

cannon of the Bastille upon our troops! Oh, admirable! Give ye joy, De Lauzun—come to us to-morrow. In the meantime do not despair, but be happy—happy as we are!

DE L.—Your Majesty's magnanimity—

KING.—(*interrupting.*) Ha, ha! I had determined to be magnanimous, but you have robbed me of the opportunity. My dear De Lauzun, I owe you reparation for unjust suspicions: accept the appointment of Colonel General of our Dragoons—a higher rank than you solicited.

DE L.—Your Majesty overwhelms me.

KING.—I will not break my word, this time; nor you, I trust, your sword! apropos of swords—you have not yet replaced the broken weapon, I perceive. Here!—take this—(*taking off his sword and presenting it*). I present it as a slight token of regard.

DE L.—(*kneels & takes sword*). My gracious sovereign!

KING.—One word more. The vile authors of the forgery are discovered: they shall be punished. You who have suffered from their insinuations, shall be the instrument of retribution. Order a troop of dragoons—henceforth yours—to be in attendance at the close of the ballet. You shall receive further instructions.

DE L.—Your Majesty's commands shall be obeyed.

KING.—Away with care! Vive la joie! and now for the fete, and sweet La Valliere's smiles. (*Exit*).

SCENE 2nd.—*Fountain of Latona, at Versailles; parterres, shrubs, vases of orange trees, statues. In perspective a sheet of water with jets d'eau, green-ward, rows of statues, avenues of trees on either side. At the wings, pavillions, arbours, triumphal arches, &c. decorated with festoons of flowers, the Royal Arms, and other devices; the whole illuminated with coloured lamps. A chair of state under canopy;—tables and seats for a banquet.*

*Enter Countess.*

COUX.—The preparations completed—no sign of postponement—and yet Bontemps informs me that he saw Madame De Navailles reading the letter on her way to the Queen's apartments. (*Enter De Guiche, dressed as leader of the Persians.*) Ha! De Guiche, what is the matter? you appear anxious.

DE G.—Let us retire out of sight of the attendants. (*Leads Countess to one of the pavillions*). If seen together we are ruined.

COUX.—You alarm me—what has happened?

DE G.—His Majesty knows all!

COUX.—Who can have betrayed us?

DE G.—That officious old idiot, the Duchess, carried the letter at once to him, instead of taking it to the Queen, as we expected.

COUX.—Well! well!

DE G.—He sent for me—questioned me.

COUX.—Did you confess?

DE G.—No! I fortunately succeeded in misleading him, but he will not allow the matter to pass without further enquiry.

COUX.—Is her Highness aware?

DE G.—A short time since I saw her in angry discussion with the King: this, I fear, bodes no good.

COUX.—She must have kept the secret, or we should have, ere this, received a summons to the presence.

DE G.—Perhaps so! but yet—