

and said to her, "All is ready for your escape. Our friends have re-united secretly, and a hundred thousand crowns are at my disposal. I have bribed the sentinels, and at midnight a post-chaise will wait for you at the end of the street. My measures are taken, so that we can pass out of the city and cross the frontier without danger—to-morrow your majesty can dine at Fribourg."

"No," replied the Queen. "To-morrow I shall set out for Besancon or for Paris; for 'tis to-morrow the reply of the national assembly will arrive, and my fate will then be decided. I have full confidence in the result, and I do not wish to fly: it would but serve to expose my friends to new dangers, and you have already done enough for me."

The messenger having arrived from Paris with despatches for the authorities of Jougne, the committee assembled and requested her majesty might be present at the opening of the letter. This letter, addressed to the mayor of Jougne, ran thus:—

"Citizen—We would have you to know that Marie Antoinette of Austria has not quitted Paris; and we would recommend your setting your prisoner at liberty, Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the Theatre Francais, who is expected at Besancon, where she is to give several representations."

"Mademoiselle Sainval," cried the worthies of Jougne. "So, Madame, you have been mystifying us all this time?"

"Gentlemen," replied Mademoiselle Sainval, "I am Queen, Queen of Pont, of Palmyra, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Tyre, and of twenty other kingdoms of tragedy. Is it my fault if the mayor of Jougne has taken the diadem of Melpomene for the crown of France? You mystified yourselves; nothing could dispel your absurd error, and I submitted. You wished to make yourselves ridiculous; I recommend you to be more circumspect in future, and, with the permission of the national assembly, I will now order post horses, resigning a part which I have played in spite of myself; to-morrow I shall resume my own, only be assured the play-bill of Besancon shall explain the cause of my delay. Good morning, gentlemen."

After having given vent to this lively sally, Mademoiselle Sainval turned towards her courtiers—

"I owe you," said she, "some justification of my conduct in assuming a title which I hoped to render service to the august person who alone has a right to it. If the Queen were to escape, and pass through here, as it is

supposed, I think they will be in no hurry to seek, or detain her. Finally, ladies, you have not lowered yourselves by being in my company; though I belong to the theatre, I have noble blood in my veins; my name is Alziari de Ropnefort, and my family one of the most influential in the province." Then addressing Monsieur de Maillettes, she added—"As to you, chevalier, this affair may perhaps teach you, not to run foolishly after adventures on the high-way. I promised you a place at my court when I regained my throne; I shall keep my word, my court is the comedie Francaise; and when you come to Paris, the best box in it shall be at your service!"



THE TRUE AND FALSE.

A rose that lay sleeping
By the river weeping
From its crimson folds, in rest,
The soft dew on its breast,
Was visited with a withering blight,
By the hoar frost, in a single night!
Strewn by the winds around,
The leaves lay on the ground;—
And all that was so fair,
In very richness rare,—
Its odours, and its crimson dye,
Were lost, no more to charm the eye.

A maiden who had wept,
The while her reason slept,
Ere yet the day had broke,
From her troubled sleep awoke,
And to her favourite rose-bush went,
To pluck the rose of sweetest scent;
All by the dim starlight,
That flickered on the night:—
She saw not that the bush was bare,—
She knew not but the rose was there,—
She reach'd her hand—but oh, the thorn,
It stung her, and the rose was gone.

'Tis thus our pleasures lie,
'Tis thus they quickly die,
At most, illusive grown,
We grasp them, and they're gone!
'Tis thus we cherish, and we love,
Things that will falsely prove!
Whate'er is of the sky
Is true, and will not die;
But what is of the earth,
And from it has its birth,
Is like some fitful meteor-ray,
That nightly shoots itself away.