

M with strong emotion, " how singular, that I should have taken it for a hearse ! "

We are informed by one of his late Royal Highness' grooms, that the Prince's favorite horse, did nothing but neigh and start during the night of the 13th of February.

It is remarkable, that several Ducs de Berri have suffered a melancholy death. Louis XVI. was a Duc de Berri.

At the Pension Royale of St Dennis, a young woman dreamt, on the 13th February, that she received a crown of white roses from his Majesty, and that after plucking off the flowers and the leaves, she placed the thorns on the head of the august widow of the most unfortunate of Princes.

The audience, on quitting the Bourdeaux Theatre on the 13th of February, beheld a luminous globe in the air, which did not vanish until day-break.

On the same night, a peasant of La Vendée three times heard the cry : *to arms !* and three times he jumped up to seize his sword.

M. G , who died a few days after the Prince, had a most singular dream. The noble Peer, whom his Royal Highness honored with his friendship, dreamt, on the 11th January, that as he was standing with his Royal Highness at one of the windows of the Castle of the Tuileries, they observed a magnificent procession advancing towards the Louvre. A hearse richly decorated, and drawn by eight horses having appeared in sight, the Prince asked ; — " Whose funeral is that ? " on which M. G replied, " it is yours, Prince ! " in a few moments, another hearse, less rich than the first appeared, and M. G having in his turn asked who was to be buried ? the Prince replied, " It is you, Count. " When M. G related this dream to His Royal Highness, the latter laughed.

An officer of the Royal Guard dreamt, on the 13th February, that a red cap was fixed on the top of the Opera House ; he was roused by the rolling of the thunder which he fancied he heard, and which, in his dream, appeared to destroy the Opera House, and the cap of the year 93.

The following is an anonymous letter which the Duc de Berri received an hour before he went to the Opera, and to which he unfortunately paid no attention.

Monseigneur, — Do not venture out without an escort. — A poignard is raised against you. Your confidence will prove fatal to you. Preserve your life for the sake of France, of which you are the idol and the hope. Distrust particularly fair men !

A Frenchman.