

linen for the washing woman ; another in receiving it back again : people would thus pass in and out : a cat and a canary would be added : those would have adventures : those adventures would be talked about : the women would be in commotion : silence would be no more. What say you ?

"I see no great objection," answered Maur. "But which would you wish to go with you to Rome?"

"Whichever you wish ; but the younger one would give me more peace : you know I do not like to scold. I think Clotilde would adapt herself easier to a house-keeper's life."

"I understand, but do you intend—excuse me, I am a father—do you intend to favour her in your will?"

"Why should I? You know they are both equally dear to me."

It did not require many words to finish this negotiation.

For Maur, it was all he could desire. He knew that his child in Chaffred's hands would be better than in his own. The choice even pleased him, for he preferred Clotilde. He would call Clotilde, and tell her.

"No," said Chaffred, "let us wait until the last ; we shall thus avoid all discussion. As to leave-taking it can be compressed into one morning, to the great sparing of sighs and tears. Let me act after my own fashion ; I will speak to her at the proper time and place."

"Do as you please. We are agreed."

Meanwhile Pius VII. moved slowly through the French provinces. He was anxiously expected at Turin, where it was intended to receive him with even greater demonstrations than on his last visit. Chaffred wished to go before him to Rome. One day after dinner, he described to his nieces the events of the pontifical journey. He spoke of them as though he had been present.

The Pope travels in the midst of triumphs ; no sooner is one over than another begins. The dear Frenchmen ! they have always been better than their governments. They are no longer that howling pack of maniacs, which rolled down the Alps to chew up the priests. For after all, the Jacobins are neither Frenchmen nor human beings : they no more have a fatherland than they have

laws. You can recognize a true Frenchman, for he always says I am a Catholic. They wanted to make us believe that this great nation had been converted into pagans, when behold, they take the Pope by assault in order to get his blessing. It is to be feared that some of them will let themselves be crushed beneath the wheels of the papal chariot.

"All which goes to shew," said Maur, "that the French sail whichever way the wind blows."

"Wrong, my brother. It is the Pope who has been borne on the popular wave like a ship before a storm. Once within the palace of Cardinal Fesch, he could not get out again. The case was serious. The poor Pope saw his carriage at a distance, but saw no hopes of reaching it, though it was only two hundred paces distant, such was the crush and throng of people anxious to get near him. The gendarmes seeing that it was impossible for his carriage to come to him, asked him to walk to it and they would escort him. The Pope set out—the gendarmes shouted to the people threatened ; made their horses rear in order to gain a little space through which his holiness might pass. Thus the Pope on foot, surrounded by mounted gendarmes, gave his blessing to the people. Thus he pressed on, but it so happened that at the very moment he thought to enter port he suffered shipwreck. As he was placing one foot upon the carriage step he found his other foot held fast. He would have fallen forward but that he placed his hands upon the shoulders of two soldiers who stood guarding the carriage. Move his foot he could not. A young woman who had crawled amongst the horse's legs, held the foot firmly with her two hands for she wished to kiss the pontiff's slipper, and to hold it until her mother at her side could kiss it too."

"Oh how I wish had been in her place ;" cried out Clotilde with enthusiasm.

"All the days of the week are not Sundays," said Chaffred. "Who would have obtained you an audience ? Ah if we were at Rome ah yes ! then the thing would be easy. Tell me which of you will come with me to Rome ?

"I," answered Clotilde quickly ; "but who will bring me back at Turin ?"