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."

VOL. XXXI. EASTON, (MD) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1848. NO. 11.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

GEORGE C. GRAHAM.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

Advertisements

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

From Chambers' Journal.

MADAME LOUISE.

BY MRS. CROWE.

Louis XV. of France had, by marriage with Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland, two sons and several daughters These ladies were the aunts of Louis XVI., of whom we frequently find mention made in the history of that unfortunate monarch.

Madame Louise, the heroine of our story, was one of the youngest, and was also the one that took most after her mother in character. Marie Leczinska, was a pious, amiable, tender-hearted woman, and Louise resembled her in these characteristics; whilst the sort of education she received, being brought up in the abbey of Fontrevault, tended very much to increase the seriousness of her natural disposition; so that, after she lost her mother, though she continued to reside with her father at Versailles, or Paris, or wherever he might be, and so lived *in* the court, she was not *of* it, nor ever imbibed a taste for its splendors or amusements, and still less for its dissipations and vices. Notwithstanding all her virtue and piety, however, Louise was a woman still, and a woman with a tender, loving heart; and in a court where there were so many gay and accomplished cavaliers, it must have been next to impossible for that loving heart to remain untouched. But poor Louise had one safeguard against love, which pure and pious as she was, she would willingly have dispensed with—she was deformed. With a lovely and bewitching face, and eyes of inconceivable beauty, her figure was quite distorted, from the consequences of an unfortunate fall in her infancy. Without meaning to derogate from her merit, it is extremely possible that this misfortune may have considerably influenced her character, and led her to seek in heaven those consolations of the heart that she despaired of enjoying on earth.

Of course each of the princesses had a regular suite of servants, and of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and amongst these, each had an ecuyer and a lady of honor, who were in immediate and constant attendance on their persons. The office of the ecuyer was one which placed him in a peculiar situation as regarded his mistress; he placed her chair, opened the door for her, handed her up and down stairs, and accompanied her in her drives and walks, and, in short, wherever she went; so that, were it not for the respect due to royalty, it must have been difficult for a susceptible young man, or a susceptible man of any age, to be in this hourly attendance on a charming princess, and retain his heart entire. The deformity of poor Madame Louise, as well as her piety, however, were perhaps thought sufficient defences against any dangers of this description, as regarded either party; for, without some such confidence, it would seem a great oversight on the part of the king, to have placed in this necessarily intimate relation with her, one of the most fascinating men about the court; for such, by universal admission, was the young Vicomte Anatole de Saint-Phale, who was appointed ecuyer to the princess upon the marriage, and consequent resignation, of the Baron de Brignolles.

At the time of his appointment, Saint-Phale was not much more than twenty years of age, the son of a duke, handsome, accomplished, eminently agreeable, and with a name already distinguished in arms. He had himself solicited the appointment, and it had been granted to his own wishes, and the influence of his father, without demur; Madame Louise, when the thing was mentioned to her, making no objection.—Indeed, she had none. The Vicomte was but little known to her; for, avoiding the court festivities as much as her father would permit, and when she did attend them, appearing there rather as a spectator than a partaker—beyond the general characters and the personal appearance of the gay cavaliers of the court, she knew nothing of them. She had always heard Saint-Phale's name coupled with the most flattering epithets; she had also heard that he was brave, generous, honorable, and extravagantly beloved by his father and mother; and her own eyes had informed her that he was extremely handsome. To the latter quality she was indifferent; and the others well fitting him for his office about her person, she signed his appointment without hesitation, little dreaming at the moment that she was also signing the fiat of her own destiny. In due time the Baron de Brignolles took his leave, and the Vicomte entered on his duties; and it soon appeared evident to everybody, that he had not sued for the situation without a motive. The princess' lady of honor was the Comtesse de Chateaugrand, Anatole's cousin; and with her he was, to all appearance, desperately smitten. He wore her colors, as was the fashion of the gallant world at that period; paid her the most public attentions, and seemed determined not only to be violently in love, but that all the world should know it.

There was, however, nothing very surprising in this. The Comtesse de Chateaugrand was a widow, with a considerable fortune, and though nearly ten years older than Anatole, she was still extremely handsome; added to which, she was very amiable, much esteemed by her mistress, and she and the young Vicomte had always been on the most friendly terms.—His passion, therefore, as we have said, excited no surprise in anybody; but whether the lady returned it, was altogether another affair, and was indeed a question that created considerable discussion amongst the curious in these matters.

"But she looks so happy—so calm!" said the young Duchesse de Lange.

"And why not, when she has every reason to be so?" answered the Comtesse de Guiche. "Are not his attentions unremitting? What can she desire more?"

"Ah! true," replied the other; "happy, if you will, but calm!"

"Well, and why not calm?" repeated Madame de Guiche.

"Ah, one is never calm, when one loves!" returned the duchesse, with a little air of affectation.

"That is so like you!" returned the comtesse, laughing "You are so sentimental, my dear—a real heroine of romance. I maintain that Madame de Chateaugrand is perfectly content, and that she intends in due time to reward his devotion with her hand. I am sure he deserves it. Except waiting on the princess, he never does anything in the world but attend to her caprices; and I do believe she often affects to be whimsical, for the sake of giving him occupation."

"He certainly does not seem to recollect that there is another woman in the world beside the princess and his cousin," said the duchesse, with some little spite.

Many a conversation of this nature was held almost within hearing of one of the parties concerned—namely, the vicomte—and many a jest, besides, amongst his own companions, rendered it quite impossible that he should be ignorant of the observations made upon him and Madame de Chateaugrand; but he never showed himself disposed to resent this sort of interference nor did it cause him to make the slightest attempt at concealing his attachment; whilst the comtesse herself, though she could not be more ignorant than he of the court gossip, appeared equally indifferent to it.—The consequence was, as is usual in similar cases, that the gossip nobody seemed to care for, and which annoyed nobody, came less interesting; and gradually the *grande passion* of the Vicomte Anatole for his cousin, being admitted as an established fact whilst it was concluded, from the calmness of the lady's demeanor, that she had accepted his proposals, and that they were to be married some day, people began to think little about them; and except a hint now and then, that in all probability the true interpretation of the mystery was, that they were privately married already, very little was said.

But now there arose another bit of court gossip. "Observe, my dear," said the Duchess de Lange, to her friend, the comtesse, how fast Madame de Chateaugrand is declining in the princess' favor!"

"I am perfectly confounded at it," returned Madame de Guiche; "for certainly, her attachment to Madame Louise, is very great; in short, it is devotion, and the princess herself has always, till lately appeared to set the greatest value on it How is it that she, who never in her life showed the slighest tendency to caprice, should begin with such an injustice towards her most faithful friend?"

"It is inconceivable!" replied the duchesse. "But what do you think the Duc d' Artois says about it?"

"Oh, the wicked man!" returned the Comtesse de Guiche, laughing; "but what does he say?"

"He says it is the attachment between her and Saint-Phale that offends the princess; that she is so rigid that she can neither be in love herself, nor allow anybody else to be so; and that he has seen her turn quite pale with horror at the sight of the vicomte's attentions.

"Be in love herself—certainly not," said Madame de Guiche: "besides, to what purpose, poor thing, with her unfortunate figure? But I think she is much too kind-hearted to endeavor to cross the loves of other people. However, certain it is, that she is not so fond of Madame de Chateaugrand as she was."

And so, to her great grief, thought Madame de Chateaugrand herself. Louise, the gentle, the kind, the considerate, was now often peevish, impatient, and irritable; and what rendered the change infinitely more afflicting to the comtesse was, that all these ill-humors seemed to be reserved solely for her—to every one else the princess was as gentle and forbearing as before. So she was even to her at times still; for there were moments when she appeared to be seized with remorse for her injustice, and on these occasions she would do everything in her power to make amends for it; but as these intervals did not prevent an immediate recurrence of the evil, poor Madame de Chateaugrand began to think very seriously of resigning her situation, and so she told the vicomte.

"If you do, my dear Hortense," answered he, turning as pale as if she had pronounced his sentence of death—"if you do, I am undone!"

"Why?" said the comtesse. "You need not resign because I do."

"I should not dare to remain," answered he. "Besides, it would be impossible—I know it would! I have always told you so. But for you, I never could have undertaken the situation, as you well know I should have been discovered."

"But my dear Anatole, you can hardly expect me to remain here to be miserable; and I really am so," returned Madame de Chateaugrand. "It is not that I would not bear with her humors and caprices; I love her well enough to bear with a great deal more; but to lose her friendship, her affection, her confidence, breaks my heart."

"She must be ill," said the vicomte. "Some secret malady is preying on her, I am certain. Do you observe how her cheek flushes at times, and how her hand trembles?" To day, when I handed her a glass of water, I thought she would have let it fall."

"It may be so," returned Madame de Chateaugrand. "Certain it is, that she does not sleep as he used to do—in short, I believe she is often up half the night, walking about her room."

"I think his majesty should be informed of it, said the vicomte, "that he might send her his physician."

"I think so, too," answered the lady; "but when I named it to her, the other day she was very angry, and forbade me to make any remarks on her; and above all, enjoined me not to trouble her father with such nonsense."

"I am afraid her religious austerities injure her health," said Anatole.

"Apropos," returned the comtesse; "she desired me to tell you that she goes to St. Denis to morrow, immediately after breakfast, and that no one is to accompany her but you and me."

St. Denis, as is well known, is the burying place of the royal family of France, and there, consequently, reposed the remains of Marie Leczinska, the princess' mother; and it was to her tomb that Madame Louise first proceed alone, whilst her two attendants remained without. A long hour they waited for her; and Saint-Phale was beginning to get so alarmed at her absence, that he was just about to violate her commands by opening the gate of the sanctuary, when she came out, pale and exhausted, and with evident traces of tears on her cheeks. She then entered the precincts of the convent, requesting to be conducted to the parlor Even in a convent of holy nuns, who have abjured the world and its temptations, the *prestige* of royalty is not without its effect; and, on this occasion, the prioress came forth to meet the princess, whilst the sisters rushed to the corridor to get a peep at her, with as mundane a curiosity as the mob runs after a royal carriage in the streets of Paris o London, Louise looked at them benevolently, and, with tears in her eyes, and a sad smile, told them how much happier they were than those who lived amongst the intrigues and turmoils of a court. "Ah my sisters," she said, "how happy you should be! What repose of spirit you may attain to in this holy asylum!"

Alas! could she have looked into some of those hearts, what a different tale they would have told her! But when we are very miserable ourselves, that situation which presents the greatest contrast to our own, is apt to appear the one most desirable.

"There is amongst you, my sisters—that is, if she be still alive—a princess, at whose profession I was present, when, a child, with my mother," said Madame Louise. "Is the friend of Marie Leczinska here?"

"I am here," answered a sweet, low voice.

"Clotilde de Mortemart?" said the princess, inquiringly, looking in the direction of the voice.

"Formerly," answered the nun; "now Sœur Marie du Sacre Cœur."

"I would speak with you," said Madame Louise, taking her by the hand: "lead me to your cell."

Accordingly, whilst all the others retired, Sister Marie conducted her royal visitor to her little apartment.

"That stool is too inconvenient for your highness," said she, as the princess seated herself, "I will ask the prioress for a chair."

"By no means; it is what I wish," said Madame Louise. "Sit down opposite me—I want to talk to you. Nay, nay, sit!" she added; observing the hesitation of the nun. "Sit, in the name of heaven! What am I, that you should stand before me?" Would to God I was as you are!"

"How, Madame!" said the sister looking surprised. "Are you not happy?"

"Friend of my mother pity me!" exclaimed the princess, as he threw herself into the nuns' arms, with a burst of passionate tears—for they were the first open demonstrations of a long-suppressed grief.—"Tell me," she continued, after an interval as she raised her tearful face—"tell me are you really happy?"

"Yes," replied sister Marie, "very happy, now."

"Would you go back again to the world; would you change if you could?

"No never?" answered the nun.

"I remember your taking the veil,"—said Madame Louise, after an interval of silence; "and you will remember me probably, as a child at that time?"

"Oh, yes; well, quite well, I remember," replied the nun. "Who could forget you that had once seen you?"

"I was pretty, I believe as a child," said Louise.

"Beautiful! angelic! as you are now, my princess!" exclaimed Sister Marie, surprised for a moment, by her enthusiasm and admiration, out of her nun-like demeanor.

"As I am now?" said Louise, fixing her eyes on the others' face.

"Pardon me!" said the nun, falling at her feet, fearing that the familiarity had offended; it was my heart that spoke!"—"Rise, my sister," said Louise; "I am not offended; rise, and look at me!" and she threw aside the cloak which, with its ample hood, had concealed her deformity.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the sister, clasping her hands.

"You are a woman—you were once young yourself; and, as I have heard, beautiful also. Judge, now, if I am happy."

"But, my princess," answered the nun, "why not? Is there no happiness on earth nay, even in a court, but with beauty?—Besides, are you not beautiful? Ay, and a thousand times more so than hundreds that are not——"

"Deformed," rejoined Louise: "do not fear to utter the word; I repeat it to myself a hundred times a day,"

"This amazes me, said Sister Marie, after a pause, whilst her countenance expressed her surprise, as eloquently as words could have done. "Madame Louise, the fame of whose devotions and self-imposed austerities, has reached even our secluded ears, are they but the refuge of a mortified——"

"Vanity," added the princess, as respect again caused the nun to hesitate. "Not exactly: I cannot do myself the injustice to admit that altogether, for I was pious before I knew I was deformed. It was my natural disposition to be so; and my mother foreseeing how much I should need the consolations of religion, cultivated the feeling as long as she lived; and when I was old enough to be aware of my misfortune, I felt what a blessing it was that I had not placed my happiness in what seemed to make the happiness of the women that surrounded me. But it was not to speak of myself that I came here," continued Madame Louise, "but to ask a favor of you. Young as I was when you took the veil the scene made a great impression upon me; and I well remember my mother's tears as we drove back to Paris after she had bade you farewell. I remember also, when I was older, hearing a motive alleged for your resolution to retire from the world, which, if it would not give you too much pain, I should be glad to learn from your own lips."

The pale cheek of the nun flushed with a faint red, as she said, "What would my princess wish to hear?"

"Is it true," said Madame Louise, "that it was an unrequited love that brought you to this place?"

"It was," answered the sister, placing her hands before her eyes.

"Excuse me," said Madame Louise; 'you will think me cruel to awaken these recollections; but it must have been a bitter sorrow that could have induced you, so young, so beautiful, so highly born, to forsake the world and become a Carmelite?"

"It was," returned the nun, "so bitter that I felt it was turning my blood to gall and it was not so much to flee from the misery I suffered, as from the corruption of my mind and character, that I fled from the sight of that which I could not see without evil thoughts."

"Ah, there it is! I understand that too well!" said the princess; "you were jealous?"

"I was," answered the nun; "and what made it so bitter was, that the person of whom I was jealous was the woman I loved best in the world."

"You loved Henrie de Beaulieu, and he loved your cousin?" said Madame Louise. The nun covered her face with her hands and was silent.

"How cruel you must think me, to rend your heart by recalling these recollections!" continued the princess

"It is so long since I heard that name," said Marie, "I did not think I was still so weak."

"But tell me," said Louise, seizing her hand, "did your anguish endure long after you had entered these gates? Did repose come quickly?"

"Slowly, slowly, but surely," returned the nun, with a sigh. "Till I had taken the irrevocable vow, I had a severe struggle; but I never wavered in the conviction that I had done wisely; for it was only by this living death I could have ever conquered myself. Dreadful temptations had sometimes assailed me whilst I saw them together. Here I saw nothing—heard nothing, and my better nature revived and conquered at last."

"I see," said the princess, rising: "I comprehend it all!" and then embracing her, she added, "Pardon me the pain I have given you: it has not been without a motive. We shall meet again ere long."

On the following day, Madame Louise requested a private interview with the king, for the purpose of obtaining his permission to join the Carmelites of St. Denis. Louis was at first extremely unwilling to hear of the proposal. Louise was his favorite daughter; and he not only did not like to part with her, but he feared her delicate health would soon sink under the austerities of so rigid an order. But her determination was taken; and at length, by her perseverance, and the repeated assurance that she was not, nor ever could be, happy in the world, she extracted his unwilling consent. She even avowed to him that, besides her own private griefs, the being obliged to witness his irregularities, afflicted her severely; and as she believed that to immure herself in a convent, where she could devote her life to prayer, was a sacrifice pleasing to the Almighty, she hoped by these means to expiate her father's errors, as well as attain peace for herself. Fearing the opposition she might meet with from the rest of her family, however, she entreated the king's silence, whilst she herself communicated her resolution to nobody except the Archbishop of Paris; and he having obtained his majesty's consent in form, Madame Louise at length, on the 11th of April, 1770, at eight o'clock in the morning, bade adieu to Versailles forever. Accompanied by the vicomte and Madame de Chateaugrand, to whom, since her former visit to the convent, she had been all kindness, she stept into her carriage, and drove to St. Denis. As by taking the veil she renounced all earthly distinctions, and amongst the rest that of being buried with the royal family of France, she now visited those vaults for the last time; and having knelt for some minutes at the tomb of her mother, she repaired to the convent, leaving her two attendants in the carriage. The abbot, who, having been apprised by the archbishop, was in waiting to conduct her to the parlor, now addressed several questions to her with respect to her vocation, representing to her the extreme austerity of the order, which was indeed a sort of female La Trappe. She answered him with unshaken firmness; and then, without once looking behind her, she passed into the cloister, where the prioress and the sisterhood were informed of the honor that awaited them. She proceeded to the chapel, where a mass was performed; and having thus, as it were, sealed her determination, she requsted that her two attendants might be conducted to the parlor, whilst she, through the grate which now separated her from the world, told them that they were to return to Paris without her.

The effect of this unexpected intelligence on Madame de Chateaugrand was no more than the princess had anticipated. She wept, entreated, and expostulated: but the Vicomte de Saint-Phale, after standing for a moment as if transfixed, fell flat upon his face to the ground. Amazed and agitated at so unexpected a result, the princess was only restrained by the grating which separated them, from flying to his assistance; but before she could sufficiently recollect herself to resolve what to do, the prioress, fearing the effect of so distressing a scene at such a moment, came and led her away to her own apartments.

It would be difficult to describe the state of the princess' mind at that moment.—The anguish expressed by Saint-Phale's countenance could not be mistaken. He that she had supposed would be utterly indifferent to her loss! Why should it affect him thus, when had still with him his love, the chosen of his heart—Hortense de Chateaugrand? She did not know what to think: but certain it is, that the resolution which had been so unflinching an hour before, might perhaps, but for *pride*, have been now broken. With a bewildered mind and a heavy heart, she retired to her cell, and there kneeling, she prayed to God to help her through this last struggle.

From that time nothing more was known with respect to Madame Louise till six months afterwards, when, her novitiate being completed, she made her profession. On that morning the humble cell inhabited by the princess exhibited a very unusual appearance: robes of gold & silver brocade, pearls and diamonds, and a splendid lace veil, were spread upon the narrow couch. In this magnificent attire she was for the last time to appear before the world, and for the last time her own women were in attendance to superintend her toilet. When she was dressed, everybody was struck with her beauty; and as she wore a superb cloak, the only defect of her person was concealed.

Of course the profession of a "daughter of France" was an event to create a great sensation. All Paris turned out to see the show; and the road from thence to St. Denis was one unbroken line of carriages. Mounted officers were to be seen in all directions, the royal guard surrounded the abby, and the pope's nuncio came from Rome to perform the ceremony.

On this solemn occasion, of course the attendance of the princess' ecuyer and lady of honor was considered indispensable, and Louise had prepared herself to see them both; but instead of Saint-Phale, to her surprise she beheld advancing to offer his arm her former attendant, the Baron de Brignolles. A pang of disappointment shot through her heart: *he* had not cared, then, to see her for this last time, and she should behold him no more! She felt that she turned pale, and trembled, and she could not trust her voice to inquire the cause of his absence; but De Brignolles took an opportunity of saying, that hearing the vicomte was too ill to attend, he had requested permission to resume his service for this occasion. Louise bowed her head in silence—she durst not speak.

At that solemn ceremony were present Louise XVI., then dauphin of France; Marie-Antoinette, the queen of beauty, and the idol of the French nation; the Comte de Province, afterwards Louis XVIII; and the Comte d'Artois, who subsequently, as Charles X., likewise lost the throne.

After an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of Troyes, which drew tears from every eye, the princess retired for a few moments, and presently re-appeared, stript of her splendor, shorn of her beautiful hair, and clothed in the habit of the order. She was then stretched on the earth, covered with a pall and the prayers for the dead pronounced over her. When she arose, the curtain which closed the entrance to the interior of the convent was lifted, and every eye was fixed on it as she passed through the opening, to return to the world no more. As that curtain fell behind her, a fearful cry echoed through the vaulted roof of the abbey, and a gentleman was observed to be carried out of the church by several persons, who immediately surrounded him. Every one, however, was too much occupied with his own feelings at the moment to inquire who it was. On the ear of the new made nun alone the voice struck familiarly; or perhaps it was not her ear, but her heart, that told her it was the voice of Saint-Phale

Louise was a Carmelite; the profligacies of the king and the court proceeded as before; Madame de Chateaugrand, instead of marrying her cousin, Saint-Phale, married M. de Rivrement, to whom it appeared she had been long engaged; and Saint-Phale himself, after a long and severe illness, which endangered his life, quitted France for Italy, whither he was sent for the sake of the climate. At length, in 1777, when Lafayette astonished the world by his expedition to America, the vicomte astonished his friends no less by returning suddenly from the south, in order to join it; and in spite of the entreaties of his relations, he executed his design, and there he fell at the battle of Monmouth, in the year 1778.

He did not, however, die in the field, but lingered some days before he expired; during which interval he wrote farewell letters to his father and mother; and one also, which he entreated the latter to deliver according to its address, which was to "The Sister Therese de Saint Augustin, formerly Madame Louise de France."

As soon as the poor bereaved mother had sufficiently recovered the shock of this sad news, she hastened to St. Denis to fulfil her son's injunction; and the Sister Therese, having obtained permission of the superior, received and opened the letter. The first words were an entreaty that she would listen to the prayer of a dying man, who could never offend her again, and read the lines that followed. He then went on to say, that from his earliest youth he had loved her; and that it was to be near her, without exciting observation, that he had solicited the situation of ecuyer; but knowing that from the inequality of their conditions, his love must be forever hopeless, he had studiously concealed it from its object. No one had ever penetrated his secret but Madame de Chateaugrand. He concluded by saying, that when that curtain hid her from his view, on the day of her profession, he had felt the world contained nothing more for him, and that he had ever since earnestly desired that death which he had at length found on the field of battle, and which he had gone to America on purpose to seek; and asking her blessing and her prayers, he bade her farewell forever.

Poor Louise! poor Therese! poor nun! poor Carmelite! For a moment she forgot that she was the three last, to remember only that she had been the first; and falling on her knees, and clasping those thin, transparent hands, wasted by woe and vigils, she exclaimed, with a piercing cry: "Then he loved me, after all!"

Rigid as were the poor nun's notion of the duty of self-abnegation, such a feeling as this was one to be expiated by confession and pennace; but as nuns are still women, it was not in the nature of things that she should not be the happier for the conviction that her love had been returned—nay, more than returned, for Saint-Phale had loved her first, and if she had forsaken the world for his sake, he had requited the sacrifice by dying for her. It was a balm even to that pious spirit to know that she, the deformed, the *bossue*, as she called herself, who had thought it impossible she could inspire affection, had been the chosen object of this devoted passion.

Madame Louise survived her lover nine years; and they were much calmer and happier years than those that preceded his death. She could now direct her thoughts wholly to the skies, for there she hoped and believed he was; and since human nature, as we have hinted before, *will* be human nature within the walls of a convent as well as outside of them, she had infinitely more comfort and consolation in praying for the repose of his soul in heaven, than she could have had in praying for his happiness on earth—provided he had sought that happiness in the arms of Madame de Chateagrand, or any other fair lady.

GREAT WEALTH.—The Duke of Devonshire has an income of $1,850,000; Louis Phillippe is said to be worth $150,000,000; Sir Robert Peel $90,000,000; and John Jacob Astor $30,000,000.

EXCELLENT HIT.—Any one who looks at Horace Greeley's boots and breeches, could have no doubt that he is in favor of clay, and no friend of tailor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WORTH SEEING.—The editor of the Pittsburgh Despatch has seen a beautiful copy of the Declaration of Independence—singnatures and all—*engraved upon one side of an American dollar.*

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-1265.jpg