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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ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for very subsequent insertion.

THE BOXES,

Or the embarrassed French Traveller.

I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentes, and a chateau with a handsome property on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I selled him, and hire one, for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

The morning following, I get upon the vapouring boat, to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day—and after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the ship, and I see a great mechanic of wood, with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenious, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for shoving the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place; and they tell me it was call 'Jaques in the box;' and I was very please with the invitation.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and a little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh and say very well Jaques, but I not understand one word the little fellow say.—So I make inquire, and they tell me he was "box the compass." I was surprise but I tell myself, well, never mind, and so we arrived at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel, but as there has been no table d'hote, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait; and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmantua to to the Douaniers, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had no smuggles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters, who tell me, (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world pass by upon a coach at that instant,) Sir, he say, your dinner is ready. Very well, I make response, where was it? This way, sir, he answer, I have put it in a box in the cafe room. Well—never mind, I say to myself when a man himself finds in a strange country he must be never surprised. 'Nil admirari' Keep the eyes opened, and stare at nothing at all.

I found my dinner only there, because I was so soon come from France; but, I learn, another sort of the box was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cudlet; and a gentleman what was put in another box, perhaps Mr. Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a cameleon, he is, call for the pepper box. Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my trunks and portmantua come with a wheel-barrow; and because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find that my many little things was not convenient I ask the waiter where I may buy a night sack, or get them tie up all together in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded that he shall find me a box to put them all into. Well I say nothing at all but yes, for fear to discover my ignorance? so he bring me the little box for the clothes and things into the great box what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town and he sent boot boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say how much? asked me if I would not go into the boxes. Very well, I say, never mind—oh yes—to be sure; and I find very soon the box was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maigre doctor, who had been to give his physic too long at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole box of his proper pills. Very well, I say, that must be egregious. It cannot be possible, but they bring little a box not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my hotel at dispair how I could possibly learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, sir did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning? I replied, yes—and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets in your coaches. Sir, he say very polite, if you allow me, I would recommend you the box, and then the coachman shall tell every thing. Very well, I reply yes—to be sure—I shall have a box then—yes, and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed; but I say, no so quick, if you please, I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well, here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish. She was pretty, laughing young woman and say, oh no, sir, if you pull the bell the porter, who sit up all night will come unless you like to attend it yourself, and then you will find the coal box in the closet. Well, I say nothing but yes—oh yes. But when she gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a box not more like none of the other boxes what I see all day than nothing.

Well—I write at my friends, and then tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possibly be the description of the box I must be put in tomorrow for my voyage.

In the morning, it was very fine time I see the coach at the door, and I walked all around before they bring the horses; but I see nothing what they can call boxes, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I asked for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who shewed me the Quay, and tell me pointing by his finger at a window—there, see there is the letter box, and I perceived a crevice. Very well—all box again to day, I say and give my letter to the master of postes, and go way again at the coach where I very soon find out what was coach box, and mount myself upon it. Then came the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and first word he say was—keep horses! bring my box coat! and he pushed up a grand capote with many scrapes.

But—never mind I say I shall see all the boxes in time. So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry cheat! and we were all out in the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear will be reversed. But after little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together, but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak! and I tell him sir, one of the wheels would be greased; then he make reply, nonchalancely, oh, it is nothing but one of the boxes what is too tight. But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a box was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well, we fly away at the pace of charge I see great estates, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be.—Oh! responded he, I do not recollect the gentleman's name, but it was what we call a snug country box.

Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But still I tell myself, well—never mind, we shall see. And then after sometimes, there come another house, all alone in a foreat, not ornamented at all. What, how you call that? I demand of him. Oh! he responded again; that is a shooting box of Lord Killfoot's. Oh! I cried at last out, that is little too strong; but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient with the trees cut like some peacock and I demand what you call these trees?—Box, sir, he tell me. Deuce is in the box, I say at myself. But never mind we shall see. So I myself refreshed with pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, that is a very handsome box of yours sir.

Morbleu! I exclaimed with advertency-ness, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff box, and I take a pinch, because at home I like to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood, beautiful with trimmings, and colour of yellowish.—So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, box sir. Well, I hold myself with patience, but it was difficially, and we kept great gallop, till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then, I say what for all so large concourse? Oh! he response again, there is one grand boxing match—a battle here to-day. Peste! I tell myself, a battle of boxes! Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the outrance, and they shall destroy one another, for I am fatigue.

Well, we arrive at an hotel, very superb all as it ought, and I demanded a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a saloon, but, before I finish, great noise come into the passage and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tappage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at some time, but very civil no less, oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a box on the ear.

Well, I go back on the coach box I look as I pass, at all the women ear, for the box, but not none I see. Well, I tell myself once more never mind, we shall see; and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approach ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, no. my boy, it shan't do! and then he whip his horses, and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me all the time, a long explication what the other coachmen have done other whiles and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well, then he twist himself round, and with full voice, cry himself out at another man, who was so angry as himself, I'll tell you what, my hearty, if you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't stand, and you shall find yourself in the wrong box.—It was not for many weeks after as I find out the wrong box meaning.

Well, we get to London, at the coaches office, and I unlighted from my seat, and go at the bureau to pay my passage and gentlemen very politely demand, if I had some friend in London. I converse with him very little both hands a pot of forget-me-not and gilly-time in voyaging because he was in the interior; but I perceived he is real gentleman. So I say, no, sir, I am a stranger. Then he very honestly recommended me to an hotel, very proper, and tell me, sir because I have some affairs in the Barque, I must sleep in the City this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name. Very well I tell myself, this is best. So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, no room, sir,—very sorry,—no room. But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take from my hand, and become very polite at that instant, and whisper to the ear of some waiters, and these come at me and say, oh yes, sir. I know Mr. Box very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr. Box.—Very proud to incommode any friend of Mr. Box—pray inlight yourself, and walk into my house. So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber; and Mr. Box came next day, and I find very soon that he was the right Box, and not the wrong Box.

Ha! ha!—it is very droll!—I tell my valet, we go to Leicestershire for the hunting fox. Very well. He come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents, to give what people will come at my lodgments for Chrismas Boxes.—*Black. Mag.*

The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal has the following *fair* hit; we publish it, as the first Warden sells damaged merchandise for the benefit of all concerned.—*U. S. Gazette.*]

SUNDAY CONVERSATION.

Mr. Editor: Whether the propensity arises from malice, or solely from the love of amusement I am unable to say; but certain it is, that I have always taken pleasure in witnessing those little failings which are not unfrequently found among the good and kind hearted. Last Sunday, at the close of the morning service, as I chanced to follow in the train of a small party on their way from church, it was my fortune to overhear their comments upon the various subjects suggested by what they had seen and heard. The group consisted of an elderly gentleman, of grave and formal carriage, accompanied by his wife, a motherly personage of about sixty who was supported on her, left by a girl and a boy of about sixteen and a lady who appeared to have reached the meridian of her charms. The imagination of the reader must assign the shares of the conversation to their respective proprietors.

A good sermon: a very good sermon, wife,

It ought to be good my dear, for it has worn well. I have heard it two or three times before.

I wish, papa, we might have something interesting. I am tired to death of sin and morality.

Pray, sister, did you see that woman in the pew next to ours, with the great black ribbon on her bonnet like a thunder cloud? She means to have mourning on her bonnet if no where else.

See her? I guess I did, or rather I saw her sleeves like a fat man in a hammock—puffing out with twenty yards of gros de Naples. She is old enough to wear her grandmother's damask. Poor woman! she thinks Bishops' sleeves are all the fashion.

Hush, child, she is a worthy good woman she was a Jones and her mother was a Carter. When I lived in Boston five and forty years ago, come next November she lived in the house next to ours. with a great green door and a lion's head upon the knocker, so that she's no chicken now. Her father was a little weazel faced old man, with a white wig and a cane taller than he was, who used to keep a shop down by the market, and kept it till the day of his death; and his wife looked as if death had forgot her; she did go off however, one day, in a fit of parallels.

Paralysis, woman, paralysis.

So you say, my dear—but the doctor told me what it was, when I stood by at the time. "Mrs.——"said he, (he was a pleasant man) "the old lady has got her walking papers."

Well, well, let her rest. Our singing requires some looking to. That fellow in front of the gallery opens his mouth like a crocodile.

Yes, papa, and screams like a Northwester through a hen coop.

Don't interrupt me, child—I say something must be done to put a stop to these new tunes, or we may as well dance jigs as pray.

Why, papa, the first tune was a beautiful one. It was Auld Lang Syne.

Old long what! Old Bangor is worth a dozen of it.

Pray, sister, did you see cozen Polly come sailing up the broad aisle, in the middle of the long prayer?

Yes, indeed I saw her, and so did every one else, or she would have been much disappointed. But I did not notice her much, for I was laughing at the old woman by the pulpit, whose false curls got adrift and hung about her face like hop vines.

Papa, why cannot I have a new coat to go to meeting in as well as Nat Bates?

Nat Bates may do as he likes. Who do you think sees what kind of a coat you wear?

My dear, did you see how sad Sally ——looked? I will lay a dollar she has lost a beau.

Poh!

Mother, what business has such an old woman as she is with a beau.

Some business, child, I should think; for she has had one off and on for the last twenty years to my certain knowledge.

How you talk, mother! If a young lady looks sad it follows of course that she has lost a beau. She was mourning for her sins.

She and you might join forces, sister, and cry in company. You are, as near as I can judge, about of an age.

Papa, I don't want to go to meeting this afternoon—It is too hot and tiresome.

Hot and tiresome, or not, go you shall. I'll not leave you at home to be turning up Jack, and disturbing the neighborhood, whilst I am engaged in devotion.—Heigh day! there goes the toe of my shoe! Hang these infernal sidewalks, with their points jutting out like bagnets! Those rascally surveyors shall alter 'em, or I'll know why not: tut, tut!

My dear, my dear, don't be put out by so trifling an accident, and on Sunday too!

Trifling! If I had stubbed my head off you would have thought it more trifling yet. Trifling, your toes feel very cleverly, I suppose. Trifling! Tom! you rascal! You jades! have done giggling this instant.

* * * * *

Ha, reverend sir, good morning to you. A fine day, sir, a very fine day. This warm weather is very fine for the grass. You gave us an excellent sermon this morning sir. You wiped up the heretics admirably sir, admirably.

I am glad, sir, that it suited you; and hope that it may be the means of doing good, especially that part of it which related to anger.

No doubt it will sir. I observed my neighbor, you know who, kept his head down while you were upon that point. Good morning, sir. Wife, you did not forget, I trust, to put on the onions for dinner.

At this moment, the party entered their own doors, and I went away, musing on the effects of devotional exercises.

A writer in one of the Western papers a few years ago, introduced the following figure in a glowing description of the Valley of the Mississippi:

"*Appendant* to this great Valley, are two little slopes or *strips of land*, the one extending from the Alleghany ridge to the Atlantic contains *the old thirteen States*; the other, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific is inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians!"

This is amusing enough, but when we come to examine into the facts, it seems that the whole superfices of the United States contains about fourteen hundred millions of acres, and the Atlantic States comprise a little over two hundred millions. The territory east of the Alleghanies, therefore, compared with that lying west of the same ridge, bears the proportion of one to seven. We must confess however, that the *old thirteen States* form a most respectable *appendage*, and that any country might be proud of.

Illinois Intel.

$30 REWARD.



Ranaway from the subscriber living near New Castle, Delaware, on the 5th inst. a black man, named

BILL DOWNS,

Aged about thirty two years; height about five feet nine or ten inches; has a scar on the right side of his face below the eye and above the nose, supposed to have been from the Kick of a horse; his complexion is very black; his walk rather quick, and holds himself very straight. Whoever will secure him in any jail in Maryland or Delaware, so that I may get him again, shall receive the above reward.

WM. BOOTH.

Near New Castle, Del. July 29, 1829. } aug. 8—4t

RUNAWAYS.

WAS committed to the jail of Washington county Md. on the 13th July inst. as a runaway, a bright mulatto Boy, who calls himself

SANDY BRUCE,

about 5 feet 3 or 4 inches high, about 19 or 20 years of age, has no perceivable marks about him. Had on when committed, a grey mixed cloth coat, white linen drilling pantaloons, fine linen shirt, black fur hat and fine shoes—says he belongs to Mr. James W. Scott, merchant in Alexandria, D. C. The owner of said boy is requested to come forward; prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be released according to law.

CHRIST'N. NEWCOMER, Jr. Shff.
Sheriff's Office, July 30. (aug. 8)

ALSO

WAS committed to the Jail of Washington county, Md. on the 18th July inst. as a runaway, a negro man who calls himself BEN, about 5 feet, 4 or 5 inches high, about 22 or 24 years of age, stout made, full face, small eyes, pleasant countenance when spoken to, no perceivable marks about him. Had on when committed, an old drab cloth coat, blue cloth pantaloons, red striped vest, coarse linen shirt, old white fur hat & coarse shoes—says he belongs to Gen. John Harvey, of Rockingham county, Va. The owner of said Negro is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

CHRIST'N. NEWCOMER, Jr. Shff.
Sheriff's Office, July 30, 1829 } aug. 8—3w

RUNAWAY.

WAS Committed to the jail of Queen Anns' County, on the 15th day of July inst. A NEGRO MAN, who calls himself



HORACE JOHNSON,

Supposed to belong to the Rev. Mr. Monnelly. Said Negro is about 25 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches high spare, but well shaped and a little lame. Had on when committed, a Blue Frock coat, coarse linen trowsers, an old hat and heavy boots,

The owner or owners of said Negro, are hereby requested to prove property pay charges and take him away—or he will be discharged according to law.

THOS. ASCHOM, Shff.
August 1 10w

The (N Journal, Chronicle & Marylander, & Easton Gazette,) will publish the above, and send their accounts to the Centreville Times Office.

NOTICE.

WAS committed to the Jail of Kent county on the 15th inst. as a runaway by Robert B. Pennington Esq. a Justice of the peace for said county, a Negro Man who calls himself THOMAS, but as he speaks little or no English, I cannot understand by what sirname he calls himself, said negro appears to be from 35 to 40 years of age about 5 feet 3 inches high, quite black, and tolerably well made, he speaks the French or Spanish language altogether and I cannot therefore understand from whence he last came, although he seems quite anxious to communicate. Had on when committed an old cotton and woolen kersey round about, blue pantaloons old fur hat and coarse shoes, from his appearance I would suppose he had been a sailor.

The owner of said Negro (if he has any) is requested to come forward, prove property pay charges, and take him away, he will otherwise be discharged according to law.

JOSEPH REDUE, Shff.
Chester Town Md } June 27 1829. }

To the Printers of the U. States.

OF late the prices of all the materials used in making Printing Types, have been greatly reduced, and the facility of manufacturing greatly increased. The subscriber therefore has been induced to make a proportional reduction in the prices, which, from the 1st of April have been stated in the annexed list.

The character of the Type made at this Foundry is well known to the trade, who are assured that in regard to the quality of metal, finish and durability, no deviation has been made.

He has on hand a complete assortment and can supply any quantity on a short notice, he will be happy to receive the orders of his customers, which will have immediate attention.

Merchants who have orders from abroad can have offices complete with Presses, and every thing necessary for a Printing Establishment, put up in the most perfect manner.

Publishers are requested to give this advertisement a place in their papers a few times, to receive payment, $2, in Type, or in settlement of their accounts.

RICHD. RONALDSON, Phil.

PRICES—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent, for cash

Pearl, per lb.	$1 40	English	$0 36
Nonpareil	90	Great Primer	34
Minion	70	Double Pica	32
Brevier	56	Do. Great Primer	32
Burgeois	46	Large Letter plain	30
Long Primer	40	Scabbard and	
Small Pica	38	Quotations	30
Pica	36		

The prices of other descriptions of Type are proportionably reduced.

Old Type received in payment at 9 cts. per pound. July 25