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| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | dor: quiate I am in a haris. On the ting I will explain the service I expeot from yot:' 1. walled along boxide bim, and then my fine noblenuin said to me, looking into my ${ }^{29}$ <br> " You are disarete, I hopé?' | aparimant, to see if if is all arragiged as, it obould be. <br> Percifing that sho was Tilone in the grand Lall of the ion, the Marquise profitod by this moment of solitude to. yield without con- straiat to the reverie in which she seemed to be Absorbed | Vilhement and too just improcations, and thus reliese her poor, oppresed heart: With this ialention she was preparing to lagrat the $\mathrm{pa}^{*}$ ternald welling, and go in parnit of Basompierre; but it waa not pecesasary to go, far to find him, for hardly had she taken. a Tow ateps Towardî ihe door, when he appeared at the on tratice of the aalobn, humuing a drinkiog song, and brought back, in spite of himsolf, by a sort of magaetism, which altracted Lim fatally to the oarbaret, as long and often ns behad money in bis pocket. <br> - At sigbt of ber faithleas lover, Fanchatto, | I What erer you please; but frest explain to me what moistens those egces madesa mild, to sparke, ta torment others, bur not tion see flow, wilu regrath Tell nio your troublas, ndded the new comer, takiog one of Fanchelle 8 hapds in lis own, familiarls; ' who Enows 1 -perbapa I can find a. wry of con soling you. She is inded charming? deep sigb, I I tave had reacon onough to ${ }^{2}$ sad. <br> Somo love affair, I will wager. That is nothing, it will soon be cured. Come, my | habitue of the Place Rosale, and clonely fol lowed by all the young villagera of Plantieres, who, baving eacountered han lan adorned, shouts, mingled wifl bursto of laughter. But wilbout being in the leasst disconicerted, the aithor of this species of emeute had just turaed prondy towards his pursuers, and calmily Caciog them, apostrophised digity: terms, in a tone of diverting dignity <br> Back therg, idlers! Is this tha carnival, aod am I a fat ox, that ' oos should thus par: 800 me. 1 Most I teach pou the respect dro to a man of my quality $\%$ Go your way, fel. |
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|  |  | 1 am. <br> replied he; well; then - -" <br> Here the nntration of the discreet villager was interrupted by the retara of arademon sollo Fanclitite, who Ead brought the wite |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | selle Fanctietie, who Ead brought the wine ordered <br> "Silence for the present P 'sid bor in an <br>  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | strained by the sentiment of her iafinity towards hom whoos the just now rigating to meet him, and saying, in at al most. uingitelfigible voice; so muto was it interrupted by | discreet.' <br> "I cannot tell gou; you are not of the vil- |  <br> - What an imusing caricabure "' exciaimed |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | the Marquise, Jaughing. <br> That is my clown of his worning?' anid <br> the astooisted Bassompierre <br> - Explaia to me; my lord duke, the mean? <br> ing of this masquerade |
|  |  | . |  |  | lage, so I aci afraid you will repeat it.' <br> -Abl do fou fear sciandal? <br> II bliesp so; whẹ one bas been shame- <br> fully deceived, as I have been, by a hapdioime |  |
| GAXDLEP, GGETT, MOATROSE |  |  | Deas axd heautipul Marquise:-Since you dill not condescend to anllow i person of $m y$ character (tho expresslon ls as severe as unjust) to risit jon at home may Iat least hop ron | figible voice; so muct was it interrupted by soder <br> (Ab, Moasieur Duke, how wrong it was |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | in you to doceive an nosuppecting young girl, who neyer did you any barm, and can |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Herser |  | Sob: yoin undoutedyly kon wit ty repun- | ance here without boing recognized, I took the clothes of this young.rnstio and confided |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | to him mine. The rouge. is preteding to to mes; and that is jost, bince I have been for suis waif bour cluarged with being him.Hean while the impudence of be clown car |
|  |  |  |  |  | diviued the colobrated and gallant hero of: the court of Louis, called the Jast. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | ries him litule ioo far; it deserves so bo |
|  |  |  |  | young girta, by mating youbself pass for what <br> 'Whal do you wean! Ara you mad!' |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | is tuku; that genterinan is not thioking of | eseatial that my Sosia sbou!d not perceiva oe now, for I could not give bim the corres. tion be deserve. Will you euter into my |
|  |  |  |  | nother bas told me all.' <br> ' Impossibla!' | peant very far trom here. <br> On the contrary, sir, is is you who are mistaken!? replied the young girl.. 'He is in |  |
|  |  | somis needle-worl, instead of lakion part in the conressation, as usual, and reflying $t$ oquatry aid sprightliness. - At last; ouable | chaprer in. <br> - Bassouppierre!? exchaimed the Marquisp, astonsthed at bearing proncunced thus fumil | thanks to ber, that you are nu more a n illagid than ebe io a peasant. You aro the Duked | this village, diog <br> repised |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | be unknown. 'So, the Duke do Bassompierre bas | - Try hig tep your meriouses in iba prea- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | lutiog Ba |  |  | 'Sese , yoir'. enre of it t who told you thas | bià for me. I will tahe cara of the rest. $A u$ revoir, Marquisa.' <br> As be said theeo. mords; Bassompierro mbnt |
|  |  |  |  | "The most brilliant uobleman of ithe court!" <br> 'Hold ! hold!' | your lover was the Duke do Bassompierre? <br> Who told rue? my god-mocher, a great | out at one door of the ing, while the radiantNichulas made his triumphal entrea at the |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | other. |
|  |  |  | sumed, in theso terms : Bassompierre, did you say, Mademoiselle! That ts a yery singu- | - So much the worse.' <br> - So much tbe worse. . Sou see that I fnow you. So do | cold rue? my god-mocher, a great knows bim rell. <br> bat is this great lady's namei | Afiar three grolesquerrererences at the sntrance of the saloon, the genteman rastioadvaceed nith a conqueriour sir towsids the Marquise, assuming a thousand langhabio |
|  |  |  |  | think this will bo passed by. My god-motber, who is thy protectess, and who will not for- | 'Madame the Marquiso de St. Serrio.' <br> Il wanted only this so complete the con- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | fusion. The "Marquise is jesting with me. Ah! is Madame de St. Sorvin your god- |  |
|  |  | seçest from youl frourrad Benom; | Thatis mbat theer call bim. There are | (e) |  |  |
|  |  | fitife |  |  | - Purbsps you couse from one of herfarmers? |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | roem, which sho has just entered.' <br> $\because$ A Marquise-in her room-the dence:' said the astoniabed villager: |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | he has been in theefneighborhood, sis leagues hanhs, n $P$ hat aom to our itule $P$ illo Pr | Why noll Wat is to become of mel Can | mas inceased biy rexation and emotion, bio | (tay |
|  |  |  |  | jo be married, since pou are a Dukel' <br> 'Famousl exclaimed the goung man, io. wardly. 'A fino afiair, inceed? On the |  |  |
|  |  | talk!" muttered the joung maa. "Are you indeed my wifer <br> 'Not get, but it is all the same sinco you | In fact, jou arè right,? said Fanchette. - Ah, jou do not know low we love him bere, god mothar, bow wo tall of bim from |  | tetived rustie with the young villigor. On seting her, the foraser bowed respect- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | fully; but the Marquusa, reongnizing him rophied to Lis salutaticn only by a ghance of | to the Duke of Bassonpuiarre that l bave the honor to apeak! <br> 'To binuself, Marquise ; to bimself.' <br> - Well, ms !ord duke I have erpre |
|  |  | have promised to mariry me. Would roudtceive me now 1 Thas would te mean, indeed! i abould die, I am arce.' | murning till night, hoir prood we are thn this it bis country, for he is from Lorraing; Le mas botn in an adjoining village, and bbere | why nut F Faith I will tisk it! Maredear chitid, 'resumed he, aloud, at the end of this |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | that a longer deoeption wonld be isele evs, nud, since you are informed of all, 1 ougbito conceal nothing from you. Yor, Faychatie, |  |  |
|  |  |  | Le was botn in at Adjoining village, aod tber was ontp so fie who <br> 'Tell me, Fanctete,' bastily resumed tho |  |  | in gour war. Ah, my lord duke, your coã. duct is reaily unpardonabe! <br> That is what-I was juast uow saying to |
|  |  | all the young girls I bave promised to, I should bave enough to do, aud be hung besides. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Marquise, is this young mad, your lover, Bassoppierre, as you call him, of this viilage f | I acknowetgg it-I have been pery guilts le- |  |  |
|  |  | sides, " bave enougt to do, aud be huag be- 'You know, resumed the young girt,' that | $\stackrel{\text { lage }}{\substack{\text { No, } \\ \text { god-mother, that is to ayy, bo is bere }}}$ | 'Yes, vory guilty:' <br> -Exiremals guility, Fanchette; as guilts |  |  |
|  |  | molber, bas said she wished mo to be married the firt lime the cime o Plantierest ried the fret inme she came to Plantieres l'- Well, what then'? avjed Bassompierre, |  | as possible. Neveriheloss, I have Liad accom- <br> pices.' <br> 'And who if you plèse sir ${ }^{\prime}$ | jour false preteoceaz of hyve! See how hrad dence Las umaskied youl I confess I hadnearly fallen: into your toils.: Fortunately |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Maptienily |  | - Zour bight eyes, Fanchetto; your protty Tace and graceful figute.' <br> 'Itis well; nothiug more remains but for | Soupg gil | enep arclimed Mademoisella Fanchatto, |
|  |  |  | are bis manoers, his sir, his countenance those of a peasanin? hava they notbing which distingoisit Lim from the oiter yoong poople of thevillige ! <br> Ob , yes,' 'exclaimed Fanchette; ' be is |  |  |  |
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