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

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THE MARQUIS LOUVOIS, AND HIS FULL DRESS SUIT.

BY THE DUTCHESS OF ABRANTES.

M. de Ligny, who had been receiver general of the finances, left at his death a very large fortune, which was to devolve, on the death of their mother, to his two daughters. The elder, a charming creature, a perfect miniature, possessing an excellent heart, gave her hand to the Marquess de Louvois, son of Marquess de Souvre, one of the wittiest, most malicious, and wealthiest men in France.

M. de Louvois was an eccentric character; he was amusing, after all, and when the public witnessed the scenes that passed at Louvois, people were happy to be able to indulge the hearty laugh which real fun provokes. M. de Louvois was not an example of filial submission, but what cared the spectators for that? Hence, when the tidings of some new trick played his father by M. de Louvois, reached Paris, people laughed at it, and still they laugh at the recollection of these pranks.

I am almost a Burgundian myself, and the strange doings of M. de Louvois have been recounted to me in the province itself by my relatives, who had a large collection of his crimes. Here is one of them, the truth of which was attested to me by Madame de Marlague, a very amiable woman, who had at that time an estate near Ancy-le-Franc.

M. de Louvois was very extravagant. His father the Marquess de Souvre was extremely parsimonious, and when he had run through his allowance, he would not send him any more money. This strictness had not the effect of making M. de Louvois at all more frugal, on the contrary, he ran in debt and matters soon came to such a pass that his tradesmen refused to give him further credit.

He was then at Brest, I believe, or in some other town on the coast of Bretagne; he was about leaving his garrison to return to Louvois, and had not a louis for the journey. He was put to his shifts, as he presently showed. He sold all his clothes, keeping nothing whatever to travel in but an old worn suit, which his valet de chambre had thought not worth accepting. In short, he set out for Louvois in the state of the prodigal son.

When the Marquess de Souvre saw his son in this trim he was much pleased; he thought at first that it was out of economy that he had selected his worst suit for travelling; but when, for some days after his arrival, he still saw him in the same clothes, he inquired if he did not mean to change his dress.

"That I should find it difficult to do, sir," said he.

"How so?"

"Because I have brought no other clothes with me, my whole wardrobe is left at Brest, together with my uniforms."

"Why you must be out of your senses! was there ever such stupidity! The day after to-morrow I shall have a dinner party of fifty. How can you think of showing yourself in such a plight.'

"But, sir, that may be very easily remedied. I'll send for a tailor from Ancy-le-Franc, and get a suit made by to-morrow evening; but I must beg you to advance me twenty-five louis for the purpose. I don't think the tailor of Ancy-le-Franc will ——

"Aha!" cried M. de Souvre, in a rage, 'is that the reason why you are come home like a real prodigal son! Well, sir, you may finish the comedy alone as you have begun it. I shall not advance you a single sous."

'That is your final determination, sir,' said M. de Louvois drily.

'It is: you shall not have to boast, this time, that you have mystified me, sir.'

M. de Souvre had been informed that in the preceding year, his son had related to a party of officers at supper how he had contrived to get a fresh supply from his father. This *filial mistification*, as M. de Louvois called it, was destined to cost him dear, but it was also destined to give rise to the most amusing adventures. M. de Souvre resolved to use severity towards his son, but M. de Louvois was not a man whom it was possible to correct.

On going up stairs to his apartment he paced to and fro for a long time before he could decide what course to pursue. At length an accidental glance at the walls of the room suggested an idea equally comic and original, which he lost no time in executing. He ordered his valet, whom he employed in all his scrapes, and to whom M. de Souvre bore a most cordial hatred, to go and fetch the village tailor. The valet conceiving that he had misunderstood him, the Marquess was obliged to repeat this order.—At length he comprehended that it was the tailor of Ancy-le-Franc whom his master wanted. He went, therefore, to fetch the man, who in his turn imagined that the valet was mistaken; and it was not without a sort of fear that he accompanied him to the *chateau*.

On entering M. de Louvois's apartment the tailor found him perched on a chair, having thrown off his old coat, and busy unnailing an old tapestry representing Tancred and Clorinda; the room was so full of dust, which came out of this tapestry, that they could scarcely see one another. When he had finished his job, M. de Louvois ordered the tapestry to be well beaten. This done, he gave directions that it should be brought back to the room, and then commenced the following curious conversation with the village tailor.

'You understand your business, I suppose,' said he to the tailor, astounded at all he saw, and occupied much more in guessing what the Marquess could be about than in thinking of own concerns, so that the question took him quite unawares; M. de Louvois repeated it, but in a sharper key.

'You understand your business, don't you, fellow?'

M. de Louvois, though very young, was already feared by his future vassals; nay, he was more than feared: and his excessive violence, which, after all, was frequently provoked solely on account of his father's severity, was one cause of the dread which the peasants on his domains entertained of him. The poor tailor stared at him without answering. At length M. de Louvois in a most energetic tone, asked for the third time, 'Do you understand your business, scoundrel?'

The epithet became stronger and stronger, and the tailor at last concluded that the Marquess was mad, as he afterwards said himself. He therefore lost no time in replying, 'Yes, Monseigneur.'

'Can you make me a complete suit of clothes by noon the day after to morrow?'

'Yes, Monseigneur.'

'Coat, waistcoat and breeches?'

'Yes Monseigneur.'

'Don't Monseigneur me, I am not your Seigneur, but give me a plain answer. Will you engage to make them out of a stuff that is not commonly used and that will be difficult to work? Consider before you promise.'

'Yes, Monseign——Yes, Monsieur Marquess,'

'Well then, take measure?'

The poor fellow took measure of M. de Louvois with as much gravity as the most eminent tailor of Paris could have done during the operation. This done, he awaited the orders of M. de Louvois. His valet, who knew the state of the tailor's purse, as well as that of his master's, stepped up to the latter, and whispered. 'Sir, the tailor has taken measure, but what is to be done, for stuff?'

M. de Louvois shrugged his shoulders, and turning to the tailor—'Take the tapestry that lies here' said he; you will find in this whole side that I have pulled down an ample allowance for a complete suit. Be off with your traffic, get to work, and be ready by noon the day after to morrow, or——,

This was certainly enough to make the tailor doubt whether M. de Louvois was in his sober senses—but his will was imperative. He concluded at last that gentlemen of distinction might have fashions which poor country-folks knew nothing about. He picked up the tapestry. Presently he began to think there might indeed be originality in such a dress, and he studied how to acquit himself of his task in the best manner. He contrived matters so that the two arms of Clorinda, one of which held a sword, should exactly form the two sleeves; and the body of the female warrior performed the same office on the back, and the lower part in the skirts. Tancred, whose legs were cased in buckskin, richly decorated with gilt lion's muzzles, furnished the two portions of the breeches. As for the waistcoat, it was slightly ornamented with the plumes of the two hemlets.

On the morning of the second day, M. de Louvois sent his valet, who was in the secret of this pretty affair, to the tailor, to keep him to his time. He had worked all night in order to keep his word. At twelve o'clock he was at the chateau, with the precious suit, which M. de Louvois put on with extreme delight. The thing had merit, for it was the middle of summer, and the heat was intense. And a strange figure M. de Louvois, then scarcely twenty, did cut, in a suit such as certainly never was seen since the day when Areton put on a dress of paper painted in oil to represent a rich stuff, in order to pay his court to the emperor Charles V. What completed the grotesque masquerade was a rich trimming of lace given him by the housekeeper, who had formerly been his mother's own woman, and who having been present at his birth, was fond of him, and *spoiled* him as it was said. On hearing of M. de Souvre's severity, she had endeavored to soften it; and she busied herself in making a frill and pair of ruffles of superb embroidered mechlin lace: to these she had added white silk stockings, and a neck-cloth of very fine India muslin. She knew no more about the tapestry than any body else, for the secret had been faithfully kept both by the tailor and the valet. 'At any rate,' said the good old woman, on delivering the things which she had provided to the valet, 'these will make some amends for the state of the dear boy's shabby suit of clothes . . . but, dear me, Monsieur Comtois, how could you let the Marquis de Louvois come home in such a state.'

M. de Louvois had, moreover, found means to provide himself with a decent sword, to which the housekeeper undertook to supply a sword knot. His valet out-did himself in dressing his hair. In short it was the strangest medley of congruous and incongruous things that can possibly be conceived. Thus equipped, he waited with an anxiety that he could never have imagined for the moment when he should make his triumphal entry into the saloon.

The guests began to arrive. M. de Louvois never stirred from his apartment at the coming of the first carriages, which brought only persons that were quite indifferent to him; but when those of Madame l'Intendante and some other ladies of distinction were announced, he darted forth, light as a sylph, and at the moment when the carriage stopped at the foot of the steps, there was he at the door, ready to give his arm to Madame l'Intendante, who at first fancied that it was a vision, and presently fell back on the seat of the carriage ready to die with laughing.

As for M. Louvois, he waited with imperturable gravity and most demure look till the mirth of the ladies should have expended itself, of which there was no great hope, for at every fresh glance they made some new discovery, which redoubled their mirth. At length the Intendante alighted from her carriage, and, committing herself to M. de Louvois was preparing to ascend the steps to the house, when the Marquis de Souvre himself came out to receive his guests; and his arrival heightened to the utmost the humor of the adventure. M. de Louvois said afterwards that till then the thing had gone on pretty well, but that in devising it he had especially reckoned on what he called the co-operation of his father.

As soon, in fact, as M. de Souvre perceived that strange figure gravely ascending the steps to the house with Clorinda on his arms, Trancred on his back, & the Intendante in his hand, M. de Souvre was ill-natured enough to fly in a passion. A man might be excused for being angry—but not to laugh—why that deserves no pity. Had M. Louvois done worse, it would have been no wonder. Be this as it may, the Marquis de Souvre, the moment he set eyes on his son, darted at him a look of furious indignation, which was intended to annihilate him; but M. de Louvois, being thus clad in the cuirass of Clorinda, all the shafts levelled at him fell harmless at his feet. In spite of them he continued to lead Madame l'Intendante as if in triumph, and his manner was not in the least changed under the incessant artillery of his father.

'Sir,' at length cried M. de Souvre, almost unintelligible with rage, 'Sir, what is the meaning of this masquerade?'

'Sir,' replied M. de Louvois, very respectfully, 'I had the honor to answer you the day before yesterday, when you ordered me to have for to day a different dress from that which I then wore, that I had no other, and I asked——'

'Enough? enough, sir!' cried M. de Souvre.

'I humbly beg permission to justify myself before these ladies,' said M. de Louvois, interrupting him, 'I asked you for money that I might get a suit made; you very justly refused me, for I have been much to blame . . . but I was obliged to obey you, sir, for I would not add disobedience to my other faults and so I got this dress made.'

I have heard this story told by an eye-witness of the fact, who declared that nothing could convey any idea of the figure of M. de Louvois. Carmontel painted in portrait by order of the Comte de la Marches, afterwards Prince of Conti, in his old tapestry costume. He, for his part, continued, grave and sedate, to hand the Intendante along, surrounded by above twenty persons, who had arrived since the filial, and paternal colloquy, and whose mirth, repressed at first, afterwards burst forth, as it may well be supposed, with the greater vehemence at such a representation.

HOW TO MAKE A YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

The following true story might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England.

It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough.—Meanwhile one spring passes after another and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress of her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, & to which those to whom Nature and Fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich.¶

Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight forward, man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly & coolly. 'You see,' said her father to him one day, 'Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandal-loving town not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her, and yet she is getting to be an old maid.'

'True' replied the uncle; 'but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done; it is a misfortune, but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and as wealthy as herself.

Away went the niece with her uncle. On the way home he thus addressed her: —'Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece; a young, wealthy, childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Col. Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year by a fall from his horse while hunting.'

'But uncle ——'

'Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels and whatever else you need your aunt will supply you with, and accustom your self to cast down your eyes.'

The keen-witted uncle introduced his neice everywhere and everywhere the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had the choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to accept the one that was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

'My dear sir,' he began, 'we have told you a untruth.'

'How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections——'

'Nothing of the kind: my niece is sincerely attached to you'

'Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?'

'On the contrary, it is larger.'

'Well, what is the matter, then?'

'A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day, when I was in a good humour: we would not recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow.'

'What! is Colonel Lumley living.'

'No, no, she is a spinster.'

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had ever considered himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

FRENCH ALMANAC.

January.—He who was born in this month, will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may be too much given to pay his debts but he will be complaisant and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month, will be a pretty prudent housewife; rather melancholy, but yet good tempered.

February. The man born in this month will love money much; but the ladies more, he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife, and a tender mother.

March. The man born in this month will be rather handsome, he will be honest and prudent: but he will die poor.—The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatterbox, something given to fighting, and in old age, too fond of the bottle.

April. The man who has the misfortune to be bone in this month, will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, who will ——, no doubt you understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with a little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker.

May. The man born in this will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June. The man born now; will be of a small stature, and passionately fond of children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, she will be married at 21 and a fool at 45.

July. The man born in this month will be fair, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female will be handsome and passable, with a sharp nose, but a fine bust. She will be rather of a sullen temper.

August. The man will be ambitious and courageous, but too apt to cheat.—He will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but the second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September. He that is born this month will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife who will cause him much uneasiness. The lady will be round and fair haired, wily, discret, affable, and beloved by her friends.

October. The man will have a handsome face, florid complexion: he will be wicked in his youth, and always inconsistent. He will promise one thing and do another and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little given to contradiction, a little coquetish, and sometimes a little fond of wine, she will give the preference to *l'eau de vie*. She will have three husbands who will die of grief, she will best know why.

November. The man will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

December. The man born in this month will be a good sort of a person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and a well proportioned body; she will be married twice, and remain poor, but remain honest.

ODD CHANGE.

There is great difficulty experienced, in these days of 'shin plasters,' in making change; but we have heard of two recent instances, where ingenuity was put in successful requisition to obviate the necessity of change. A rude fellow, while before the police magistrate for some nocturnal misdemeanor, was fined $9, for eighteen oaths, uttered in defiance of official warning that each one would cost him fifty cents. He handed a ten dollar note to the justice, who was about returning the remaining one to the delinquent, when he broke forth—No, no!—keep the whole! *I'll swear it out!*' And he proceeded to expend the 'balance,' in as round and condensed a volley of personal denunciation, as had ever saluted the ears of the legal funtionary. He then retired content. Something similar was the 'change' given to one of our hack drivers by a jolly tar, who was enjoying a sail in a carriage up Broadway. A mad bull, 'with his spanker boom rigged straight out afaft,' or some other animal, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, in the street, attracted Jack's attention, as he rode along; and unable to let the large plate-glass window down, he broke it to atoms, that he might thrust forth his head. 'A dollar and a half for *that!*'—'Vot of it?—here's the blunt!' replied the sailor, handing the driver a three dollar note; 'I can't change it,' said the latter. 'Well, never mind,' rejoined the tar; 'this'll make it right.' The sudden crash of the other window, told the driver in what manner the 'change' had been made—[*Knickerbocker.*

ANECDOTE.—At a late Temperance convention in one of our towns, the hotels being somewhat crowded, a couple of gentlemen called at a private dwelling to get accommodated for the night. The man of the house coming in soon after they had departed, inquired of his active and bustling helpmate the cause of so much unusual preparation and bustle. "Why, lay," replied she "dont you think we're going to have a couple *of total absent Alligators*, here to supper, and——, "*Alligators!*" exclaimed the old man, "why you mean *delegates*, don't you:" O, yes, "tis *delegates*," replied she, 'but no matter—it all magnifies the same meaning. you know."

ORIGINAL SIN.—Borrowing a newspaper.

UNPARDONABLE SIN.—Subscribing for a newspaper with no intention of paying for it.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—Receiving a newspaper three years, then cheating the printer and running off.

LONGEVITY.—The Journal of Commerce says there is a *young* couple at Nyack, who have lived together as a man and wife 72 years. Cornelius or Jacob Acker, the husband, is 96 years of age; Mrs. Acker, 92.

QUAKER COURTSHIP.—Hum! Yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wondrously to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. Hum! truly Obadiah, thou hast said, wisely, and inasmuch as it is written, that it is not good for man to be alone, lo and behold I will sojourn with thee, Hum!

A new idea.—One of our jokers the other day, on reading the deaths in a down east paper and seeing the ages of many on the list to be eighty and upwards, said he could'nt see how people afforded to live so long at the north; he was'nt but 30, and had'nt money enough to hold out much longer.

N. O. Picayune.

REMARKABLE ECLIPSES.—It is a singular coincidence, that on Monday last, the Administration and the Moon were both partially eclipsed about the same degree, namely, between 7 and 8 digits, i. e. nearly "*two thirds!*" The Moon soon came out again, bright as ever; but "the PARTY" still remain in the eclipse; and all the Loco Foco Matches in the world cannot restore them to that brilliant light which the Venus of Democracy rejoiced in, before Mr. Hamer's resolution was offered.—[Madisonian.

FRANCE.

EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.

The *Commerce du Paris*, put out a circular letter from the minister of commerce (M. Martin *du Nord*) addressed to Chambers of Commerce throughout France; this letter bears date the 5th of March, and professes to warn those bodies of the unsound state of the American banking affairs.

TO THE CHAMBER OF NANTES.

"Commercial crisis of the United States.

The government has received from the United States details relative to the numerous embarrassments of the present commercial and financial situation of that country.

"Placed between the fear of troubling prematurely the security of those who transact business with the States of North America, and the duty of neglecting nothing that might ward off from the trade of France the *contre coup* of extreme events, I think it better to lay before you the following despatch which has been received, that it may be communicated to such persons as it may concern. These accounts, without doubt, cannot be received without some degree of reserve at present; but, under the circumstances, I considered it better simply to call the attention of French commerce to what is passing in America.

"The commercial and financial crisis augments daily in force and intensity.—The major part of the banks of the five States of the East (New England) are in in a state of bankruptcy, and the federal government is much compromised for sums placed in those of these banks which are called State banks, or privileged banks. At present Boston bank notes are generally refused throughout New York. The course of exchange in the interior of the different States of the Union becomes daily worse &worse, in consequence of the enormous sums due by the east, south and west to New York; and Mr. Biddle to whom the commissioners of the different banks of New York have been sent, has positively declined, in the present state of domestic change, to make the bank of Philadelphia co-operate in a premature *reprise* of payment in specie, a measure which, he says, would be necessarily abandoned a fortnight after it had been adopted.

"This reply, and the attitude of the government which always threatens the country with its disastrous experiment of sub-treasury offices, have occasioned a fresh and ruinous fall in the public funds and no one can be astonished that the misery should be general, and have gained all classes, when the following authentic data of the immense reduction which the banks of New York have made in their affairs since the 1st of January, 1837, be looked at:

	Jan. 1837.	Jan. 1838.	Diminu.
Loans	79 313,038f	60,990 770f	18,312 318f
Circula.	24,198 000f	12,431,479f	11,665,522f
Specie,	6 657,020f	4,139 743f	2,417 289f
Deposit	30 156,194f	15,771,729f	14,382,565f

"There is not in the financial history of any people a similar example of so extraordinary a diminution, in so short a space of time. All engagements are consequently suffering. The delays granted to merchants in the commencement of 1837, for sums due are about to conclude, and the state of affairs renders the honoring of these engagements impossible. The Custom House bonds alone due to the Federal Government amount to $2,700,000, to be paid within the next 90 days. In fact, there is every appearance of almost as violent a catastrophe about next April as was experienced by the commerce of the United States in the months of April, May, and June last.

(Signed)

"The Minister of Public Works, Agriculture and Commerce,

"M. MARTIN (du Nord)."

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY.—A striking commentary upon the state of the times, was made by Mr. Potter upon the basis of a simple fact relating to the town of Newport. There are in that town three large Cotton Factories, which give employ to 800 or 900 mechanics and laborers, both male and female. The owners have now, piled up in stores, manufactured goods to the amount of $170,000. Three weeks since they sent their agent to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to effect sales of these goods, and he returned having disposed of ONE BALE.

The owners of these mills, said Mr. Potter, can shut them up for five years and yet not feel very materially the loss. But what is to become of these six hundred poor laborers? You are taking the bread from their mouths!!

This is one example among thousands that might be offered of the condition of our country, and all brought upon us by the reckless experiments of Van Burenism.—[Providence Journal.

EARNEST MALTRAVERS.—Our novel-reading friends will be glad to learn, we suppose, that the Harpers have received and put to press the sequel of this tale. It is entitled "Alice, or the Mysteries, and will be forthcoming with great celerity.

U. S. Gaz.

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