

that she might be mistaken for her. He soon communicated his observation to his friends, it flew from mouth to mouth and they almost unanimously agreed to employ a stratagem which in their opinion would produce the best of effects.

The regiment was to quit Milan soon, and they determined to meet at a banquet at which M. de Schennbrunn could not refuse his presence on account of the general custom. The proposal was made to M. de Schennbrunn, who after much hesitation accepted it, less on his own account, than for the sake of gratifying the wishes of his comrades. The day fixed upon arrived; at the hour indicated M. de Schennbrunn went with the body of the officers, and took his place at table, but he did not eat, his brow was sad, it was in vain they endeavoured to divert him; he appeared preoccupied, and his eyes constantly reverted to an obscure part of the room. The desert appeared, joy again reigned, champagne sparkled in the glass, and joy in the eyes of the assembly, a signal is given, a door opens, and the sister Theresa slowly approaches M. de Schennbrunn. At this sight the eyes of the sick man wander, a convulsive trembling seize his limbs, he hides his face in his hands and exclaims in a voice of despair: "My friends, my friends, save me, I conjure you; I see two of them!"

One of these, it will be easily imagined, was the Milanese whose resemblance to sister Theresa had been remarked at the ball given by the officers.

They imagine that this crisis will disappear. A signal is made to the false nun to advance. She goes up to him, and takes his hands tenderly, when he rises in an inexpressible transport, repels the woman with violence, and falls without sense or motion.

A few moments after he had ceased to live; and mourning succeeded to their joy.

The body of M. de Schennbrunn was deposited near that of the sister Theresa. The regiment soon after left Milan, but the remembrance of the poor visionary was long preserved in that place.—*Volciv.*