

A Woman's Intrigues.

If the Parisian mob which does not hesitate to pillage churches and convents, has spared that magnificent treasure-house of art, there is still hanging in the gallery of the Louvre a little crayon drawing done by La Tour, which possesses rare historic interest. The picture represents a noble lady in the prime and pride of her youthful beauty. The slender and elegantly formed neck rises from superbly shaped shoulders; the head is cast in the finest mould of classic loveliness; the broad and somewhat severe brow softened by eyes of tender hue and wonderful brilliancy; the nose is as perfect in outline as if Phidias had chiseled it; the lips are slightly compressed and sarcasm rather than smiles linger about them; and over the whole countenance there is flung that nameless, indescribable something which betokens daring and unscrupulous ambition, coupled with exquisite tact and relentless fascination. The costume is that of the middle of the last century; the hair being slightly powdered, a flowing, elaborately flowered brocade robe displaying the prettiest of feet, sheathed in red heeled slippers of quaint yet tasteful design. On the table upon which she leans are a number of volumes, among which we see Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws and Encyclopedie;" and an open album showing a small engraving of an artist plying his cunning graver in the portrayal of sensual lineaments of Louis XV. For this stately dame is Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, better known to fame of a questionable sort under her courtly title of Madame de Pompadour. As a personage who, by her own misdeeds, and the pernicious influence she exercised upon her royal paramour, contributed as much or more than any other one to the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, and the political chaos in which France has struggled for nearly an hundred years, she deserves and shall receive brief attention at our hands.

The father of Pompadour—or, as the old chronicler wickedly phrases it, "her mother's husband"—was attached to the commissary department of the French army; though some biographers assert that he was a butcher of the Invalides, condemned to be hung; and Voltaire declares he was a farmer of the Ferte sous Jowarre. But without discussing the question of paternity, it is sufficient for our purpose to know that Jeanne Antoinette was born in Paris in the year 1722—and when quite an infant was adopted by the Fermier-general, Lenorman de Tournheim, who appears to have cherished for her a most ardent affection. As soon as she was old enough, he gave her every advantage for intellectual culture; procured the best music and drawing-masters Paris could furnish, and took the greatest delight in the rapid development of his protegee.

Her beauty, grace and precocity speedily attracted the attention of such literary celebrities as Fontenelle, Voltaire, Duclos and Crebillon, who were regular visitors at Tournheim's mansion; and they spread the story of her acquirements and her charms far and wide. Voltaire seems to have been on intimate terms with her, for in his memoirs he says "she once owned to me that she had a secret sentiment she would be loved by the king, and that she cherished in secret a violent inclination for him."

This strange idea evidently had gained a strong hold upon the young girl's mind, and aided in the formation of her life, and we are told, even went so far as to familiarize herself with the etiquette of the palace, and the details of those ceremonials in which queens take part. Meanwhile she was only Mlle. Poisson, an obscure maiden, upon whom the dangerous sunshine of royal favor was never likely to fall.

Monsieur de Tournheim was a bachelor and immensely rich; he had a nephew whom he intended should inherit the bulk of his property, while at the same time his adopted daughter was to be liberally provided for. Naturally it occurred to him that if the young folks could intermarry it would save all trouble in the division of the estate, increase his own happiness, and be exceedingly advantageous to them. He proposed the alliance and met with no opposition from either. Lenorman d'Etoilles, an amiable and inoffensive person, was already madly enamoured with his prospective bride, who for her part was thoroughly indifferent—"accepting him," as she said, "with resignation, as a misfortune which was not to last long." There is no doubt that this matchless intrigue commenced to lay her plans for the conquest of a royal lover while the orange blossoms were yet fresh upon her brow; for she immediately arranged her household in accordance with the most aristocratic requirements, gathered in her saloons the most famous wits and beaux of the day, and did all in her power to pique

the curiosity and secure the homage of Louis.

In the gorgeous apartments of the Hotel d'Etoilles might be seen Fontenelle, who believed in nothing; Voltaire who believed in less; Maupertuis and Montesquieu, both sceptics and mockers; and a host of kindred spirits who delighted to bask in the smiles of their gracious hostess, and offer the incense of adulation and flattery at her altar. In such an atmosphere the principles of a salut would have become contaminated; but Madame d'Etoilles was no saint—only the sweetest of sinners; and she grew in knowledge and in fascination, waiting impatiently for the time when she could bring these forces to bear upon the throne itself, where sat the idol of her dreams.

Among the ruses and literateurs who fluttered around her shrine was one person for whom our heroine seems to have felt a pure and unselfish regard—Pierre Bernard, a poet of considerable celebrity whom Voltaire nicknamed "Le Gentil Bernard." She was accustomed to pet him like a spoiled child, and he returned her kindness with a devotion which never changed while life lasted. When she had attained the summit of her ambition, and the patronage of the kingdom was at her disposal, she said to him one day—"What can I do for you, my dear poet?"

The poor rhymer could not utter a word, but simply raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. The marchioness received the caress with a laugh, merely remarking—"Go to, Pierre, you will never get on in the world." She gave him, however, the appointment of librarian to the king, and built for him at Choisy a charming cottage ornee, which his brother bards used to call "the Parnassus of the French Anacreon."

Meanwhile Mme. d'Etoilles passed for—and for all we know was—the model of the virtuous wife; always declaring that no man living could ever alienate her affections from their legitimate lord, unless that man should be the king of France. Louis heard of this curious reservation in his favor, but contented himself with saying—"I should very much like to see this husband."

The lady then prepared to go to Mahomet, as Mahomet showed no disposition to come to the mountain; and she began her attack in a thoroughly feminine manner. Monsieur d'Etoilles owned an old chateau in the forest of Senart, and madame's health suddenly failing, her skillful physician recommended a change of air and scene. What better place could there be for a temporary home than the leafy dells of Senart? especially as the king was in the habit of traversing the forest with horn and hounds. The chateau was accordingly repaired and refurbished, and the amiable invalid took up her residence there. In order to facilitate her recovery she had built three or four elegant carriages of different styles, and in these she drove out every day when the weather permitted; "sometimes," says Soulavie, "arrayed as a goddess from Olympus; sometimes as an earthly queen; at one time she would appear in an azure robe, seated in a rose-colored phaeton; at another in a robe of rose color in a phaeton of pale blue." She met the royal cortege frequently. On the first occasion Louis took no notice of the brilliant equipage or its mistress; on the second he complimented the horses; on the third he complimented the carriage, and on the fourth he made some trifling remark upon the lady's beauty. But matters went no farther.

Baffled in her attempts on this line, she tried another. Private theatricals were gotten up on a grand scale at the chateau; the court was invited and came, and Madame d'Etoilles assumed the principal parts. But she strove in vain to tempt the king behind the scenes; Madame de Chateauroux was the reigning favorite then, and was shrewd enough to see through the designs of her rival, and kept the inconstant monarch always within the limits of the royal box. So two seasons passed away, and then the star of the bold adventuress began to rise above the horizon. Chateauroux was dead, and the grand Turk needed another sultana—and the sultana was ready. In December, 1744, there was given at the Hotel de Ville a series of brilliant fetes; the ladies who attended being required to wear masques. Thither, of course, went the aspiring spouse of poor d'Etoilles; and, during the evening, she contrived to have a *tete-a-tete* with his majesty, when the conversation ran in this wise:

"Sir," said the lady, "you must explain to me, if you please, a strange dream. I dreamed that I was seated on a throne for an entire day; I do not affirm that this throne was the throne of France, yet I dare assert that it was a throne of purple, of gold, and of diamonds. This dream torments me; it is at once the joy and torment of my life. Sir, for mercy's sake interpret it for me!"

"The interpretation is very simple," replied Louis, "but in the first place it

is necessary that velvet masque should fall."

"You have seen me."  
"Where?"  
"In the forest of Senart."  
"Then," said the king, "you can divine that we should like to see you again."

The finale of such an interview can be easily imagined; but Madame d'Etoilles having paid the price, was determined to enjoy the substantial fruits of the perilous investment. A month or two later she drove to Versailles and demanded a personal audience with the king. She was shown into the cabinet of Louis, and made her point thus:

"Sir, I am lost! My husband knows my glory and my misfortune. I come to demand a refuge at your hands. If you do not shelter me from his anger, he will kill me!"

So Madame d'Etoilles entered the royal household as Madame de Pompadour, and never left it again until she went to her grave.

Yet the task she had undertaken was a hard one. Louis was thoroughly blasé; a worn out debauchee who required to be continually amused, and this amusement taxed all the ingenuity of his mistress. But her beauty, her accomplishments, and her tact were valuable auxiliaries, and she employed them perseveringly. Twenty times a day she would change her dress; change even her style of walking and conversation, in order to catch the attention of the fickle prince. Whole mornings she would pass at her toilette, with the king, who lounged in an easy chair and suggested the different costumes to be adopted. But in spite of all Pompadourian devices, Louis became wearied, and as a last resort she had a little theatre constructed, and selecting a choice company of actors and actresses, began a dramatic season at Versailles. The Duke de Valliere was stage manager and director, and abbe was promoted to the prompter's place, and no one of less rank than a marquis was admitted into the troupe. The audience was limited to a small selection from the proudest nobility of France, and the first piece presented was written by the poet Dufresny, and entitled "Le Marriage fait et rompu"—in playful allusion to the marriage of La Pompadour with her discarded husband, d'Etoilles. She herself was the only actress of any real merit, and in such characters as *Collette* in Rousseau's "Devin de Village," is said to have been wonderfully effective; playing with a truth and tenderness which completely captivated all who saw her.

The histrionic abilities of this marvelous woman completed the conquest of Louis, and from time forth, she reigned securely and without a rival. Born with instincts naturally noble and refined, she endeavored to make the monarch a patron of art and belles lettres, but the degenerate Bourbon was framed of too coarse material to be susceptible of such elevation, and she was forced to content herself with maintaining her position, and allow him to follow the bent of his own inclinations. That position was so firmly fixed that neither cliques nor cabals could shake it. Through her instrumentality the fall of the Jesuits was decreed; she set up and pulled down ministers; made and unmade nobles, and even shaped the diplomacy of the kingdom. "Not only," said she one day to her confidante, the Abbe de Bernis, "not only have I all the nobility at my feet, but even my lapdog is weary of their fawnings."

It was through her policy that Corsica was annexed to France, and thus Napoleon Bonaparte owes his birth as a French citizen to the far-seeing genius of Pompadour. Loving revenge as only a woman can, she rarely forgave and never forgot her enemies. An incautious word sent Latude to the Bastille; an unlooked couplet caused the exile of the minister Maurepas; and Frederick of Prussia's jest about "le regne de cotillon," laid the foundation for the Seven Year's war.

Every Sunday morning she held a reception, to which all the most celebrated artists and literary men at court were invited; and while the titled nobility of France were compelled to dance attendance in her ante-chambers, the two Vanloos, de la Tour, Boucher, Cochin, Duclos and Crebillon, were always promptly admitted and warmly welcomed. But La Pompadour grew old, and as years rolled by, they brought with them the indubitable marks of age. One night, during 1760, she was seized with a violent trembling, and next morning her face bore the traces of the first wrinkle. From that moment she showed herself in Paris no more, and at court only appeared in public by a candle-light, costumed like an oriental princess, crowned with a diadem of diamonds, her arms loaded with jeweled bracelets, and wearing a costly India shawl embroidered in gold and silver. In April, 1764, began the mortal illness, and when the cure of the Madeleine, who attended her death-bed, was about

taking leave, she whispered, "Wait a bit; Monsieur le Cure, we will go together." And those were the last words of Madame de Pompadour.

The heartless king ordered the corpse at once removed from the palace to her house in Paris, and standing by the window while the funeral train moved away in the midst of a violent hall storm, he remarked, with a grim smile: "The marchioness will have had weather for her journey." And this was the eulogy and epitaph of Madame de Pompadour.

Well might Diderot exclaim: "What now remains of this woman, the dispenser of millions, who overthrew the entire political system of Europe and left her country dishonored, powerless and impoverished, both in mind and resources? The treaty of Versailles, which will last as long as it can; a statue by Bouchardon, which will always be admired; a few stones engraved by Gay, which will astonish a future generation of antiquarians; a pretty little picture by Vanloo—and a handful of ashes."

Emerson's Lectures.

One evening, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was engaged in preparing his new lecture, Mrs. Emerson, who had that moment flattened her finger while trying to drive a nail with the smoothing-iron, thrust her head into the study, and said:

"See here, sir! I want you to drop that everlasting pen of yours for a minute or two at least, and go down to the grocery and get a mackerel for breakfast."

"My dear," replied Mr. Emerson, looking up from his work, "my dear, can't you go? You see I'm billed in a dozen places to deliver this lecture on 'Memory,' and it isn't half finished yet."

"And that's what you call your infernal lecture, is it?" said Mrs. Emerson, sharply. "A nice party you are to deliver a lecture on 'Memory.'"

"And why not, my love?" said Mr. Emerson, meekly.

"You never go out of the house that you don't forget to put on your hat or boots, and you never take a letter of mine to mail that you don't carry in your pocket for six months or a year, unless I happen to find it sooner. During the past thirty days you have carried out of this house and forgot to bring back no less than seventy-five or eighty umbrellas; and you know yourself the last time you went to church you took out your false teeth, because, as you said, they hurt your corns, and came away and left them in the seat. I say you are a nice man to talk to a cultured audience on 'Memory,' and if you don't trot right off to the grocery I'll expose you before you're twenty-four hours older."

Mr. Emerson started on a jump for the grocery, and when he got there he couldn't for the life of him recollect what he had come for.

A Sensational Item.

The other afternoon, just as the thunder of our new lightning press began its private earthquake in the basement, a youth of about ten summers, panting and exhausted, rushed into the office and gasped, as he held up a paper:

"Here you are—red hot—I'm in time, ain't I?"

"Too late to get anything in this issue—forms have all gone down," replied the urbane manager. "Anything important?"

"Well, I should think so. We wouldn't have it left out for anything. Everybody will be looking for it."

"Indeed! Something remarkable happened? Whole family murdered? City Hall on fire?"

"Oh, no little thing like that. This is something immense. How much would it cost, Mister, to stop the press?"

"About \$2,000," said the manager, getting excited.

"I don't think we've got that much in the treasury," said the boy, thoughtfully; "but it really ought to be done."

"Is it anything very pressing?" said the manager, winking at the bookkeeper; "perhaps we would get out an extra."

"Ah! that's just the thing—now you've struck it. You see we played the last game of the juvenile championship series to-day, and the Yellhards—that's our fellows—beat the Greenknees by fourteen runs; here's the official score."

And proudly handing over the record, he hurried home, to shake enough out of his savings-bank to buy four copies.

A Foolish Mistake

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—45 4t

MUSSER & ALLEN  
CENTRAL STORE  
NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public  
A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF  
DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS  
AND  
Mourning Goods  
A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED  
MUSLINS,  
AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS

And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of  
Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

NOTICE!

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Perry county, that he has a large and well selected stock of

- HARDWARE, GROCERIES, DRUGS, WINES & LIQUORS, IRON, NAILS, HORSE and MULE SHOES, STEEL, IRON AXLES, SPRINGS, SPOKES, HUBS, FELLOES, SHAFTS, POLES & BOWS, BROOM HANDLES, WIRE, TWINES, &c.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Plaster, and Cement.

SOLE, CALF, KIP and UPPERLEATHER,

FISH, SALT, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAS, SPICES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and SMITH COAL.

John Lucas & Co's.,

MIXED PAINTS,

(ready for use.)

The best is the CHEAPEST.

And a large variety of goods not mentioned, all of which were bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, and he offers the same to his Patrons at the Very Lowest Prices for Cash or approved trade. His motto—Low prices, and Fair dealings to all. Go and see him.

Respectfully,

S. M. SHULER,  
Liverpool, Perry Co. Pa.

FOUTZ'S

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS



Will cure or prevent Disease. No Horse will die of COLIC, BOSS or LUNG FEVER, if Foutz's Powders are used in time. Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOUSING, Foutz's Powders will prevent GAZES IN FOWLS. Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent, and make the butter firm and sweet. Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject. Foutz's Powders WILL GIVE SATISFACTION. Sold everywhere. DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor, BALTIMORE, Md.

For Sale by S. B. Smith, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. 4 ly

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS. Includes text: "If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, stimulants and use Hop Bitters." and "If you are a woman, suffering from indigestion, or single, old or poor-blooded or languid, rely on Hop Bitters." Also features an illustration of a bottle of Hop Bitters.

November 9, 1880-14

A Large Farm for Sale.

A GOOD FARM OF ABOUT THREE HUNDRED ACRES more or less, in Perry County, Pa., heavily set with Pine, White Oak, and Rock Oak Timber, together with choice fruits. Mountain water conveyed in pipes to the door of the dwelling.

For further particulars call at this office. August 10, 1880.4f