GAZETTE.

Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—
he Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

DAY MORRING, JANUARY 7, 1843. No. 1.

No further personal intercourse occurred between them during the year, But, Peter, who was his own carrier, as well as canvasser, regularly every month delivered the New England Magazine at Mr. Sharp's door.—And in a few days after the year expired, he made out his bill for the five dollars, and called at Mr. Sharp's store for the money. He entered with as much confidence that he should receive the chink at once, as he would have had in going with a check for the like sum into the Bank of the United States, during that institution's palmiest days. He found Mr. Sharp at his desk, and presented him the bill. The gentleman took it and looked at it, and then looked up at Peter.

'Oh! ah, good morning,' 'you are the young man who called here on this business nearly a year ago. Well, the year has come round, has it?'

'Yes, I believe it has,' said Peter.

'Well, bills of this kind,' said Mr. Sharp, 'are paid at the house. We don't attend to them here; you just take it to the house any time when you are passing, and it will be settled.'

'Oh, very well, sir,' said Peter, bowing and left the store. 'Doing too large a business at the store, I suppose,' he continued, to himself, as he walked up the street, 'to attend to little things of this kind. 'Don't like to be bothered with 'em probably.

But Peter thought he might as well make a finish of the business, now he was out; so he went directly to the house, and rung at the door. The servant girl soon made her appearance.

'Is Mrs. Sharp within?' said Peter.

'Yes, sir,' said the girl.

'Just carry this bill to her, if you please, and ask her if she will hand you the money for it.'

The girl took the bill into the house, and presently returned with the answer, that 'Mrs. Sharp says she doesn't pay none of them 'ere things here—you must carry it to the store'

'Please to carry it back to Mrs. Sharp,' said Peter, 'and tell her Mr. Sharp desired me to bring the bill here, and said it would be paid at the house.'

This message brought Mrs. Sharp herself to the door, to whom Peter raised his hat and bowed very politely.

'I havn't nothing at all to do with bills here at the house,' said the lady; 'they must be called to the store—that's the place to attend to them.'

'Well, mam,' said Peter, 'I carried it to the store, and presented it to Mr. Sharp *and he said me to bring it to the house* and you would pay it here, and that he couldn't attend to it at the store.'

'But he couldn't mean that I should pay it,' said Mrs. Sharp, 'for he knows I havn't the money.'

'out he said so,' said Peter.

'Well, then there must be some mistake about it,' said the lady.

'I beg your pardon, ma'n, said Peter, it's possible there may be,' and he put the bill in his pocket, bowed and left the house.

'It is very queer,' thought Peter to himself, as he walked away a little vexed. 'I can't conceive how there could be any mistake about it, though it is possible there may be. 'There could'nt be any mistake on my part, for I'm sure I understood him. May be he thought she had money at the house when she had'nt. I guess it will all come out right enough in the end.'

Consoling himself with these reflections, Peter Punctual thought he would let Mr. Sharp rest two or three days, and not show any anxiety by calling again in a hurry. He would not be so unwise as to offend a good subscriber, and run the hazard of loosing him, by an appearance of too much haste in pressing his bill Accordingly, in about 3 days, he called again at Mr. Sharp's store, and asked him in a low voice, so that no one should overhear, if it was convenient for him to take up that little bill for the magazine to-day.

'But I told you,' said Mr. Sharp, 'to carry that bill to the house; I can't attend to it here.

'Yes, sir, so I understood you,' said Peter, 'I carried it to the house, and Mrs. Sharp said she could'nt pay it there, for she had no money, and I must bring it to the store.'

'Oh, strange,' said Mr. Sharp; 'well, she don't properly understand it then. But I am too much engaged to attend to you to-day; you call again, or call at the house sometime, when I am there.'

Upon this, he turned to his desk and began to write with great earnestness, and Peter left the store. The affair began to grow a little vexatious, and Peter felt a little nettled. Still, he supposed that people doing such very large business did find it difficult to attend to these little matters, and doubtless it would be set right when he should call again.

After waiting patiently a couple of weeks, Peter called again at Mr. Sharp's store. When he entered the door, Mr Sharp was looking at a newspaper; but on glancing at Peter, he instantly dropped the paper, and fell to writing at his desk with great rapidity. Peter waited respectfully a few minutes, unwilling to disturb the gentleman till he should appear to be a little more at leisure. But after waiting sometime without seeing any prospect of Mr. Sharp's completing the very pressing business before him, he approached him with deference, and asked if it would be convenient for him to take that little bill for the magazine to-day. Sharp turned and looked at Peter very sternly.

'I can't be bothered with these little things,' said he, 'when I am so much engaged. I am exceedingly busy to-day —a good many heavy orders waiting—you must call at the house, and hand the bill to me or my wife, no matter which.' And he turned to his desk, and continued to write, without saying any thing more.

Peter began to think he had got hold of a hard customer, but he had no idea of giving up the chase. He called at the house several times afterwards, but Mr. Sharp never happened to be at home.—Once he ventured to send the bill again by girl to Mrs. Sharp, who retained for an answer, that she had nothing to do with such bills he must carry it to the store.

At last after repeated calls, he found Mr. Sharp one day at home. He came to the door, and Peter presented the bill. Mr. Sharp expressed some surprise and regret that he had come away from the store, and forgot to put any money in his pocket. Peter would have to call some other day. Accordingly, Peter Punctual retired, with a full determination to call some other day, and that not very far distant; for it had now been several months that he had been beaten back and forth like a shuttlecock between Mr. Sharp's store and Mr. Sharp's house, and he was getting to be rather tired of the game.

Having ascertained from the girl at what hour the family dined, he called the next day precisely at the dinner hour.—He rung at the door, and when the girl opened it, Peter stepped into the hall.

'Is Mr. Sharp in?' said Peter.

'Yes, Sir,' said the girl, 'he's up stairs. I'll speak to him if you want to see him.'

'Yes,' said Peter, 'and I'd take a seat in the parlor till he comes down.'

As he said this, Peter walked into the parlor and seated himself upon an elegant sofa. The parlor was richly furnished with Brussels carpet, the best of mahogany furniture, a splendid piano, &c., &c; and in the back parlor, to which folding doors were open, every thing appeared with corresponding elegance. A table was there spread, upon which dinner seemed nearly ready. Presently the girl returned from the chamber, and informed Peter, that Mr. Sharp said 'it was just the dinner hour now, and he would have to call again.

Please to go and tell Mr. Sharp,' said Peter, 'that I must see him, and I'll wait till he comes down.'

The girl carried the message, and Mr. Sharp soon made his appearance in the parlor. A frown passed over his brow as he looked at Peter, and saw him sitting so much at ease, and apparently so much at home, upon the sofa. Peter rose and asked him politely if it was convenient for him to take that little bill to day.

'No,' said Sharp, 'it is not; and if it was, I wouldn't take it at this hour. It's a very improper time to call upon such an errand just as one is going to sit down to dinner You must call again; but don't come at dinner time; or you may drop in to the store some time, and perhaps I may find time to attend to it there.'

Well, now, Mr. Sharp,' said Peter, with rather a determined look, 'I can't stand this kind of business any longer, that's a fact. I'm a poor man, and I suppose you are a rich one. I can't afford to lose five dollars, and I'm too poor to spend any more time in running after it and trying to collect it. I must eat, as well as other folks, and if you can't pay me the five dollars today, to help me pay my board at my regular boarding-house, I'll stay here and board it out at your table.'

'You will, will you?' said Sharp, looking daggers, and stepping towards Peter. 'If you give me a word of your impudence you may find it'll be a long time before you collect your bill.'

'It's been a long time already,' said Peter, 'and I can't afford to wait any longer. My mind is made up;—if you don't pay me now, I'm going to stay here and board it out.'

Sharp colored, and looked at the door, and then at Peter.

'Come, come, young man,' said he, advancing with rather a threatening attitude towards Peter 'the sooner you leave the house peaceably the better.'

'Now, sir,' said Peter, fixing his black eyes upon Sharp, with an intenseness that he could not but feel, 'I am a small man, and you are considerable of a large one; but my mind is made up. I am not a going to starve, when there's food enough that I have an honest claim upon.'

So saying, he took his seat again very deliberately upon the sofa, Sharp paused; he looked agitated and angry; and after waiting a minute, apparently undecided what to do, he left the parlor and went up staire. In a few minutes, the servant rung for dinner. Mrs. Sharp came into the dining room and took her seat at the head of the table. Mr. Sharp followed and seated himself opposite his lady; and between them, and on the right hand of Mrs. Sharp, sat another lady, probably some friend or relative of the family.—When they were well seated, and Mr. Sharp was beginning to carve, Peter walked out of the parlor, drew another chair up to the table, and seated himself very composedly opposite the last mentioned lady: Mr. Sharp colored a good deal, but kept on carving. Mrs. Sharp stared very wildly, first at Peter, and then at her husband.

'What in the world does this mean?' said she. 'Mr. Sharp, I didn't know we were to have company to dinner.'

'We are not.' said the husband. 'This young man has the impudence to take his seat at the table unasked; and says he is going to board out the amount of the bill.'

'Well, really, this is a pretty piece of politeness,' said Mrs. Sharp, looking very hard at Peter.

'Madam,' said Peter, 'hunger will drive a man through a stone wall. I must have my board somewhere.'

No reply was made to this, and the dinner went on without any further reference to Peter at present. Mr. Sharp helped his wife, and then the other lady, and then himself, and they all fell to eating. Peter looked around him for a plate and knife and fork, but there were none on the table but what were in use. Peter, however, was not to be baffled. He reached a plate of bread, and tipping the bread upon the table cloth, appropriated the plate for his own convenience. He then took possession of the carving knife and fork, helped himself bountifully to meat and vegetables, and commenced eating his dinner with the greatest composure imaginable. These operations on the part of Peter had the effect to suspend all operations for the time on the part of the rest of the company. The ladies had laid down their knives and forks, and were staring at Peter in wild astonishment.

'For mercy's sake, Mr. Sharp,' said the lady of the house, 'can't we pick up money enough about the house to pay this man his five dollars and send him off? I declare this is too provoking I'll see what I can find.'

With that she rose and left the room. Mr. Sharp presently followed her. They returned again in a minute, and Mr. Sharp laid a five dollar bill before Peter, and told him he would thank him to leave the house. Peter examined the bill to see if it was a good one, and very quietly folded it and put it into his pocket. He then drew out a little pocket-inkstand and a piece of paper, laid it upon the table before him, wrote a receipt for the money, which he handed to Mr. Sharp, rose from the table, bowed to the company and retired, thinking as he left the house that he had full enough of the custom of Solomon Sharp, the importer.

Peter Punctual still followed his vocation of circulating magazines. He had no intention of ever darkening the door of Solomon Sharp's store again. but somehow or other, two or three years after, as he was canvassing for subscribers in the lower part of the city; he happened to blunder into the same store accidentally without noticing the name upon the door. Nor did he discovered his mistake, until he had nearly crossed the store and attracted the attention of Mr. Sharp, himself, who was at his accustomed seat at the desk where Peter had before so often seen him. Peter thought, as he had got furly into the store, he would not back out; so he stepped up to Mr. Sharp without a look of recognition, and asked if he would not like to subscribe for some magazines.—Mr. Sharp, who either did not recognise Peter, or chose not to appear to recognise him, took the magazines and looked at them, and found a couple he said he would like to take, and inquired the terms. They were each three dollars a year in advance.

'But I don't pay in advance for anything,' said Sharp. 'If you have a mind to leave them at my house, to be paid for at the end of the year, you may put me down for these two.'

'No,' said Peter, 'I don't wish to take any subscribers, but those who pay in advance.,

Saying this, he took up his specimens, and was going out of the door, when Mr. Sharp called him back.

'Here, young man you may leave those two at any rate,' said he, and here's your advance,' handing him the six dollars.

"Where will you have them left?' said Peter.

'At my house, up town,' said Mr. Sharp, describing the street and number.

The business being completed, Peter retired, much astonished at his good luck. He again became a monthly visiter at Mr. Sharp's door, where he regularly delivered to the servant girl the two magazines. Two or three months after this, when he called one day on his usual round, the girl told him that Mr. Sharp wanted to see him, and desired he would call at the store. Peter felt not a little curious to know what Mr. Sharp might have to say to him; so in the course of the same day he called at Mr. Sharp's store.

"Good morning, said Mr. Sharp as Peter entered; 'come, take a chair, sit down here.'

Peter, with a 'good morning, sir,' did as he was desired.

'Ant you the young man,' said Mr. Sharp with a commical kind of a look, 'who sat out to board out a subscription to the New England Magazine at my house two or three years ago?'

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