remained in that state a considerable time. Some endeavoured to joke with her when she recovered, by saving that the signals of her rendezvous were rather too loud: but the palind hue of her countenance, and the tremor which remained, put an end to these remarks, and proved that she was ignorant of what it might be. She entreated some one of the party to remain with her during the night. Her friends reasoned with her on the nature of this cry; and it was agreed for some of them to watch in the street, in order to ascertain, if it should be heard again, what was the cause and who the author or ii.

Her triends, her neighbours, and even the police, heard the same cry, at the same hour, always underneath her windows, and appearing always to proceed from the air. She was convinced that it was made only for herself. She rarely supped in town; but when she did, it was generally heard, and sometimes even in the streets, when she was returning home from any party. All Paris was acquainted with this history, and it was a subject of general conversation. After various scenes of this kind, it ceased for some months, and she imagined that she had got rid of it; but she was mistaken.

Having proposed to accompany Madame Grandval to Versailles, to see a spectacle which was to be exhibited there, she found a difficulty in obtaining lodgings. At three o'clock in the morning, she offered that lady to partake of her bed-room, which contained two beds, that had been prepared for her in the Avenue of St. Cloud. She accepted her proposal; and when she got into bed, Clairon prepared to enter hers. Whilst her femme-dechambre was undressing her, she said pleasantly to her, "We are now at the end of the world: it is dreadful