

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1849.

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

MISCELLANEOUS. be distinctly heard. 'What shall I do?'

the second s

Pauline--- A Historic Sketch.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Pauline was an orphan adopted by some worthy citizen of Rue St. Honore, Paris, who having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop -a perfume warehouse-to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally the practical heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge away in the cafe, play billiards or cards half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a dignified and retired position, attending, not to the sales, but to the wholesale pur chases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. He and his wife shared the labors of the shop together; he keeping the books, while Pauline and Madam Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm which hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many -as young ladies who are pretty, modest and virtuous are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so wicked and selfish as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous

sooner was he clear of the house, than he ers near the animal's nose, and then laid tered the hotel, asked to see the lieutenant. Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter The servants replied that he could not be with her fan. seen. It was 2 o'clock, and the fashionable dinner hour of that day-now six per. hours later. Not a valet dared disturd M. de Belisle from his meal: But Jean insist- the king gallantly, ed, stormed, implored; and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to pich him and had presented their boquets. The er!

omtain

danger!'

tone, bade them pluse.

Lieutenant,' said he; 'and show this per- warned her by a look. son into his private cabinet.'

guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was se- saying, 'Son of a king-brother of a king mered Pauline. vere and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the frotteur sit down and asked

midst of his dinner.

you of a plot against the king's life.

replied the prefect, who was used to pre- manner. tended denunciations from persons aiming 'Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?' at exciting attention and gaining money. But let me hear the details.' Jean related all the reader knows, and time a bunch of flowers; and always from added that the attempt on the king's life this quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to pun- ing. was to be made on that evening at the re- ish. I ordered you to desist from enquiring ception on the occasion of the eve of the into this mystery. Where is the man who it is absolutely necessary.' fete of St. Louis, when it was usual to saved me?' present the monarch with boquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison tenant, who knew well whence the blow so subtle, that the king on smelling it, came, and also that it descended from too would fall as if struck with appoplexy." exalted a hand and too near a relative to Belisle looked at Jean. His mien was agi- be noticed. tated: he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were exci- 'I am at your orders, sire;' and the lieuted, as if by deep indignation: The pallor tenant of the police bowed. M. Bertin de would have thought it!. of horror was on his countenance. But Belisle was far to honest a man to do as the prefect of police, remembering the most of his predecessors would have done ame Boulard resignedly. ers, was not wholly convinced. 'Are you sure,' said he to Jean, 'that 'I have brought this good man with me, woman! you have heard what you tell me? Be sire,' continued Bertin; 'he is in the guard careful. If you have done this from a room, all confused and alarmed at being in Jean Prevost entered, so well dressed, so mere motive of cupidity, and invented a a palace in his rude working dress. fable, you will pay dearly for it: the Bastile for liferepeat the king is in danger. I offer my would a courtier.' life as security for my truth!'

The ceremony commenced. The king, while a porter was taking down the shutthought he to himself: 'to-morrow is the as was the custom, took the boquets one ters of the shop, M. Boulard called his fete of St. Louis: I have no time to lose.' by one, thanking every giver by some wife and Pauline into his little office .--Jean left the room on the tip-toe, and sprightly word. Pretending to play with The good man's air was grave and a little with the utmost caution; then descending the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet annoyed. He had gone out the previous TEXT.-My friends I earnestly beseech, go away grumbling because you havn't the stairs, feigned to leave for dinner. No caresses, he placed every bunch of flow- evening, and returned at a late hour .---Pauline had long since retired to rest, but made for the prefecture of police, and en- it down on the mosaic table. Madame de M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke

'If they feel hurt?' she said in a whis-

. It is your spaniel, countess,' replied The foreign ministers had precedence,

out, Do not drive me out. I must see members of the royal family came next,

poor animal. It has died to make true the -never a king!' '

'I am informed of such plots every day,' who was at once struck by his solemn marry.'

with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

'Besides,' said he triumphantly, 'she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched frotteur to a substantial citizen-nev-

'Pauline,' began M. Boulard in the mor-Monseur de Belisle-the king's life is in having courteously allowed the diplomatic ning, 'I must speak seriously to you. It

corps to precede them. The king took the seems your marriage must be decided on It was on the eye of St. Louis, 1758, bequet from the hands of the nearest blood at once, since high people have troubled and the king was Louis XV. The ser- royal, who stepped back bowing. He themselves about it. But that I have spovants hesitated, looked at one another, and held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the ken myself with the minister of police-I the agent of police, struck by the man's poor brute sniffed it, reeled and fell dead! should think-never mind; I am not a fool. Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and But of course I should be wrong. Well, lose my way in a labyrinth of error-and, ·Go, repeat his words to Monseur le would have shrieked, but the king had Pauline, you must this morning decide .--

'Not a word,' whispered he; 'it is noth- you will never believe it, Jean Provost, the Jean recovering his breath, followed his ing! Drop the fold of your dress over the frotteur! Isn't it ridiculous?"

'Dear father, excuse poor Jean,' stam-

'I knew you would forgive him, child. The ceremony continued, Louis XV. But now you must decide freely, of your him his business in a somewhat petulant completely concealing his emotion, while own will between them. We have our tone-the tone of a man disturbed in the Madame de Pompadour smothered her wishes; but that is nothing; we leave you alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was wholly unbiassed. Speak out like a good 'I come sir,' said Jean firmly, 'to inform over, the king retired to his chamber, girl, and speak frankly.

and sent for the lieutenant of the police, But my dear father, I have no wish to

Short Patent Sermon. BY DOW, JR.

sentinel

My Hearers :- It should matter not to you whether I practice what I preach or | can draw an audience of a single listener not, so long as the medicine that I admin- and eventually retire with the satisfaction ister to your sin-sick souls is free from of having done the best I could as the old poison, and calculated to have a salutary lady said when she tried to coax the pigs effect. Good and wholesome advice should out of the corn with an empty swill pail.

never be rejected even though it comes from a thief on the gallows; and I flatter myself that, with all my mutual abominations, I am no worse than a condemned culprit. I don't want you to DO as I do. but as I SAY, and difficulties like deep fogs at a distance, would disappear as you approach them. Don't watch your preacher's movements from day to day, nor dog his diurnnal tracks along the serpentine walks of morality. I know that I often no doubt sometimes guilty of somnambu-Two lovers are at your feet-Alexis; and, lie derelictions from the true path of virtue persimmon tree. So mote it be!

-not unfrequently become entangled by briars where I expected to have found noth- Persian mode of Receiving a Foreign Ministering but beds of flowers-and now and then find myself up to my shirt collar in a mud hole. But there can be no earthly reason Persia: my friends, why you should follow my footsteps in all my wayward wanderings. When you see me go astray, be warned by the dangers and difficulties that besought me, and pursue the right path .--When you behold me in the pulpit, clad in the garments of grace and sanctity, with Majesty an hour was appointed for the But child, you must. You shall know a face as long as a petition to Congress, ceremony. His excellency, on arriving the reason another time. So now, child, and a heart heaving with the billows of in due season at their royal encampment desire for your temporal and spiritual welfare, lose, I pray you, all sight of the man of flesh; and listen to the preacher of truth and morality. You are the sheep-I am the sheep's head; ie. the head of the sheep. Perhaps you think that all I care for is the wool, and let your carcasses go to the dogs or to the devil; but, oh, my little flock you greatly mistake my disposition. 1 want to feed you with the salt of salvation -to m you into the green pastures of pure and heavenly pleasure-let you ramble along the flowery dales of delight-lie down beneath the cooling shades of contentment-drink from the refreshing fountains of hope-and shelter you from the bleak winds that blow in life's wintry season. This is my pride, my ambition, my end; and I dont care a counterfeit copper whether you cry 'bah' at my efforts or come forward and lick my hand in gratitude. My dear friends: the grand aim of my preaching is to make you all happy. As Grandfather Whitehead says, I wish I could make the whole world happy. If and then, for the first time in language of I could only bind you together in the just indignation, learned what even the bonds of perpetual love and friendship, I would end my labors in peace, and sink sigh, though what a poor frotteur can want to rest as calmly and gloriously as sets the golden-circled autumnal sun. I want to do away with all this jarring, jostling, bickering, backbiting, envying and quarrelling, with which this world is so easily from a seat of judgment and mercy, into infested. There is room enough in the thoro' fares of the world for us all to pass without sticking our elbows into each other's ribs, and space enough for us each to occcupy without trespassing upon the rights and privileges of our neighbor .er repeat it-that I have luckily saved the Oh! I long for the time to come when universal peace and harmony shall prevail among the children of earth-nations as well as individuals shall be joined together by the silken cord of affectionwhen swords shall be beaten into sheepshears, and muskets into mouse traps. It would give me unbounded joy to see the oldest country now in the face Jehovah's toad stool extending its broad arms like a kind father, and all the nations of the earth affectionately huddling together in its parental embraces. That's the sort of universal love, harmony and union, that I want to see brought about; and don't care whether you consider Texas as a tin-kettle yet to be tied to the tail of territory or not so long as you entertain a friendly feeling towards that and every other country on the face of the globe. My hearers: it has been said of old that it is much easier to preach than to practice at his palace of Verssailles, and far more preach. If you don't think so as a brother once remarked, should like to see you get up and try it. The case is with me, I can't bear to have my sentiments leaked out in driblets-they must come out with a grand rush, or not at all. My bosom oftentimes becomes so flooded with feelings as to sweep all my ideas into the thorax before they have time to be trans- go off, and then you'll get burnt as the formed into words, when they get wedged poor little boy did that got blowed up by

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pensive, gay and mirthful, according to the nature of my discourse; but when the contribution box goes round you put the eno rmous sum of nothing in it, and then You all to practice what I preach. got your money's worth. I shall keep on preaching, nevertheless, so long as I

> My worthy friends: to relish the pleasure of this world, you must partake of them as lightly as the humming bird that merely thrusts his bill into one flower and then is off to the next-to secure health, you must live temperately, rise early, let rum alone, and take plenty of exerciseto accumulate wealth you must be industrious, economical and persevering-and to make sure of happiness, you must be honest, kind to one another, contented with your lots, and kling to the belief in a better world to come, like a possom to a

A curious and dramatic scene is reported to have lately taken place at the Court of

The young Shah has been passing the holy month of Ramazan, which happens this year to coincide with the dog days, in a spacious garden not far from Teheran. The Edvoy of the great Christain sovereign, having demanded an audience of his was ushered into a tent, where he reposed a moment, while his arrival was announced to the Mehometan successor of Darius and Aerxes. Scarcely had he taken a seat, when his ears were assailed by the sound of repeated heavy blows, mingled with the most piteous cries of terror and agony. Scarcely had he time to comprehend that a grand public execution was the cause of these distressing sounds when he was seized by the Shah's attendants, and hurried forward to the royal presence. On his passage, a greater and more revolting shock awaited him. Executioners dragging the yet palpitating trunks of eight headless victims, decapitated before the Shah, met him in his path, and rudely shoved him aside to make way for their hideous train of carnage mutilation. On reaching the Court circle, pale agitated and confused, he remained for some seconds in an attitude of speechless horror. The Shah, with an air of composure which would have done him honor on the field of battle, inquired if the Envoy was unwell; most despotic court of Europe would think of the bloody and barbarous reception just given to its representative-Besides the appearance of insult offered to a friendly sovereign, no light shade of odium was cast apon the throne, when thus converted the shambles of a butcher. It is rumored that the king of kings, abashed by so well deserved a reproof, hung his head in the silence of youthful shame; and that the indignant envoy, on repeating his complaint to the Prime Minister, received the consoling assurance that he had probably earned by twenty minutes of annoyance, the satisfaction of putting an end to a barbarous and hateful practice, which though belonging to the good old times of Persia, was not the less scandal to the age, and a dishonor to the crown.

in their attentions: the one, a rich shopkeeper of the same street; the other a poor frotteur. Both were young, tolerably good looking, and it would be hard to say which was most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparut was rich: and Jean Provost was poor. It will be readily understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affections of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The good Boulards were highly flattered at his prefer ence. Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The frotteur-one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing floors of rooms-came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her fete day brought a single rose which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c., for his employers, who appreciated his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happy Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful were his tones, and how little he concealed to the young girl; but she kissed her adoptthe matter.

been an unfriended orphan, without home, mony.

'Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles.'

his happiness if she gave him a good natu- de Belisle and Jean Provost entered the twisted his cap in his hands quite unawares red word! Pauline could scarcely be blind royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of that he was pulling it all to pieces. to the open love of Alexis, or the conceal- the Eil de Bouf, and arrived secretly at 'Embrace your king,' cried Louis XV., gardens of Versailles, with a hundred louis ed affection of the poor frotteur; but how- the king's private apartments. Every with a grateful tear in his eye; this is your of monthly income, and a house large eever this may be, she said nothing; and precaution was taken to conceal the pres- first reward.' appeared to notice neither. But young ence of the minister of Police from the Laparut had spoken to old Boulard, Bou- courtiers, as thus the conspirators might 'I ask no reward but the feeling of having That you may understand my sudden rise lard had spoken to his wife, and his wife guess the discovery of their atrocious plot. saved your majesty. Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and ed mother so affectionately and said so had with him a long and secret interview. and kissed him on both cheeks. gently that she wished not to leave home, In fact they parted only when at eight that the worthy woman was silent, and put o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of off a little while any serious discussion of Treaties, to receive the respectful homage is XV., who was capable of very good of all the foreign ambassadors, princes, emotions. Jean, meanwhile become somber and and courtiers, who on this occasion were thoughtful, he dared not hope, he dared all received in state. The lieutenant of not even think of making an offer; he, a the police joined Provost, guarded in a shall have." poor workman with uncertain means of private chamber by two exempts, and sat obtaining a livelihood, and so far beneath down to a hurried meal, in which he invi- whispered Jean Provost. the position of her he loved. Had she ted the frotteur to join him without cere-

he would have joyfully offered his heart, Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the frotteur shall sup to night, with the king and the only fortune he had-honest la- Hall of Treaties and seated himself on the whose life he saved and tell his story.bor. While thus depressed, an event oc- throne at the end of the apartment. Before Belisle, send a coach for him in the morncurred which drove Pauline completely him was the magnificent round table given ing, or rather come yourself. I will give py. They went down to Versailles to live out of his thoughts. One day he was sent to Louis le Grand by the Republic of you further instructions about this matter. in the house the king gave them, and livfor to wax the floors of a house near the Venice, and which was now destined to But silence, my friend: not a word." Palais Royal, the apartments of which receive the spected and rare boquets offer- The lieutenant of the police retired, and were generally devoted to the pleasure ed on this occasion by the royal family, Louis XV., who was always delighted at parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was the grand officers of the household, and novelty and unexpected amusement, took the elever years, that the king lived he well known and trusted, was told to wax the members of the diplomatic corps to the frotteur just as he was, to the Trianon, never wanted boquet of some kind when let me tell you it is no easy matter to the floor of every room then unoccupied. the king. 'The crowd was gay and gor- where he was to sup with Madame de He obeyed, and soon found himself in a geous. Every variety of costume, bright, Pom padonr; and there, in the presence of chamber, of luxurious appearance, sur- rich and resplendent, shown beneath the the beautiful court favorite, made him tell rounded by pictures which told of rural blaze of light which showed off the bril- his story, which Jean did with a naviette, love and happiness. Jean had seen them liance of the diamonds on the women .- truth and sincerity which deeply interested death there were two who shed genuine often before; but they had never affected The king, who despite his frivolity, had the king, used wholly to another atmos- tears, and cast many a garland on his tomb him so much, and forgetting time, place great courage, and a fund of good sense, phere. Next morning Louis, after shakand his duties, he leant on the stick which which with other education, would have ing Jean warmly by the hand, and hold- line his wife. held the wax, and fell into deep thought. made him a different man, was by no ing a private conference with Belisle, said Suddenly he was startled by voices in the means moved, but smiled graciously on 'you shall have a house in the park, my next room; a horrible sentence caught his Madame de Pompadour, and carressed friend, near the Trianon. You shall be ear and justified his listening. Pale and her favorite spanicl, which sat upon a honorary head gardener, with a hundred terrified he hearkened to every word, and stool between them, and at their feet. moved not, for fear of being discovered .--

.You are correctly informed, Belisle .- vou must speak out. Which is it to be-Last year the dagger of Damaines; this Alexis or Jean,'

'Close at hand, sire;' replied the lieu-

'Bring him to me.'

it to themselves.

'So much the better,' said the king; started.

Bertin went out, and returned leading the frotteur by the hand. Jean Prevostbold, stout fellow though he was-trem- with such a wife is more than I can ima-It was a very short time after, when M. bled, held down his head, and turned and gine.'

'Come hither,' and the king seized him, 'I am unworthy of such honor.'

'What can I do for you?' asked Lou-

'I ask nothing, sire.'

'But I insist. Whatever you ask you

'If your majesty could give me Pauline,'

'Oh, oh!' laughed Louis XV., once more himself again; 'a love affair. Come, the

louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a boquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude. Next morning at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and

'Must I speak now?' said Pauline blush-

'Yes, child ' put in Madame Boulard;

'Then, dear papa dear mamma, if its all the same to you, I like Alexis-

'I knew it!' cried the delighted Boulard. 'Very well; but-I-love-Jean.' And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing poutting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and both cried 'I never

'But perhaps it's for the best,' said Mad-

'Perhaps,' replied Boulard with a melancholly shake of his head. 'Oh woman,

A knock came to the door, and then proudly happy, so handsome, that all

'it is at least an honest costume and an 'I am come to know my fate,' cried 'Put me to the rack if you like,' cried honest occupation. Bring him in Mon- he, but the rogue had heard the last words Provost: 'it will not alter my words. I sieur; I will receive him better than I of the old conple through the half-opened door.

'She is yours,' cried M. Boulard with a

'I am not a poor frotteur, 'said Jean, 'I am honorary head gardener of the royal nough to hold us all if you will come and 'Sire,' said Jean, falling on his knees, live with us, and sell your business .--I may tell you my new parents-but nevking from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV. has shown his gratitude to the poor frotteur.'

·Monsieur Jean-The young man smiled; he had never been called Monsieur before.

'Monsieur Jean here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake we hesitated; There take her, and may you both be as happy as we have been;' and the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple who had searcely looked at one another.

They were married and they were hap ed there long after Louis XVI's death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for wonderful, he never forgot the action of the frotteur, nor ceased to bear it in grateful and pleased remembrance. At his -and these were Jean Provost and Pau-

IF Resolutions in favor of the annexation of Cuba to the United States, have together-completely damned up for a mobeen introduced into both houses of the ment. Then a breakage takes place, and Vermont Legislature. down goes a perfect deluge of homely eloqueace, which, by right ought to wash 'Give me a kiss, my charming Sal,' A lover said to a blue-eyed gal; 'I won't.' said she, 'you lazy elf, manner. It is true that you look sad, in our parts.' Screw up your lips and help yourself.

IF The latest definition of a 'kind husband' is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child on one arm, and pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

Our chambermaid Sally, who 'expects to have a husband of her own when her turn comes,' says 'if that is a description of a kind husband, it's a meaner 'kind' that she wants any thing to do with.'-She says her idea of a kind husband is 'a nice young man, who will fetch the wood and water, do the churning, shake the carpets, cord the bedsteads, run errands, rock the ----.' Sally having forgotten some thing up stairs, suddenly leaves the room without finishing the sentence. -Exchange.

13 Don't dear,' said Mrs. Partington to a child playing with a powder horn, 'don't touch the pesky thing, for it may a pound of shot.

He had discovered an awful and frightful *This is not borrowed from the poisoning of secret; and he was a dead man if caught Catherine de Medicis. The narrative is hisin that room, the ill joined wainscot of torical, and to be found in full detail in the which allowed every thing in the next to Archives of the police.

.What's the state of morals in your district?' said a long faced reformer to a every old grease-spot of sin from your farmer who recently visited town. Pretsystems. But you don't seem to appre- ty good, replied the farmer; every body ciate me and my sermous in a proper seems disposed to mind his own busines