated an hour in the morning, by Mr. Towney of Tennessee, Mr Tours of Georgia, and Mr Robinson of Virginia; but before any defin te action was had, the orders of the day were demanded Mr. Gholson, begged that the subject, would be a special order for the day for Monday next, to take place of all other business. He was seconded by Mr Claiborne who expressed an anxious wish that the subject should be disposed of. The motion was agreed to, and on Monday next, the gentlemen from Mississippi, will be apprised of their fate. It appears to be the prevailing opinion; to-day, that the setting members will be allowed to hold their seats. They both evince an anxious wish to see the question settled, that they may go back to Mississippi, and look after their election in the event of their ejection.

The Senate, has occupied itself in discussing the Sub-Treasury System, and Messrs. Buchanan and Preston have held the floor, in antagonistical positions in relation to it Rumor, and partizanship, speak in commendation of the opposing efforts, and both have been pronounced able and excellent. The weather is excessively warm, and the House is crowded almost to suffocation.

The city is again crammed by strangers; and as the session drives toward a close the number of visiters will daily be augmented. The People, are taking advantage of the season and the numerous facilities for travelling afforded by Steam Boats and Rail roads, to visit the Capital. They could not come among us at a more delightful season.

The call of the House, has just been concluded, and two hundred and two members have answered to their names The Previous Question, has just been taken by ayes and noes, and it has been decided that the motion to reconsider, shall be sustained by ayes 109 noes 82.

Mr. Pickens immediately brought his amendment forward, and demanded the Previous Question, but was induced to withdraw it, at the instance of Mr. Haynes of Georgia, who wished to propose an amendment. Mr. Haynes, however withdrew his amendment, and Mr. John Q. Adams, seized the occasion to propose an amendment, the substance of which was to provide that the funds in the Deposite Banks shall be held to meet the payment of the fourth instalment of the Deposite act, on the 1st of January 1839. This proposition, has opened a wide de bate, which may last all night, and I must close; lest I am too late for the mails. I shall write again, if the subject is disposed of before the mails are locked up.

Very truly yours

MARK ANTHONY CHARDING.

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