

for dead. The day following, being requested by Madame Dumesnil to be one of a party to a nocturnal feast, which was to be given at her house at the Barrière Blanche, she took a *fiacre* at eleven o'clock, with her *femme-de-chambre*. It was a bright moonlight night, and they arrived at the Boulevards, when her *femme-de-chambre* asked it was not here that M. de S—— died. After all the hints that they had given her, she said it ought to be (pointing with her forefinger) in one of those two houses directly opposite to us. From one of them, at that very instant, came the report of a gun similar to that which had pursued them: it passed across their coach, while the coachman, imagining they were attacked by thieves, drove on as fast as he could. They arrived at the place appointed, hardly possessing their senses, and overwhelmed with terror. This was the last time of the fire-arms.

After these explosions there succeeded a most violent clapping of hands, given with a certain degree of time, and then redoubled. These applauses, to which she had been accustomed from the public, did not induce her at first to think much of them; but her friends did for her. One evening they imagined they were watched: it was eleven o'clock; the noise was made under her apartment. It was heard, but no one was to be seen; it could be nothing but a consequence of what had been experienced. To this succeeded melodious sounds; and it appeared as if a celestial voice accompanied her, which it frequently did, from the Crossway of Bussy, and finished at her own door. At length every thing of the kind ceased, after a period of two years and a half.

The house which she occupied at Paris being too noisy,